A Thanksgiving Prayer

"I beseech you to cease to regret your lack of prosperity. Thank God you not bear great and struggle before you."

—*T. D. Eckfeldtler, 7 yrs.*

I thank Thee, Lord,
That I have not
A golden hoard
In some safe spot,
And don't hold sway
In any state
Where they may
Investigate.

O, I rejoice
At this great boon,
I lift my voice
In thankful tune
That from my lack
I slumber sound,
Far canvas back
I cannot carve.

I am so glad
Indeed, that I
Have never had
The cash to buy
A palace grand
Or castle fair
Or miles of land
For my estate.

It is to me
A lucky joy,
One that shall be
Without alloy
That I may jump
Into the ditch
While autos bump
By, very rich.

My heart is thrilled
With gratitude,
My bosom filled
With thankful mood,
Because I'm sure
It now appears,
I will be poor
Through all my years!

A Turkey That Talked

Thanksgiving Story by Reba C. Barkley

HILL little southern resort looked fair and fresh in the rose tint of evening, with which it dedined the autumn. Roses nodded and birds sang in riotous disregard of the fact that next Thursday would be Thanksgiving.

The "native" paid scant attention to it, anyway, and the "hotel" population took advantage of the occasion to be more sitting and homestock than common.

A tall, old gentleman walked down the street coughing at intervals. He looked at the blue sky and laughing landscape with disapproval, for he was ill and lonely and out of tune with nature.

He looked curiously at an old colonial house standing well back from the street; irregular flower beds bloomed, at odd places in the grounds, live oaks grew almost anywhere, and merry, beautiful children romped under them. A small boy swung placidly upon the gate.

Judge Holcombe stopped a moment to cough, and the small boy disengaged himself from the gate.

"I'm sorry you're sick," he said, with grave politeness. "Mother says we must always invite sick coughers to come in and rest. There's a bench under the live oak trees and I'll get you a glass of water and a glass of wine. Every winter the sick folks come to the hotel and they get well and go home here awfully well. I reckon they are lonesome and homesick."

The judge breathed heavily again and the southern gentleman, after the manner of his kind, dropped work and deeds. He took the gaunt old hand in his little warm one and "personally conducted" the visitor through the gate to the nearest bench.

"I'll rest one of the children for refreshments," he continued comfortably, "and I'll entertain you. It would n't be polite to leave you alone."

In response to his summons a group of children appeared leading among them a huge gobbler. The bird seemed very tame at home and entitled the peculiar cry of his kind.

"That turkey can talk," the boy explained. "He's saying, 'Look at me, I'm chosen above all other turkeys for a pet.' I'm sorry I'm too big for him to have our pets killed, but father says that a turkey that's chosen for Thanksgiving is the proudest thing in the world and he'd be disappointed if he didn't get to come to the table."

He turned his attention to his sister.

"Little sis, please go in and ask mother or nanny to bring out a glass of milk or a glass of wine for best visitor. I don't go myself for fear he'll run away."

The judge groaned his right hand limply to the girl (the boy had meanwhile slipped his left) a sudden thrill swept over him. The physical contact of brother and sister brought childhood to him with the voice of nature.

At this juncture a graceful figure carrying a tray appeared across the walk. Her resemblance to the little girl proclaimed the mother. Her manner was as cordial as the boy's.

"Good evening, sir," she said (although it was only a "cloud" in the afternoon). "My son has been fortunate enough to make your acquaintance I see. Dimples, bring up the table."

The judge rose and bowed and stammered something, while the boy brought from behind the tree a wobbly rustic stand upon which his mother put the tray.

Conversation became general and for the first time in his life Judge Holcombe shook off his habitual impatient manner. He paid the lady old-fashioned compliments upon her home and her children—upon the milk and wine, both of which he recklessly drank and finally asked: "Dimples—Dimples—dear me—quite an extraordinary name for a boy, is it not? But I like it!"

Her low, sweet laughter answered him: "Oh, he real name is Dimples. It is a pet name. We southern people are given to them. It seems such a pity, his father says, for a boy to have all the dimples instead of his sister."

"I never thought much about dimples," the judge replied, "but now that my attention is called to the matter, I must say that I think they are decidedly attractive in boys. I think it is a misfortune they are not more generally practiced—I mean somewhere."

His host beamed upon the company. "Yes, sir, he has, he can kick very nicely. I knew he would after he got acquainted. He was only bashful at first."

The judge had a wide reputation as an after dinner speaker and his political orations were not unknown to fame, but this tribute of his new friend touched him more than the encomiums of the press. He exerted himself to interest the lady and the child, and after a delightful half hour rose to take his leave.

"Madam," he said, "you have given me a unique experience, a practical exhibition of the southern hospitality of which we hear so much. My name is Holcombe."

Dimples pricked up his ears.

"Oh, mother! Mother, he's got my middle name! Mother, he's got my middle name!"

"What is your full name?" the old man cried with an odd break in his voice.

"Jeremiah Holcombe Hope. Father calls me Jerry when I'm good and when I'm bad he calls me Jeremiah, and says I'm like——"

"Hush, Dimples," his mother interrupted, but the visitor's face had lighted up with a radiance which took ten years ago.

"When you're bad he call it raising Cain' doesn't he? That was an ancient phrase of your father's when he was a naughty boy himself—and he tells you you are like old Jeremiah Holcombe, who whelped to adopt him as his own son, in whose office he read law and with whom he foolishly quarreled years ago. Madam, it was once part of my dreams that there should be some time upon this earth a boy named Jeremiah Holcombe Grey. Strange that my dream should have been fulfilled today at an hour when life seemed to hold nothing for me."

She would have spoken, the warm heart of understanding holding the beautiful face, but he raised his hand.

"Not now. When your husband returns tell him that there is a lonely old man at the hotel who longs to know that Providence has not forgotten. Tell him to forgive me and let me forgive him."

Thanksgiving at the Grey's that year surpassed itself in warmth and all through the place that Judge Grey had found some of his northern kin at the hotel, that the "Kin" was also a Judge, and that after years of estrangement peace was about to be established.

On the occasion Judge Holcombe made the speech of his life. He asked Dimples to stand up with him.

"This is usual," he said, "in some circumstances such as these to begin with generalities and end with a toast. I am personal. I will therefore begin with the turkey, 'the turkey that talked,' for it showed me that my name Edward Grey, had not quite hardened his heart against the old state of Misanthropy. He was still celebrating—Thanksgiving—her one day of pride and glory—in the accessories of the feast. I had gotten, even in these happier surroundings, the stern old man who loved him, for he only son bears the name of Jeremiah Holcombe. I am emboldened to ask a favor once refused, Edward Grey—you refused to let me adopt you in the days that are gone—may I adopt your whole family now?"

"With all my heart, Uncle Jeremiah, as they say in the south, every last one of us!"

HISTORY REPEATED

The same old proclamation that his ancestors heard.

CARE OF THE BROOM

MAKER TELLS HOW TO PROLONG ITS LIFE

It Should Be Swung Back and Forth From a Point Back of Sweeper to a Place at an Equal Distance in Front.

"It makes me sad," said a broom maker, "to see how many people use brooms. The life of a broom could be more prolonged by proper care, and used properly it would be vastly easier to use.

"You've seen people sweeping ahead of them, pushing stuff with a broom? Why, the best and most perfectly assured broomcorn stock that ever was put into a broom wouldn't stand such treatment at that.

"With such handling splints will break off. The splints remaining, jagged and uneven, bear unevenly on the surface. You never can sweep clean with it after that.

"Now you know the majority of sweepers do sweep ahead with the same side of the broom to the front, and in this way they soon get the broom lopsided, so that they can't use it any other way. There couldn't be a worse way.

"Used in this manner the points of the splints get bent all one way and then they meet together at their ends. They don't bite, they don't take hold of what they are supposed to sweep, they don't sweep clean, and when a broom has come to this condition the sweeper is less careful of it, for then it is not so good a broom. The proper way to sweep is to place that be many push ahead of him; and when he does this he takes the broom back and forth intelligently ruined.

"Of course the correct way to use a broom is with the handle, in its initial position, hold vertically, so that all the splints are in a line, and then will take hold at the same time and sweep clean. Sweeping the broom should be swung back and forth from a point back of the sweeper to a point at an equal distance in front. That is the proper way to use a broom, and then it will last a long time. Sometimes I put the broom around, so as to sweep with a different side daily. Then it will last twice and turnal dolly the broom wears down evenly.

"It has been a delight to the professional eye and a comfort to everybody who likes to see something used to the best advantage, thought fully and considerately—I have seen them, when I had been sure that they had worn down almost to the bloody threads, but that still bit beautifully. I am perfectly well aware that brooms carelessly used, as some people use them, will last only with a corresponding benefit to broom manufacturers, but still I do really hate to see anybody misuse a broom."

Cheap Ginger Bread

One cup sugar, one cup syrup, one cup sour milk, three tablespoons melted lard or butter, four cups sifted flour, one scant teaspoon ginger, one teaspoon baking powder, one teaspoon cinnamon, pack cloves, one cup chopped raisins, one scant teaspoon soda. In the flour put ginger, baking powder, cinnamon, cloves. Have sugar in mixing bowl, turn on the syrup, add the melted lard, put into sugar and syrup, then the melted butter or lard, flour the raisins, add the soda dissolved in milk, bake until successfully tried with a straw.

Plum Butter.

Wash the plums well, drain and cook without water, until soft; use an equal amount of sugar to the amount of plums. Cook very slowly on the back of the stove until thick and rich. Many object to plum butter on account of its being too strong, but we prefer to use one-third apple sauce, which has been cooked down to a very thick paste, to two-thirds plum, thus making the plum or flavor less strong and yet retaining that sharp taste. Boil the plums till the skins crack in water with a spoon full of soda, to remove the tang.

Chutney Sauce.

Here is a Indian recipe for chutney sauce: One pound sour apples chopped very fine, one-quarter pound ground ginger, one pound raisins stoned and chopped, one-half ounce cayenne pepper, one ounce allspice, one half ounce mustard seed, salt, four large onions chopped; mix well together, with vinegar and cook slowly until like jam; after it is cooked add jelly cut in inch pieces, put into jars. It is not necessary to keep air tight.

A Dressmaking Hint.

In stitching the work drops over the machine and must be pushed into the wheel. A plain cretonne is carefully tacked just under the shelf or table of the machine, helps wonderfully with this trouble. Tacks must not be left out to catch on the work.

Sardines and Anchovy Sauce.

Spread slices of fried bread with anchovy paste, lay a sight sardine on each piece. Fill out the edge with hard-boiled eggs and pickles, sprinkle with lemon juice and serve either hot or cold.

Coats of All Lengths.

Considerable variety is shown in the new suit coats. The shorter length is receiving the greater attention, but it is likely that the coats of half and three-quarter lengths will repeat themselves.

ILLINOIS BREVITIES

Chicago—Trapped in their apartments by flames, three women, partly overcome by smoke, were rescued by firemen, who set the pants of their lives entered a burning building at 6019 South Halsted street. The women were taken to the home of a neighbor and revived. The damage to the building was estimated at $2,000.

The fire originated from an overheated furnace in the basement. Before the occupants were aroused the flames had reached the second floor. Mrs. Green awakened the other women. They scrambled out of the back way and were driven back by a burst of flame and suffocating smoke.

Fighting their way up the smoke-filled stairs the firemen reached the imperiled women. They were carried to the street. The ground floor of the building was occupied by a grocery store owned by Charles Harpe.

Chicago.—The Chicago police were asked to search for Elieda Van Albert, Bloomington, Illinois, a relatives, N. Y., who is believed to have been lured to Chicago by Carl Palmer, a confidence man, who also is sought by the eastern authorities. Captain Van Albert, believed to be the uncle of the year-old girl's father, sent a telegram to Capt. Stephen D. Stout of the detective bureau, asking to help locate her.

Pana.—Albert Joiey suffered serious injuries when buried under a ton of coal in one of the entries in Penwell's colliery. When reached by rescuers, he was found to be in a dangerous condition. He has been a resident of this city all his life. Starting from Cleveland, he recently left a divorce from his wife, Louise, in the Wheaton county circuit court, on the ground that his wife had ceased to love him.

Bloomington.—The State Chautauqua association of Illinois was organized at a meeting of the directors of the state held here. Officers were elected as follows: President, Mrs. Frank Voelker, Lincoln; vice-president, J. L. Loar, Bloomington; secretary, Mrs. E. Hinton, Lincoln; treasurer, R. C. Hitt, Ottawa.

Springfield.—Succeeding in keeping their marriage a secret nine months, John A. Gedert and Miss Harriett L. Skinner, both employed in this city, who were married last March in the north while the bride was visiting friends, have now been married in St. Louis. The second marriage was necessary as the bride will have a Catholic a Presbyterian minister performed the first ceremony. The last one was said by Father C. McKeought of St. Louis. The numerous friends of the young couple had no inkling of the marriage until it was published that Thursday. Mr. and Mrs. Gedert will reside in this city.

Decatur.—J. B. Coulter, conductor in charge of the Illinois central railway company, was instantly killed and six passengers received slight injuries in an accident here. Coulter had gone ahead to run a crossing over the Illinois central railroad track and signaled to the motorman that the track was clear. The motor car then boarded the car, however, when a switch engine bumped a flat car into the street car, killing Coulter and injuring the motorman, Will Cullen, received a bruised shoulder and scalp. He also suffered several painful bruises. None of the passengers suffered more than slight injuries.

Havana.—An old soldier who was staying at the Riverview hotel was found dead in bed by the proprietor, Mr. Post. The old man was common ly known around this city as "Jimpy Jack," but his real name was J. H. Jackson. He has been in this part of the state for several years, coming from Vicksburg, Ill., where he formerly lived. Little is known about him, but round here except that he has lived with George Hill and Harry Hill's boys above the Chautauqua grounds most of the time.

Girard.—Fire, believed to have originated from a spark from a Chicago & Alton locomotive, destroyed the elevator and warehouse of Kime & Gibson, Inc., causing a loss of about four and a fifth thousand dollars. The fire was extinguished by great exertion of several blocks of business and residence property. The loss would have been greater if the volunteer fire department had not been called to the scene from a city nine miles away.

Pleasant Plains.—Fire broke out between the ceiling and the roof of the high school room of the Pleasant Plains public school. All the books were taken out by prompt action of the volunteer fire department the house was saved. The roof of the high school room is ruined, but the city council also has a large hole in it.

Champaign.—"Will you be the next president," was the word sent to Gov. Dunne of Illinois, by the Champaign county Democrats, who will immediately organize a Harmon club.

Vergennes.—Fire destroyed the building and stock of the Vergennes News at Vergennes, 12 miles north of Murphysboro, the United Presbyterian church, Otto Schimpf's grocery, Mrs. August Schimpf's millinery store, the Redmanden building, the Odd Fellows' building, and Wiedy & Kline's grocery and implement house. Total loss, $17,850; insurance, $9,650.

Freeport.—Fire destroyed the barns of the Blue Label Cheese company, the Freeport Cement with five horses, much farm machinery and grain. The loss is $12,000.

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Cheerful Countenance—Well, that's certainly good news! Now with me things are simply rotten!—Puck.

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The mind ought sometimes to be diverted, that it may return the better to thinking.—Phoedrus.

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Many a fellow does all his betting with his mouth.

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