

THE LOST THANKSGIVING TURKEY

BY LOUISE LEXINGTON



"OH! PLEASE, FORGIVE ME," SHE EXCLAIMED.

LATE on the evening before Thanksgiving, Elizabeth, the minister's daughter, had, as usual, filled a market basket for their washerwoman and placed it in the kitchen entry to be given the small boy who was to call for it. Early the following morning the market man, rubbed with belated orders, placed a similar basket beside Elizabeth's, containing their Thanksgiving turkey. It was a wonderful turkey, large, fat and plump, and she was now felt justly proud and important, as any little mother would feel who had provided such a splendid treat for her family.

But alas, when the small boy called, what did the housekeeper do but hand over to him the basket containing the turkey, and he scarce able to believe his senses, staggered away happily under the solid weight of it.

Not until two hours later did the dreadful truth come out. Mrs. Mullen, then quite ready to prepare the turkey for the oven, went to fetch it and found the only basket there contained a small pot roast, a bunch of celery, some sweet potatoes and a mince pie. Elizabeth, however, hurried to the library, where Elizabeth was dusting, and exclaimed:

"I've given him away! I've given him away!"

"Not Calamity!" Elizabeth cried, jumping up and confronting the distressed woman. "Surely you could not be so heartless, Mrs. Mullen!"

Calamity was the irresponsible, playful and wholly destructive puppy which the harassed housekeeper daily threatened to bestow gratuitously upon the first person who could be induced to carry him away.

Mrs. Mullen sank into the nearest chair and groaned, overcome with honest grief, though, a dab of flour upon the end of her nose lessened the tragedy in her face. If not the distress in her voice.

"Do you suppose I'd be moaning about any such good luck, Miss Elizabeth?" she now asked indignantly. "I've given your big turkey away—that's what I've gone and done. And I reckon Mrs. Jameson has him stuffed full of bread crumbs by now and all sewed up and in the oven." And when Elizabeth stared at her unbelievably, she reiterated almost impatiently: "I give the wrong basket to the Jamesons—that's what I done—the wrong basket!"

Elizabeth swallowed hard and then remarked briefly, but courteously:

"Well, don't take it so hard, Mrs. Mullen. If it had to be given away I don't know of a family I'd rather have it than the Jamesons."

But despite her calm words, which were spoken to relieve Mrs. Mullen, Elizabeth deeply regretted the mistake although she tried hard to bring herself to the minister's complacent view of the matter—that the true spirit of giving lay in just such a sacrifice, made willingly, albeit, and cheerfully.

Tommy thrust both hands into his Sunday pockets, and listened to his father gravely, but when the minister had left the room get his sermon, he spoke his thoughts aloud to Elizabeth:

"Sis, it may be all right to eat a plain, every-day dinner on Thanksgiving, but I hope I won't see any of the kids today. I bragged, too, about our big turkey yesterday. I'd feel mighty small and ashamed with just a two-bit pot-roast."

The twins were frank in their evidence of disappointment also, and there ensued a tearful half hour while Elizabeth helped them to get ready for church, and the Orphan Baby, though wholly ignorant as to the why and the wherefore, echoed the lamentation all about her.

Although it was most disheartening, Elizabeth, who remained at home to superintend the dinner in Mrs. Mullen's absence, felt like indulging in a good cry herself after the others were all gone. She could not bear to see unhappiness in those she loved. The day had begun beautifully; while now, she even asked herself what in the world there was for one to be thankful

for. Truly there are moments in the lives of the bravest, when they no longer desire to be heroes; and Elizabeth curled up in her mother's chair and suddenly dissolved into tears. "I want my mother!" her heart cried out hungrily.

Presently she unlocked a little drawer in an escritoire that stood near, taking therefrom a small volume. Elizabeth went to it for comfort and guidance as do some to their Bibles. When she opened the book, she sometimes did, even in the midst of the dear ones who loved her so tenderly, yet were so dependent upon her, she took out this little journal of the last year of her mother's life, found the parallel month and day, and read the lines written there.

She now turned to the duplicate dates in the book, and found a little prayer for Thanksgiving, written in the delicate, fine hand she knew so well. As she read it and re-read it, her troubles grew lighter, and finally floated away like a mist, while a sweet exaltation flooded her soul, the radiance of which no earth-born cloud could dim. If more tears fell they were not for the lost basket.

The door-bell rang. As she was the only one to answer it, Elizabeth dabbed her eyes hurriedly and opened the door to encounter her neighbor and friend, a young girl who lived on the next square below the parsonage. But instead of the laughing, jolly aspect Helen Burnham usually wore, her eyes were now red and swollen, and she appeared distinctly down hearted. The two girls looked at each other for a comprehensive instant and then both laughed outright.

"Well, Elizabeth, Newton!" exclaimed Helen. "I do believe you are the last person I ever expected to see in tears. Why, brother Jack is forever holding you up to me as an example of unchanging cheerfulness. Whatever can be the matter, I wonder?"

"I—I miss my mother so, today," confessed Elizabeth. "You could never understand, Helen."

Helen quickly put her arms about Elizabeth. "Oh, please forgive me!" she exclaimed contritely. "It makes my own heartache seem so babyish. I was actually crying just now because my own mother had to leave home upon Thanksgiving to visit her sister who is ill. It seems so terribly one-sided—why, I should think you would cry!"

Elizabeth's lips quivered, but with a brave effort, her control she drew her hand to her face, and then told her of the turkey episode, and the keen disappointment felt by her sisters and brother.

"At the end of this recital Helen was fairly jumping up and down in excitement. "Oh, hurry!" she cried enigmatically.

"Come over to our house with me! Our phone's out of order and so I just ran over here to use yours, but now I'll not need to tell the Salvation Army anything about it."

Then perceiving that Elizabeth was lost in a maze of uncomprehension Helen hastened to explain: "You see, mother and Jack and I were going to have a real celebration, and so bought a turkey for today. Then mother had to leave so unexpectedly and Jack said there seemed no use of a Thanksgiving dinner anyway with Auntie ill and mother gone, besides neither of us know one single thing about cooking. So we decided to donate it to a charity and take our meals across the street at Mrs. Potter's boarding-house until mother returned."

Elizabeth's eyes had by now grown very wide, and she asked:

"Would your brother come over here with you and help us eat it, do you think?"

Helen smiled. "Would he?" she returned. "Oh, just you ask him and see! I was hoping you'd say that, Elizabeth. Now, let's go as fast as we can and ask Jack to carry the turkey over for us. It's a dandy, and it's all ready to roast."

"Please wait one moment, Helen, until I see if the fire is all right," Elizabeth replied with a happy thrill in her voice. "And I must set this pot roast back so it will not burn down, and put Calamity out or he'll quarrel with the rug. Come, Calamity, be a good fellow and run along and after awhile you may have just heaps of bones!"

Later it would have been hard to tell whether the guests, the minister's flock or Calamity were the happiest. Certain it was that the dinner was a perfect success and everyone at the table declared there had never been such a turkey.

When the day was over and Elizabeth and her father sat alone, he looked at the sweet, serious face on the opposite side of the fire and a new thankfulness suddenly sprang up in his heart. For the first time it was borne to his consciousness that his eldest daughter was the exact picture of her mother. He leaned back in his chair, with half-closed eyes and dreamed, while Elizabeth, with her hand, repeated softly the little prayer which she had that morning discovered:

"With all the gifts thy lavish hand hath spread,
Sun, moon and stars and clouds above my head,
Grasses and flowers and dew beneath my feet,
Love, life and liberty and all things sweet—
With all these countless blessings round me,
Grant me one other gift, a grateful heart,
Dear Lord!"

Realism on Stage Carried to Limit in Newspaper Play

New York's Latest Thrilling Production, "The Fourth Estate," by Joseph Medill Patterson, Proves Exciting—Star Is Recent Discovery of Liebler & Co., in Charles Waldron.

NEW YORK, Nov. 20.—(Special)—A new star has been made in a new play by a new playwright, and New York is today engaged in taking a lot of credit to itself for the discovery. The actor whose work is thus recognized is a young fellow named Charles Waldron.

Very few theater-goers were familiar with his name a few weeks ago. Today everybody is talking about him. There are life-size pictures of him in front of Wallack's Theater—the largest reproductions of photographs ever made; the New York newspapers are sending around to "interview" him and Liebler & Company have agreed to star him in a new play by Hall Caine, the manuscript of which has just been received from the Shakespeare of the Isle of Man.

Newspaper Play Makes Good.

Hugh Ford, general stage director for Liebler & Company, engaged Mr. Waldron for the part of Wheeler Brand,

when the company to present Joseph Medill Patterson's newspaper play, "The Fourth Estate," was being made up. Ford said the young man had a creditable part in stock and a brilliant future in more important lines.

Today the big town supports Ford. Waldron has made very good. And the play is easily the most talked-about piece of theatrical property in America. It couldn't very well get away from impressing any one who ever saw it. Its realism is so sharp and uncompromising that no one commentator says, "It's all most hurra." The last scene, showing a composing room a few minutes before the paper goes to press, with real linotype machines, operated by real operators from Typographical Union No. 6, and everything else in the mechanical line, from proofreaders to steno-typers and make-up men, is startlingly vivid.

Wheeler Brand, the managing editor, played by Mr. Waldron, is nearing the moment of his triumph. For years he has been working to show up the rot-

teness of the big corporations, and the path has led to the doorstep of Donald Bartelmy, a United States judge, whose office the advancing certain rascally corporation have been paid for at so much per decision. Brand has himself followed Bartelmy at midnight and seen the judge in conference with the attorneys for the corporation and the lobbyists.

After this Bartelmy has handed down his infamous decision. To prove to the owner of the Advance, the paper on which Brand is employed, the corruptness of Bartelmy, Brand lays a trap. He charges the judge with illicit relations with the trust and permits himself to listen to the suggestion of a \$10,000 bribe for the suppression of the story. When Bartelmy visits the Advance office Brand secretes stenographers, takes down the incriminating conversation and at the climax of the passing of the bribe, presses a bulb and a flashlight photograph of the transaction is taken.

Climax Seen in Last Act.

This photograph, reproduced in a four-column cut, is made up in its front page form as the curtain goes up on the last act. Then the judge begins to squirm. He sends his daughter, Judith, with whom Brand is in love, to the composing-room to stop the press. She falls. Then Nolan, the owner of the Advance, appears, and, under pressure of his family, who see in the Bartelmy the open door to social position, the proprietor orders Brand to "kill" the story. After Nolan leaves, Bartelmy, unaware of the owner's order, comes to make a last plea, and the sight of the man moving Brand to sudden action. In the presence of Judith the whole evil life of the judge is exposed and Brand gives the sharp order to the stenographer, "Close that page," adding to Bartelmy, "You have six hours to get away in before that paper is on the street."

Story Is Realistic.

That takes the Advance pretty far on its road to success, and now Liebler & Company have taken it even further. For, as the audience, still discussing the dramatic ending of the play, file from the playhouse, the producer orders the actor to meet them crying "Special extra of the Advance—All about the Bartelmy bribery" and a copy of the tell-tale cut of the judge at his bribery is handed to each person. It is certainly carrying realism to some lengths.

In addition, the play's producers have set out systematically to ascertain the attitude of the press of the country on the relation of the business office of a newspaper to the news columns.

In "The Fourth Estate" the first act is said to be the work of the managing editor. The paper has printed a story showing up certain corporate interests. The lobbyist for these interests calls and demands that the paper be criticized. If the paper refuses, out go ads aggregating \$30,000 yearly. The Advance, at this stage of its career, needs that \$30,000. And the managing editor yields to the pressure. Parenthetically this is where the managing editor, Brand, succeeds.

Liebler & Company have sent to 2,000 newspaper owners in the United States and Canada a circular asking what would be the attitude of the paper under like circumstances. The responses have been interesting. The New York Times yields to a charity and take our meals across the street at Mrs. Potter's boarding-house until mother returned.

Elizabeth's eyes had by now grown very wide, and she asked:

"Would your brother come over here with you and help us eat it, do you think?"

SCIENTISTS WILL GATHER Oregon Academy to Meet at Forest Grove November 26 and 27.

PACIFIC UNIVERSITY, Forest Grove, Or., Nov. 20.—(Special)—The Oregon Academy of Science will hold its annual meeting in this city November 26 and 27.

The president of the organization is Professor A. L. Kinsley, director of the Government pure food laboratories in Portland, and J. D. Lee is secretary.

Papers will be read by members of the faculties of University of Oregon, Oregon Agricultural College, Willamette University and Pacific University, and by leaders in scientific research from Portland and other parts of the state. Friday evening the subject will be "Arctic Research." Dr. L. J. Wolf and Dr. R. C. Walker will give their experiences in the Far North. Dr. Walker was a member of the expedition headed by Lieutenant Schwatka, of Salem.

Dr. J. Allen Gilbert will deliver a lecture on "The Psychological Features of the Harps Case" Saturday evening. This entire session of the society will be given over to a discussion of these phenomena.

OLDEST COOS MAN IS 94 David A. Felter Is a Pioneer of Missouri, Iowa, Kansas.

RANDOLPH, Or., Nov. 20.—(Special)—David A. Felter, the oldest man in Coos County, having recently passed his 94th birthday, is still hale and hearty, with the appearance of rounding out a full century. Mr. Felter was born in Hamilton County, Ohio, September 15, 1815.



David A. Felter, Coos County's Oldest Resident, Who Attains Age of 94 Years.

MEN WHOM VARIOUS CAUSES HAVE BROUGHT INTO THE PUBLIC VIEW



NEW YORK, Nov. 20.—(Special)—Wilbur F. Wakeman, who was for four years appraiser of the Treasury Department at New York, has supplied a great many of the startling facts about the sugar thefts in the Custom-House. Among other things, Wakeman is quoted as saying that he presented evidences of the frauds to Secretary Lyman J. Gage and that Gage said he was quite sure his good friend, H. O. Havemeyer, could not know of them and asked Wakeman to tell Havemeyer about them and ask him to have them stopped.

Senator Simon Guggenheim, of Colorado, is indirectly involved in the coal scandal in Alaska by ex-Clerk Glavis. The Senator has been interested in mining all his life and is with his brothers a member of the million-dollar Guggenheim Exploration Syndicate. He is a native of Philadelphia, but went in 1886 to Pueblo and has been a resident of Colorado ever since. He became a United States Senator in 1907.

ever presided over that office. No one could object to his insistence on collecting the revenue due the Government; but great objection was made to his method of doing it. And he has been much criticized for keeping in office confessed rascals who have turned state's evidence for him.

George Bernard Shaw is really coming to this country. It is believed, to attend a meeting of the unemployed. It would be the irony of fate if the unemployed found jobs before Mr. Shaw arrived. However, it is reasonably certain that a large army of them would not take the jobs if they found them; there will always be a certain amount of sociological material to be found on the Bowery.

William Loeb, Jr., was the most unpopular private secretary to a President who ever sat in the White House. When he came to the jumping-off place at the end of the Roosevelt term, Roosevelt tried to provide a comfortable rest to ease his fall and President Taft made him Collector of the Port of New York. He has confirmed his former record by making himself the most unpopular collector who

Louis Brennan has demonstrated the practicability of his gyroscopic railroad operating a car containing 40 passengers at 25 miles an hour on a single rail. The car used was built under an appropriation of the Indian government for experimental purposes. When Mr. Brennan announced about two years ago to the scientific societies of Great Britain his application of the gyroscopic to railroading, his discovery was hailed as promising a revolution in railroad operation. There was, of course, no doubt whether the full-size car had done; and this doubt Mr. Brennan has just solved. Equipped with two gyroscopes running in vacuum, the full-size car has carried passengers around a curved track with perfect safety. This railroad will cross a river on a wire rope.

Herbert Parsons, according to the reform element in politics, is a reformer gone wrong. He admitted recently that he had had four party workers appointed in the Treasury Service here. As the Treasury Department has discovered frauds against the Government aggregating perhaps \$200,000 by the sugar trust, of which Mr. Parsons' father was recently the head, his position is slightly embarrassing.

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Two of Second Generation Play in "The Traveling Salesman"

Mark Smith and James O'Neill, Jr., Sons of Actor-Fathers, Uphold Best Traditions of Their Families on Stage.

THE situation in "The Traveling Salesman" company that is interesting is that it is unusual. Two prominent members of the second generation of the stage are playing in one company. And the plot is thickened considerably by the fact that the boards, Mark Smith and James O'Neill, Jr., have the distinction of trying to live up to the reputations which their parents are still preserving faithfully.

The first named, who takes the principal role in his play, is the son of Mark Smith, who used to be a member of the famous Opera Museum Company. The elder Smith was last seen in "Toyland." James O'Neill, Jr., is, of course, the son of that other James O'Neill, always easily recalled with "Monte Cristo."

Unquestionably the memory of the old theatergoer of America will need considerable jogging to bring from his reminiscences a situation as interesting as this of "The Traveling Salesman." There are two young people in positions of importance in their company, each one performs creditably, giving indications plenty of the talent their elders possess so admirably.

Perhaps the nearest resemblance to such an interesting situation as the American stage affords at present has been on such occasions as when Miss Eleanor Robson and her mother, Mary Carr Cooke, have played in America in star roles, within a few weeks of each other. John Drew, too, was followed by his daughter, Louise Drew, in the supporting cast of Miss Billie's play again, two years ago. Mrs. Patrick Campbell, accompanied by her daughter, Miss Stella Campbell, made a few appearances in a second repertoire at Symphony Hall.

On these two members of the second generation of stage families the present play leans to no small degree. To the work of Mark Smith much of the success of the production may be said fairly enough to be due. The young man seems to have inherited considerably the work of his father. Perhaps it is in the stage savor faire that displays itself in what he has to do.

The Smiths are one of the well-known families of the American drama. They have the distinction of going back through three generations. The grandfather of the present bearer of the name was Edwin Booth's stage manager, Mark Smith, the second, made his debut with John McCullough in "The Three Guardsmen" in 1864. This younger Mark Smith made his debut in the musical extravaganza "1842." Later, in Henrietta Crossman's play, "Sweet Kitty Bellairs," he had a minor role, and then for three



MARK SMITH AND JAMES O'NEILL, JR., APPEARING IN "THE TRAVELING SALESMAN."