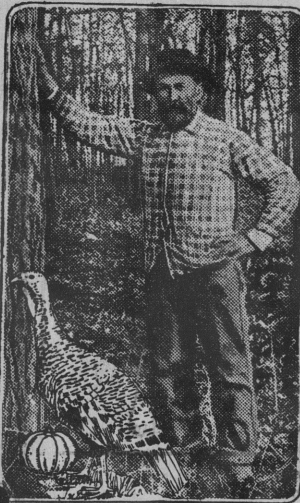


## Thanksgiving Day

ROBERT BRIDGES in Collier's Weekly

We give thee thanks, O Lord,  
Not for armed legions marching in their  
might,  
Not for the glory of the well earned  
fight  
Where brave men slay their brothers,  
also brave,  
But for the millions of thy sons who  
work  
And do thy tasks with joy and never  
shirk  
And deem the idle man a burdened  
slave.  
For these, O Lord, our thanks!

We give thee thanks, O Lord,  
For the turrets of our men-of-war,  
The monstrous guns and deadly steel  
they pour  
To crush pur foes and make them  
bow the knee,  
But for the homely sailors of thy deep,  
The tireless fisher folk who banish sleep  
And lure a living from the miser sea.  
For these, O Lord, our thanks!



"THE PIONEERS WHO PLOW THE FIELD,  
MAKE DESERTS BLOSSOM AND THE MOUNTAIN  
YIELD."

We give thee thanks, O Lord,  
Not for the mighty men who pile up  
gold,  
Not for the phantom millions bought  
and sold  
And all the arrogance of pomp and  
greed,  
But for the pioneers who plow the field,  
Make deserts blossom and the mountain  
yield  
Its hidden treasures for man's daily  
need.  
For these, O Lord, our thanks!

We give thee thanks, O Lord,  
Not for the palaces that wealth has  
grown,  
What is worshiped, duty dimly  
known  
And Pleasure leads her dance the  
flowery way,  
But for the quiet homes where love is  
queen  
And life is more than baubles, touched  
and seen,  
And old folks bless us and dear chil-  
dren play.  
For these, O Lord, our thanks!



## Give Thanks For These "Good NEW Times"

Sydney Smith wrote the thanksgiving  
text when he said, "Let in the sun-  
shine and glorify the room." To think  
rightly, feel finely and warmly re-  
spond to the gifts, privileges and joys  
of our estate is sound sense, good re-  
ligion and a perpetual feast. We thus  
get at the facts and throw experience  
into the proper perspective. If the  
heart is in tune all our surroundings  
catch the melody. Things are largely  
as we think they are, and to maintain  
a cheerful spirit at all seasons is the  
first step toward proving the dictum  
of Goethe that man is not the victim  
but he is the architect of his circum-  
stances.

The American spirit sanctions this by  
celebrating Thanksgiving on the  
threshold of winter. By so much may  
we say that the lowest denominator  
of life's seasons is far richer than we  
commonly imagine.  
And thereby we can afford to take  
another look at an old score of assets.  
Health, friends, food, raiment, home,  
country, work, mind and manhood—all  
stand substantial as ever. But they  
also mean more to us in this day than  
they could possibly import in the "bad  
old times" of our ancestors. And in  
this favored land some of these items  
mean more than they express within  
any other nation on the globe. We  
cannot dictate the harvest of nature.  
The all around harvest of domestic and  
social conditions, which in America  
ranks humanity in men higher than  
titles and makes the modern artisan  
better circumstanced than ancient  
kings is a blessing for which above  
all becomes our citizens to be thank-  
ful. Philadelphia Press.

One Cause For Thanksgiving.  
Although our sky looks dull and gray  
As I approach Thanksgiving day,  
We may see one golden ray.  
Stare through the storm clouds murky,  
For a is an ungrateful beast.  
Who, spring to this annual feast,  
Give thanks for this at least—  
That is not a turkey!  
—B. Morewood in New York



## Her Thanksgiving Pie

"I HOPE he'll like it," said Ruth  
Harkness to herself as she put  
the seasoning into the rich  
mince pies she was making.  
There was one—she held an old fash-  
ioned green edged scalloped plate in  
her hand and looked at it thoughtfully—  
yes, there was just meat enough  
for one more pie. She would sprinkle  
it full of whole raisins, carefully  
stoned, and a clove stuck in each one,  
and she would put a little butter in—  
just a little, lest it might not be rich  
enough—and about a spoonful of  
brown sugar, to make it extra sweet  
and dark, and then she would save it—  
she knew for what. It was only that  
perhaps John Prouty would come  
around on Thanksgiving evening.  
John was always fond of mince pies,  
as she remembered perfectly well, and  
now his mother was dead, and he was  
living at Uncle James', and Aunt  
James Prouty had rheumatism, and  
altogether there was not much pros-  
pect for John to have any Thanksgiv-  
ing unless he came there for it.

And so Thanksgiving day came, and  
there were uncles and cousins and  
friends of all parties by dozens and  
dozens gathered beneath Farmer Har-  
kness' hospitable roof, and in the cool  
gray twilight, as Ruth fitted back and  
forward, always intent on some busy  
mission, she was watching down the  
lane for John. She would know his  
broad shoulders and his well worn  
brown surtout, and even as she watch-  
ed they came in sight—they and a  
bright plaid cloak which belonged to



SHE HEARD A SOFT RAP AT THE WINDOW.  
the schoolmistress from Perkinsville.  
Ruth set her teeth together hard and  
tight.

So that was where John was going  
for Thanksgiving—and she had been  
up there taking tea—just as though  
that girl didn't know that Aunt James  
Prouty's was no place to go for tea,  
and she down with rheumatism! Well,  
she hoped he'd have a pleasant even-  
ing. As for that pie—and she looked  
at it ruefully—she'd taken too much  
pains with that to waste it on a lot  
of overgrown boys and cider drinking  
men. She'd give it to the pigs—that's  
what she'd do with it. Nobody else  
should eat it if John couldn't.

Then as she looked at the pastry that  
had given her so much pleasure and  
so much disappointment she said she'd  
give it to old Ma'am Jefferson, down  
the valley. She was living there alone,  
lonesome-like, and it would make her  
Thanksgiving day happier to know  
that somebody thought of her up there  
on the hill.

So when the cider and apples were  
brought and everybody was fixed cozily  
enough around the kitchen fire and in  
the neat big square sitting room Ruth  
stole out with the pie in her hands  
folded in a white towel, and tripping  
lightly across the fields, she knocked  
at the door of the little cottage where  
Ma'am Jefferson lived alone, but re-  
ceived no answer. The latchstring  
was hanging out. She pulled it gently  
to rattle the latch; but still hearing no  
sound from within, she pushed the door  
open and entered. No one was there,  
but a big little lay open on the stand,  
and the iron bowed spectacles were  
upon it. Ma'am Jefferson had evidently  
been called away in a hurry. Prob-  
ably, to see some sick neighbor. Ruth  
said to herself, and she would be glad  
to find some trace of loving thought-  
fulness when she returned.

Then Ruth wrote a little note, sad  
from the feelings that oppressed her,  
yet kindly from the wealth of her own  
kind heart, and left it with the pie.  
"There's company up at our house,"  
the note said, "and I can't wait until  
you come back, aunt, but I have put  
the teakettle over the fire and set the  
tea drawing, and I hope you will find  
everything warm and comfortable."



## The Thanksgiving Table

Vegetables can be used for decora-  
tion of the Thanksgiving day dinner  
table, making an appropriate adorn-  
ment. The centerpiece can be formed  
of vegetables piled up in the center of  
the table. Carrots, turnips, parsnips,  
sweet and white potatoes, celery tops,  
a red and a green cabbage, can all be  
used if they are scrubbed clean and  
wiped dry. Their colors are beautiful,  
and if they are neatly mounded and  
then edged with a border of fresh green  
parsley they will be quite effective.

About the centerpiece candlesticks  
formed of vegetables can be grouped.  
Big carrots make good candlesticks.  
Cut off the big end to make a solid  
foundation on which these candlesticks  
can rest and cut off some of the taper-  
ing end so that the end left will be  
half an inch bigger in diameter than  
the candles used. Then scoop out a  
little cup to hold the candle.

Cucumbers cut on one side so that  
they will sit solidly on the table, with  
a little cup hollowed in each end, can  
be used for holding two candles each.  
Turnips, potatoes and parsnips can all  
be used.

The place cards to go with this sort  
of decoration might be hand painted  
vegetables, with waving, rootlike arms



SECTION OF THANKSGIVING TABLE—TUR-  
KEY DECORATED CROCK, A D. PAPER  
PUMPKIN AND TURKEY TABLE ADORN-  
MENT.

and legs and funny faces formed by  
the creases and eyes and knots in the  
vegetable themselves.

There are poppy crackers on sale  
that would make appropriate favors to  
go with these vegetable decorations.  
They cost about \$1.25 a dozen. Three  
are decorated with tiny ears of corn,  
three with tomatoes, three with pump-  
kins and three with cucumbers. Each  
contains a favor.

A big paper turkey that costs about  
\$1.25, filled with candies, might serve  
as the centerpiece, and at each place  
could be put small paper turkeys, also  
filled with candy, which cost from 15  
to 25 cents apiece.

There are small fruit boxes sold,  
filled with candies by some confection-  
ers, that are also attractive favors.  
More useful favors can be found in  
the small silk fruits and vegetables  
that are sold for prices that range from  
25 cents to \$1. Carrots and parsnips,  
apples and pears are included in these  
fruits and vegetables, and they are all  
placemats. The tiny vegetable sou-  
venirs that sell for 15 cents each and  
the tiny wax vegetables and fruits that  
cost 10 or 15 cents also make appro-  
priate and acceptable favors.



Ever Eat "Spread Eagle" Turkey?  
"Spread eagle," a young turkey, split  
and broiled over a hot wood fire and  
served with a sauce of chopped oysters,  
crabs, wild celery and apples mixed  
with old brandy and Madeira wine, a  
dish popular among clubmen and army  
and navy officers, was first brought out  
by a shipping merchant of New York  
from fifty to seventy years ago—Jerry  
Weinberg. He was the inventor of  
lobster à la Weinberg, which became  
afterward known as lobster à la New-  
burg—why Newburg nobody ever knew.  
Weinberg's bill of fare for his special  
annual banquet to the good friends of  
the New York exchanges was land  
crabs and manges from Haiti, "spread  
eagles," mallard ducks, candied yams,  
Virginia corn pones, South Carolina  
boiled rice, apple pie, white brandy,  
New Jersey peach brandy, claret,  
champagne and coffee from Aden, Ara-  
bia.

Thanksgiving Thoughts.  
Gratitude is the fairest blossom which  
springs from the soul, and the heart  
of man knoweth none more fragrant—  
Hoshea Ballou.

Let neither night nor day unhalloved  
pass, but still remember what the Lord  
hath done.—Shakespeare, "Twelfth  
Night."

## OUR BOYS and GIRLS

INTELLIGENT ANTS.

Down underground lives that most  
wonderful of all insect creatures of  
the earth—the ant. Right in the same  
great house of a hundred rooms live  
the soldier ants, with their wonderful  
jaws for fighting, and the slaves that  
do all the work, and, oddest of all,  
the cows that the ants milk daily.

It is a great house in which the  
ants live, a Kansas City Star writer  
observes. It is much larger than the  
buildings erected by man, that is,  
when you compare the size of the ants  
and the men who do the work. There  
are great halls, and many, many  
rooms. The busy little fellows that  
work so industriously all day live in  
some of the rooms, and in others they  
store their eggs. In still other cham-  
bers they store away seeds that will  
serve for food when the long winter  
months come on. And for fear that  
some of the seeds may start to grow  
little plants and no longer be good  
for food, the industrious ants take  
them to the surface and dry them in  
the sun, and then carry them back  
to their warehouse once more.

And at night, when the sun is set-  
ting and the day's labors are over,  
the last ants coming through the  
main doorway into the big under-  
ground temple carefully close up the  
entrance. They place a few sentries  
to watch for signs of danger while the  
others are sleeping through the night.  
And woe betide the enemy who dares  
encroach upon their home. For the  
big-jawed soldier ants scurry forth  
at first intimation of danger and give  
battle in a fearless manner.

But this story is about the cows that  
the ants keep. The ants not only  
take good care of the cows, but they  
watch over the eggs from which the  
cows are hatched and guard them just  
as carefully as they do their own  
eggs. Whenever an ant's nest is up-  
turned accidentally with a spade, ev-  
ery ant sets to work immediately car-  
rying back into the wrecked palace  
the myriads of little white eggs that  
are always found in ants' nest. There  
are both ant eggs and the eggs of  
their cows. But the ants aren't so  
selfish as to pick out their own eggs  
and save them first, but pick up both  
kinds as quickly as they can and bear  
them to safety in the little darkness,  
for light will destroy the little un-  
hatched ants.

Of course the cows the ants keep  
are not like our cows. They are only  
very little insects like mosquitos. And  
their milk isn't like the milk we get  
from the dairyman, but the ants like  
it very well. These little cows, which  
are called aphides, seem to like to be  
milked, too, and they are perfectly  
content to live with the ants and be  
protected by them.

The way the ants let the cows know  
when milking time has arrived is by  
rubbing the cows. The ant strokes  
the cow with the two little feelers  
that stand out in front of the head.  
These feelers, called antennae, are  
what the ant uses to tell him a lot of  
things. When an ant is separated from  
a friendly ant for a long time he rubs  
these feelers over the other ant and  
by some wonderful sense will recog-  
nize him as an old acquaintance. And  
when the ants play games during the  
day, as they frequently do, they use  
these little feelers to tell them a lot  
of things. So these feelers are some-  
times much more sensitive than our  
fingers. Maybe they are like fingers  
and eyes and ears and noses, all put  
together.

Anyway, it is by rubbing these feel-  
ers on the cow that the aphids know  
milking time has come. In a moment  
there is a nice drop of sweet milk  
given up by the cow, and the ants  
drink it greedily. So it isn't to be  
wondered at that ants take such good  
care of their cows, when the cows are  
so willing to supply the colony with  
milk whenever milking time comes.  
And it isn't to be wondered at, either,  
that the cows are glad to supply milk  
when they can live with such wonder-  
ful home builders as the ants, and are  
so well protected and cared for as  
they are by these little insects, who  
are busy all day long, working, stor-  
ing up food, and attending to their  
business with incredible intelligence.

Johnny's Definition.  
It was in the definition class; teach-  
er was giving out the words to spell,  
and explaining them at the same time.  
"N-a-p, nap, that means a little sleep,"  
you know, Johnny. K-i-n, kin, that  
means of a family; belonging to the  
family; do you understand?"  
"Yes, ma'am."

Pretty soon the class was called up  
again, and the word "naphth" came  
up.

"Can any one tell what naphth  
means? What is it?" asked the teach-  
er.

"I know," yells Johnny, "a sleepy  
family."

His Authority.  
"I caught a little boy fish yester-  
day," said Tommy.

"A little what?"  
"A little boy fish. Papa said it was  
a son fish."

"Never look a gift horse in the  
mouth" may be good advice to the  
one man in a million who is fortunate  
enough to have a horse given to him.

## KNOW THY COUNTRY

### Manufacturing

The factory is the farmer's workshop for he must pay the expenses of  
preparing his products for the market; meet the pay roll of the manufacturer;  
pay for the machinery and all other expenses. The loom, the forge, the  
slaughter pen and the gristmill have moved from the farm and concentrated  
in the city, where powerful machinery, skilled labor and organized markets  
prepare the products for consumption more economically and efficiently, but  
the farmer still pays the bill. The railroad trains have taken the place of  
the prairie schooner, affording cheap and rapid transit and making it pos-  
sible to concentrate products and build up manufacturing centers.

The farmer is, therefore, interested in the manufacturer and his problems  
and in order to grasp the magnitude and importance of the industry to the  
agricultural interests a brief review of the business is essential.

Official estimates based on the returns of the federal census taken in  
1910 show that there were 321,000 manufacturing establishments in the United  
States in 1914 employing approximately 11,000,000 persons at an annual pay  
roll expense of \$5,546,000,000.

We have \$24,181,000,000 invested in our manufacturing industries and the  
yearly production is valued at \$26,550,000,000, a gross return on the invest-  
ment of more than 100 per cent. Our farming capital is approximately  
\$41,000,000,000 and the annual gross production, including live stock and  
crops, is \$10,000,000,000, or a gross return on the investment of 25 per cent.

In 1820 approximately 10 per cent of the working population were engaged  
in manufacturing and 83 per cent were employed in agricultural pursuits. At  
the last federal census our gainful workers were distributed 28 per cent in  
manufacturing establishments and 33 per cent in agriculture.

The number of people employed in manufacture has increased from 349,  
000 in 1820 to about 11,000,000, an increase of 31-fold, while the number of  
farm workers has multiplied over six times this period.

There are 408,472 engines and motors in the factories of the United  
States with a combined horse power of 18,675,000.

Lumber and timber mills are our leading industry from the standpoint  
of persons employed. Foundry and machine shops rank second, and cotton  
mills third. In value of annual output slaughtering and meat packing come  
first, with foundry and machine shops second and lumber and timber third.  
In wealth-creation or the value added to raw material by the manufacturing  
process the foundry and machine shops take first rank, with the lumber mills  
and printing and publishing industries second and third, respectively.

New York, Pennsylvania, Illinois, Massachusetts and Ohio are the five  
leading manufacturing states. In number of wage earners, value of output  
and value added by manufacture they rank in the order mentioned with the  
exception of Illinois, which is fourth in this respect, with Massachusetts third.

In capital investment foundry and machine shops are first, lumber mills  
second and steel mills third. These are the only industries in the nation  
that have a capital investment of more than a billion dollars.



After the grueling hard  
service you have put your  
car through during the past  
season, don't you think it  
would be a wise thing to  
have us overhaul it and place  
it again in tip-top shape?

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bearings adjusted, carbon  
removed, valves ground, etc.  
if it is to be quiet, powerful  
and safe.

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factory product—a trial will  
prove it.

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ly equipped shop.

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looks "new".

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cough that completely exhausted me  
and less than a half bottle stopped the  
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ease. Catarrh is a blood or constitu-  
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Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken inter-  
nally and acts directly on the blood  
and mucous surface. Hall's Catarrh  
Cure is out a quick medicine. It was  
prescribed by one of the best phys-  
icians in this country for years and is  
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ing directly on the mucous surfaces.

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wonderful results in curing Catarrh.  
Send for testimonials free.

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