THANKSGIVING

BUT yesterday the leaves were green;

-! Today we find them red and brown;

Tomorrow, when the winds are keen,

They will decay and flutter down.

And all around us is the mold

THE flowers have yielded to the cold,

The summer birds have gone away,

AND yet the air is strong and sweet,

And wakes us to unwonted glow,

And firm and clear our pulses beat

Their measure of the strengthened flow.

THE doubtful ones arise again,

And take their lives in stronger grasp,

And hands of men in hands of men

Assume a warmer, firmer clasp.

AND, though the season means decay

Of every tender, summer guest,

For the survival of the best.

It is but the Thanksgiving way

Of what was life but yesterday.



that, over the telephone, this very day.

when she heard you were coming back.'

and asked when you were coming."

said that if Lord Archibald wanted to

see you he'd just have to wait, as you had things concerning the estate to

settle before you were off to America."

Sir George leaned back in his chair

and surveyed this extraordinary

"America! Why on earth should I

go to America? Where did you get that idea?"

"It popped into my head," said aggy. "Lady Havilant was so fear-

fully condescending like, and so feared

that you would look up Lord Archie for a loan, that I jist minded myself

that the Sandisons were one of the

His-A Rare Caress From This Most

oldest baronetcies in the kingdom and

the Havilants but bare two hundred

years! So I wasn't letting her try to

patronize Sir Steenie's widow or his

son. I told her exactly what popped

He looked at her and smiled. "You

"Then that's settled," Lady Sandison

declared, but the look she gave him

implored him not to refuse her, "if

you'll remember that I'm your step-

mother and take a shakedown here at

my flat. You're that tall and I'm such

a shorty that I think you'll have to take the bedroom, and I'll take the

To refuse, with those blue eyes, generally so hard, fixed anxiously on

him was beyond Sir George. He tried

himself saying: "I'll accept your hos-

pitality gladly, Lady Sandison."

He protested, but finally found

look for a place to sleep.

sitting room couch."

Reserved Person.

"Why did you

woman.

Aggy.

THE STORY

Returning to London, practi-cally penniless, after an unsuc-cessful business trip, Sir George Sandison takes dinner with his widowed stepmother, his old nurse. "Aggy." He did not ap-prove of her marriage to his fa-father, but her explanation sat-isaes him.

CHAPTER I-Continued

"Oh, not that from you, Sir Geor dle," she cried, and then stretched a timid, pudgy, capable hand ard him. "Could we not be toward him. friends, we two? There's a heap I would like to speak to you about, and indeed there's nothing I wouldn't do for you. You were my own wee laddie when I took care of you."

Sir George looked at her with an embarrassed air. "You make it hard for me. Lady-

"Aggy to you," declared Lady Sandion promptly. "You called me that when I was your nurse girl, and I'm still wanting to look after you." "Aggy," he began, after a moment's

The maid came in with the cloth and began to set the table, and Sir George watched somberly. What was it in life that caught one and drew one toward the very people one hoped to avoid? He had come, only because of the duty he owed his father's widow, to see her once and be done with her forever—and he found he had forgotten how much he liked Aggy. It was preposterous, but it was true. This was the woman he had cursed many a day, many a night and he was dining with her!

Lady Sandison hesitated a moment when the maid left the room, and then went resolutely to where she had caused the extra blankets and sheets to be stored, and came back with a

He stopped her as she was about to pour out a glass for him.

"No, Aggy, none for me, I'm too hungry, and the old man's horrible example is still before my mind's eye. I've been leaving that stuff alone."

"The Lord be praised!" said Aggy, and poured herself a generous glass. "There's no need of wasting His mercies, however. I can take it or leave it, and it has no effect. But to see you so discriminating is like an answer

Sir George smiled and began his soup, he hoped not too ravenously. He had not dared take wine on so

"This good sense you are showing will fit in well with a plan I have," continued Aggy as she took her soup spoon in hand. "How are you off?" "Do you mean as to money?"

Lady Sandison nodded. "I do "I'm broke," Sir George told her, without emotion. "The Yucatan oil scheme was a failure. I came out alive and without debt, but that's all. I have," he hesitated, then laughed, and continued, "I have exactly sevenand-six between me and the cold "Michty!" exclaimed Lady Sandison.

The maid brought in the fish and Parved it, during a profound silence. When she had taken her way to the elevator with the soup plates, Lady Randison spoke: "The estate is in an awful bad way."

Sir George nodded. "I suppose so." "What he did with his money's past finding out." Then she looked at the Toung man thoughtfully. "I've had a long talk with that lawyer body, Mr. espie, and he approves of what I have done. I've let the house."

"Aggy, but I'm to have the couch." Lady Sandison for the first time that Sir George stared. evening actually smiled. "I doubt it," "Subject to your approval, of course, or it's yours, but I wasn't going to she said. "I doubt you can double up let a chance like this slip by. Some American folk that had more money that small, but we'll leave that until the time comes. At present, while than I could count in a month of Sabthe lass is clearing, we'll have the coffee and cigarettes in the sitting baths. They wanted Sandisbrae and wanted it that bad that they came up room, and I'll tell you this America to my price. They are highly recomplan. ended. I could pay the servants off with the first month's rent, and get jobs with the new folk, and the rent for the rest of the season put in bank would settle up the debts, if you

"It sounds quite reasonable," said Sir George, and there was silence again as the maid took the fish plates

and brought in the meat course.

It was roast beef with potatoes and eabbage but it was the food of the gods to hungry Sir George, who tell upon it.

Lady Sandison, not having his appetite, ate a little more slowly and between bites studied her stepson.

"Seven and six is all you have?" Sir George, his mouth full, nodded. "Where'll you sleep?" asked the

practical Aggy.
"I haven't decided yet," Sir George looked at her with a smile. "But at that I'm not 'daunted' as you used to Aggy. I'll walk to Havilant's and ask--"

"Yes," agreed Sir George, but he set his handsome jaw. Aggy was quite all right and a splendid manager. She had always been that, but she was not going to manage him into going to America.

Aggy saw the set jaw and began calmly: "You'll have mind when you were a wee bit laddle, I was used to tell you stories of my brother, Robert, in America?" Sir George, absorbed in lighting his

cigarette, nodded. "He's still there, and he's a big man

"What is his way? "Some kind of contracting business Putting up weirs and grand public buildings, bridges and they awful skyscrapers that crowd streets over there."
Sir George nodded to signify his

"He's by way of being something awful well off."

Sir George's eyes opened.

Aggy nodded solemnly. "Him and me's been at outs for many a long He was out at Mont Denys for the week-end. I doubt she sent him there year on account of a real impiden letter he sent me some time before Sir George looked somewhat dismarried your father. He doesn't know I'm married. I refused to go out to America and be pampered the way he "I didn't," said Lady Sandison, flushsaid he would pamper me. Rob let fly some awful words about 'd-n obing a little. She called me. It seems she'd heard that I was here and you were expected, and she telephoned me stinate females,' so I jist didn't answer his letter. When he sent some lawyer bodies after me I jist told them "She has heard of the collapse of to take his money and his message the oil business, I suppose?"
"I expect. She seemed to know back to him, I would go my own gait. You see," she added, as Sir George everything but the date of your arlooked at her inquiringly, "I was badly rival, and I told her that myself and

needed at Sandisbrae then. It would have been demoralized, but for me. Your father was rarely himself, and things were not as they had been in my lady's time. You were away in France.' Sir George nodded. He did not

want to remember those times. "I couldn't see my way to leaving the place, especially as your father was making up to Jock's lass, as I told you. And she with little sense in her wee, putty head! So I judged that it would be better for you if I stayed and let your father compromise himself with me. At least that's the way I let him think," she said, with

nod at Sir George. "I daresay there was a lot of gossip about us, but none of it was true. However, it was my chance to set things right and I took it. Jist when Sir Steenie knew he couldn't be left, I says to him: 'This is no place for an unmarried respectable Then d-t, marry me, Aggy,' he said, 'as I have asked you more than once.' 'Thank you, Sir Steenie,' I says, 'We'll take the night train to Gles'ga and get the license, and I'll warrant you a peaceful life and no more extravagances.' 'Plenty of whisky and peace to drink it in, Aggy, my dear, is my notion of pleasure, he said."

She paused and sighed, "I did better for him than most, and I saved some-

thing for you, Sir Geordie."
Sir George's head was bowed on his hands. "Oh, Aggy, I'm ashamed that I thought of you as I did."

Aggy's firm lip trembled for a mo-"You might have remembered me better than that, Sir Geordie," was on the tip of her tongue, but she held it back and said: "Bless me! What does a lad remember about his old nurse? And it looked bad. But that's by and gone, if only-" and here her composure was shaken for a moment—"if only you believe me now."

Sir George leaned forward and took her fat, pudgy hand, which still bore traces of hard work, and patted it. traces of hard work, and patted it.
"Would I be here, Aggy, if I didn't
a writer in the Kansas City Times.

into my head. Glad am I that I did, for it kept burling round and round his—a rare caress from this most tain days for thanksgiving had bethere till it turned into as good a plan as any I could think of. So if you

you nothing pressing to do the night, Sir Geordie—" Geordie, I have often thought if you'd tice, especially in the established come back that first year-but then, church, where it had become a fixed go too fast for me, Aggy. I have to how could you? It was probably bet- practice long before New England be-

> of what's left us." told me that I had nothing but Church of England, should have been Sandisbrae left."

> something left over, that your father didn't spend. I let Sir Steenie think he gambled it away one night he wasn't himself, while as a matter of ligious worship. It had nothing in fact I had it hid up the stair, in the common with the Church of England

tower.' "But that-" Sir George began.

"It's yours," he declared hastily, colonists' days one ceaseless grind of "It's all the widow's portion you have, care. Aggy. I'll never touch a penny of it." Two obstinate Scots stared at each

who spoke first. no change in you."

Agnes, Lady Sandison, must take her lawful share.'

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Grumbler Throws Away Chance of Happiness

May we be spared from the grumbler . . . And yet, if we would change his grumble into pleasure, we must exert a little patience of our own. Getting impatient and disdainful and short-tempered with him is likely to make him worse. And, after all, it isn't very hard to help these rather trying people along the road of life. The grumbling folk don't have a very easy time. Of course, they can be a positive nuisance to you. But just think what a real nuisance they are to themselves. To have always a spirit of grumbling in one's mind must be a load, the weight of which Pilgrim could never have imagined. In many ways the grumbler's burden is worse than Pilgrim's. You see, there was always a chance of his get-"We's off and away" interrupted | ting rid of it. He had got into some

bad habits, but grumbling was not

are in the nasty, almost unbreakable

First Investment Trust The first American investment trust of important size was organized in

Never Shake Varnish

Never shake varnish, enamel or lacquer in the can. This causes bub-bles, which are difficult to brush out.

Maine First to Give Thanks for Mercy?

We are apt to think that Thanksgiving was originally a New England festival and belonged distinctively to the Puritans. This is a mistake. Neither Boston Puritans nor Plymouth Pilgrims had anything to do with it, for it was first practiced by the Popham colonists of Monhegan, Maine, and it was in a Church of England thanksgiving service-"A Giving of

She laid her other hand on top of The practice of setting aside cer-"That's my laddle," she said. "Sir mation, Protestants followed the practer as it was, and now we'll take stock gan the observance. It seems a strange thing that the Pilgrims, who hated so "Very little, I'm afraid. The lawyer heartily all the observances of the so willing to follow this practice so "Did he so? There was a little early in their history.

The first Thanksgiving day of New day of prayer and praise for past blessings and future need. It was ap-"It's yours. It's no much, but it'll pointed as a day of recreation and freedom from work, which made the

Indians Helped Provide Meat. But those who are wont to think of other. It was Aggy, Lady Sandison, the Pilgrims as a group of sober and morose men and women, with no idea "You were ever a set laddle. There's in life beyond work and prayer, would do well to read an account of that "There will be no change in me. week of Thanksgiving, the first real play time of the Pilgrims.

Edward Winslow wrote to a friend in England on December 11, 1621: "Our harvest being gotten in, our governor sent four men out fowling, o that after a special manner we might rejoice together, after we had gained the fruit of our labors. That four killed as much fowl as, with little help beside, served the whole com-Once you start grumbling, the worst pany about a week. At which time, part of your mind will seize upon it, among other recreations, we exer-practice upon it, develop it, until you cised our arms, many of the Indians coming among us, and among the rest, meshes of it. Soon it will choke every their great King Masasoyt, with some bit of happiness out of you. Resist ninety men, who for three days we grumbling always. Its power cannot entertained and feasted. They went grow if you do that.—London Tit Bits, out and killed five deer, which they brought and bestowed upon our gov

ernor, upon the captain and others." Governor Bradford in his account speaks of the great number of water fowl and wild "turkie." The record goes on to tell that the Pilgrims, without doubt, fared decidedly better than did their English brothers that year,

as "turkie" was scarce. There were only 50 Englishmen to

year, but 90 Indians came as guests. They did not come empty-handed, but brought generous gifts. The kindly spirit of friendliness was worth even more at that time.

Only Five Women to Get Meals. The games were tests in jumping, leaping and running, in which they all took part. But in spite of all this, it could not have been a week of unalloyed recreation and pleasure, for there were only four women to do the cooking, with the help of one maid servant, and a few maidkins. There were 140 men to be served, and 90 of them Indians, whose hunger had to be appeased for three days. more noticeable and pathetic was the very small number of children in the stockade to participate in this first

Thanksgiving celebration. There is no record of any kind of religious service or prayer during the week. One writer says: "Lost in the wood-terrified by lions-terrified by grinning wolves-half frozen in the poorly built houses—sickened by poor food, and half famished—almost half the company dead, after two years of suffering and hardship. In spite of these heavy hardships, and after the drought of 1693, a nine days of prayer for rain was answered, and the second Thanksgiving day was appointed and

The first Thanksgiving day which was publicly appointed, was set for February 22, 1630, in gratitude for the "Friend-bringing and food-bearing ships." November 4, 1631, Winthrop wrote, "We keep Thanksgiving day today in Boston." Until 1684 the day was celebrated about every two years.

Thankful for Clean Teeth. We have no certain record when it became a fixed annual observance in New England. But in 1742 there were two Thanksgiving days and Massachusetts and Connecticut celebrated without reference to each other. As time passed, it became more and more a day of prayer and thanksgiving. "For it becomes more hard," one Connecticut writer says, " to settle upon any special day."

It was not regularly observed until 1766, and then more as a day of worship than a day of feasting. One writer speaks of a service in which a long list of special blessings was specified. "For the healing of breaches, the abatement of disease, the arrival of persons of quality, gratitude for plentiful harvest, that God has sent us no

want of bread, and for clean teeth." These early Thanksgiving days were of many different days of the week, and of no certain month for many years. After the day began to be observed annually, it came to be the custom to hold the festival in the fall, and following harvest. The feast was usually prepared for by some days of fasting

No Celebration Without Pie. But among the early Thanksgiving celebrations of Colonial days is one which has no counterpart in history The records say that the governor of Connecticut appointed a certain day to be observed throughout the state eat the Thanksgiving feast that first | as a time of thanksgiving. But, for | hundred feast days.

reasons of their own, the residents of the town of Colchester ignored the governor's appointed day. They sent a committee to him stating that they were not able to accept the day he had selected, but "would gladly cele-brate Thanksgiving one week later."

As this had never happened before, the governor was at a loss to know how to proceed. Fortunately, he was a patient man, and not easily affronted, and one who was blessed

with a sense of humor. Finding he was not going to make the matter disagreeable for them, he was again visited and the matter explained. A sloop expected from New York had been delayed a week. On board was a hogshead of molasses for making pies, without which no Thanksgiving celebration could pro-

Being a man of good sense, and perhaps, too, having the New England appreciation for pie, the good people of Colchester were allowed to hold their Thanksgiving when the hogshead of molasses came in, a week

In 1677 the first regular Thanksgiv ing proclamation was printed, and it is said a copy still is in existence.



FOR BLESSINGS

To give thanks on Thanksgiving day, to pause from normal activities, to recognize the providential blessings bestowed upon the American people is a duty. custom has no law of compulsion It has become a traditional practice. It is instituted by Presidential proclamation, which is observed as though it were of statutory force. While the day has become a holiday, a festivity in some degree, it remains primarily an occasion of reverential recognition of the great dispensation which brings to America the richness of spiritual as well as material advance.

Called-For Tribute

In all the ages of mankind the tributes of the people to the divine being have been forthcoming, and at no time more fervently than following the harvest. Let those who fail in their tributes to the source and center of human hope, at this time at least pay tribute to their Maker. The Lord is in his holy temple, let all the earth keep silence before him.-Philadelphia Ledger.

English Feast Days

History tells us that England had so many days of thanksgiving that it often interfered with the more serious affairs of life. Even during the days of Cromwell there were more than a



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