

**The Pumpkin**

By JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

At Thanksgiving Day, when from East and from West, From North and from South, come the pilgrim and guest, When the gray-haired New Englander sees round his board The old broken links of affection restored, When the care-wearied man, seeking his mother one more, And the worn "matron smiles" where the girl smiled before, What moistens the lip and what brightens the eye? What calls back the "past," like the rich Pumpkin pie?

—From Collier's.

**GETTING THE HABIT OF THANKSGIVING.**

There is a beautiful legend of a golden organ in an ancient monastery. Once the monastery was besieged by robbers who desired to carry off its treasures. The monks took the organ to a river which flowed close by and sank it in the deep water in order to keep it from the hands of the robbers. And the legend is that, though buried thus in the river, the organ still continued to give forth sweet and enchanting music, which was heard by those who came near.

Every Christian life should be like

that these changes in our circumstances and experiences shall not affect us in our inner life. That is what Saint Paul meant when he said that he had learned in whatsoever state he was therein to be content. It was no easier for him to have to suffer and endure want and privation than it is for us. There was no luxury to him in being cast into a dungeon and having his feet made fast in the stocks. But he had learned not to fret when his condition was unpleasant. Wherever we find him he is singing, never despairing. The



**THANKSGIVING DAY.**



this golden organ. Nothing should ever silence its music. Even when the floods of sorrow flow over it it should still continue to rejoice and sing.

One of the secrets of such a life is found in the cultivation of the habit of thankfulness. Nothing less than this will do. Most people have brief hours in which their hearts are filled with grateful feelings, and when all the world seems beautiful to them. But these many times soon pass, and then for days they give themselves over to discontent and complaining. Anybody can sing when walking amid the flowers and in sunny ways; the test of life comes when the garden path becomes a bit of a desert road. We are not fully ready for living until we have strength enough to carry us through the hardest places and the deepest glooms.

Thanksgiving Day is not intended to gather into itself a whole year's thanks. By being full of gratitude for the one day, we cannot make up for three hundred and sixty-four days of ingratitude. Every day should be a thanksgiving day.

Of course, there is a difference in the days. Some of them are dark, while others are bright. On certain days things seem to go wrong with us and our affairs get tangled; on other days life flows along like a song. We want to learn to live so

habit of thanksgiving had been so wrought into his life that nothing could ever break it.

Just how to learn this habit of thanksgiving is the question. One thing is to learn to trust. The cause of all complaining and discontent is want of trust in God. If we believe in God as our Father, that He loves us and will care for us, and put at once into His hands all matters that would disturb or fret us, God Himself will keep us in perfect peace. Worry is death to the thanksgiving spirit, while nothing so drives worry from the heart as a thanksgiving song.

Another thing that helps in forming this habit of thanksgiving is to make sure of seeing the good and beautiful things in life. This is a lovely world. It could not be otherwise, for it is our Father's world. He made it beautiful because it was to be the home of His children. Yet some see nothing of the loveliness which lies about them continually everywhere. They are like men touring through a country with glorious scenery, in a stage coach, keeping the curtains fastened down all the time and seeing nothing.

It is said that Mr. Ruskin's guests at Brantwood were often awakened early in the morning by a knocking at their door and the call, "Are you looking out?" When, in response to

this summons, they would open their window blinds, their eyes would be charmed by the view that they saw. It is not every one who sleeps at night in such a place as Brantwood, and can have a Coniston morning to greet his vision when he awakes and opens his windows. But there is glory enough in the morning anywhere to start our hearts singing at the dawn of the day, if only we would look out. It would be well if all of us could be awakened every morning with the call, "Are you looking out?" There is always something worth seeing if we would draw our curtains and look out.

This is true not only of nature, but of all the experiences of life. We allow ourselves to be too much impressed by sadder views. We let the troubles and the unpleasant things bulk too largely in our vision. We live too much indoors, with our own frets and cares. If every morning we would fling open our windows and look out on the wide reaches of God's love and goodness we could not help singing. Some one writes: "Many a day would be brighter if begun with some thought in the heart that might open the door to a nobler vision of life, and would not some of our less cheerful moods be dispelled by a wider outlook?"

Our lives are all too apt to run in grooves, and often they are very narrow grooves, indeed. Yet all about us are scenes of beauty, not in nature alone, but in the lives of our fellow men. Often in the most unexpected places, in some nook or cranny of a nature that seemed only forbidding, we shall find some blossom of rarest fragrance. In those quiet hours of meditation, when our hearts reach up to the great heart of God, we may stand upon the mountain tops with Him and catch glimpses of that land which too often seems afar off. "Are you looking out?"—Rev. J. R. Miller, D. D., in Advocate and Guardian.

**A Thanksgiving Conversation.**

Turkey—"Well, there's this consolation about it—the most distinguished men on earth went to the block."

Poison (glomly)—"Yes, but they were not broiled and roasted afterward for the benefit of blockheads."—New Orleans Picayune.

**Hospitality.**

Webster defines the word as "treating guests with generous kindness" without reward. "Liberal entertainers," I have often noted the stars cast upon poor anxious Bible Martha. If the truth were told, she deserves more credit than her spiritually minded sister, who sat at his feet unconcerned as to the preparation of dinner.

The common heroes of life do not usually wear the laurels.

Hospitality means a giving our friends of our common fare, as did

**Empress Cake.**—Have ready six ounces of butter and the same of castor sugar, three eggs, nine ounces of flour, half teaspoonful of baking powder, grated rind of lemon and four ounces of glace cherries cut into halves. Line a cake tin with buttered paper. Cream together the butter and sugar. Well whisk the eggs. Sieve together the flour and baking powder, and add the lemon rind to it. Next add alternately some flour and egg to the butter and sugar till all are mixed in. Pour half of the mixture into the tin, then sprinkle in a layer of the cherries, cut in halves. Next add the rest of the mixture. Bake first in a quick oven, then in a cooler one for about three-quarters of an hour.

the blessed old patriarchs, as they dwell in tents.

Sometimes at our house I am caught with a "meat bone" dinner, but what matter, so there is enough "go around." A pick up meal will do, if there's enough of it. I am fond of it like to do things out of the cut-and-dried order. Sometimes we eat under an oak tree in the yard. Again we drag the meat bench to the grape arbor, and Lad and I serve a sylvan repast. Lad is only ten and never sniffs at my notions. My pessimistic family say "Oh, mother, what if worms would fall into the coffee?" We used to have a sentimental neighbor who was plain and toothless, when her patched stone-mason husband came to supper the meal was eaten under an apple tree. It was generally bread and butter and cheese and cold meat—and tea (clear), for they were old Yankees with "ideas." I did not poke fun, but smiled at Darby and Joan, the counterparts of the ancient Yorkshire lovers—Aunt Susan, in the Indiana Farmer.

**Advanced, But Still Eve-Like.**

If the changes wrought by electricity are stupendous, the changes brought about by the new occupations and aims of women are scarcely less so, says a writer in Appleton's. Within the last twenty-five years—an astonishingly short period for so great a development—women emerging from the home, from the old conventional narrowness of spinsterhood and the uncertain conditions of dependency, whether happy or unhappy, have entered almost every field of activity once sacred to men.

They demanded first higher education, and obtained it, so that in less than a generation an unheard-of thing became a commonplace. Sombre, intense women of the early seventies made it possible in a few short years for any pink-cheeked child of eighteen to enter college and take her curls and picture hats and airy graces with her, square waists and flat heels being no longer synonymous with a knowledge of Greek.

After they had become trained in the higher branches the next step was easy. They entered the professions of medicine, of law, of architecture. They invaded newspaper offices and business offices; and there are now strong signs that they are invading politics, though it is probable that they are taking their femininity with them, according to the evidence of Mrs. Cobden Sanderson, who told in a speech at Cooper Union that the first remark made by one of her devoted band, after she had been hustled into the Black Maria, was for some of the hats. These are wondrously rich in tone. The two tones are very prominent.

Women are fascinated by the new ribbed silk-covered hats with their traceries of soutache upon the brims and sometimes upon the crowns, and with edgings of silk cord.

Dark-eyed women can wear most of the brown shades, but she who has been fair in her youth will, with profit, select the deeper, richer shades of brown, rather than those inclined to golden.

The woman who studies effects in dress never buys a house dress or even a kimono just because it is pretty. She buys a color and design that will harmonize with the surroundings among which it will be worn.

**Glorious Life.**

The sort of people traveling and staying at good hotels has become very mixed. All classes and conditions of men are now sufficiently well off to frequent the more expensive places. A lady found herself recently placed at a table d'hôte beside her dressmaker and the owner of a shop where she bought her perfumery, while a gentleman, recognized by his hairdresser in the smoking room, was accosted by him with the polite request, "I hope, sir, you will kindly keep my secret, but I am staying here, as I usually do at hotels, not in my own name, but as Major S."—London Graphic.

**Lies About the Feet.**

"I don't see why people always lie about their feet," said the shoe clerk, as his customer departed after giving him a bad half hour. "I don't mean on the size of their feet, for it's only natural to wish to have, or rather to make other people think you have, small feet. But why a great, burly man with his feet nubby with bunions should insist that his shoes never trouble him and that he never has any trouble in getting a fit, is beyond me. Why, if I put an ordinary shoe on such a man he would

**WOMAN'S REALM**

**Pretty Garters.**

So many women complain that the patent fasteners on the garters, which are attached to the corsets, tear out the stockings, but there is a clever woman who has found a way out of the difficulty. She sews two bits of white tape to the top of her stockings and places them so they are each just where the patent fasteners usually come in contact with the stockings. She then removes the fasteners from the garters and uses, in their stead, little pieces of ribbon which match the color used in her corset cover. When she puts on her stockings in the morning she slips the ribbon in the loop of the garter and then through the tape in her stocking, tying the end in a neat bow.

Not only does this method save the stockings and lengthen their period of usefulness, but it makes a pretty finish far more dainty than the patent fastener could possibly be.

The form of the arrangement might even be varied. Brown tape might be fastened on brown stockings, and one might even have a bit of brown ribbon. Again, a button-hole might be worked in the top of the stocking, in which case the tape might be dispensed with. Surely it would be better to even go to that much trouble than to spend countless hours in the unbecoming task of mending slipped threads.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

**Queen Repairs an Auto.**

Queen Helena of Italy probably is the only woman automobile enthusiast who has surprised a baffled chauffeur by pointing out to him the defect in a motor. The Queen did this on a country road near Naples, and for a couple of weeks all Italy has been singing her praises. Thus we see on what a slender thread the popularity of crowned heads may hang. Helena always has been popular in Italy, but it took a little incident like this to draw the warmest expressions of admiration since she mounted the throne with King Emmanuel. There was no chance in her work, either, for it meant only that the Queen turned to the advantage of the moment the experience she had gained in automobilism with her husband. Emmanuel is one of the most enthusiastic drivers in Europe. He seldom is accompanied by a chauffeur, but almost always by his wife. He has ten cars and every one of the ten motors was assembled by him. When he buys a car an expert workman attends the royal garage until

**Our Cut-out Recipe.**

**Metal buckles appear on many hats.**

Many of the new skirts are crossed in the front.

Voluminous collures are predicted for the winter.

Wings are larger than they have ever been before.

Feather trimming upon hats continues very profuse.

There are fewer quilts on autumn hats than last year.

A key design of pearls and silver is the decoration on a Greek costume of Nattier-blue satin.

The close, small hat is ideal for motoring and among the prettiest of them are the feather toques.

There seems to be no limit to the width of the barrettes being worn below the knot of hair at the back.

Few light browns will be used, except as trimming or for an evening wrap, the colors being dark and rich.

Among narrow trimmings there are all sorts of braided designs in one-half and three-quarter-inch widths in gold or in blends of all colors or black.

While the styles are on the soft, clinging order, the fabrics are as a rule quite glossy as to surface—not stiff or stand-outish, be it understood, but bright.

Pale mauve flannel of a very fine quality is used for a morning house gown cut princess that has a panel extending from the throat quite to the edge of the dress.

Nile green and l shade known as aubergine or eggplant are used for some of the hats. These are wondrously rich in tone. The two tones are very prominent.

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**Indian's Picture on Bill.**

Hollow Horn Bear, chief of all the Sioux, returning from a visit to Senator Gamble at Yankton on tribal matters, found himself "broke," and through Interpreter Elliston sought Judge Witten, in charge of the Trip reservation, and asked him for a loan of \$5 to buy food for his family.

When the Judge presented a \$5 bill Elliston pointed out Hollow Horn Bear's picture on it. Judge Witten kept the bill and gave the chief specie and said he thought it advisable to retain the bill which contained the picture of the only living man who ever got himself photographed in that manner.

Hollow Horn Bear made a great speech in Congress in 1859, and as he is a good-looking specimen of his race his picture was engraved on both the \$5 and \$20 bills.—Sioux City Correspondence St. Paul Dispatch.

**WHITE PLAGUE GERM NOT ALWAYS DEADLY.**

Expert Says Seventy Per Cent. of People Have Tuberculosis, Only Fifteen Per Cent. Die.

Tuberculosis in its many phases was thoroughly discussed at the ninth annual meeting of the American Therapeutic Society. Expert physicians told of the proper treatment of the dreaded disease in its varying stages.

The first paper, upon the treatment of tuberculosis, was read by Dr. Lawrence F. Flick, who has charge of the White Haven sanitarium.

"The restoration of the afflicted individual to his normal capacity and the stimulation of his intrinsic disease fighting qualities constitute in a broad sense the modern treatment of tuberculosis," declared Dr. Flick.

"As a rule the tubercle bacillus is not very virulent to human beings. The tendency to recover is so great that the majority who suffer implantation will recover without developing noticeable symptoms. Seventy per cent. of all persons living in civilized communities get implantation of tuberculosis. Only fifteen per cent. of those living in civilized communities die of the disease. Without mixed infection tuberculosis would never kill."

W. Sohler Bryant, of New York, declared that from the ear seems the first sign of pulmonary tuberculosis.

**THE SENSE OF DISTANCE.**

**A Pleasure 'Tis Glimmer-ton Finds When He Takes His Vacation.**

"One of the things that I go on my vacation for, one of the chief things," said Mr. Glimmer-ton, "is distance; the refreshing, reviving, expanding power of distance. The change to new scenes, as any change whatever is always sure to be, is helpful; but the broadening, uplifting, clarifying effect, the effect in which we find the greatest enjoyment and by which we store up the greatest renewal of strength for the future, we get through our sense of distance.

"We are so shut up in the city, our range of vision is so limited; live where we will or go where we will here and our sight stops short at walls. Then when we go away and leave the city behind us, as we get out into the open country, where we can see past houses, how grateful does the distance seem!

"But I get this sense best at a quiet place where I go in the mountains, where I can sit and look down a long, broad lake with mountains rolling away on either hand and beyond. The change, I know, from the city is great and delightful, but the thing that gets me here, and releases me, is the distance.

"Daily, hourly, I come back to this view, to expel what lingering traces may be left in me of the contraction of the city and to expand anew in this great spaciousness through the sense of distance. Space has no care nor confinement, but only freedom. And what joy and relief to be where one can cast off all chains and be free!

"Any change is good for us; but the greatest joy in change that comes to me is through the sense of distance."—New York Sun.

**Sand Soap.**

Half a bar of coarse sand soap should always be kept within reach of the right hand of every dishwasher. Rub the half bar right on the bottoms, both inside and outside, of all saucepans and spiders. Follow this with a scrubbing with a fine sand brush, kept up a little higher than the wire soap dish for the sand soap, and fashioned differently than the regular brush used for the sink. By training one's self to always use both sand soap and brush, pot and pan washing is robbed of its much talked of dislike. An occasional dipping of the pan brush on to the cake of common soap kept near will remove every vestige of grease.—New Haven Register.

**Sauce Bernaise.**

Put two tablespoonfuls tarragon vinegar in a saucepan, add eight crushed black peppercorns, two chopped shallots and a tablespoonful minced parsley. Cook five or six minutes, then set aside to cool. Break six eggs, separating the whites from the yolks, and stir into the cold vinegar, adding at the same time four tablespoonfuls butter, cut in small pieces. Set the small pan in a larger one of hot water and as it reaches the boiling point stir constantly until thickened. Add a teaspoonful beef extract, dissolved in a quarter cup hot water, season with salt and a little grated nutmeg and pour over the steak or whatever it is to be served with.—New York Telegram.

**Invalid's Tray Table.**

It is often impossible for a sick person to sit up in bed to eat from the tray, and when this is the case, it often is hard to put the tray in a handy and yet comfortable position for the invalid and in many cases the person is so weak it tires them to support the tray on the lap. A table for an invalid tray car be easily and quickly made by anyone. Select a small folding table, such as is used for sewing, and stand it beside the bed and saw off the legs on one end even with the bedspread. Move the table across the bed until the uncut legs stand close to the bed and the shortened legs rest on the bed and make the table firm. In this way the table is in the most convenient position, while it does not rest on the person in bed or prevent the use of the limbs. Another handy table for the invalid's use can be made from a doll's table. Cut off all four legs so that they are only about eight inches long. This table may be placed over the covered legs of the patient with the legs of the table resting on the bed on each side. These tables may be folded up and placed standing against the wall of a closet when not in use.—Boston Post.

**Orville Wright's Schoolboy Essay.**

"I was in High School at Dayton at the same time as Orville Wright, now famed as inventor of the aeroplane," remarked Ernest F. Crummel. "We were not in the same class, but I remember one essay that Wright prepared for one of the literary programmes. It was about airships, and Wright read from his paper that the time would come when men would navigate the air."

"He read on so enthusiastically that the other students all laughed good-naturedly at him for writing along such foolish lines. They all told him a man would be crazy to try to ride an airship. But as everybody knows to-day, Wright's youthful enthusiasm has carried him along to success and fame just that very direction."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

**Big Texas Melon.**

Robert Longbottom, a farmer near Shafter Lake, raised an eighty-pound melon. It is of the Georgia sweet variety from Texas grown seed.

The seed was planted July 2, the vine blossomed August 7 and the melon matured September 13, making an average growth of two pounds a day from the time the blossom dropped off the vine until the melon ripened, and during its growth the melon registered a maximum gain of six pounds during a single two or four hours.—Galveston News.

**Old London Clubmen's Wager.**

The rage for gambling at White's and Almack's led to most outrageous betting, as to which Walpole tells what he calls a good tale:

A man dropped down in a fit before the door and was carried inside; the club instantly made bets as to whether he would die or not, and when a doctor was called in to attend him his ministrations were interfered with by the members, because, they said, these would affect the fairness of the bets.—London Chronicle.

**HOUSEHOLD MATTERS**

**Lace Curtains.**

All lace curtains should be soaked for at least an hour in cold water in which a little borax has been dissolved before putting them into warm suds. This takes out the smoky odor and softens the dirt.—New Haven Register.

**A Simple Insecticide.**

Hot alum water is the best insect destroyer. Put alum into hot water and let it boil until it is all dissolved; then apply the solution hot with a brush to all cracks, closets, bedsteads and other places where any insects are found. Ants, bedbugs, cockroaches and other insects are killed by it; will not injure or poison.—Boston Post.

**Cleaner of Black Goods.**

To remove spots from black material and to restore their freshness, prepare the following mixture: Take ten cents' worth of gum camphor, break it in tiny pieces in a large bowl; pour a quart of boiling water over it, add to this five cents' worth of powdered borax. Bottle when cold, leaving the undissolved camphor in the mixture. Keep it tightly corked.—New York Times.

**Shoes Blackened.**

There is no reason why young or old should be careless about having their footwear kept in proper condition. A lamb's wool glove and dauber can be bought for ten cents and a box of blacking for another dime. By being careful to never use one side of the dauber there will be no need of soiling the fingers, and the wool glove gives a fine polish with very little effort.—New Haven Register.

**Good Things to Eat**

**AND HOW TO PREPARE THEM**

**Quick Waffles.**—Three cups of flour, two cups of milk, two eggs, half a teaspoonful of cream tartar, one teaspoonful of salt. Sift the cream tartar and salt into the flour; dissolve the soda in a little hot water; beat one egg; put in the flour last.

**Hash Croquettes.**—Take what is left of the steak or any odd bits of meat from beef roast and chop finely, season with salt, pepper and a dash of celery salt; dip into the well beaten yolks of two eggs and fry in hot fat the same as doughnuts. Serve on crisp lettuce leaves.

**Butter Thin Nuts.**—Beat the white of an egg stiff, stir in enough powdered sugar to make stiff. Add one-half cup of chopped nuts (walnuts preferred) and spread quite thick on butter thins and brown in the oven. Nice to serve with hot chocolate or for lunches.

**Molasses Cookies.**—One cup molasses, put on stove and bring to boiling point—do not boil. Stir in one dessert spoon of soda and one tablespoon strong vinegar. While frosting pour over one egg, one-half cup sugar and one teaspoon of ginger, with a little salt, beaten together. Flour to mix stiff enough to handle easily. Roll out, not too thin.