Democratic Watchman.

Bellefonte, Pa., November 24, 1911.

THANKSGIVING.

For the sunshine and the rain,
For the dew and for the shower,
For the yellow, ripened grain,
And the golden harvest hour.
We bless Thee, oh, our God!

"For the heat and the shade,
For the gladness and the grief,
For the tender, sprouting blade,
And for the nodding sheaf,
We bless Thee, oh, our God!

"For the hope and for the fear,
For the storm and for the peace,
For the trembling and the cheer,
And for the glad increase,
We bless Thee, oh, our God!

"Our hands have tilled the sod,
And the torpid seed have sown;
But the quickening was of God,
And the praise be His alone.
We bless Thee, oh, our God!"

THANKSGIVING.

The little world of St. Stephens was like an apiary in swarming time; the various dormitories grouped irregularly about the broad green quadrangle buzzed and hummed like so many hives with (to paraphrase a little) the murmur of innumerable boys. Boys were continually pouring in and out of doors, scurrying busily—often with arms laden—from one dormitory to another. Boys were continually flinging up window sashes to lean far out and call to dormitory or quadrangle at the top of their lungs. The air rang with shouted question and answer, with shrilling thrust and piercing repartee. John Norman Selfridge, Jr., tried to enjoy it all, endeavored with a kind of valiant dispair to hurl himself body and spirit into the seething jubilation about him. But he found it difficult, because, as a matter of fact, vicarious happiness always is difficult, and he felt that he had no actual, licensed share in the mad carnival about him. These were actors; he was only a spectator. The school was going home for Thanksgiving, he alone was to stay.

This was doubly hard because it awakened him for the first time to a philosophical consideration, because it brought him to the tragic realization that he had no home to go to. That his father was a prize fighter had never distressed him. His father's profesion had been to him simply a profession, and his father himself much like other men—except, of course—much better. Now he felt, not exactly a mistake, but rather a want in his father's scheme of things. To his clear, straightforward intelligence this business of a home made direct appeal. He made up his mind that he would speak to him about it; perhaps somehow they could work it out between them. In all his twelve years he had never been unreasoningly denied anything, and now he felt he had discovered a lack, which every instinct he cried out to have supplied. Yes, certainly he would speak of it. Perhaps he would not even wait for the opportunity, but would first broach the matter in writing.

Letter writing was one of the many new habits he had formed at St. Stephens. Before his life there began he and his father had been inseparable. They had boxed and trained together, they had walked and talked together, they had even roomed together at the various hotels and farmhouses which had sheltered their mutual existence. It was only the father's pride in the position his son was taking at St. Stephens that made the situation possible, and even pleasant, for both of them. The newly acquired habit of letter writing had grown naturally enough. Twice a week he heard from his father; twice a week he wrote to him. It was a virile correspondence, full of male doings and male thoughts, with an easy understanding that all the life of each was of vital importance of the other. His father's letters came from a great distance now, a surprising distance for "Kid Mack" (as the world knew him) had announced his retirement from the ring, and it was only an irresistibly large purse which had drawn him from his country and his determination to Australia. But except for the gap of the voyage the correspondence had been uninterrupted. In the midst of the tumult about him, Jack wondered if a letter, broaching this idea of a home, would have time to reach hir father.

The door was flung violently open, and Clem Robbins, his roommate, his arms heaped with miscellaneous clothing, burst in upon him.

"Pretty state of affairs," said Clem, "when a fellow has to retrieve his purple and fine linen from all over the school. There must be something about my clothes people like. I'm a pair of shoes shy even yet. Lovely fixings? Hey, what?"

He pulled a somewhat rumpled dress shirt from the tumbled heap, and held it up before him. "Some class to that, Jack," he said. "I guess I'll be 'clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful,' when I get that on."

Jack tried to smile, but did not make much of a success of it.

"Anything the matter?" asked Clem, in immediate sympathy.

Jack shook his head. There was an unexpected lump in his throat which he felt ashamed of.

A great light came over his roommate. He dropped the things in his arms and his theatric style at the same moment, and came over and put his hand on Jack's shoulder.

"I suppose," he said, "I'm the most brainless fool alive. It's hard to believe, but it never occurred to me until this moment."

Jack swallowed the lump in his throat with all the heroic manliness of twelve years. He even essayed mirth.

"I don't believe it yet, Clem," he said.

But Clem was not to be diverted. "I don't mean about my being a fool, as you know very well. I'm talking about your Thanksgiving. Your father's in Australia, isn't he?"

Jack nodded.

"That means, of course, that you can't have Thanksgiving dinner with him, and that means, I suppose, that you, Jack Selfridge, are going to stay right here in school and eat your turkey with Mr. and Mrs. Dum-dum? Oh, Jack, such an idea never entered my head."

"I think it was very nice of Mr. and Mrs. Dumfries to have asked me." Jack threw his shoulders back with a confidence he did not feel. "I'll have a bully time."

Clem snorted, and fell back upon the classics:

"Double, double, toil and trouble,
Fire burn, and caldron bubble—

That's the way Thanksgiving dinner here would look to me. The idea is too horrid to contemplate."

"To *what?*" Jack asked, stirred even in his trouble by his lasting envy and wonder of his roommate's marvelous vocabulary.

"Contemplate, consider, think about."

Both of them were interested in the progress of Jack's vocabulary, but the gloom only lifted for a moment. At Jack's suggestion, Clem turned again to his packing, but his hilarity was gone, even his capacity for quotation deserted him.

An uncomfortable hour wore away. Clem's bag was packed at last, packed in spite of the frequent interruptions of "Oh, you Clem Robbins," or "Oh, Jack Selfridge," from the quadrangle without, which necessitated leaning out of the window for a shouted conversation with some excited friend or other, some happy boy bound home like Clem, and full of exhilaration.

All through his packing Clem kept muttering invective to himself, invective against fate, his own thoughtlessness and his roommate's unhappy lot. And Jack presisted in whisteling little, inharmonious attempts at tunes with determinned gayety. It was a relief to both when Mike, the historic expressman, thrust the red effulgence of his smiling face in at the door, dangled a great ring of baggage checks, made his historic joke about an elephant and a trunk, and stalked away with Clem's luggage. It was a relief because it meant the beginning of the end. Clem slapped his hat on the back of his head, threw his overcoat over his arm, and wrung his roommate's hand. Neither boy said anything, but they turned with one accord, and made their way downstairs to join the shouting mob in the quadrangle. It was Wednesday, and the school was not coming back until the following Monday, and the school appreciated the fact.

Boys were beating one another on the back and shouting unanswered questions, scrambling into the stages, and calling to their chosen intimates to take places beside them, or scrambling out again to change to places of greater imagined desirability. And through the mass, like uncertain generals at a harrying, the masters were pushing here and there, rtriving to bring order out of chaos, and sealizing that, for the day at least, their authority was but the ghost of its customary omnipotence. At last the stages were filled, however, and one by one they lumbered away to the cracking of whips, and the many-noted cheering of their burden. Jack found himself staring after them with Mr. Dumfries' arm about his shoulders and a very queer feeling at the pit of his stomach He saw Clem wave to him as Clem's particular stage turned a corner in a cloud of dust, and he waved back. Mr. Dumfries' hand tightened on his shoulder, and his five days' vacation had commenced.

"Cheer up, John," said Mr. Dumfries, "we're going to have a good time of it, and we'll have a dinner to-morrow that will surprise you." He still thought of Jack as the New Little Boy, and his heart went out to him in his loneliness.

"Yes, sir. Thank you, sir," said Jack. He spoke bravely enough, but in his heart he felt he must get away. That hand on his shoulder seemed to have a peculiar effect on his throat. "I think I'll go and take a walk, if that is all right."

Mr. Dumfries had built up a great school; he was indisputably a man of intelligence; so now he made no offer of sympathy, and he put away immediately his first impulsive idea of entertaining his pupil for the afternoon.

"Certainly, it is all right," he said. "What's a holiday for? Stop in at the study. I'll have some sandwiches put up for you, so that you won't have to bother to come back to lunch. You can make a day of it."

But in spite of a picnic lunch made up under the supervision of Mrs. Dumfries herself, Jack found the day a long and dreary one, a sucked orange of a day, to the casual eye full and golden and fair, but, in actual experience, mockingly empty. He made the rounds of all their familiar haunts, places that he and Clem knew and loved, places where he had adventured with Bangs Simonds, woodland roads and meadow short-cuts already familiar to him where he had panted along with the school in hare and hounds. An empty orange? Rather the world was like an empty theatre he had seen before his school days, its stage set for life and action—with no sign of life about it. He recognized all this vaguely, but concretely he knew well enough that he was lonely. Wood and brook and pond and meadow were all very well. They were beautiful. He remembered them alluring, but pleasure was to him a generous thing, existent only in the sharing. He wandered back to his room at supper time, tired, and in spite of himself, depressed.

His supper he took at the headmaster's own table, and there he struggled valiantly to be what his father would have called "game," and because he tried hard, and because Mrs. Dumfries did her tactful best to help, he met with some measure of success. He even grew interested and excited; for the headmaster of St. Stephens and the sweet lady who was his wife and a lonely little boy of twelve, who was by hard circumstance their guest, beguiled the evening hours with the life and battles of Kid Mack, middle weight champion of the world.

Jack went to bed with much the feeling of a soldier, grievously wounded, but wit't the glamour of victory to lighten his pain. He slept in his own room with a friendly gardener in the room across the hall, that he might not be alone in the dormitory. He wished that the gardener were a more noisy man; for it was like trying to go to sleep in a cathedral. He had not realized the noise of the dormitory until it was gone. Before he turned out the light he tried to pencil a few lines to his father, to start his essay letter on the subject of home; but he found he could not write as he wanted to. He had always written cheerfully and now the words would not come.

"Dear father," he wrote, "Thanksgiving vacation has commenced. We are to have five days. I am to take Thanksgiving dinner with Mr. and Mrs. Dumfries. Isn't that fine?" He paused, for it did not sound very fine. On the whole, perhaps, he had better write the letter to-morrow. He pushed aside pencil and paper and crept into bed. It was some time after the school chimes had struck eleven that he fell at last asleep. It was only shortly after this that he was aware of a light in the room.

He awoke and thought for a moment that he was still dreaming; for Mrs. Dumfries was standing beside his bed and smiling down at him. She would have looked an angel, only angels do not wear men's ulsters. While he was still rubbing the wonder and sleep from his eyes, she leaned over and kissed him.

"Jackie, boy," she said, "you have a telegram. It came to the study after we had gone to bed, and we opened it, because that is a school rule, and then I thought I had better bring it to you." She did not add that she had had to use some persuasion, that she had come across to the dormitory with Mr. Dumfries' overcoat hastily thrown over her nightgown. She had a little lantern in her hand, and she turned and set it on the bureau. Jack saw that her eyes were starry in the flickering light.

"A telegram?" He was fully awake now.

"Yes," she said, "from your roommate, a very nice telegram, I think, so good that it wouldn't keep till morning. You can read it yourself."

She gave him the yellow slip of paper that was his first telegram, and he sat up in bed to read the blue-typed, magic words by lantern light.

Take the early morning train for Thanks, giving here. Hip, hip, hooray. CLEM.

It was unbelievable. Jack looked up at Mrs. Dumfries. Mrs. Dumfries laughed.

"Oh, yes, it's quite true," she said, "and you can go. I knew you'd like it. Now you must go to sleep quickly, for you will have to be up at five and your train goes at six. I looked at the time table before I came over. I'll have you called."

She took up her lantern and went out of the room, leaving him just as he was to think it over.

"My dear, I almost cried," she said to Mr. Dumfries a few minutes later. "Oh, no, of course I didn't, but I almost did. I wish you could have seen him. There he was, sitting up straight in bed, the same gallant New Little Boy as ever. His eyes were so round and blue, and that hair he is so careful about was so rumpled and astonished-looking, and his expression—I can't tell you about his expression. People must look just that way—or, at any rate, I hope they do—when they walk in at the door of heaven."

Certainly it seemed to Jack himself that a finite mind could grasp no more infinite happiness. He sat there in the dark, the telegram still in his hand to prove he had not dreamed it all; the wonder of the moment and the wonder of the morrow billowing like a rolling, golden haze before his mental vision. Once he spoke aloud in the darkness that was no longer lonely.

"Well," he said, "well, I *say!*" and could find no more adequate expression.

He forced himself to lie down again at last, as he had seen his father compose himself, by sheer will, before an important battle, and by sheer will, he, too, fell asleep, the slumber that was that happy borderland between sleep and waking, when the body takes its rest, and the soul is dimly conscious of great and glorious things, prescient of the marvels that the day may bring forth.

At five the friendly gardener awakened him, and he sprang up with that clear consciousness which is one of the rights of clean boyhood. Before he was half dressed, the rubicund face of Mike, the historic expressman, appeared at the door, and between them they bundled Jack's clothes into a big bag, once the property of Kid Mack; and Mike made the historic joke about the elephant and the trunk, and Jack found it inexpressibly funny.

There was something romantically fascinating about eating his breakfast by artificial light. It was as if life had been turned suddenly inside out, and in celebration of the day he was allowed for a little to live on the reverse. Oatmeal had zest to him, and bread and butter a changeling charm.

Both Mr. and Mrs. Dumfries were up to see him off, and he understood the effort that it cost. It was something unofficial and human that made his happiness greater. They instructed him carefully, so that with breakfast over he knew, as he drove away to the station, just what train he was to take, where he was to change cars, and what train he should change into.

Mike, the expressman, drove him to the station in a cart that rattled and banged over the unaccustomed and graying darkness of the familiar road. At the railway station he was surprised to find so many people already astir, but he felt glad of them. They were comrades in the day of festival. His shyness and reserve were gone. He told the ticket agent all about the telegram when he bought his ticket, and that busy and harassed young man listened to the end, and heartily congratulated him. Even the conductor on the train, whom he remembered as a gilt-braided, grim tyrant, he saw now to be a jovial person fond of a little joke; for he punched Jack's ticket with great deliberation, and when he thrust it back again into the edge of the seat in front of him, Jack saw that a rather Aztec-looking turkey had been fretted on it by his punch.

The country racing backward past his window grew clearer and clearer, until in the hazy pink of accomplished dawn he could see smoke beginning to curl from chimney tops, and here and there steps being swept down, and the world in general awaking to Thanksgiving. Before he had grown weary of looking the train drew in at the great city where he was to change cars, and there—not much to his surprise, for it was evidently to be a day of miracles—he discovered Clem awaiting him on the platform, and Clem fell upon him and beat him on the back, and danced around him, and chanted incoherently. His bag was taken from him, and he found himself being introduced to a tall man of about his father's age, who looked like a general, and who Clem explained in parenthesis was *his* father.

"We live only about forty miles from here," Clem explained, "and so father and I got up at the crack of dawn and came over for you in the car. It was bully, Jack; we started with the searchlights. We had to race to catch you before you changed cars. When did you get the telegram?"

"Late last night. Mrs. Dumfries brought it over. I tell you what, I was surprised." How feeble words were.

"Oh, Jack, were you? To think of your going to bed and not knowing. That's just like our telegraph office at home. They're awfully slow. I told grandmother about you just as soon as I saw her, and she said that it was a shame, and that I ought to have had sense enough to have brought you along anyhow. Didn't she, father?"

Mr. Robbins nodded. He was keeping carefully out of the conversation.

"Well, I got it anyhow," said Jack conclusively.

It was as if they had been parted for years. They talked in crowded, half-finished sentences, and the forty fast miles were gone before they had exhausted the individual happenings of the last twenty-four hours.

Their home-coming was joyful confusion. Jack saw a big, old-fashioned house, set far back in a great, well-kept place, a house the door of which was flung open to pour the multitude of the Robbins family down the steps to their welcoming. There were little sisters and little brothers, seemingly countless cousins and aunts and uncles of every age and variety. There was a lovely lady something like Mrs. Dumfries, who kissed him in exactly the same way, a white-haired, ruddy young fellow of sixty, whom they called grandfather, and a stately lady with iron-gray, old-fashioned curls, who was the heart and center of it all. Jack was a little afraid of her for a minute or so.

They all crowded around him very much as he had seen people crowd around his father in the dressing-room after a fight. Little brothers and little boy cousins expressed a shy desire to feel his muscle, which gave him the warm feeling of a man of years, and of being for the first time an "old boy," at St. Stephens. Even the grandfather poked him tentatively in the solar plexus, and murmured something about the interest with which he had followed his father's career—a murmur which the grandmother heard and laughed at.

He said nothing at all to the little girls. They were starchy, fluffy creatures, all ruffles and ribbons and blowing hair, and more beyond his ken than if they had been the fairies they looked. He presently found himself out of doors again with Clem, that he might make a tour of the place, and to work up the all-conquering appetite which Clem informed him was an absolute necessity.

Here again were pond and meadow and wood and stream, but today their beauty cried aloud to him, all the lovely russet world of after-harvest time fairly shouted him welcome. He took great lungsful of the keen, clear air, and threw back his head in the sunlight. They visited barn and stable and the orchard, where late russet apples were still on the trees. They skirted the poultry yard, and cut across the pasture, to return home at last through a wide, brown, stubbled cornfield, where the crisp, rustling stalks were stacked here and there like the tents of an army, and orange-yellow pumpkins lay in gigantic splendor at the ends of withered, running stalks which could not possibly have nurtured them.

Jack had taken Thanksgiving dinners before, or thought he had, uninteresting, perfunctory hotel affairs, where he had eaten two slabs of luke warm turkey, and a dab of glucose-stiffened cranberry sauce, dinners that he discovered now were no more like this home. The long, white-draped table filled most of the big, sunny dining room. There was something ceremonial about its very size.

He had heard of tables groaning beneath the feast, but there was no groan about this table, rather it seemed to laugh and chatter and almost sing. There was only room down the center of it for a low and narrow bank of flowers, and all the rest of its great length and breadth were crowded with side dishes of various necessity as the meal progressed, dishes of salted nuts and candies and fruits, and dishes whose contents he could only guess; a comfortable, old-fashioned,homely board with no modern nonsense about it, where there was plenty of bread and butter, and the changes of silver were brought on as they were needed, and not arranged in a Chinese puzzle beside the plates to trip the unwary and the young. The dinner commenced auspiciously with oyster stew, illusively flavored, hot and steaming, an ideal medium to crumple crisp crackers into; then came chicken pie, brown, crusted, and succulent, which the grandmother served herself at the end of the table, an estimable dish, somewhat neglected to be sure, and cast in the shade by the coming lord of the feast.

Even in his inexperience Jack knew perfectly well when the turkey was coming. There was a stir among the children, a sudden hush in the chatter about the table, an unconscious turning of faces toward the pantry door, a galvanic thrill of premonition. Much the same sort of thing precedes the entrance of the monarch at coronation, or the appearance of the elephants in a circus parade. This turkey, as it was borne into the room, seemed a blending of both, a monarch of the feast, a mastodon-like fowl. Even the experienced, imagining the largest turkey possible to their conception, are always surprised—if the feast be a proper one—at a creature larger than their imaginings. To Jack this turkey seemed a sheer miracle—a stupendous, awe-compelling dish. A great, golden-brown bird it was, looming above an enormous platter, garlanded and decked about with parsley, steaming incense to high heaven, a bird impossible to city ovens, none of your square-molded market creatures, but of plump, high-standing breast bone as nature made him.

There were cries and clapping of hands, a shrill "Oh!" from one of the younger children, which brought a laugh from the grown-ups. Jack found that he had been cheering with the rest, and that the little girl beside him—whom he had not yet dared to look at—was squeezing his hand in the ecstatic abandon of the moment. He looked at her. She was not looking at him, but at the turkey. She was flushed and wide-eyed and very pretty. There was no self-consciousness about her, even when she dropped his hand.

"Isn't it *e-normous!*" she gasped, turning to him.

"It looks like an ostrich," said Jack, suddenly finding himself able to talk.

The little girl giggled with delight. He was a man of wit and presence.

The rosy grandfather had gotten to his feet, explaining that he had to be able to see over what he was carving. The children shouted, and Jack shouted with them, recognized him as a polished representative of the old school, a very paragon of sprightly, courtly humor. Even his carving was a relic of the lost arts of days gone by: for the thin,juicy slices fell under his knife in miraculous orderly fashion in patterns of white and brown on each side of the fast-appearing rack.

Jack found his plate when it was set before him a wide, heaping profusion in which it was difficult to choose the first point of attack. There were turkey white and brown, chestnut and sausage meat stuffing, crimson cranberry sauce that no French chef had ever learned the secret of, a snowy mound of mashed potato, a dish of fricassee turnip, and something which looked like pale-green gold, which he discovered to be squash. These made islands, and round about and between was a brown sea of gravy. The little girl beside him passed him celery, celery still crisp with a cold, underground isolation. With grateful presence of mind he offered her the salt, and she poured a little heap for their mutual benefit on the tablecloth between their plates. It was lovely of her. He remembered something Clem had said about salt.

Just when he had decided he could eat no more, the table was cleared, the turkey vanished away, and pie reigned in its stead. He ventured to take a small slice of mince. The little girl beside him whispered that the grandmother made all the pies herself. She said it as if he should have known, as if only grandmothers could make pies worth eating. He heard the grandmother herself avowing, in her stately way, her scorn of brandy in mince pie, and explaining to one of the aunts that boiled cider was the only thing to put into mince meat. Whether it was due to the lack of brandy or the presence of boiled cider, he did not know; he only knew that his hunger had taken a sort of second wind. He allowed himself more mince, and branched from that into apple, lemon, and even squash pie, a deliciousspicy dish hitherto unknown. Nuts and raisins came as a happy anticlimax. He found himself skillful in nut-cracking. The little girl beside him told him it was because he was so "awfully strong." She insisted upon it in spite of his disclaimer.

Afternoon was well advanced when they left the table, but after some sit-around games played in deference to the common repletion there was still time for others when activity returned again. Jack found himself on intimate terms with everybody, even white dresses and ruffles—now losing something of their starchiness—inspired him no longer with terror. With Clem he shared the honors of prisoner's base; with the little girl who had sat beside him he found, at hide-and-seek, a place that even Clem could never discover. And when at last the children came trooping in from barn and meadow and orchard to sit down to a cold supper, he was warm with new comradeship, aglow with the feeling that he was almost kin with these happy, wonderful, everyday boys and girls.

The evening was cold and a fire of soft pine had been lighted in the big fireplace in the living room. Jack threw himself naturally enough with the rest of the children on the floor before it; their elders grouped in the flickering, half-shadows behind them. It was evidently the ceremonial end of the ceremonial day; for everybody waited in silence, or talked in low whispers, until presently the rosy old boy of sixty began the story which was expected of him—a story which Jack realized meant that he was not sixty at all, but something more than seventy. For it was all about what he called "the late unpleasantness," the tragic struggle between North and South, and how he had been captured and had escaped, an enthralling tale of armies and war, of lonely wildernesses and baying bloodhounds, a tale that concerned the vital life of his great and glorious country—and Jack's.

When it was over the good nights were said quietly. Clem took Jack to his room, tried to talk, and finally yawned himself away to his own bed. Jack stood for a moment with his hand upon the door knob, alone and with his heart swelling within him. Home and Thanksgiving day! He understood them both now. His soul was singing in a sort of reverent exaltation. He wished that he were Clem, that with pen and ink and easy cadence he might express it all! He began slowly to undress, and among his clothes, in Kid Mack's big bag, he found his half finished letter, and a little stub of pencil. He paused a moment and then wrote rapidly from his full heart:

"I did not stay at school after all. Clem telegraphed for me to come to his grandmother's. I wish that you had been here. I never understood about Thanksgiving. I will write all about it sometime if I can—but I am afraid that I can't ever write it well enough. I'll have to wait until you are home again" (he paused at the "home" and then underscored it), "then I shall try to tell you about it."

He knew that this was a poor expression, but he hoped his father would understand. Then he had an inspiration, and getting up, he took something from his jacket pocket and wedged it carefully into the addressed envelope.

"P. S.," he wrote, "I am sending you the wish-bone of the turkey."

He folded the letter, and sealed the lumpy package. In five minutes more he was in bed.—By Wells Hastings, in the *American Magazine*.

The Bean in the Cream.

The vanilla plant is the only orchid of any industrial value. As orchids go, the plant is not inactive, for the foliage is much greener and more enduring than in the case of most species. It is a climber, and when the leaves are fresh it brightens a small tree trunk wonderfully. The vanilla planifolia, to give it its full name, is a terrestial parasite. It climbs from the ground. But, once established, has feeding stations on the bark all along the line. The leaves—long, very smooth and light green—are alernate and at the axil of each is a sucker a few inches in length that fastens itself securely to the tree, lying flat against the bark.

The blossoms are inconspicuous. It is the resultant pods that are the vanilla of the industrial world. They are slim pods six to eight inches long, and, when dried for the market, are of a rich, deep reddish brown. These are called vanilla beans, but without warrant. They contain no beans; the seed in them is as fine as dust. These seeds are the black specks that are usually found in the finest grade of vanilla ice-cream, the best chefs in the world ever preferring to grind the "bean" rather than use the extract. Vanilla is found growing wild in the Bahamas, West Indies, and Central America. In Madagascar and some of the neighboring Islands it has been introduced, and now forms an important article of export. But American vanilla is the best.

The First Thanksgiving.

In the fall of 1621 Governor Bradford set apart a day for Thanksgiving. The Pilgrims had had a fruitful summer. Their corn had yielded a good crop. Deer and wild fowl were plenty, and there were fish in the sea in great abundance. So they kept their Thanksgiving with feasting, and this was the first of a long line of New England Thanksgivings which have been kept each year since that time.

Squanto was one of their Indian friends. He taught them when to plant their corn. When the leaves on the oak tree were the size of a mouse's ear, then was the time. He told them, too, to drop a fish into each hill of corn to enrich it and make it grow. For Englishmen did not know very much about Indian corn in those days.—[How New England was Made, by Frances A. Humphrey.

FARM NOTES.

—The wool crop is one of the surest on the farm.

—The best wool is on the back, the poorest on the belly.

—You need a silo because with it you canmake more money.

—Quality, quantity and density are important factors in the fleece.

—Evenness of wool depends upon evenness of condition of the sheep.

—It is best to manure and plow the garden as soon as the growing season is over and the crops harvested.

—If you watch the thistles carefully and do not let them go to seed for two or three years you will rejoice in their absence.

—A one inch pipe from the tank on the windmill to the house and another to the barn with 50 feet of garden hose attached to each is a great deal cheaper than a fire.

—There is far too little mulching done. Small fruits, trees and garden crops are given a most favorable opportunity for attaining the highest perfection and development when their roots are covered with a thick mat of leaves, hay or other suitable material. A good mulch keeps down weeds, and renders the soil loose, moist and porous at all times, and that, too, with little labor of cultivation.

—The bull to be strong and vigorous and of good use must be fed, sheltered and given exercise. The stall should be roomy and strong, but not boarded up tight. The animal will be better contented if he can see out and have plenty of light. A lot or small pasture for open exercise is necessary for health and vigor. Clean stall and good general sanitation should not be neglected. An unhealthy or filthy bull will soon mean a diseased herd.

—The establishment of a Bureau of Markets in the Department of Agriculture is proposed in a bill introduced by Representative Wickiffe, of Louisiana. The purpose of the bureau would be to investigate the marketing of farm products, recommending the fairest and most direct methods by which such products might reach the consumer from the producer and keeping the public informed through reports of the best methods and the best markets.

—One should have in mind how much land is to be planted in corn the following year when the seed corn is being selected. Of course, plenty should be saved, making due allowance for shrinkage, discarded ears with low germination test and probable loss by rodents, insects, etc. It must not be forgotten that the seasons are often such that a second planting is necessary. If one saves more good seding than is needed it can usually be disposed of at a good price. It can be generally estimated that a bushel of good seed corn will plant from seven to nine acres—say, eight acres. It takes from 100 to 120 good ears suitable for seed to shell a bushel. It will take at this rate from 12 to 15 ears to plant an acre.

—To make good vinegar use only sound windfall apples for the making of cider, free from rot of any kind. Let the cider remain out of doors until as much of the impurities of it as can be are worked off, then put it into the cellar to remain until it becomes vinegar, which will be in almost a year, when it should be "racked off" before it is ready to use. Cider and vinegar barrels must be thoroughly cleaned and perfectly free from the "mother" that many people believe a necessity to constitute good vinegar. "Mother" is the impurities of cider, and none of it should be allowed to remain in the barrel. Don't put in any corn, molasses or anything else to hasten its consummation. Time is all that is required.

—Thomas Davy Candy, of Langhorne, near Philadelphia, declares that he has discovered the cause of the blight which is withering chestnut trees in the Middle and South Atlantic States. A boring beetle, one-sixteenth of an inch long, black in color, which lays its eggs between the outer and the inner barks, is the primary cause, he says. Grubs are hatched from the eggs, and these penetrate the soft inner bark, following its course around the tree trunk. Above the patch of the borer occurs the blighted appearance. Myraids of the tiny worms were found upon a single tree upon Mr. Candy's land, and the total result of their depredations was so extensive that the tree, he says, appears to have been scorched by fire. The blight has become so serious in Pennsylvania that the Legislature appropriated $275,000 to a commission appointed by the Governor to investigate the cause of the disease and to devise ways for exterminating it.

—The calf should be taken away from its mother by the third day or earlier, and should have its mother's milk for about two weeks. When the calf is about two weeks old, the milk may be gradually changed to skim-milk, using about a week to make the change.

In order to make a success of raising the calf on skim-milk, the condition of milk must be uniformly sweet. Probably nothing can be done that will produce indigestion and scours with more certainty than to feed sweet milk one day and sour the next. The younger the calf the more sensitive it is on this point.

The proper amount to feed the calf the first two or three weeks is about five or six quarts per day, and no more can be given without danger of indigestion. As the calf grows older it will take more, but it is never necessary to feed more than eight or nine quarts per day and never advisable to feed over ten. The calf should never be given all the milk it will drink. The calves must be fed in such a way that each calf secures the amount intended for it.

It is best to feed milk warm at all times and especially important that it be in this condition for young calves. Cold milk will usually cause indigestion in a young calf.

Begin feeding the calves dry corn meal as soon as they will take it, and continue as long as the skim-milk is fed. Plenty of good quality, or pasture after the calf is three weeks or a month old.

An abundance of clean water should be accessible at all times, or at frequent intervals, as the calf is not satisfied with milk alone as a drink, and wants to drink a little water at a time, quite often during the day. This thirst for water is often overlooked when calves are raised by hand, and as a result the calf is thirsty, as well as hungry, and gorges itself with milk when it has a chance. Salt should also be given to calves when the calf is old enough to eat grain and hay.

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