



THE DINNER THAT FLEW AWAY.

"O weather-cock," the turkeys said,
Upon an autumn morning,
Keep good lookout, and turn about,
And mind you give us warning.

"We haven't got a calendar
To tell us of the date;
So watch you for Thanksgiving signs
Before it is too late."

"Why, surely," said the friendly bird,
"I'll cock my weather eye
And tell you when the pumpkins come,
To make the pumpkin pie."

Thanksgiving morn the farmer cried:
"They've gone—that horrid flock!
There's not a bird to cook unless
We cook the weather-cock!"
—Home Herald.



Elvira Amanda's Thanksgiving Ride.

Elvira Amanda was to be exactly seven years old on Thanksgiving Day, on November the twenty-seventh, nineteen hundred and two, and she had been invited to spend this double holiday with her Grandmother Amanda. In point of fact, Elvira Amanda had already been at Grandmother Amanda's two days.

Elvira Amanda was named for both her grandmothers, and Grandmother Elvira was coming to be with them at Grandmother Amanda's house on Thursday. The grandmothers took turns with Elvira Amanda's birthdays. One year Grandmother Amanda would make the feast and invite the grandchild, and the next year Grandmother Elvira would do the inviting and the entertaining.

Since her arrival—for her birthday was always a week-long holiday—little Elvira Amanda had spent a good deal of her time in the big kitchen. Melissa, the cook, was delightfully busy, flying about and lugging pots and pans to and fro, and had so many different things in preparation for steaming and roasting, baking and frying, that the little guest-of-honor sometimes felt her head whirl, and didn't see how Melissa could possibly serve the Thanksgiving dinner straight and orderly; and, when Thanksgiving eve finally came, she was so tired and excited she couldn't go to sleep.

So Grandmother Amanda came upstairs and sat down by the bed to read to her. Grandmother Amanda didn't possess many children's books, but at last she found the little old Cinderella primer she used to love when a child herself. "A very suitable story for Thanksgiving," she thought, "with the pumpkin coach and all!"

Grandmother Amanda began to read, enjoying the story ever so much herself as she went on; but her little granddaughter didn't hear the end of the tale, for suddenly, after a time, her attention was called away by some one speaking to her under the window.

"Elvira Amanda! Amanda Elvira!" She jumped out of bed, and ran to look out, and there in the garden, standing under the old sweeting tree, was a little rosy-cheeked boy in a cap and ulster, looking up at the window.

"Hurry and dress!" he called, "for I have come to take you to your Grandmother Amanda's to eat your birthday dinner! You will have to make haste!"

"Why, I am at her house now!" said little Elvira Amanda.

"Oh, no, you aren't. You are out in the country!"

Elvira Amanda leaned out of the window and looked. Sure enough, it wasn't Grandmother Amanda's little prim village garden. There were no other houses in sight. Broad fields stretched away as far as she could see, and near the house was an orchard and some barns. She certainly was not at Grandmother Amanda's house.

"You'll have to hurry," called the rosy-cheeked boy, "or I mayn't get you there in time. Come down to the gate when you're ready. I must go back and see to my horse." And away he walked as fast as he could go.

Elvira Amanda put on her cape-coat and her warm red-riding-hood, and tucked in her curls as neatly as possible, and ran down stairs to the front door and down to the gate. There stood the rosy-cheeked boy.

The Widow's Dinner on Thanksgiving Day.

—E. J. & H. D. Lee, Pennsylvania, in Ladies'.

are the pumpkin and the turkey?" asked she.

"Where are the pumpkin and the turkey—why, bless your heart, they are downstairs in the kitchen, of course!" laughed Grandmother Amanda.

"Oh, no, grandma! I just came, you know, in the pumpkin. And you can't begin to think how that turkey galloped all the way."

"What is the child talking about?" laughed Grandmother Amanda, again. "But jump right up now, dearie, and dress as fast as you can. You are seven years old this minute, and Melissa has breakfast all ready, and Grandmother Elvira has just driven up."—Elizabeth S. Hickok, in Little Folks.

The Fortune Teller.



—From Puck.

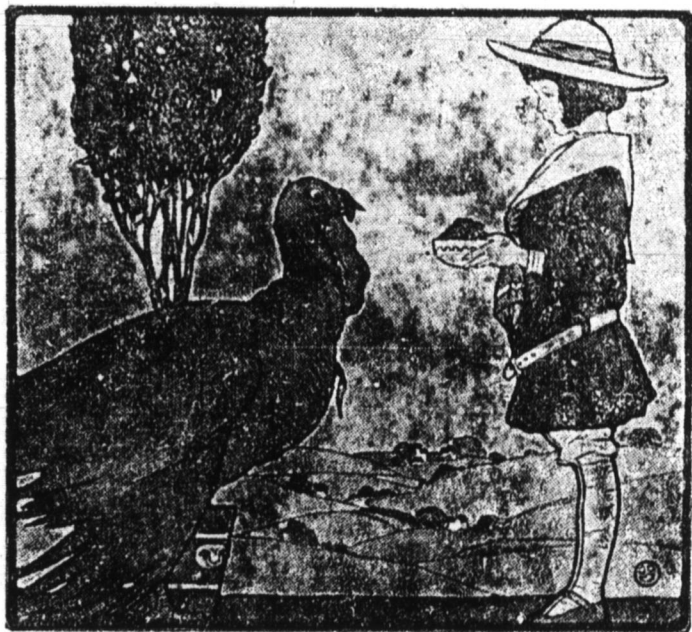
ALL ABOARD!

All aboard on the Pie Line!
Come people, grave and gay,
We're going down
To Turkeytown
To spend Thanksgiving Day.

All aboard on the Pie Line!
But bring along no care.
The first stop will
Be Pumpkinville.
We take on pumpkins there.

All aboard on the Pie Line!
The rates are far from high.
A slice of ham,
A good fat yam
A Pullman seat will buy.

All aboard on the Pie Line!
We'll trust you for the pay.
But come on down
To Turkeytown
To spend Thanksgiving Day!
—Kansas City Journal.



—From Good Housekeeping.

Thanksgiving For Squirrels.

In a Central Park stroll through that unimproved bit of woodlands bordering either side of the Ninety-seventh street transverse road, it was noticed on Thanksgiving afternoon that all squirreldom was having a Thanksgiving parade of its own. One pedestrian counted fifteen squirrels along the path north of the transverse road and nineteen between the paths to the south of the road and the lower tennis courts.

A Thanksgiving parade? Yes, and a Thanksgiving feast as well! A turkey feast, moreover—would you believe it? And with what gusto the big-tailed little rodents cracked the toothsome bones!

A few days ago, through the columns of a local paper, some excellent suggestions were offered to the public as to the feeding of Central Park's petted squirrels. These suggestions were offered by one Thomas C. Hall, who appears to be a lover of animals and a close observer of the bushy-tailed rodents.

The fur of many of these tame squirrels, he said, shows that they are not getting sufficient salt. It was suggested that the visiting public who regularly feed them should fetch them a bit of meat or a chicken bone now and then and thus save many of the park pets from the loss of fur.

This suggestion does not seem to have fallen flat. And on Thanksgiving Day, behold the turkey bones!

Cranberry Jelly.

Wash and pick over two quarts of cranberries; place over the fire in a granite kettle and cover with a quart of cold water; let simmer until the berries are soft, then strain through a jelly bag; measure the juice, return to the kettle and boil twenty minutes, then add the same amount of sugar that you had berries at first (two quarts); stir until the sugar is dissolved and cook five minutes; dissolve a tablespoonful of gelatine in a little cold water and add to the jelly; turn into individual molds and serve with whipped cream. This jelly may be cut into squares and used for garnishing.

And at this minute, with a flourish of his beautiful pale green celery whip, he drew up at Grandmother Amanda's door, and the big bronze turkey stood stock-still, with his red wattles glowing and puffing, and remarked, "Gobble, sir, gobble!"

The driver jumped out, ran up the steps, and into the vestibule, where he rapped three times on the sitting room door.

"Are you awake, darling?" asked Grandmother Amanda, looking out at the door—or was it in at the door? Elvira Amanda sat up in bed, in the broad daylight, and looked about her blinking and bewildered. "Where



The Thanksgiving Pie.

No Thanksgiving dinner or supper party is complete without its "pie." It is infinitely jollier than a grabbag and far more decorative. As a rule this feature is brought on the last thing before dessert, when the table is cleared and there is plenty of room for the voluminous crinkly paper skirts of the old witch who presides over the pie or for the basket which contains the "goodies." These pies are made to order and the foundation is usually a deep basket or bowl filled with cotton, in which downy nest the four and twenty-four blackbirds, or presents—if there are that many guests—are concealed. The bowl is then covered with puffs and deep frills of pumpkin colored crepe paper, and in the centre is stuck a good sized paper mache witch, with her body showing only from the waist up.

Yellow or red ribbons attached to the favors are run through the fluffy and ample skirt of the witch, and then the ends are festooned so as to look like trimming. It is the ends of these loops that the dinner guests seize, each in turn, to pull out their plums. Jeweled nuts, vanity cases hidden in tiny gold almonds, walnuts and apples, enameled fruits and blossoms, horns of plenty or anything that savors of the bounteous feasts when food was simpler and not less appetizing than it is to-day are appropriate.—Gentlewoman.

The First Thanksgiving.

George Washington issued the first Presidential proclamation for a Thanksgiving observance. It may not be generally known that a woman was largely instrumental in bringing about the annual observance of the day, but such is the case. Sarah Josepha Buell Hale is the name of the woman who advocated the yearly Thanksgiving Day. For several years previous to 1864 the custom had fallen into disuse. Through the columns of a magazine she edited Mrs. Hale earnestly urged a return to the annual custom, and President Lincoln ably seconded her pleadings by issuing in 1864 another Presidential proclamation for a general Thanksgiving Day. Since then the custom has not been changed, and it bids fair to stay as it is to the end of time.

And who could wish to change it? What would we do without the great family reunions, when the children, grandchildren and perhaps great-grandchildren come back to the dear old home, bringing happy memories of her young days to the silver-haired, serene-faced mother as she clasps her children and her children's children in her eager, loving arms? It is a hallowed day, and old and young alike love its joyousness and generous good cheer.

A Woman's Suggestor.

It has now become known that it was a woman who was the means of having a definite day in the year set apart for the National observance of Thanksgiving. Mrs. Sarah Josepha Hale, a Boston woman, and editor of the first woman's magazine published in this country, worked for twenty years to accomplish this end. Time did not daunt her courage, but rather increased her insistence. She wrote to Governors of the United States and to Presidents of the United States. At last President Lincoln adopted her suggestion in 1864, when there was reason to rejoice over the success of the North in restoring the Union.



Among the latest activities of awakening China is to be a series of motor cars across the Gobi desert to replace the tea caravans of old. The service will cross the desert between Urga and Kaigan, which will shortly be connected with Peking by rail.

WASHINGTON NOTES

In an opinion by Justice Holmes the Supreme Court of the United States decided against the complaints—the case of the 13,000 Choctaw and Chickasaw Indians who asked for redress for being excluded from the citizenship rolls of those nations when they were prepared by Secretary Hitchcock, of the Interior Department, on March 4, 1907.

Since the German naval strength in the last year has jumped over that of France in tonnage afloat and over the United States in tonnage afloat and under construction the question as to whether the United States should increase her building program will be taken under consideration at once by the General Board, with Captain Andrews, naval adviser to the Secretary of the Navy, participating.

Capt. William A. Marshall, who has commanded the armored cruiser North Carolina since that vessel was placed in commission two years ago, has been selected by Rear-Admiral W. P. Potter, Chief of Navigation, as commandant of the Norfolk Navy Yard. It is expected that the selection will be approved by Secretary Meyer and orders issued this week.

The production of 78.8 per cent of a full crop of peanuts for 1909 is estimated by the Department of Agriculture in a crop report issued Monday. This is a decrease of 4.2 per cent. from last year's crop.

Among the first questions which will be presented for the consideration of Congress when it convenes will be the change of the date of inauguration Day. Commissioner Henry B. F. MacFarland, chairman of the national committee, announced, backed up by the Governors of 46 States, by strong popular support of the movement and a batch of photographs which would give any Senator past the age of 40, a pulmonary shiver, Mr. MacFarland will begin the assault with heavy ammunition. The committee will also present statistics showing the death toll from pneumonia contracted by visitors and the soldiery last inauguration. The local members feel that their efforts will meet with success.

The recommendation of the joint army and navy board that Pearl Harbor, in the Hawaiian islands, be made the great naval station in the Pacific was approved Thursday by President Taft. In doing this it was decided that a temporary naval station only would be constructed at Olongapo and that the proposed improvement of Manila harbor be abandoned. This will leave the protection of the Philippine islands to the army.

The Department of Agriculture has begun a campaign of extermination against a beetle recently discovered that is causing much damage to pine logs in the South Atlantic States. This beetle is known as the Southern pine sawyer, and investigations made show that in Mississippi alone from 75 to 90 per cent of the trees blown down by a recent storm were infested. It is estimated that three storms that passed over the Southern States in 1907 and 1908, blew down more than 2,000,000,000 feet of lumber, and that practically all of it was damaged by the sawyer, the damage amounting to \$225,000,000.

Accident is supposed to have caused the deaths last week of Thomas Mangun, sixty-five years old, in the employ of Public Gardner Brown for years, and his aged wife, who were found dead in the kitchen of their home at 717 Seventh street north east, apparently asphyxiated by illuminating gas.

President Taft is face to face with a real crisis in the conduct of his administration. The subject of the so-called Ballinger-Pinchot difficulty was laid before him again in such a way as to make it imperative for him to take action.

President Taft will be confronted with a long list of available aspirants when he finds time to give attention to the choice of a Commissioner of the District of Columbia to succeed Henry Litchfield West, who has tendered his resignation in order to identify himself with The Washington Herald.

Before leaving Greytown Thursday after their defeat, the Nicaraguan revolutionists dynamited the two government vessels, the Managua and the Norma, ships of about 300 tons each, and burned various places in the city. This information is contained in a dispatch received at the Nicaraguan legation here from President Zelaya.

PRESS AS CIVILIZER.

Dr. Shaw on Its Value—He Says Newspapers Are Highest Agent in Modern Civilization.

"Press and Publicity" was the topic at the Conference of Charities and Corrections in Buffalo. H. Wirt Steele, of Baltimore, and Dr. Albert Shaw, of New York, were the principal speakers. Dr. Shaw said: "If I were compelled to give you a simple formula by virtue of which our communities could be made unanimous in their support of the progressive measures in which you believe and under which our governmental agencies might be made at once responsive, intelligent, honest and effective, and I were allowed only half a minute of time and but a single sentence, I should say: 'Get the newspapers with you.'"

"Of course, it is desirable to have churches with you, as well as the educational forces, the women's clubs, the Central Labor Federation, the Chamber of Commerce, and as many other typical and representative opinion making groups as possible. But the newspapers are the most important, because they serve all these opinion making groups and many others.

"In normal times, under ordinary everyday conditions, the press has the immense advantage. Its facilities are incomparable. It sweeps the whole world and every day keeps alive in us a sense of common interest in the affairs of our community. It lifts us out of the local rut and gives us the broader spirit and intelligence of common citizens of a great country. Still further, it extends our sympathies beyond national bounds and gives us the feeling of human solidarity.

"Thus the press is the highest agent of our modern civilization, because it serves and reinforces them all without displacing them. The press does not take the place of the common schools, but it is so pervasive and so necessary a human agency that the chief work of the common schools, consciously or unconsciously, has come to be that of making a nation of people who read newspapers and periodicals.

"The time was never so opportune as now for a wise and constant use of the newspaper press for the general cause of social progress and for the accomplishment of a hundred specific steps of reform. It may take a long time to perfect an invention which afterward comes into general use to the great benefit of society.

"The newspapers cannot invent a car coupler, but they can use their powerful methods for spreading publicity and for concentrating public opinion to the end of compelling the general adoption of automatic couplers, thus saving thousands of lives. The newspapers cannot work out the hygienic and curative systems under which tuberculosis may be rapidly exterminated, but it will be almost impossible to gain the general adoption of effective means to combat tuberculosis without the co-operation of the newspapers.

"Do not seek undue or false publicity. Remember that it is not always the reformers who are wise and righteous while the newspapers are reckless and misleading. The over-advertising of a novel or uncertain remedy in its experimental stages, whether to cure cancer or to abolish poverty, may produce mischief and disappointment."

Snake Infested Canons.

This is said by old timers to be the best year for rattlesnakes—or the worst—in the history of the county. The canons are full of them, and snake stories are heard on all sides.

On that part of the Guadalasca rancho known as the De Grasse tract there are a number of tumbledown shacks. Recently Charles Pitcher, who lives in the neighborhood, had business on the place and in visiting the shacks found and killed a big rattlesnake. He heard another, and before he was through he had killed ten.

His experience was told to the Pidduck brothers, who had themselves farmed the tract. The Pidducks had their doubts and went to investigate. That was the day after. They killed seventeen snakes. They heard more, but they could not stand the war any longer, and turned the thing over to the crew of the Donlon brothers' thrashing machine, camped in that neighborhood. The thrashers turned out the following Sunday and killed a total of twenty-seven rattlers among the old buildings. This made fifty-four killed there.—Ventura Correspondence Los Angeles Times.

Bird Seeks Boy's Aid.

A story of a thrush, chased by a hawk, seeking human protection, is told by a Ripon Grammar School boy named A. W. Mason. He says: "While sitting on a wall at night, with a gun beside me, watching for some rabbits coming out of their holes I suddenly felt something sitting on my arm, and looking up I saw a hawk hovering quite near my head, and a poor little thrush was sitting on my hand, so terrified that it was nearly dead.

"I waited till the hawk flew away with fright at me. The little thrush soon revived and flew away unhurt."—Yorkshire Post.

One Wish Unfulfilled.

Wife—"You promised that if I would marry you my every wish would be gratified."
Husband—"Well, isn't it?"
Wife—"No; I wish I hadn't married you."—Illustrated Bits.