



THANKSGIVING.

Great God, we sing Thy love alway,
For Thou art ever wondrous kind;
But on this glad Thanksgiving Day,
New songs of praise our lips shall find.

From out Thy wealthy harlot fed,
We praise Thee for our daily store;
Thou hast our table richly spread,
And we have had enough and more.

When clouds our pathway have beset,
And life has seemed a wilderness,
Thou didst not us at all forget;
Thou then wast near to help and bless.

The year hath told the story old,
The story of Thy love and grace;
Through summer's heat and winter's cold,
The same sweet characters we trace.

Great God, we sing Thy love alway,
Thy goodness ever bear in mind;
And still will praise and still will pray,
For Thou art ever wondrous kind.
—Robert M. Offord, in Christian Herald.

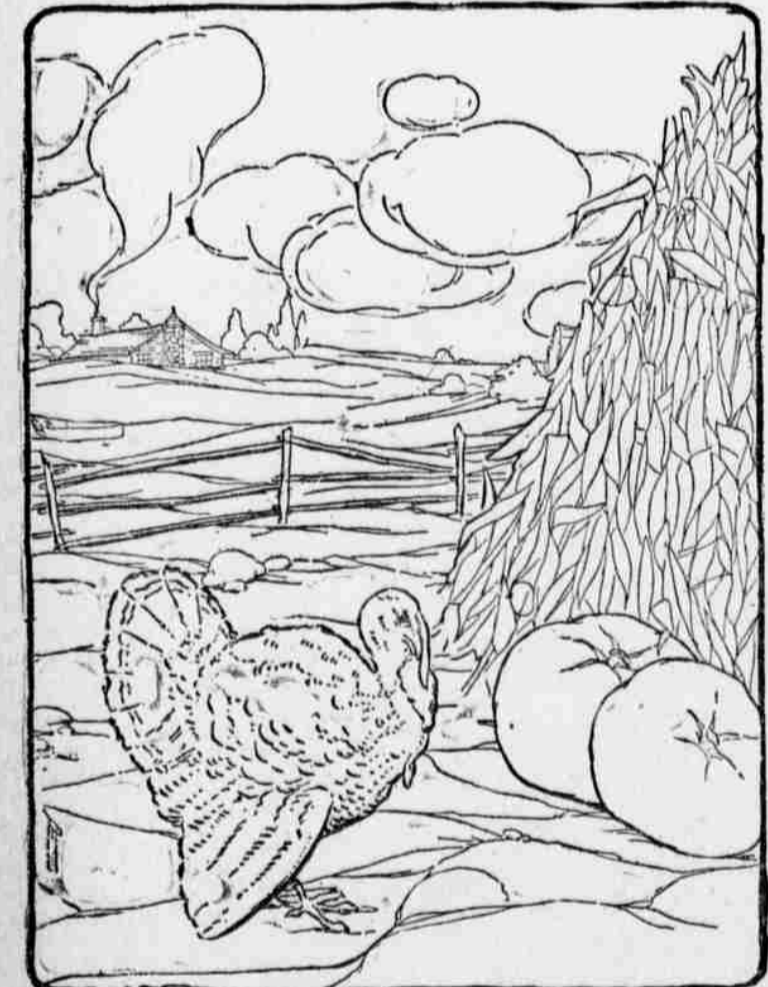
"ONE-EGG CAKE."

... A Thanksgiving Sketch. ...

By MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

"CONSIDERING the hard times, Madam Chairman, I move that the society study economy in entertainments the coming winter. The Ladies' Aid is about to give a church sociable the first of the season. I suppose there will be others later on; we have always had refreshments, and should we dispense with them altogether I am afraid we would have a lot of empty benches."

The speaker paused, glanced around the circle of matrons, observed expectation in their faces and went firmly on. "I won't make a motion," she added, "at least not yet. But with the permission of the Chair, can we not discuss this practical matter at this meeting? In view of the price of eggs and butter, of sugar and spice, of flour and milk and everything else that goes into cake, can we afford to serve rich cakes at our receptions? Shall we not decide to offer our friends one-egg cake and omit strong coffee? Weak coffee is better for the nerves anyway."



"One-egg cake is very plain and the men will stay away if we give them poor coffee. Can we not have the same grade of cake as formerly and make the coffee after the same recipe, for economy's sake cutting the cake thinner and pouring the coffee into smaller cups?" This was the suggestion of a woman who had long been a social engineer in church matters.

The Ladies' Aid Society of Centreville had for years done much of the self-denying work that is part of the province of women in most of our churches. When the church needed a new carpet or cushions or renovation inside or out, when a floating debt was to be raised or a mortgage decreased, the women went to work with a will, had fairs and bazaars, suppers and concerts, and in one way or another managed to augment the treasury by goodly sums of money. Centreville was famous for notable housekeepers and good home cooking, but when the periodical return of hard times swept the land over like a chilling frost, the need of frugality sternly impressed on the poor man closed down with iron hold on the consciences and impulses of the richer neighbor who just then should have been spending instead of saving money.

Mrs. Foster Arkright, who had proposed one-egg cake and weak coffee as suitable refreshments in a hard-times year, and whose will and influ-

The little lady had finished her speech and resumed her place at the back of the room. Others followed her and the question was tossed back and forth like a ball from hand to hand. Finally, the decision reached was that where sacrifices must be made they should be made at home and that church gatherings should be as affluent of good cheer, as overflowing of bounty, as ever before. One-egg cake was not to be accepted as the symbol of Centreville Church hospitality.

To one listener it seemed as if the Ladies' Aid had been guided to the wisest conclusion. Retrenchment is often advisable, and superfluous may be cut off, but hard times are made harder when those who can afford to do otherwise reduce their expenses simply because the spirit of economy is in the air. Economy in its root meaning signifies government and successful management, not merely the reduction to the minimum of every cent expended. The woman who in lavish times runs her house on lavish lines, should not be suddenly meagre because her neighbors have to be, her own exchequer having suffered no reduction. It is no credit to her to wear old clothes when she can afford new ones, thus limiting the revenues of the dressmaker and the milliner, nor to set her servants adrift while she can as well as ever before keep them and pay them wages. People who begin their economy, so to speak, at the church door, curtailing their donations, taking sittings instead of a pew and halving their contributions instead of doubling them, almost tempt Providence by an attitude full of insult to the Divine goodness.—The Christian Herald.



THANKSGIVING.

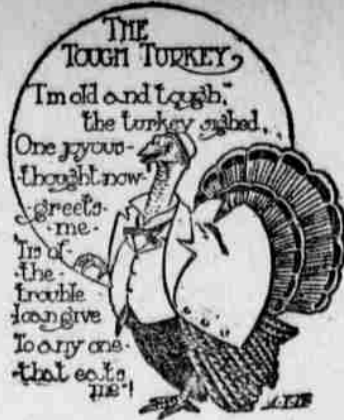
Like breath of roses on the highway blown,
When one is weary plodding on his way—
Within the blaze of summer's shining day;
Like cup of water cold in thirsting known;
Like voice of cheer when one has been alone,
Thanksgiving comes with radiance of May,
It turns our toil to pleasantness and play,
And happiness to us is plainly shown!
This spirit is the breath of spring that makes
Old earth renew its strength in larger life;
It is to us the sense of endless youth;
And when the soul to it in love awakes,
It turns to blessedness all scenes of strife,
Including us in paradise of truth!
—William Brunton.

THE BIRD OF SURPRISES.

The turkey is a curious fowl
Which all men truly prize;
It is his great delight to prow
In many a disguise.
He is a thing of beauty when
He struts; but he is most
Alluring when he comes again,
The hero of a roast.
And thence in mystery he roams
Through his adventures rash;
As versatile as Sherlock Holmes,
He turns up in the hash.
At dinner, later in the day,
We taste the soup with glee;
Then turn in wonderment and say,
'Tis he! Once more, 'tis he!
—Washington Star.

AN OLD-TIME THANKSGIVING.

Oh, the good old-fashioned dinner
Of the good old-fashioned days,
Served as only grandmas served it.
With her quaint, old-fashioned ways!
When the uncles, aunts and cousins
Gathered round the festive board
Loaded with the wealth of autumn—
With the garnered harvest board;
When the waning sun, in setting,
Through the western windows crept,
And upon that scene of plenty
In a golden splendor slept!
Gobbler in the place of honor,
Flanked by ducks and chicken pie;
Sucking pig, with jaws distended
By a polished Northern Spy;
Mashed potatoes, squash and turnip;
Onions lending of their strength;



THANKSGIVING BRIEFS.

BY HELEN VAIL WALLACE.

Be thankful that the roses of life are so sweet that you seldom remember the thorns.
Be thankful that your husband is the very dearest man on earth and "not as other men are."
Be thankful if you are somebody's mother or sister.
Be thankful if there is a little child anywhere near that you may love and cuddle.
Be thankful for one true friend.
If you are not as beautiful to look upon as you wish, be thankful that you are neither blind, deaf, a cripple nor a lunatic.
If your clothing does not please you, be thankful that you may always keep your soul charmingly clothed in sweet temper and peace.
Be thankful that God and His true children "look not on the outward appearance."
Be thankful for the power to think only kind and sweet and helpful thoughts "toward" others.
And do not forget that there is no one else on earth just like you. So be thankful that you are yourself.

WE THANK THEE, LORD!

We thank Thee, Lord, for spring's glad hours,
For summer's sunshine, birds and flowers,
For autumn's rainbow hues and glow,
For winter's mantle white of snow—
For blessings through the year!
For food and raiment and increase
Of harvest plenty, and for peace;
For pleasure, joy and grief;
For toil and pain, for care and loss,
For sleep, for strength to bear life's cross,
For kind and glad relief—
For liberty and Fatherland,
For a united household band,
For all our needs supplied;
Oh, God, our Father, we to-day
Give thanks for all; and Thee we pray
With us still to abide!
—Henry Coyle.



KING TURKEY.

Sir Oyster is a gallant knight
In pearly armor clad,
And Lady Mallard Duck can make
The worst dyspeptic glad;
Lord Salmon is a noble sight
In silver scales arrayed,
Prince Terrapin can fascinate
The heart of man or maid.
The Duke Plum Pudding cuts a dash
When snow begins to fly
And shares his social honors with
The Marquis de Mince Pie;
But when the pumpkin's gathered in,
And slices are gray and murky,
The centre of the table then
Is held by old King Turkey.
—New York Press.

GRACE BEFORE MEAT.



We thank Thee, Lord, for daily food;
Thy gifts are ever wise and good;
Thy bounty hath our table spread;
Give us this day our daily bread.

Stately plumes of snowy celery
All along the table's length;
At one side the desert standing—
Shining pyramids of fruit,
Apple pie and mince and pumpkin,
Raisins, nuts and sweets to boot!
Grandpa bending o'er the turkey,
As he deftly wields the knife,
Keeping for himself the wishbone,
That it sow no seeds of strife;
Grandma, sweet, serene and placid,
Ever with a watchful eye
Leest the good things in their circuit
Pass some bashful midget by;
Uncle Ned, with endless stories;
Laughter ringing 'round the board!
In the good old-time Thanksgiving
Ever with a watchful eye
Leest of all the harvest hoard.
—T. W. Burgess.

"Please, Mr. Gobbler, 'twasn't I who said that you were to be killed. It was the cook."—Philadelphia Ledger.



Band Stitching.
Very smart are the skirts with from thirteen to nineteen gores, each seam stitched on the outer side, so that it seems to indicate a narrow bias band. To be very correct these skirts should be four inches from the ground. These skirts have been extremely fashionable this summer, and in heavier weights will be worn during the next month or two.—Indianapolis News.

To Dispel Flesh.
If you are overstout, don't use frugs.
They may bring on another evil worse than flesh.
Use the flesh brush. Get a square cornered clothes brush of manilla fibre.
At first the skin will be sensitive, but use the brush gently and steadily and it will not irritate.
Pay attention to the muscles of the shoulders and arms, and especially the back of the neck where that unsightly mound of flesh rises.
Whenever you can walk, do so. Imagine that the trolley car engenders disease.
When you feel sleepy go out in the sunshine on an interesting mission.
Do your sleeping at night and omit the afternoon nap.—New York Times.

She Can Gossip in 13 Tongues.
Martina Kramers, of Rotterdam, ranks among the first of women linguists. She can read and speak thirteen languages, and there are few men in the world who can equal that record. Besides, she has sufficient knowledge of seven other languages to converse in them, and she has planned to add a new language to her list every six months for several years. Miss Kramers also ranks as one of the most influential suffragette in Europe. She is editor of *Jus Suffragi*, the official organ of the International Woman Suffrage Al-

Our Cut-out Recipe.
Paste in Your Scrap-Book.
Fish For Invalids.—A nice way of cooking cod for invalids: Wash and dry the fish, sprinkle well with flour, a little pepper and salt and put in a dish which is well greased with butter. Pour over sufficient milk to cover bottom of dish about an inch in depth (more if liked). Cover down and cook in a hot oven until quite loose from the bone, basting frequently all the time. This makes a tasty dish, generally being eaten with relish, as it is quite free from fatness and no flavor being lost. The milk serves as a sauce, being thickened with the flour while cooking.

Here's a Golden Girl, Indeed.
Laura White, of San Francisco, expects to become the richest woman in the world. After several years of prospecting she has discovered a gold vein in Nevada, and now is directing mining operations personally. The pluck and thoroughness that have made woman so successful against men in the world of work tell the story of Miss White's winning of wealth. She saw nothing in a future as a clerk in a San Francisco office, so she studied mineralogy and struck out into the Nevada mountains. She met the disappointments that seem to come to every prospector, but her confidence never waned, and finally she marked down a gold vein on a mountainside that had been searched by scores of men. She filed her claim and was ready for work before news of her rich find reached the public, and when men rushed in to stake out claims it was found the young woman had obtained control of every square foot of promising ground. Miss White directs the work of a large force of miners, and it is said that when below ground she wears men's clothes.—New York Press.

Temper Told by the Hair.
Girls with blue eyes and straw-colored hair generally have a far calmer and happier life, as a rule, than those with big dark eyes and olive complexions.
The fair girl is almost sure to be level headed in her love affairs, and to make a sensible marriage, but she will be much more fickle than the dark girl, because her feelings will not be so deep and passionate.
Dark girls are more emotional; love means so much to them that their feeling is deeper and more lasting than the love of fair girls, or so the learned in such matters say.
Brunette women make very loving and demonstrative mothers, but they do not understand discipline. Fair women train their children best for a prosaic and every day life.
It is said that fair children are easier to bring up than dark ones, as their ailments are less likely to be serious, and they have more vitality to resist disease.
Dark persons of either sex fret and wear themselves to fiddling with nerves and emotional worries in a manner most uncommon among the more phlegmatic, fair-skinned people.
Auburn-haired people must be judged alone. The mother of a daughter with ruddy gold locks and dark eyes must be on the lookout for trouble. The course of true love rarely runs smoothly for the dark-

eyed, auburn-haired girl.—New York Telegram.

We Angered English Suffragist.

Mrs. Cobden-Sanderson still is trying to convince the English that American women are interested only in themselves. It is the dull season for the suffragette in England, and probably that is why Mrs. Cobden-Sanderson is raking over the old coals. She was not especially gratified by the results of her mission here, and she has deemed it wise to grow more emphatic in her criticism of the American women than she was a few months ago, when fresh from her fruitless visit to this country. Mrs. Cobden-Sanderson and Mrs. Humphry Ward agree that there is little prospect of a campaign here for the ballot box for women, but the novelist has been more reserved in her accounts of her meetings with American women in their clubs and homes. Of course, woman is entitled to her own opinion; still it seems the part of a blind courage, if not audacity, for an Englishwoman to stay here a few weeks and then return to her home to deliver a verdict upon American womanhood. The trouble with Mrs. Cobden-Sanderson and Mrs. Ward is that they have not weighed the radical differences in the positions of women in this country and in England. The incentive to agitation, to the baiting of legislators and Cabinet members, does not exist here as in England, where women still remain more or less vassals in the eyes of the law.—New York Press.

Overcoming Carelessness.

A group of mothers were lamenting about the carelessness of children and men in eating, and the drain these hard times of big laundry bills. "My family scarcely spot the cloth any more," laughed one of the mothers. "They find it too expensive! I used to have a tablecloth a day in the

NEWEST FASHIONS.
Newer than the ribbon band about the coiffure is the pleating of gold braid.
Gray paste pearls as beads to long hat pins are worn with light colored satin hats.
Pocket handkerchiefs have wide colored centres and hems, the initials done in white.
Russian fish-net veils in dull bronze are cut entirely square and go over the entire hat.
Borderante is the name of the new chiffon auto veiling. It comes in handsome colors with dainty hairline stripe borders.
Ball gowns, especially some of Grecian design, are worn without gloves even though their sleeves are merely apologies for sleeves.
A large brown felt hat has no other trimming than six great brown roses, some pale tan with golden hearts, others deeper in tint.
Narrow belts of soft suede in pastel colors, to wear at the top of high directorie skirts, are finished with oblong silver and gun-metal buttons.
Pretty, but injurious to the eyesight, are the Breton lace veils, loosely draped round the hat and capable of being thrown back over the face.
Three-inch belts of braided soutache, with wide buttonholes, through which a satin sash is run, tying at the side, are finished with tassels of soutache.
Black suede button shoes will be a good choice for feet that can not be described as of Cinderella proportions; the dull surface tends to reduce the size in the kindest manner.
Blouses are cut like a long yoke, as fullness underneath the skirt will interfere with its proper fit. A tiny band of the material, or better still of silk ribbon, is used as a finish and is hooked at the back.

