

## A Thanksgiving Code

By JESSIE LLEWELLYN

THEY stood at a high mansard window and looked out through the tops of bare branches. The stars and the street lights blinked at each other across the cold, blue distances. All of human history seemed marching, ghostlike, through the pale night.

"This is Thanksgiving," she said. "Is it, yes?" he asked, irrelevantly. "What a little question in such a big world," she replied evasively, and then, "Thanksgiving! I wonder if everyone nowadays is not more resentful for what he has not than thankful for what he has?"

Her mood did not please him, because it did not include him, for it is rude to be impersonal when alone with one man.

She leaned over the window ledge and drew a long breath: "On a still, cold night like this events of the past seem near—just on the other side of the darkness. I was thinking of the thanksgivings of Miles Standish and Priscilla and the others. How little they had to be grateful for, and yet how religiously great in their thankfulness."

He had not called to speak of the pilgrim fathers, and so he remarked, somewhat rudely: "I was not aware that you were an ultra religionist."

She answered absently, groping her hand along the window sill. "Ah, you mean lighted candles and contribution boxes. It is the courageous faith of our ancestors that thrills one with its dauntlessness. Think of those well-born ladies and gentlemen become pioneers in a wilderness in 67 short days. After drought and famine and visitations from adventurers they could still assemble to worship and to pray on days set aside for giving thanks. I believe their prayers were answered—even personally. As for us—we of the twentieth century—we are precious careful not to pray for anything we have not the cash to pay for."

"All we owe the pilgrims," he said, being compelled to follow her conversational lead, "is a vote of thanks for their generosity in the matter of ancestors. Almost anyone in the blue book can now afford at least two forefathers who came over in the Mayflower. But to return—you were about to answer my question. Is—"

"I can see them now," she interrupted, "with their broad hats and swords buckled at their sides, and—uncertain in further details she swiftly began again: "How little pleasure they gave themselves! Imagine grown



"THIS IS THANKSGIVING," SHE SAID.

men in ye olden Plymouth playing football of a Thanks day! They would have had their offending feet stuck through a pillory in no time!"

"Instead of legs done up in surgical splints—wooden customs both!" He refused to be serious.

She felt without seeing that he was approaching the window again. The pilgrims wouldn't hold out much longer, owing to her uncertain historical data. Was William Penn the first governor of the colony? Or was Cotten Mather? She must say something, or that inevitable question, and if she were to say 'yes' to this frivolous person, what should she say to the new Presbyterian minister of the red brick church?"

"Is it yes—dear?" There was a very personal note in the voice this time, and a hand was ominously near her own on the window ledge.

"If—if you were more serious about things," she began, unsteadily. "Religious things, like Thanksgiving, for instance. If you had a belief or a code or something I could believe in you more—don't you see. Everyone says—"

Evidently he saw something which pleased him, for there was an expansive smile on his face. Suddenly he struck an attitude.

"How would a code of thanks meet with your approval, just owing to the day—"

"I don't believe you were ever thankful for anything." "My dear young woman, no divine was ever more so. I am thankful for—for the great commonwealth in which we live, with its waving fields of—of—"

"Hay," she suggested. "I was about to say onions," he corrected. "And its greater statesmen—yes, with its statesmen ever greater than its onion fields, possessed as they are of nothing but love for the wage earner—during presidential campaigns."

"I am thankful that in these United States there are—noble reformers—who find it possible to reap wealth by denouncing it—thereby proving the possibilities of American statesmanship."

"What are you talking about?" "Proving myself eligible to ask a simple question. I am thankful for the female brains which discuss the question: 'Shall women propose?' occupying themselves with the discussion they do not propose."

"I am thankful that we do not live in the days of Puritanism, otherwise



THE MINISTER SAW NOTHING TO BE THANKFUL FOR.

a certain girl in a certain window would have been burned for a witch—dead certain.

"I am thankful that said girl—he lowered his voice in a telling way—"is going to say—"

"Yes," she finished softly. And the Presbyterian minister of the red brick church saw nothing whatever for which to be thankful on the day "set apart and appointed."

## Spirit of Thanksgiving

"It is More Blessed to Give Than to Receive."

PHILOSOPHERS and philanthropists not only indorse the familiar and beloved aphorism, "It is more blessed to give than to receive," but go a step further and claim that the capacity to receive is absolutely dependent on a capacity to spend; that to maintain a receptive attitude towards all the good and enjoyable things of this world, one must spend. The same truth is expressed again in the statement, "He that loseth his life shall find it." We have come to interpret this paradox as meaning that true happiness is attained only when the seeker gets as far from his own personality as possible and interests himself in the life of the world or of the individuals around him. In proportion as we give spontaneously will we receive freely. The gift need not always be tangible and material; it may be the more valuable because of its spiritual quality, but into whatever we bestow some part of ourselves should enter. As Lowell puts it:

"'Tis not what we give, but what we share. For the gift without the giver is bare."

Thanksgiving is the festival of the family and for that reason is a sad anniversary to the exiles from home, or to those who, lacking home ties, are alone in the world. It offers an especial occasion therefore for the bestowal of happiness. There is a certain embarrassment about inviting the stranger to a Christmas feast because custom calls for an exchange of gifts, but no such obligation rests upon the Thanksgiving guest and the poorest may accept without loss of dignity or pride. The Farmers' Voice is right—unless we can truly feel that we have occasion to rejoice over our own or some one else's good fortune, we would do better not to mock honest sentiment by going through the form of an observation of the day; but if the Thanksgiving spirit is ours, wherever it is possible let us take down the bars of consanguinity and open our hearts to the family of the world, instead of spreading the spiritual and material feast for "me and my wife, my son John and his wife; us four and no more."

Prepared.

Mrs. Todds—Good heavens, John! You're not going to dinner in that sweater?

Mr. Todds—Yes, my dear. The landlady told me last night that she was going to call on me to carve the turkey.—Judge.

## CAUSE FOR GRIEF.



"Why dost thou weep, poor child?" "Papa's gone and turned vegetarian just before Thanksgiving day."—N. Y. Evening Journal.

## WHAT HE GOT THEM WITH

No Allments in the Crowd, But the Fakir Had Something That Sold Quickly.

"Gentlemen," began the fakir as he arranged numerous bottles on a little table at a downtown street corner and prepared for business, "has anyone in this crowd got a toothache?"

No one answered, relates the Chicago Inter Ocean.

"Has anyone an earache or a headache?" Not a man had anything to say.

"Very well, then; but are you troubled with insomnia? Are you low spirited, and do you find yourself thinking of suicide?"

The appeal was like the other—in vain. The crowd elbowed each other, but no one advanced.

"Very well, gentlemen; very well. Now, is there anyone here who indulges in intoxicants and wishes to conceal the fact from the women folks? If so, I guarantee that one drop of this marvelous preparation placed on the tongue will instantly remove the odor of any—"

There was a mad rush from all directions, and for the next five minutes he gave change and passed out the bottles with both hands.

## RIGHT ON HER DIGNITY.

American Heiress Had Inherited Just as Easy Money as Anybody.

"I understand," said the dignified English matron, "that your father made his money in—in trade."

"What do you mean?" asked the American heiress.

"That he amassed his wealth by buying and selling commodities that the common people needed."

"He did nothing of the sort!" retorted the angry heiress, relates Judge. "I want you to understand that papa did not work a lick for a cent of his. He made it every bit by skinning people with watered stocks. I guess that's just as easy money as the kind that you inherit, isn't it?"

Rewards and Penalties. "It is difficult for people to get what they really deserve in this life."

"It is difficult for some of us," answered Miss Cayenne "others have to dodge."—Washington Star.

## An Honest Opinion.

Mineral, Idaho, Nov. 14th (Special).—That a sure cure has been discovered for those scatic pains that make so many lives miserable, is the firm opinion of Mr. D. S. Colson, a well-known resident of this place, and he does not hesitate to say that cure is Dodd's Kidney Pills.

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Proof. Knicker—So the Newriches are getting culture? Bocker—Yes, they have learned to speak of a house beautiful instead of a beautiful house.—N. Y. Sun.

Lowest Rates Ever Made to Florida, For Midwinter Exposition and South Florida Fair, Tampa, Fla. Tickets will be sold beginning November 15th, 1904, with final limit of 21 days. See that your ticket reads via Seaboard Air Line Railway, the shortest and best route to and through Florida.

Most people really mean cake when they pray the Lord to give them tuer daily bread.—Chicago Record-Herald.

Piso's Cure for Consumption is an infallible medicine for coughs and colds.—N. W. Samuel, Ocean Grove, N. J., Feb. 17, 1900.

Vast numbers of men mistake partisanship for patriotism.

## ANOTHER LIFE SAVED.

Mrs. G. W. Fooks, of Salisbury, Md., wife of G. W. Fooks, Sheriff of Wicomico County, says: "I suffered with kidney complaint for eight years. It came on me gradually. I felt tired and weak, was short of breath and was troubled with bloating after eating, and my limbs were badly swollen. One doctor told me it would finally turn to Bright's disease. I was laid up at one time for three weeks. I had not taken Doan's Kidney Pills more than three days when the distressing aching across my back disappeared, and I was soon entirely cured."

For sale by all dealers. Price 50 cents. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.



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## Strawberry and Vegetable Dealers

The Passenger Department of the Illinois Central Railroad Company have recently issued a publication known as Circular No. 12, in which is described the

best territory in this country for the growing of early strawberries and early vegetables. Every dealer in such produce should address a postal card to the undersigned at STRATTON, IOWA, requesting a copy of "Circular No. 12."

J. F. MERRILL, Asst. Gen'l Pass'r Agent. Vanity makes men ridiculous, pride odious and ambition terrible.—Steele.

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