

The people engaged in the sealing business will kindly bear in mind that there is an era of Anglo-Saxon amiability which ought not to be disturbed.

An authority states that there are 7,000,000 harmonicas sold annually in this country. Is it any wonder that some persons look on a musical taste as a not unmixed evil?

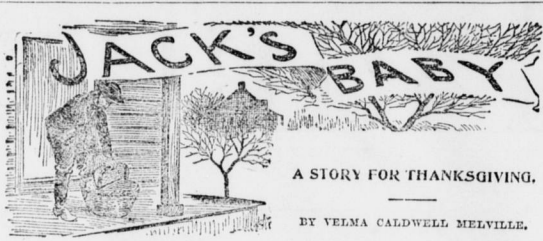
Crime costs London more than \$7,500,000 a year, over \$5,000,000 of which goes to the Metropolitan police. This amounts to something like \$1.50 per head of London's population for their sins.

There is something grotesquely curious in the news that Sir Herbert Kitchener began recruiting from the captive Derivishes for his army the day after the capture of Omdurman. Of course, the curiosity lies in the nature of the Derivishes and the fact that such a thing is possible. The fact is that many of them are mere soldiers of fortune, who fought for the Khalifa simply for hope of plunder, and are as willing to fight for the Queen and the Khedive as for anybody else. But the incident is most impressive as showing Great Britain's policy of making every country which she controls do its own fighting. England furnishes the generals, but she enlists the Egyptians in Egypt, the Sudanese in the Sudan and the Sikhs and Gorkhas in India, and adds a few regiments of British troops, just enough to drill and encourage them.

The four monitors for which contracts have been awarded by the Navy Department will be in effect small floating batteries, designed to stick close to our coastwise harbors. They will be too small—only 225 feet long—carry sufficient coal for a sea voyage, nor is it designed that they should at any time take the places of any of our warships in offensive operations at a distance from home ports. Vessels of the monitor class are believed by naval experts to be practically impregnable to hostile attack, except by torpedo boats, while they are capable of meeting in a sea fight anything afloat in the shape of a battleship, no matter how large or how heavily armed. As movable auxiliaries to our elaborate but widely scattered coast defenses the new monitors would be of great value should our coast line ever be menaced by a hostile squadron.

Mr. Kerr, the Secretary of the United States Golf Association, estimates that there is \$50,000,000 now invested in golf in this country, and that the expenditure this year for that sport will not be less than \$10,000,000. The money is well spent, in that it makes this country pleasanter for persons who are bound to have some sort of sport, and who will seek it abroad if they cannot find it at home. Bicycles, trolley cars and golf have worked miracles in the direction of mitigating the monotony of American life, especially of country or suburban life, and making it attractive to persons who crave reasonable variety in their existences. They are all cheap, and not one of them is nasty. They are all still extending, and it is an adventurous prophet who would attempt to predict the limits of their spread. With iron cheap, and growing constantly cheaper, Life predicts that there must be a continuous stretching out of trolley rails along the country roads.

The great waste and damage to a country's industries involved in a great strike is well shown by some lately published statistics of the losses caused by the strike of the Welsh miners, which ended recently, states Bradstreet's. This cost is placed at \$30,000,000, or \$1,500,000 weekly during the period the strike lasted. If the damage were confined to the mining industry itself this would be bad enough, but the interdependence of modern trade and commercial life made it necessary that a wide circle of industrial workers and enterprises should drink from the same cup. For instance, it is estimated that the loss in coal freights alone was fully \$7,000,000, while the losses of the railroads are placed at fully \$2,000,000. That the wages of salaried men, the amounts paid for dock dues and other fairly measurable items were heavily reduced goes almost without saying. The indirect loss, some of which may never be regained, caused by the diversion of the coal trade to other countries is, of course, incalculable, but the decided boom given to American export trade in coal to British colonial ports is of too close a date to be forgotten. It has even been stated—though, it is claimed, without adequate foundation—that the annual autumn maneuvers of the British Channel fleet were postponed because of the strike.



A STORY FOR THANKSGIVING.

BY VELMA CALDWELL MELVILLE.



VER in the village the Kingsleys were called by their neighbors "peculiar" and we are not disposed to contradict them. There was the father, mother and three sons, the latter all women-haters, or at least woman-shunners, for even when boys at the district school, not one of them would play with or in any way notice a girl. As a family, they were industrious, economical and well-to-do. Work, work, work was the order of the day, and save, save, save, was the key-note of their lives. If there was one among them more of a hustler than the others it was the eldest son, Jack, and if one more than another of the sons was averse to society, it was Jack.

It was on Thanksgiving morning that our story opens, but we doubt if any of the Kingsleys had given a thought to the day. In their busy, unromantic existence there had been no account made of the days that come like pleasant mile stones along the way. There was no Thanksgiving cheer, or Christmas gifts; New Year meant nothing to them but a change of date, and Easter was but Sunday, the day of rest at the farmhouse.

If any one could be said to rise first in a family where all were up betimes, it was this same Jack, whose heavy footfall oftentimes awakened the house. On this Thanksgiving morning he was out even earlier than usual, for it was corn-husking time and in one way and another they had been hindered this particular fall. Stumbling out into the cold, early light, he was surprised to run against a great willow basket.

"What the nation's this?" he growled.

Now we would not have you understand that Jack was a particularly ill-natured man; but it is usually true that in families where the little refinements and courtesies are omitted, the boys—and sometimes the girls—grow up surly and irritable in manner, even when, in reality, there is no anger in their hearts.

With the half-formed thought in mind that some neighbor had left it after the family had retired, he lifted the lid.

"Jupiter!" was the one word that escaped his lips, and then he simply stared. But it was not Jupiter or any other celestial body that lay there so snugly in the basket, but a very beautiful terrestrial body—in other words, a beautiful babe smiled up into his face.

"Jupiter!" he said again, and let fall the lid, only to lift it again immediately. It would have been a study for an artist—the old brown farmhouse amid the leafless trees for a background, the flurry of snow sifted over the porch, the great willow basket, from which smiled the lovely infant, and the uncouth figure in high boots, overalls, short brown coat and slouch hat bending above it.

How long he might have remained in this pose is uncertain, but the little one's efforts to free her arms aroused him. Once more letting fall the lid he lifted the basket into the kitchen just as his mother emerged from her room.

"What on airth you got?" she questioned.

"Somebody's young 'un left on the door-step."

Mrs. Kingsley wondered undid the rich wrappings until the little arms, unimpeded, were held pleadingly up. What woman could refrain



from lifting the little creature out and pressing it to her breast? Even Mrs. Kingsley could not, though she made sure first that Jack's back was turned. Soon the remainder of the family were on the scene, surprised and wondering over "Jack's baby," as it was called from the first.

There was nothing by which she could be identified, save a square white card bearing the one word "Fay."

At breakfast Mrs. Kingsley remarked complainingly: "Now there'll be a trip clean to John Sweet's."

"John Sweet's?" queried Jack, absent-mindedly, as he watched his mother feeding milk to the little stranger.

"Yes, he's the poor commissioner, ain't he?"

"What of that?"

"What of that? Did I ever! Why, you can't git this young one into the poorhouse without seeing him about it."

A wave of color swept across Jack's sun-burned, unshaven face, but he only replied that he guessed they could board her until Sunday, leastways no one could be spared from the husking now.

"'Nd how d'ye s'pose I'm to do my work 'nd care for a baby all that time? Here it's only Thursday."

"She don't seem troublesome yit."

"No, of course she'll be good while I'm minding her all the time, but wait till I put her by."

Before Jack had been at work two hours he made an excuse to go to the house. His mother happened to be out of doors when he entered the kitchen, but there sat the lovely child in her basket, gleefully pulling the strands of a skein of scarlet yarn. The



strategy at the outset; now the battle was hopelessly lost. Well, he might hire somebody to care for it; she would not and in five minutes after she had settled this point she was holding the object of controversy in her arms and feeding it most tenderly. Then for the first time she remembered that this was Thanksgiving Day. Thanksgiving! And sitting and rocking, her mind traveled back to a time when the day meant much to her; to a time when life was not so narrow, so sordid, when she went to church and enjoyed human companionship. Then she remembered the first Thanksgiving on this farm, when Jack was a sturdy boy of five and the others younger; how she had made a little feast almost out of nothing, but, despite the homesickness and loneliness, they had been far happier than in the years since when love of gain had "eaten them up," spiritually and mentally. With a start she heard the clock strike eleven. The baby was sleeping; could she manage to get up a Thanksgiving feast in an hour? She had intended to have boiled potatoes, fried salt pork, bread, coffee and sorghum molasses.

Ben, her youngest son, was at the barn for something and, yielding to the impulse of the moment, she called to him from the doorway: "Run me down a chicken, Ben, if you men folks can get along till one o'clock without yer dinners."

"Aye, aye!" said Ben heartily, but when he came in with the chicken he looked so inquiring that his mother said: "I plum forgot 'twas Thanksgiving," just as if they ever observed it either inwardly or outwardly. Ben said nothing, but shying a glance at the sleeping babe went out softly, but was whistling gaily when he reached the corn sheds. "Can't have dinner till the horn blows; reckon that'll be about one o'clock."

"What's up?" asked Tom.

The Kingsleys were not humorous, but an idea did occasionally strike Ben and now he answered severely: "You can't expect mother to take care of a youngun and have meals square up to time."

"Hang the youngun!" was Tom's ungacious reply. "Say, Jack, you better go over to Sweet's this afternoon."

"If you've any business at Sweet's go yourself; I haven't any."

Even Mr. Kingsley, who was not at all observing, opened his eyes when he entered the big kitchen, from which most savory odors had already greeted him.

Never had the old room looked so inviting before, and no wonder! A toothsome feast on a table spread with the white cloth and best dishes—only used for company—and a baby form in the old high chair so long relegated to the garret. He smiled and laid his rough hand on the little head covered with golden red curls.

"Whoop-ee!" said Tom, looking approvingly about. "So all this comes of having a girl in the family!"

Jack glanced at his mother and then did what no Kingsley was ever known to do before without being asked—filled the water pails.

Ben looked down at himself; then there was another departure. He put on a clean "wamus" and washed and combed with unusual care. Everyone had a smile or a pat for the bright, fearless babe who, they tacitly understood, was in some way responsible for the good cheer.

When ready to sit down, Jack quietly lifted the high chair to a place besides his own. He meant to take care of her, evidently. And so the new life at the Kingsleys began. Not all in a day did the changes come, but the truth of the words: "And a little child shall lead them," was never more thoroughly verified than in this instance.

By another Thanksgiving time a royal feast was spread and the minister and his family invited to partake. The house was brightened; each member of the family dressed, talked and acted more like "other people"; they even sent wood and vegetables to several poor families, and remembered that they themselves had cause to give thanks for many blessings, not least among them Jack's baby.

And then she poured forth a tirade of abuse that, could little Fay have understood, would have burned into her very soul! Happily she could not understand, but Jack did, and after a fashion at least, but the effect was exactly contrary to what his mother desired and his answer showed her her mistake.

"It may all be as you think," he said slowly; "we don't know anything about it, but I do know this innocent babe ain't to blame 'nd I'll be blamed

if I don't stand for her 'nd fight the hull world, if need be. I ain't fit fer much! the Kingsleys ain't like other people nohow, 'nd if this here kid ain't respectable it can't make no great odds to us; we ain't s'ciety folks but all these fine fixens she's got on shows she don't b'long to no poor trash round here. There's a mystery about it that I hope we won't never understand."

After this uncommonly long speech, Jack Kingsley put the child in the basket and went out, his mother never saying a word. We are inclined to think she was a little alarmed for his mental condition, though. When she recovered from the shock a little, she remembered a few other times in his life when Jack had unexpectedly flung out in a similar fashion in defense of an abused animal, and once in the case of a sick tramp. She blamed herself severely for not using more



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CUSTOMS OF THE FEAST.

Traditions Should Be Observed in Serving the Thanksgiving Dinner.

"Under the circumstances it is advisable that the conventional, everyday order of your table should be set aside for the Thanksgiving feast," writes Ella Morris Kretschmar in the Woman's Home Companion. "In days when servants were rare and untrained, things were not served from the sideboard and side-tables. Besides, how could you picture a 'board that groans with its wealth of cheer' without the good things in evidence?"

The turkey, of course, is placed before the host, also the meat pie; the vegetables, in covered dishes, before the hostess. The cranberries, celery (in low crystal dishes on a napkin), that time-honored abomination, the sour pickles, jellies, etc., may be placed here and there along the board effectively. Sweet pickles may be added; also dishes of fruits and nuts—the two latter to be eaten, of course, with the desert. Hot-house flowers would be an incongruous feature, yet the dainty, tasteful colonial dame doubtless found some decorations for her table. The bright berry-clusters from the box-elder tree would be very effective; also autumn leaves or beautifully dried grasses, or a tiny sheaf of wheat, oats or rye. Something will furnish a proper centerpiece; if nothing better, a high dish or silver basket of handsome apples will answer. All of the above may be on the table when the guests assemble, the soup already served at each place. When the soups have been removed the main course begins, which, when removed, gives place to all the remaining items of the menu.

- MEAT.
- Clam or Oyster Soup.
 - Roast Turkey, Giblet Gravy.
 - Chicken Pie, Baked Ham.
 - Cranberry Sauce, Celery.
 - Mashed Potatoes.
 - Squash, Boiled Onions.
 - Sweet and Sour Pickles.
 - Pumpkin Pie, Pound-cake.
 - Preserves with Cream.
 - Apples, Nuts, Raisins.
 - Coffee.

Turkey Tid-Bits.

It is a wise turkey that knows when to diet.

A turkey on your own table is worth two in your neighbor's coop.

Beauty unadorned—A well-dressed turkey.

At Thanksgiving time the key to the situation is turkey.

The hand that carves the turkey is the one that rules the roast.

Never look a gift turkey in the gizzard.

Degrees of comparison in the life of a turkey—Positive, gobbler; comparative, gobbler; superlative, gobbler.

The turkey is a great success as the national bird because it paints itself red simply by gobbling.

Don't ask too long a blessing at the Thanksgiving dinner. Remember that the turkey is not a bird of pray.

Thanksgiving Turkey.

Oh, the turkey's waxing fatter Than he waxed a moon ago, And he ripens for the platter In the dreamy afterglow. While the piglet Skips a jiglet In the bosom of his sty, Is the turkey Quite as surly As the chilly, purple sky; For he knows that he will very Soon be going on the plate, With the sauce of the cranberry, And the stuffing all elate.

Oh, the turkey's full of sorrow, From his wattles to his tail; When he dreams about the morrow, Every feature's snowy pale. Oh, 'tis shaky As the balley Pie that lures us on to kill; And his talons Show that gallons Of good stuff would not unchafe His thoughts that thrill his wishbone, When he dreams the carving knife Soon will pierce him like a fishbone, And wind up his happy life.

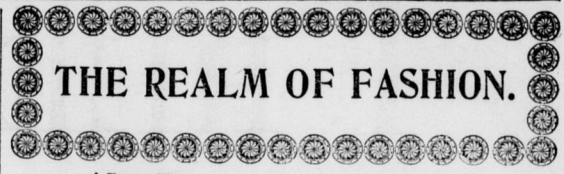
Oh, the turkey now is glowing, And we watch him in our joy, For we know we soon are going With his drumsticks for to toy. In our rapture, We will capture All the dark meat and the white, And the giblets Of his niblets Will suffice us with delight; And we'll say in language regal, As our lines we all up gird, That the turkey beats the eagle As old Freedom's mighty bird! —R. K. Mankittrick.

The Turkey's Age. Miss Antiquate—"This a young turkey! I don't believe you, sir." Butcher—"It is a young turkey, mum."

Miss Antiquate—"Young! Young as compared with what?" Butcher—"The pyramids, or yer own sweet self, mum."

An Inexorable Fate.

He who reads, and runs away, Lives to be eaten "some other day."



A Dressy Waist.
This dressy waist, of fancy figured green taffeta, is stylishly combined with cream-colored satin and mouseline de soie. The fronts roll back in pretty pointed lapels from the neck



WOMAN'S WAIST.

to waist-line, which are faced with the satin and edged with ruching of mouseline. The full front, of mouseline, is arranged over satin in evenly spaced rows of tucked shirring at the top and blouses prettily at the waist-line.

The collar is of cream satin, shaped with stylish points under the ears. The waist is supported by fitted lin-

ing fabric or of material to match the skirt.

The collar and shoulder straps are sometimes made of red, white, or pale blue cloth, edged with the braid, which enhances the military effect.

The skirt has all the prevailing graduated flounce, that is so fashionable this season, joined to a five-gored upper portion that fits closely the becoming fulness at the back, falling in pretty fold. Serge, cheviot, covert or broad cloth, and other weaves in plain colors or fancy mixtures are suitable for skirts or whole costumes by the mode.

To make the jacket for a miss of fourteen years will require one and one-half yards of fifty-four-inch material. To make the skirt in the medium size will require three and one-half yards of forty-four-inch material.

The Hobson Tie.

The Hobson tie is a pretty finishing for the neck of a silk waist or woolen gown with which linen collars are worn. The Hobson tie consists of a satin strip with a slip-knot of accordion pleated chiffon worn in front and fastened by a clasp like the four-in-hand.

Colors For Evening Dresses.

Several shades of one color will be worn on evening dresses.

A Favorite Jacket For Boys.

The Norfolk style is a favorite style for boys, and when made in



MISSES' ADMIRAL JACKET AND SKIRT.

ings that close in centre front, the full front closing under the left revers.

The comfort-two-seamed sleeves have stylish fulness arranged in gathers at the top, and at the wrists points of the white satin stand out fashionably. The waist may be part of a costume or made separately to wear with different contrasting skirts. Combinations of material and coloring may be artistically arranged, and the waist can be made in silk, cotton or light woolen fabrics. Velvet made in this way, with revers and front of satin, and decoration of point applique is especially handsome.

To make the waist for a woman of medium size will require two yards of forty-four-inch material.

A Patriotic Idea.

Our glorious victory has been celebrated in the fashion world by modeling many of the new season garments according to the patriotic idea, so in compliment to our heroes on water the "Admiral" jacket, shown in the large illustration, is a favored style for misses.

Naval blue faced cloth, braid and brass buttons with anchor design are incorporated in the stylish coat which is correctly fitted with a centre-back seam, side-back and under-arm gorges. The fulness below the waist is laid in coat plaits which are flatly pressed and finished at the top by buttons, a deep coap lap completing the centre seam. The double-breasted fronts lap widely in refer style, the neck fitting closely by a short-dart in the centre.

Square laps cover pockets that are inserted in the fronts, and the neck is finished by a military looking collar closely fitted and trimmed with braid. Shoulder straps cover the shoulder seams coming forward, brass buttons decorating each end. (These may be omitted if not desired.)

The fashionable two-seamed coat-sleeves are finished at the wrists by the braid put on to simulate cuffs, and the slight fulness at top is collected in gathers, which is the newest style.

Jackets in this style are natty and sport and can be made of any cloak-

heavy tweed or cheviot may be worn throughout the whole winter. Brown cheviot is the material here delineated, machine stitching giving the correct tailor finish. The jacket is shaped