



Preparing Thanksgiving Feast
The kitchen has an incense sweet,
And pies bedeck the window seat.
The good things cooking seem to whet
The awful appetite we get.

Thanksgiving in Verse

The poets of the present and of the past have embodied their gratitude for the blessings of the year in verse. At times the burden of their song has incorporated the time-honored custom by which one day of the year is set apart for the giving of thanks.

Perhaps Thanksgiving recalls to them mother's ingenuity and skill in making pumpkin pies, and so in a quantity humorous way the poet pays tribute to the pumpkin and the product thereof.

Again the spirit of these November poems embodies a Thanksgiving joy and freedom from sorrow; for health and happiness; for things spiritual and physical.

At any rate, ever since Thanksgiving has been proclaimed a national holiday the poet has found inspiration for his art and by means of his verses has awakened a sympathetic chord in the breasts of many men and women.

Although nearly all of the poems of James Whitcomb Riley contain an essence of this spirit of gratitude with the existing order of things, some of these are specifically devoted to the day itself. Among these the poem entitled "Thanksgiving" is one of the best.

Let us be thankful not only because since last our universal thanks were told we have grown greater in the world's applause, and fortune's newer smiles surpass the old.

But thankful for all things that come as aims from out the open hand of Providence, the winter clouds and storms—the summer calms—the sleepless dread—the drowse of indolence.

Let us be thankful—thankful for the prayers whose gracious answers were long, long delayed, that they might fall upon us unawares, and bless us, as in greater need we prayed.

Let us be thankful for the loyal hand that love held out in welcome to our own, when love, and only love, could understand the need of touches we had never known.

Let us be thankful for the longing eyes that gave their secret to us as they wept, yet in return found, with a sweet surprise, love's touch upon their lids, and, smiling, slept.

And let us, too, be thankful that the tears of sorrow have not all been drained away, that through them still, for all the coming years, we may look on the dead face of today.

Will Carleton, the New England poet, strikes the universal note of thanks in his hymn, part of which follows:

We thank Thee, Father, for all that is bright—
The gleam of the day and the stars of the night;
The flowers of our youth and the fruits of our prime,
And the blessings that march down the pathways of time.

tiful of Thanksgiving poems is "We Thank Thee," by Emerson. It runs:

For flowers that bloom about our feet;
For tender grass, so fresh, so sweet;
For song of birds and hum of bee;
For all things fair we hear or see,
Father in heaven, we thank Thee.

For bits of stream and blue of sky;
For pleasant shade of branches high;
For fragrant air and cooling breeze;
For beauty of the blooming trees,
Father in heaven, we thank Thee.

As in most of her poems, a devout religious spirit pervades Phoebe Cary's poem on Thanksgiving. It is an appeal to the grown-ups on this day to make a trip back to their childhood, and is marked by the felicitous simplicity of the writer:

O men, grown sick with toil and care,
Leave for a while the crowded mart,
O women, sinking with despair,
Weary of limb and faint of heart,
Forget your years today and come
As children back to childhood's home.

Following again the winding rills,
Go to the places where you went
When, climbing up the summer hills,
In their green laps you sat content
And softly leaned your head to rest
On Nature's calm and peaceful breast.

Then the old lady of the poem goes on to tell that she has just come from Sarah's, who lives in a sort of a palace in the city, and has creams and salads, made by a French cook, that "cost a fortune." However, things didn't quite suit her at her niece's, and an invitation to an old-fashioned Thanksgiving dinner suits her well.

How I run on. Well, thank you, neighbor,
I see you want to go.
I'm comin' to 'Thanksgivin'; your good
old ways I know,
An' my mouth waters; dear old friend,
There's tears in these dim eyes,
For I shall taste the flavor of mother's
pumpkin pies.

Another poetess, Mrs. Margaret Sangster, wrote this verse on the "Thanksgiving Pumpkin Pies":

So you bid me to Thanksgiving. Thank
you, neighbor, it is kind
To keep a plain old body like myself so
much in mind.
Here I've been sittin' all alone, and a
mist before my eyes,
A-thinkin', like a simpleton, on mother's
pumpkin pies.

A toast by Ida E. S. Noyes is very appropriate, since it has Thanksgiving for a subject.

For every day of life we're living,
Thanksgiving!
For friends assembled 'round the board,
Thanks we're giving,
For eyes brightening, great and small,
Thanks give we all!

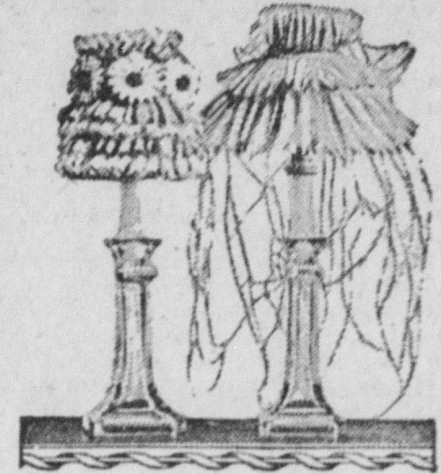
While it was not written especially in reference to our national feast of Thanksgiving, Keats' "Ode to Autumn" is generally considered a poem of the season. The first stanza runs:

Season of mists and yellow fruitfulness,
Close bosom friend of the maturing sun,
Conspiring with him how to load and
bless
With fruit the vines that round the
thatch-eaves run,
To bend with apples the moss'd cottahy
trees,
And fill all fruit with ripeness to the core
To swell the gourd, and plump the hazel
shells,
With a sweet kernel; to set budding more,
And still more, later flowers for the bees
Until they think warm days will never
cease,
For summer has o'erbrimmed their
clammy cells.

These Go Well With the Turkey.
To caramelize sweet potatoes after they have been parboiled, slice, dip it sirup or sprinkle with sugar and brown in the oven. Or small sections may be dipped in caramel sirup prepared as for caramel custard by browning the sugar and adding enough water to make a thick sirup. Another way is to bake the sweet potatoes mash, season with butter and pack it their half skins. Then pour a tea spoonful of caramel sirup over each and put in the oven to reheat.

Gifts That Will Please

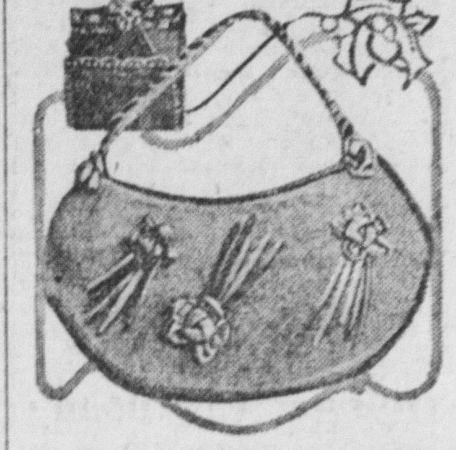
Christmas Candles



This year's candle shades made of gay silks or of crepe paper are shown in such variety that every one may be pleased. Sparkling silver tinsel strays over some of them, adding a holiday glitter to the pretty colors through which the light gleams. A shade decorated in this way is shown at the right of the two pictured. At the left a foundation of plain paper is covered with ruffles of crepe paper in two alternating colors, in this case white and green, and has daisies made of paper set about it.

contains, as apple, with a spray of apple blossoms and the letter "A," or currant with a cluster of currants and foliage and the letter "C." Sealing wax in several colors simulates shirred ribbon on the center glass which contains marmalade.

Of Canvas and Ribbon



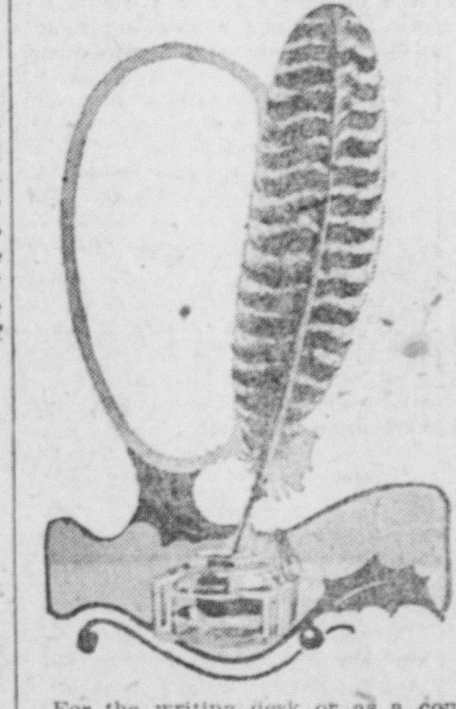
It goes without saying that bags of all sorts are among those gifts that are always welcome. There are many new ones this year made of coarse canvas, or unbleached linen and trimmed with narrow satin ribbon and ribbon flowers. Baby ribbon may be drawn through the interstices of the canvas. Drawing threads out of either the canvas or linen makes it possible to weave wider ribbons over and under the remaining threads, in borders or ornaments. Flowers cut from cotton or linen, in various colors, are applied to the linen bags and buttonholed along their edges with cotton floss or yarn. A case for holding playing cards and a bag which may be put to various uses are shown above in gifts suited to either men or women.

Santa Remembers Baby



Santa Claus never forgets the babies and each year presents their little belongings made in new and pretty ways. This year "nightingales" and bonnets seem even better than their predecessors. A set to match is shown above, made of fine flannel and trimmed with narrow satin ribbon gathered along one edge and feather-stitching the cap. A frill of narrow lace finishes the cap.

A Decorative Pen



For the writing desk or as a companion piece to the guest book, a pen with a feather quill for a handle makes a beautiful gift. Natural feathers are as marvelous and beautiful in their markings as flowers and those in neutral colors can be tinted if one wishes to brighten them. Many kinds of feathers, including those of the ostrich, are used for these decorative pens and they make a gift suited to every grown-up.

For Little Garments



Hangers for wee garments make a lovely gift for young children, especially when they look like dolls. Here two are dressed up to represent a girl and a boy doll and a third is simply covered with ribbon and decorated with ribbon flowers. Little celluloid doll heads, wide and narrow satin ribbon and wire hangers with a little ingenious sewing are all that is needed for the doll hangers.

Fadeless Flowers



Flowers made of petals cut from paper tape and coated with colored sealing wax, are among the novelties that add to the cheerfulness of home and Christmas this year. A cluster of them in several different colors, in a vase that is also coated with the wax, makes a very pleasing bouquet for the living room or dining table. The colored wax is a substitute for paint and a small alcohol flame becomes the brush for making the fadeless blossoms.

Sweets for Christmas



You cannot think of anyone who will not be delighted to receive a gift like that illustrated here. It is a half-dozen glasses filled with jelly, preserves and marmalade, very attractively arranged in a wicker basket. The tin covers of the glasses are lacquered with black lacquer and a white gummed letter is placed in the center of each one. A spray of fruit or blossoms painted on the lid with sealing wax, together with the letter, tells the kind of jelly or preserves the glass

Smith College Fudge

Melt one-quarter cupful butter. Mix together in a separate bowl one cupful each white and brown sugar, a quarter cupful molasses and one-half cupful cream. Add to the melted butter and bring to a boil. Cook three minutes, stirring quickly. Add two squares chocolate, grated; cook five minutes, stirring rapidly at first, but decreasing toward the end. Take from the fire, add a teaspoonful and a half vanilla,

then stir constantly until thickened. Pour in a buttered pan and set in a cold place.

Making Baby's Bonnet.
In making baby bonnets do not attach the strings to the bonnet, but, instead, make buttonholes at the ends to be attached, then sew a small flat button on each side of the cap underneath, where the "strings" become soiled they can be easily removed and laundered, making it unnecessary to wash the entire cap.

Yes

it's toasted, of course. To seal in the flavor—



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A splinter says it is true that man proposes and God disposes, some men fail to do their share.

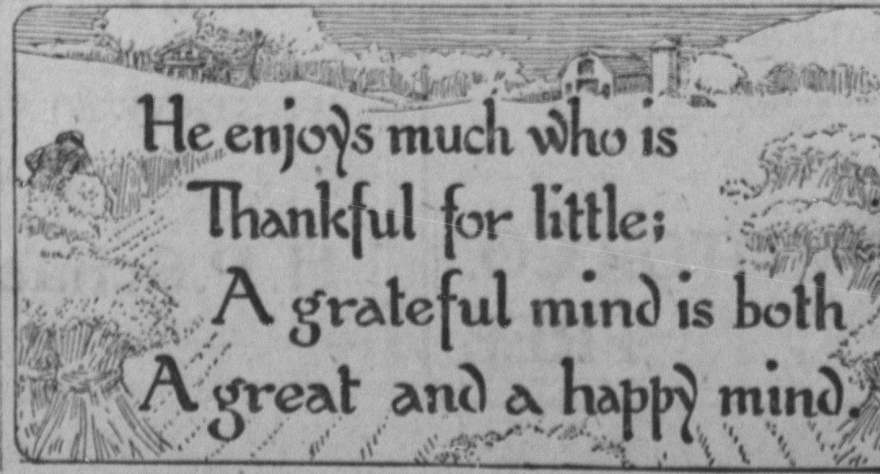
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He enjoys much who is
Thankful for little;
A grateful mind is both
A great and a happy mind.

The spirit of unembittered resignation at approaching death is expressed in a poem by Edith M. Thomas on "A Last Thanksgiving."

When it is time for me to go—
Time of the rose—or falling snow—
Or when new winds wake vernal strife,
This to the world I've cherished so—
"I have been thankful for my life."

When night and shade together flow,
When dawn's some scene I not yet know,
Let me draw back one fluttering breath,
To say, to all I've loved below,
"I have been thankful—in my death!"

"How John Quit the Farm" is a narrative poem by the Hoosier poet, and combines pathos as well as quaint