



Thanksgiving Time.

BY ELIZABETH DUNHAM.

Thanksgiving Day is bully fun, of course. I'm glad it's near. Cause all my cousins, uncles, aunts, they come to dinner here. An', say! We have the finest time! An' when the turkey's carved. Me an' th' other kids, Ma says, acts like we most was starved. But, say! We ain't starved, really, but the table looks so good, Us little chaps each wants to eat the most, an' if we could We'd pick out all the white meat an' the dressin', an' we might— But, shucks! Course we don't say no for that wouldn't be polite. Then after dinner's over, we all try to reckon out. The awful lot of things we should feel full of thanks about. We're full of turkey; that's one thing that we give thanks for first, An' Pa says he'll be thankful if we young ones doesn't burst. I passed my zampinations. My I'm full of thanks for that. An' sister Ma is thankful 'cause she's got a fur trimmed hat. An' there's my skates an' shiny stick, my real airgun what shoots. My new eight-bladed jackknife an' my Injy rubber boots. There's all these things an' others, too, but most of any I'm Meot full of thanks of all, I guess, 'cause it's Thanksgiving time.

Billy Dick's Thanksgiving

By Katharine Newbold Birdsall.

"Thanksgiving coming again, Flopsy," said Billy Dick. "But I forgot, you don't know Thanksgiving, do you? You were only the ragman's dog then. You ought to have been here. Why, do you know what I did last year? An auto and I ran away together! And I remembered, of course, that a boy whose name is Milton Montgomery Morton can't disobey. But now, Flopsy, a telegram has just come to say that Uncle Jack and Aunt Dot will get here on Thanksgiving Day. It's lovely to have them—but—but—oh, Flopsy, it spoils our trip to the navy-yard to see Dad. Mother and Rosy Posy and I were going, with a big, big basket of Thanksgiving goodies—and now—now we can't go. Oh, Jeriminy Ann—there's something the matter with my two eyes, and I've got kind of a pain somewhere in my stomach, I guess, and—"

The door opened and Mrs. Morton came briskly out. "I have it, Billy Dick. I have another plan. We mustn't disappoint your father entirely. You and the goodies shall go to Norfolk, while Rosy Posy and I stay at home and receive Uncle Jack and Aunt Dot. Could you go alone?" Billy Dick began to grow tall. He felt on a level with his pretty mother's shoulder as he answered: "Why, of course. That would be jolly, except for you and Rosy Posy." So Billy Dick started that afternoon, with a dollar in his trousers pocket, and his ticket carefully stowed away in an inside pocket. It was a three-hours' journey, and he had to change cars twice.

It was so nice to travel alone—one felt so grown up, and so many interesting things whizzed by the windows that the trip was very exciting. The first change of cars was easy enough, and the friendly conductor was not a bit nasty about being afraid that you did not know how to take care of yourself. The next change of cars was at



BILLY DICK'S MOTHER AND THE TELEGRAM.

Richmond, but the other car for Norfolk was late—they told Billy Dick it would be an hour late. As he stepped off the train a little old man with white hair and a jolly smile came up to him. "Well, well, well!" he said, "how you have grown! This is Billy, isn't it? Yes, Well, I declare—come right along with me. The train is late and we'd better get some supper here." Billy Dick wasn't quite sure who the old gentleman was, but as he seemed familiar with him, why, of course, it was all right. It would not be polite to ask him who he was, and a Morton is always polite, you know. Probably it was Great Uncle Howell, whom he had seen years ago. Yes, it must be, thought Billy Dick, though he did not know that he lived in Richmond. So the two went off together across

the street and around the corner to a hotel. Billy Dick had never been in a hotel before, and before he was half through supper he made up his mind that as soon as he was big enough he would persuade the family to come there—it was so nice to have hundreds of things to eat all written out so you might choose as many as you wished. The two sat there, the very old man and the little boy, having the best of times. Billy Dick told the new-found great uncle all about home and Rosy Posy and Flopsy and Miss Elsie, who was his Sunday-school teacher and his very best girl, and the fun he and Flopsy had last year earning their Christmas from Mr. Minders. And the old gentleman laughed and enjoyed the jokes, and in turn told Billy Dick what he did years and years ago when he was a boy.

So the time passed away quickly, till word was brought to them that there had been a wreck on the road, and that no train could run through to Norfolk that night. "But I must go," said Billy Dick. "My father is waiting for me. I'll give them a dollar if they can let me through."

A dollar was a large sum to Billy Dick, and as it was all he had it was a valuable offer. The colored waiter showed his teeth pleasantly. "Sho', dey ain' gwine let eben de Pres'dent troo," he said. "Sorry, sah." Billy Dick looked frightened. "But—but—" he said, "my father was to meet me and telegraph to mother that I got there all right, and mother'll be so worried. And father says it is cowardly to worry a lady."

"Well, well, it is too bad," said the old gentleman. "Your father won't worry because he knows I am here, and we'll telegraph to your mother if you like." So Billy Dick ate the rest of the supper, convinced that a small boy couldn't do much to clear the railroad if they would not even do it for the President himself.

After the ice-cream was finished they went to the telegraph office and sent the telegram. "Can you give mother my love?" asked Billy Dick. The old gentleman chuckled and nodded.

Then there was nothing else to do but spend the night in Richmond with the new-found uncle, and such fun it was to stay at a hotel.

Early in the morning Billy Dick and his great-uncle took the train for Norfolk, and soon the engine was puffing into the station. And—Oh, joy!—there was Dad anxiously peering through the window for his boy. He had jumped on the train before it stopped and had Billy Dick in his arms.

In fact, Billy Dick forgot all about his new-found uncle, for his father was so glad to see him safe and sound.

"I must telegraph your mother at once, Billy Dick," said his father. "She has been almost worried to death about you when I could not telegraph her that you had arrived."

"But Great Uncle Howell telegraphed, didn't you?" asked Billy Dick, turning to the old gentleman, who was greeting some friends. "Who?" asked Captain Morton. "Why," began Billy Dick, and as he noticed that his father didn't shake hands with the old gentleman, and that the old gentleman apparently didn't know his father, he introduced them.

"This is my father. Don't you remember him?" he said. "Your father!" exclaimed the old gentleman. "Your father is my nephew, William Waters." There surely was some mistake somewhere, or was he dreaming? "Aren't you Billy Waters, William Walton Waters?" asked the old gentleman. "I am Milton Montgomery Morton, sir," said Billy Dick. "You said your name was Billy," said the old man. "Billy Dick," explained Captain Morton. "He's always been called that, because his name is so long." Then the old gentleman began to laugh, and Billy Dick laughed, too, as did Captain Morton and the other friends that came up. And the whole thing was explained when one lady said: "Why, Billy Waters's mother telegraphed that he was sick and couldn't come." "And—the telegram?" gasped Billy Dick. "Went to Billy Waters's mother—with your love in it," laughed the old gentleman. "She must have been surprised to get it, with her own Billy right at home." Billy Dick's own mother was notified at once, and his "Great Uncle Howell" helped him and his father to eat the goodies she had packed in the bag.

THANKSGIVING HYMN

Where the trackless forest hung, Leoly boughs against the blue, And the Indian chieftain sailed In his fragile birch canoe, There are groups of golden spires, Shately ships go down to sea, And for this our thanks we give, Lord, to Thee! Where the harvest reeked with blood, And the air was thick with sighs, And the smoke of battle hung, Like a cloud along the skies, And our fathers fought and fell For the boon of liberty, There is peace, and thanks we give, Lord, to Thee. For the splendor on the hills, And the crimson of the leaves, For the burning barns and bins, And the gold of garnered sheaves, For the grapes upon the vine, For the fruits upon the tree, All thy bounty, thanks we give, Lord, to Thee. For the sturdy strength of soul, That the Pilgrim fathers sought, For the shores of Bunker Hill, And the rights their sufferings bought, For the flag that set us free, And the power to keep it free, All the glory and the praise, Lord, to Thee.

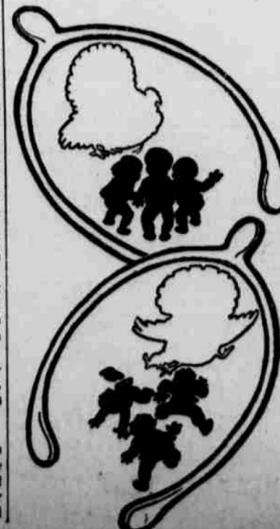


THE WEEK BEFORE THANKSGIVING.

THANKSGIVING MENU. Consommé with turkey giblets. Breads and cakes. Dressed turkey. Bread stuffing (green), garnish of mushroom croquettes. Dressed peas. Oyster creams. Sweet potatoes en coquilles. Mashed turnips. Cranberry granule. Nut and celery salad in cabbage shell. Cheese straws. Pumpkin pudding. Quince bombe. Calf noir. A Virginia pousee calé.

Thanksgiving Plum Pudding. Six buttered crackers rolled fine and soaked in three pints of milk. Cream one-quarter of a cup of butter with one cup of sugar; add half a teaspoonful of salt, one teaspoonful of mixed spice and six well-beaten eggs. Stir it all into the milk and add one pound of the best raisins. Bake in a deep pudding dish, well greased with cold butter. Bake very slowly in a moderate oven three hours. Stir several times during the first hour, to keep the raisins from settling.

Thanksgiving. Governor Chester B. Jordan, of New Hampshire, in his proclamation appointing Thursday, November 28, as a day of thanksgiving in his State, says: "Ever since the golden autumn of 1621 dawned upon our forefathers at Plymouth for various reasons and at sundry times thanksgiving days have been observed. Fast and thanksgiving days from time to time were appointed as waves of sorrow or streams of joy broke over our ancestors. The annual harvest festival, so beautifully inaugurated and long kept, first by the Colonies and afterward by the State, was most appropriately nationalized by the immortal Lincoln in November, 1863. This day, more than any other, takes strong hold upon our hearts, our affections, our souls. Around it cluster tenderest memories of father, mother, brother, sister and friend, as all were once together about the home fireside and set up their household penates. In our visions, dreams and recollections these home ties, home scenes, some of them too sacred to tell to the world, come thronging in upon us to make both us and the day better. A day dedicated to so much that is dear, so enshrined in heart and home, should be worthily, tenderly and patriotically kept."



Her Economy. Mrs. Faltie—"She isn't a very good manager, is she?" Mrs. Finde—"No, indeed! Why, she had to buy four extra turkeys so as not to waste the dressing she had made for one."—Harper's Bazar.

EXTINCTION OF WILD FLOWERS.

In Gathering Buds the Storm Should Be Cut and Not Broken Off. It seems that it is high time persons of influence exerted themselves to save the wild flower, even as it has been necessary to check the slaughter of birds, for eating, or to secure their plumage for hat trimmings. Somehow there seems to reside in careless minds a conviction that because a flower is wild it is bound to grow whether one wants it to do so or not; while in very careless minds there is present a deplorable sentiment to the effect that it is not a matter to be given a second thought if flowers do stop growing altogether in woods and fields. So, after summing up all the plagues of the situation, numerous public spirited people got together and formed a Society for the Protection of Native Plants. As a means of carrying on its work the society proposes to publish brief articles or leaflets for distribution to teachers in our schools, to village improvement societies, and to all persons willing to make effective use of them. Dwellers in cities clap their hands and rejoice when street stands laden with arbutus announce the official coming of spring, and feel quite as strong emotions of joy when at Christmas time the streets smell like the heart of an Maine pine woods. But these joys have meant, it now turns out, a ruthless robbing of the country to thus add to the city's attractions. Now, though it is not to be stopped it is to be regulated, or at least an attempt is to be made to do this. In Connecticut laws have been passed looking to the preservation and protection of the Hartford trailing fern and the Mayflower, two plants which are much sought and which wholesale collecting threaten to exterminate, at least locally. Although those who gather flowers for market do the most damage, it may not do a bit of harm if a few hints on the subject fall under the eyes of "summer boarders" and sojourners in all country places. To this end there follow extracts from the society's leaflet number one: "The first principle that should be urged is, that in collecting, the flower or branch should be cut, not torn off, which so often needlessly pulls up the root or mutilates the shrub or tree, thus completely or partially preventing further growth. "Do not pick all that may be found, for flowers must be left to develop seeds for future generations of plants, and always cut them, never pull up the plants, for the roots are of no use in a bunch of flowers, and their destruction means the total extinction of so many individuals. "While some plants need every protection that thoughtful people can give them, others from their abundance or other qualities may be picked freely, and are practically safe from the greatest broods of even the collector of cut flowers for sale. Wild irises, asters, goldenrod are so abundant, propagate so readily, and are so widely distributed that their relative reduction by collecting need hardly be considered. Moreover, in these cases the roots are not pulled up, even if the flowers are carelessly picked, so that the plants seem able to resist any conceivable amount of picking for sale or otherwise. "Violets (excepting the crowfoot violet), marsh marigolds or cowslips and Honeysuckles are so abundant that no harm, it seems, can come from their indiscriminate picking. Field daisies, or whiteweed and buttercups, white not native flowers, occur in abundance about cultivated areas. They are charming, and their collection in the most wholesale way is a virtue as well as a pleasure, as tending to check the spread of these introduced plants.—Boston Transcript.

The Point of the Story. The major looked up from his dinner to remark: "That reminds me of the time my friend Merger and Sutton were riding uptown in a crowded bus. A woman got in, though she could see every seat was filled, and began to look scorn at the men who were seated. Finally Merger nudged Sutton. 'Why don't you give the lady your seat?' he said. And of course it caused a great laugh in the bus." The major returned to his dinner amid an expectant silence which gradually resolved itself in uncertain laughter. He was worried, but evidently could not imagine why his joke had fallen flat. In a moment, however, he looked up and remarked drily: "Perhaps I forgot to mention that Sutton was seated in Merger's lap."

Notes for German Soldiers. According to a German paper officers of the second grade receiving pay of \$1250 per annum are not allowed to marry unless they can show that they have a private annual income of \$875. Lieutenants must have an income of \$625. The officer has also to make a declaration that he is not in debt, and that the lady he proposes to marry is solvent. Private soldiers must have, in addition to their pay, an income of at least \$37.50 a year. Should they marry a foreigner they are supposed to have twice that amount, as no foreign young woman could possibly equal a German "hausfrau." In the opinion of the military authorities, in thriftiness and domestic economy.

A Prejudiced Opinion. "Is it true that men of genius do not know the value of money?" "I'm afraid it is," answered Mr. Stormington Barnes. "Most men of genius see so little of it that they never have a chance to form any definite ideas on the subject."—Washington Star.

Two pounds of potatoes are equal as food to 14 pounds' weight of turnips.

FOR THE FAIR LATEST NEW YORK FASHIONS

New York City.—Simple shirt waists made with the fashionable princess closing are much in vogue and suit young girls to a nicety. The very



WOMEN'S SHIRT WAIST OR BLOUSE.

pretty one shown is made of novelty silk in shades of blue with collar, cuffs and shoulder straps of plain blue, the combination being smart as well as novel. The May Manton original is worn with an odd skirt but the design suits the shirt waist gown as well as the separate waist and is adopted to many materials. The foundation lining is smoothly fitted and closes at the front, but separately from the waist itself which consists of a plain back, drawn down in gathers at the waist line, and fronts that are gathered at the neck and at the waist. The front edges are tucked and brought together over the hems through which the closing is made facilitate to give the princess effect. The sleeves are in bishop style with novel cuffs that match the stock. Over the shoulder seams are arranged straps, cut in points, that fall over the sleeves but these may be omitted. The quantity of material required for the medium size (fourteen years)

Knobs tied in ribbons and in stocks require an education. A series of three or five chains festooned between bars is a fashionable form of necktie, not to wear tight round the throat, but to rest on the neck. Brooches are worn very small, and some are beautifully painted. Some of the pearl brooches have very pretty pear-shaped pearl drops. Pince-nez, with diamond tails, are new, and a small feather in diamonds makes an admirable brooch.

A Useful Costume.

A young lady who set out on her travels had a combination costume that really seemed immensely comprehensive; she seemed to have everything in one garment. She had gotten herself a tailor-made one of the finer serges, and to it had a long cape, and all these were worked in with one another in the most scientific way. The long skirt and the cape had in common a decoration of graduated military bands with a note of white cloth lightly embroidered in green and mauve where the coat turned back. This coat was of the open or closed formation, so that when closed, the embroidery being concealed, the coat looked quite severely simple, while the arrangement had to do with the fact that the short skirt was also severely simple in fact, as an adorning element was concealed having just three two-inch tucks at its base. It will be evident on thinking over the matter that this inventive girl had quite a repertoire of frocks in this ostensibly single tailor costume.

Blouse or Shirt Waist.

Latest seam effects are seen upon the latest waists and gowns and are exceedingly effective. The very stylish May Manton blouse illustrated shows them used to advantage and in conjunction with tucks at the shoulders and the princess closing in front. The



FASHIONABLE BLOUSE JACKET.

is three and a half yards twenty-one inches wide, three and three-eighths yards twenty-seven inches wide and two and a quarter yards thirty-two inches wide, or one and seven-eighths yards forty-four inches wide.

Woman's Blouse Jacket.

Short double-breasted blouse coats with fitted basques make a notable feature of the season and are more generally worn for walking and the affairs of life than any other sort. The stylish May Manton model, shown in the large drawing, includes the fashionable slot seams at the fronts and the plain sleeve with roll-over cuffs that is so much liked. As shown it is black zibeline, stitched with corticelli silk and is worn with a skirt of different material, but the design suits the costume of cloth, cheviot, zibeline, velvet and velveteen and the odd coat of all the season's fabrics equally well. When preferred the basque portions can be omitted and the blouse finished with the belt.

The blouse consists of a smooth back, under-arm gores with slightly full fronts and side fronts, which extend to the shoulders and are stitched to an under strap to form the slot seams. The right front laps over the left in double-breasted style and the neck is finished with the fashionable coat collar that meets the fronts and rolls back to form lapels. The basque portions are joined to the lower edge, the seam being concealed by the left. The coat sleeves are two-seamed and finished with roll-over cuffs. The quantity of material required for the medium size is four and a quarter yards twenty-one inches wide, two yards forty-four inches wide or one and three-quarter yards fifty-two inches wide.

Knick-Knacks.

Very pretty buttons made in china, oval, round and square, are to be bought following the designs of different kinds of china, Dresden, Sevres and Staffordshire. Crystal and paste ball buttons are effective, and these often form the tassel to narrow loops of ribbon which have been run through tiny paste buckles, and replace the small flower tassels, which have been a good deal worn one way or another.

original is made of reseda peau de cygne, piped with black, and stitched with black corticelli silk, but all waist cloths and silks and many gown materials are appropriate as the design suits both the old waist and the costume.

The lining is snugly fitted and closes at the centre front quite separately from the outside, but can be omitted whenever an unlined waist is desired. The waist proper consists of fronts and back, which are laid in inverted tucks that are stitched to give the slot seam effect from the shoulder to the waist line, the fronts also including additional tucks at the shoulders, that are stitched to yoke depth, and the front edges being laid in wide tucks that meet over the hems through which the closing is made. The back is finished with a novel stock and at the waist is a belt with postillion straps in centre back.

The quantity of material required for the medium size is four and three-eighths yards twenty-one wide, four



BLOUSE OR SHIRT WAIST.

and one-eighth yards twenty-seven inches wide, three and seven-eighths yards thirty-two inches wide, or two and three-eighths yards forty-four inches wide.

In France \$3,474,000 is spent every year in the improvement of horse breeding.