WALT WHITMAN'S THANKS.

Thanks in old age—thanks, ere I go,
For health, the midday sun, the impalpable air—for life, more life;
For precious ever lingering memories (of you, my mother dear—you, father—you, brothers, sisters, friends);
For all my days—not those of peace alone—the days of war the same;
For gentle words, caresses, gifts from foreign lands;
For shelter, wine and meat; for sweet appreciation,
(You distant, dim, unknown—or young or old—countless, unspecified, readers belov'd,
We never met, and ne'er shall meet, and yet our souls embrace, long, close and long);
For beings, groups, love, deeds, words, books; for colors, forms;
For all the brave, strong men—devoted, hardy men—who've forward sprung in freedom's help, all years, all lands;
For braver, stronger, more devoted men—(a special laurel, ere I go, to life's war's chosen ones,
The cannoneers of song and thought—the great artillerists—the foremost leaders, captains of the soul);
As soldiers from an ended war return'd—as traveler out of myriads, to the long procession retrospective,
Thanks—joyful thanks! A soldier's traveler's thanks.

A THANKSGIVING COMPROMISE.

BY LAURA OLIVIA BOOTHE.

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Comparatively speaking, Mr. and Mrs. Bright were a happy couple. They didn't have any too much money, but otherwise there was no reason why they shouldn't be happy. He was an expert accountant, but there were times when he had very little to do. That was why Mrs. Bright moved into a larger house where she could take boarders. At first he objected, but her argument was that Mildred must be educated. She never reproached him for not being able to give them the comforts they needed, but seemed happy that he needed her to help him along.

This state of things had been going on for several years when the serpent in the shape of a theatrical manager entered the

HER HUSBAND TUCKED HER ARM IN HIS.

Brights' paradise. Mr. Bright frequently straightened out the accounts of theatrical companies. He was upon the books of the Galety Opera company when the manager suggested that he go with them for a short trip to Chicago. In a week he returned. The manager of the Galety company had offered him $200 a month and his expenses to act as its treasurer.

"Do you mean travel around the country with a theatrical company just like any actor?" demanded Mrs. Bright.

"I suppose so," trying to avoid the surprised blue eyes.

"And leave me here alone?"

"But, Gertrude, think of all the money I can send you. Mildred can go away to school, and you needn't work yourself to death keeping boarders."

"You know I am perfectly contented to work. I would rather go down on my knees and scrub all day and keep boarders all my life than have you go away with a theatrical company."

"But, Gertrude, a man doesn't like to have a woman support him. I've never had half a chance before, and I think you unreasonable to expect me to miss this one."

Mrs. Bright didn't believe her husband would go and said little more about it just then. He didn't tell her that he had signed with the company and was to join them when he was sent for. It was on Thanksgiving eve when the telegram came. Then she tried to persuade him that going away meant striking the deathblow to their domestic happiness. What was the fact that she took boarders to lose his companionship, she argued. Finally she broke down and cried. Although he turned a deaf ear to his wife's pleadings, he pitied her. Indeed he was far from cheerful himself.

"Let's send Mildred away to school, and you rent this house furnished. Just as soon as you do you can travel with me," Mr. Bright suggested.

This proposition only slightly appeased her. In the night he wakened to find her sobbing. Taking her in his arms he consoled her by saying: "Don't cry, Gertrude, my darling. I won't go if you feel so cut up about it." But alas for the promises made by men to women in distress—he had quite forgotten it in the morning, and amid the tolling of Thanksgiving bells he went.

* * * * * * *

Mr. Bright had been gone six weeks. Mildred had been sent away to school. The boarders, with little sympathy for Mrs. Bright's apathy, were grumbling and threatening to leave.

At first her husband's letters came regularly and were full of his loneliness, his love and impatience to see her. Then she may have imagined it, but they seemed less solicitous. They certainly were less regular and shorter.

What if her husband were being weaned away from her and their domestic life? She had told him that would be the case, never believing it could be. The thought was agony. It was 8 o'clock. He was at the theater. She had a vague idea that as treasurer he went behind the scenes. Then she remembered having heard that managers and she supposed treasurers invaded the actresses' dressing rooms. There was a tightening at her heart while she wrote him that it was time she saw him. He replied that she should meet him in Chicago in two weeks and remain with him a month.

What a relief she felt! He did want to see her. All regrets were forgotten. Inclosed in his letter was a check for $100 which he told her to spend on herself.

At last the day arrived for her to start. They came from different directions, both arriving in Chicago on the same day. As was prearranged, she went to the station to meet him.

Finally she saw the train, and before she realized it the passengers were pouring out. She strained her eyes for that beloved face. Suppose he wasn't there? Just as she felt a sickening sense of disappointment she saw him.

Even in her gladness she noticed something strange about him, and the people with him were stranger still. Men and women alike were checked ulsters, with collars turned up to their ears, and satchels thrown over their shoulders. The men were beardless, the women blonded, painted and pencilled. She had come prepared for much, but she felt ashamed to be seen with them. After kissing her, her husband tucked her arm in his, and they walked out of the station.

Once alone in their room in the hotel he held out his arms, and, like a tired bird, she flew into them. He kissed her eyes, her hair and her mouth. She laughed and cried alternately. If any thoughts of the company occurred to her, she banished them. Finally she pushed him away from her, explaining, "I want to see if you have changed, George."

"How can a man change in two months?"

"You have—on the outside," speculatively.

He looked conscious. "Oh, you mean my clothes! I suppose they look rather theatrical to you, don't they?"

"Rather." She sighed, but said nothing more, although it was a shock to see him garbed in the flashy attire of the successful comedian.

"After all, what are these things—mere outward trifles," Mrs. Bright said to herself, but there were misgivings.

At 5:30 Mr. Bright suggested they go down to dinner.

"So early?" inquired his wife.

"I must be at the theater by 7," he explained.

She walked to the mirror and began brushing her hair.

"I'll go down to the dining room ahead of you, Gertie, and order," remarked Mr. Bright.

"But, George, I can't go into a strange dining room alone."

"Oh, pshaw, that's nothing, lots of women do it! I have something to attend to at the office. Just ask the elevator boy to show you to the dining room," and before she could protest he was gone.

It was only a small matter, but three months before he had been one of the most conventional of men. In fact, he had taught her to expect those attentions which women love but rarely get from their husbands, and now it all seemed changed.

He was almost through his dinner and conversing with a man across the room when she entered the dining room.

The waiter had but served her when her husband, hastily excusing himself, left her alone. She felt slighted. He seemed to have forgotten how to be courteous. At one corner at the same table were the long legged comedian and the yellow haired soprano. She recognized the soprano as the original of a picture she had found among her husband's things. On it was written, "To George Bright, with thanks for his courtesy, from Adele Rathborne." She wondered what the courtesy could be.

She tried to be interested in her dinner, but somehow she wasn't hungry. As she walked out of the dining room she felt conscious of several pairs of curious eyes, and with a breath of relief she stepped into the elevator. She met her husband coming out of their room. He had gone up stairs to change his clothes, he said.

"Won't you come over to the theater?" he asked.

"I am too tired. I will unpack my trunk, take a bath and read until you come back. Will it be long?" wistfully.

"Not very. Still I don't know; hardly before 11. Order a hot bird and a cold bottle for 11 sharp."

"A cold bottle and a hot bird! What for?"

"Why, to eat, you goose!"

Her husband would not be back for three hours at least, and she would be thoroughly comfortable, she thought. After slipping on a fluffy white bath gown she began taking down her hair. It was beautiful hair, as black as a raven's wing and as soft and fine as satin. As she laid the pins on the dressing table her face was a study. How strange her husband should go away and leave her! She tried to reason out what was different about him besides his clothes. All she could decide then was that she was disappointed.

Exactly at 11 she rang for a bellboy. "Bring up a hot bottle and a cold bird," she ordered.

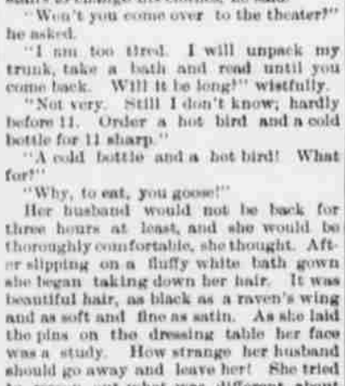
"Mam?" exclaimed the boy.

"Oh, I mean a cold bottle and a hot bird," she corrected wearily.

When he returned with the supper, she sat down to wait. "He will be here any minute; he never kept me waiting before," she thought. A half hour passed. Twelve o'clock struck, and he hadn't come. The bird was cold and the bottle warm. Stepping out into the hall, she looked over the balustrade. A man was putting out the lights. "What could it mean?" she demanded of herself. A boy went toward her door with a note. Hastily tearing it open, she read:

MY DEAR GIRL—Am detained at the theater on important business. Go to bed. I will not be in before 2. GEORGE.

"There is no answer"—to the boy. "How dare he!"—aloud as the door closed. "It is brutal, insulting, cruel! The first time he has seen me in two months! Oh, it is too much!" And with a gesture of



SHE THREW HERSELF, HAT, JACKET AND ALL, ON THE BED.

supreme misery she flung herself on the bed. Two hours later, when her husband came in, she had not changed her position.

"Poor little girl! Still waiting!" he said, with concern. "Why didn't you eat the supper? You haven't touched a thing!"

She made no answer, and he began to explain. With a gesture of contempt she interrupted him. "I do not wish to hear any of your excuses."

He was genuinely sorry, but he felt offended that his attempts at explanation should be treated as excuses. Thinking silence the best way to bring her to good humor, he ignored her and went to bed.

There were great, wide window seats in the room. After putting out the lights she crawled up in one of these. The fire went out, and she was conscious of being cold. The lights twinkled in the street below. A snore from the bed told her that her husband was asleep. She began to cry, at first silently, but as she thought of her husband's indifference she sobbed louder. She was really deriving a miserable sort of pleasure out of her discomfort when an especially loud sob wakened the sleeper. Jumping from the bed, he called out, "Gertrude, my poor darling, where are you?"

Another sob from the window, and she was in his arms. It was 4 o'clock, and she was utterly miserable and tired of being uncomfortable. She let him lead her to bed and in a few moments was asleep, and all her troubles forgotten.

The next morning Mrs. Bright wakened with a start. The sun was shining in the room. Slipping her hand under her pillow, she drew out her watch. It was 10 o'clock. Springing from the bed, she began to dress, when her husband asked lazily, "What on earth are you getting up for already, Gertrude?"

She ignored the previous night and replied calmly: "Already! It is 10 o'clock!"

"Oh, people connected with the profession never get up before 11 at least," turning over for another nap.

Finally, when he did not get up, she remarked, "George, I want my breakfast."

This appeal to his consideration brought out the man in him. "Of course you do, dear," he answered. "Ring the bell for the boy."

"Bring up breakfast for two and all the morning papers," Mr. Bright ordered when the boy arrived.

"What do you want with all the morning papers?" demanded his wife. "Isn't one enough?"

"Ordinarily it is, my dear, but I read them all so I won't miss any notices about the company."

"Oh!" observed Mrs. Bright tersely.

The tolling of church bells reminded her it was Sunday. "I don't suppose you ever go to church now?" she observed.

"Not very often."

After breakfast she gathered up the papers.

"Gertrude, would you like to do something for me while I am out?" Mr. Bright asked. Mrs. Bright expected to be told of missing buttons or torn buttonholes. "Hunt through those papers," he continued, "and cut out everything you find about the Galety company. You will find a scrapbook in my trunk to paste them in."

"Very well," she replied quietly.

When he had gone, she sat down on the floor. She scanned column after column. Then she cut and pasted.

"Nice, elevating way to spend Sunday morning," she thought.

In the afternoon they went to drive. They returned early because of the theater. During dinner he asked her if she would come to the performance.

"It is Sunday," she merely observed. "What time do you want that bottle and bird tonight?" Her face was suspiciously amiable.

He kissed her contritely as he answered, "Eleven on the minute, and it shan't wait!"

After he had gone she put on her things and went to church.

The next day and every day was much like the first. In the morning Mrs. Bright cut and pasted, in the afternoon she idled, and at night she went to the performance. The trivial things she did to kill time would be difficult to tell. She never wrote so many letters before. Then she would telegraph to Mildred and her sister, who had charge of the boarding house. She developed a fondness for Turkish baths, manicured her nails every day and curled her hair for the first time. She had tried to mend her husband's clothes, but it was not the atmosphere for practical employment. She tried to read, but gave it up. When she had nothing else to do, she bought things she didn't want.

Finally the month drew to a close. Mr. Bright was to leave Chicago the next Sunday morning, and Mrs. Bright was to start east the same afternoon. When Mrs. Bright saw the last of the train that bore away her husband and his ulstered companions, she was sick at heart. She stared after the train five minutes after it was out of sight. Then she walked back to the hotel. There was a sense of great loneliness as, with a sob, she threw herself, hat, jacket and all, on the bed.

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The day after her arrival home Mrs. Bright put this advertisement in The Herald:

"Wanted—To sell out immediately for cash a first class boarding house, fully furnished, on Thirty-eighth street, near Fifth avenue; full of boarders. Apply to G. B., Herald office."

Within a week she notified the boarders she had sold out. She confided her plans to no one when she moved away with enough furniture to furnish an apartment.

Mrs. Bright now took up an unusual mode of life. People passing her doors heard her declaiming. She went every day to a school of dramatic instruction. It soon became known that the pretty young woman with big blue eyes and black hair in the top apartment was studying for the stage.

A new play was to be put on at one of the theaters when an actress who was to play an important part was taken ill. The manager was distracted. In his perplexity he applied to a dramatic school for a substitute. There was a matinee by the pu-

"I AM GOING TO THE THEATER NOW."

pils that afternoon, and he went in. A young woman on the stage attracted his attention. Turning to the instructor, he asked if she were a professional or a pupil.

"A pupil and one of the best in the school," the instructor replied.

The manager adjusted his glasses, looking at the young woman more critically. "By Jove, what a voice she's got! She can act, too the first amateur I ever saw who could."

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The morning after the matinee Mrs. Bright was sitting in her drawing room staring out over the house tops. She looked displeased. A letter lay open on her lap. "He is getting on very well without me," she thought sadly as she read it again.

There was a ring, and the servant announced a gentleman whom Mrs. Bright recognized as a theatrical manager. Wondering the object of his visit, she offered him a chair. Speedily he told her of his presence at the matinee the day before. "I have come to offer you a position in my company if we can come to satisfactory terms and if you care to accept," he said.

She was bewildered. "It is so sudden," she stammered.

"Take until tomorrow to think it over," he suggested.

"That is not necessary. I accept now."

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Mrs. Bright had become an actress. Her success from the first night was assured, and the manager congratulated himself upon this latest acquisition to his company. She felt that now the time had come to tell her husband what she had done.

"You did not want me to keep boarders, so I have sold out the boarding house," she wrote. "I did this some time ago and took a small apartment. I would have been very unhappy and lonely without you, only I have been studying very hard. You will no doubt be amazed to learn that I have been studying for the stage, but more amazed to learn that for the past month I have been a member of ——'s company.

"I am sure you will be delighted to have us members of the same profession. After all, husband and wife must have the same interests to be happy. I don't wonder you like it. I am quite infatuated with it myself. Always your devoted Gertrude.

"P. S.—I am off to the theater now, so pardon brevity. G."

Mr. Bright received this letter one morning on his arrival at the theater.

That afternoon found him in a sleeper bound east; the next afternoon in his wife's apartment. She was glad to see him, but deaf to his entreaties to give up what he termed her disgraceful project.

"Think of your child, madam!" he finally pe[ti]oned.

"She is your child as well as mine, sir. Certainly if the theatrical profession is good enough for her father it is quite good enough for her mother."

They ate their dinner in silence. She was absorbed in reading an evening paper and he in watching her. She was dressed in a "chic" and becoming style, and he thought he had never seen her so charming before. "At least she was his wife," with a glad feeling of possession. A spasm contracted his heart. "On the stage what temptations would beset her!" With a fierce resolve he thought, "I must get her off at any price."

"I am going to the theater now," she remarked.

"It is rather early for you to go."

"I suppose you want to see the performance, to say nothing of seeing me act." There was a twinkle in her eye and a touch of compassion, for she divined what he felt.

"I will go with you," he answered grumpily.

He was obliged to leave her at the stage door. It was three-quarters of an hour before the performance began, and he started for a walk.

In no pleasant frame of mind he entered the theater and glared at the programme as he read his wife's name.

The orchestra stopped, and the curtain went up. It was a charming play, beautifully mounted and well acted. The opening act took place in a garden scene. Mrs. Bright entered dressed in a costume of white and a large white hat. She said little, but was perfectly at ease on the stage. The more Mr. Bright realized this the more apprehensive he became.

The play progressed. The next scene was a ballroom. In it Mrs. Bright was simply radiant. She had been almost prudish in the old days, but now her beautiful shoulders were exposed to an extent which her husband denounced as vulgarly indecent. A betrothal between the handsome leading man and Mrs. Bright was sealed with a kiss.

This was too much. Heartsick, he looked at his wife in the arms of the leading man, shamelessly nestling her head on his shoulder with a movement he had seen her make a thousand times.

He rushed out of the theater and back to the stage door, where he awaited the appearance of Mrs. Bright.

Several days passed, and Mr. Bright made no move to return to the Galety company. At the end of a week he received a telegram from the manager of the company stating that unless he returned at once they must get some one else.

That decided him, and with the telegram in his hand he confronted his wife. "Gertrude, do you intend to keep this up?" he demanded roughly.

"Keep what up?"

"Keep on acting?"

"Why shouldn't I?"

"Because I don't want you to—because it is driving me mad to think of my wife on the stage. Where is your sweet domestic character? You used to love your home. Oh, Gertrude, it is impossible for me to consent! I cannot, and I will not!"

"Theatrical seasons end about the same time. I shall always try to be home when you are."

"It isn't that. It is death to our domestic happiness. I know it, and"—

"That is what I always told you. What sort of domestic happiness did we have before I went on the stage? Ah, no, George, there is but one thing for us to do—either we must both have nothing to do with the stage, or else we both must belong to it."

"Read that," thrusting the telegram in her hands.

"How funny!" she muttered dreamily.

"What's funny?"

"Why, tonight is Thanksgiving eve, and it is just a year since you received that first telegram. I suppose you will go tomorrow, too!" looking at him earnestly.

"If I send them word to get some one else, will you give it up?" eagerly.

"Well, I rather like the life now, there is so much excitement."

"Oh, Gertrude, don't torture me!"

"When will you give it up?" she persisted.

"At once."

With the identical gesture she had made with the leading man, she buried her face on his shoulder.

"Then is it a bargain, sweetheart?" he asked anxiously.

"No, George, not a bargain, but a Thanksgiving compromise. I agree to give up acting just as long as you give up managing, but"—

There was no but, for he closed her mouth with a kiss.

THANKSGIVING REVERIES.

Here we are again at the old farm homestead in the Wabash valley and a few—alas, how few!—representatives of the now widely scattered family are seated at the long table in the old "living room," which is the dining room on the western farm. But the dinner is a composite affair. It shows that the old neighborhood is in a transition state between the conventional Thanksgiving dinner of the east and the "farmer's Sunday dinner" of the olden time.

Turkey? Well, that's as it happens. It is not indispensable. Chicken pie? Most assuredly. The grandchildren would consider themselves swindled if they dined at the old farmhouse and did not get chicken pie. And the "wishbones" must be kept whole at any cost. Boiled ham sliced cold is a sort of standby. Celery? Well, that's an eastern innovation, so to speak, and

AT DINNER.

ontside of the towns and cities it is not common; but, of course, "our folks have it. "Pumpkin pie? Generally. Mince pie? Most assuredly. There wouldn't be real Thanksgiving without it. Then fruit and cheese. Homemade cider to start on, and at the close coffee, "made very strong and weakened down with cream and sugar." After that unrestrained fun for the children, cob pipes for the older men, cigars for the younger and smiles for everybody. Such is our Thanksgiving in these days in western Indiana.

The nights are deliciously crisp and cool and just long enough for a fellow to get all the sleep he wants. There are no gnats or mosquitoes or buzzing flies. In the deepest woods there is no danger of treading unawares upon a snake, the blue lizards have gone into winter quarters, the hornets no longer buzz from the big gray ball in the old apple tree, and the pesky yellow jackets are not in it.

J. H. BEADLE.

SAVED BY A GALE.

A THANKSGIVING STORY BY M. QUAD.

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On the night of Nov. 22, 1878, the bank of Davids & Davids at Cartersville was robbed of bonds, cash and notes of the face value of $200,000. It was a private bank in a town of 4,000 people, but the town was the center of a rich agricultural community. Nearly every farmer had money in bank or invested in bonds, and the bankers were trustees or administrators for several estates. They were brothers and both well off, and so it came about that their vaults held rich pickings for robbers.

On the morning of Nov. 23 a horse which had been rendered helpless by hard riding was found in the streets of Charlotte, a village 28 miles west of Cartersville. About midafternoon an officer who had been tracing the bank robber appeared in Charlotte and identified the horse. It was plain that the man had come that way, but it was not so plain which direc-

UNCLE JIM SHOUTED FOR HELP.

tion he had taken from Charlotte. A score of people turned out and scoured the country, but no trace of him could be found. At midnight, with most of the searchers camped on the highways and in the fields, still believing that the robber was hidden in the woods, snow began to fall and the wind to rise, and at daylight a gale was sweeping over the country.

Uncle Jim, as everybody called the old man whose real name was James White, had lived for many years in the outskirts of the village of Charlotte. He was what people call a "fated man." He married in 1860 and had just got settled in a home when the house took fire and burned down, and he lost everything. The next year his wife was killed by accident. Six months later he was badly hurt while at work. When he recovered, he enlisted as a soldier, but had only reached the front when the accidental discharge of a cannon deprived him of his right arm and most of his left hand. He had not been home two months when he was run over by a vehicle and so injured that his left leg had to come off at the knee. With his pension money he bought an acre of ground, with a poor old house and a tumble down barn on it, hoping to make his living by growing fruits and vegetables, and for a time he got along reasonably well.

Then his health gave out, his pension was stopped on the grounds that he had given a wrong date in his application, and on Thanksgiving morning, which dawned bleak and drear enough for the happiest in the village, Uncle Jim had two callers.

One was from a villager who held a mortgage on his real estate and had called to tell him that it must be foreclosed, and the other was a county official who tried to tell him in a kindly way that the matter had been talked over and it had been decided to send him to the poorhouse for the winter.

When the callers had gone their ways, Uncle Jim sat down and ate his meager breakfast and looked out of a back window upon the dreary landscape and reflected and wept. Fate had followed him for years and downed him at last. The climax had now come, and as the old man sat down to face it alone he could find but one way out of it. He would never go to the poorhouse, and he would never hobble around the country as a professional mendicant. The alternative was suicide and he would accept it. While other villagers prepared their Thanksgiving dinner or sat in the churches and listened to the sermons prepared for the day his dead body would be swinging at the end of a rope in the old barn on the back end of his lot. Yes, he would hang himself. He had not entered the barn for a month, but he knew there was a stout rope coiled on a peg out there, and the beams and braces offered better chances to secure the free end than a hook in his humble cabin. After an hour's thought Uncle Jim got up, put on his hat, looked around to bid his home farewell and started for the barn. He knew that a gale was sweeping over the country, but he did not realize its strength until clear of the house. Half way between the kitchen door and the barn a sudden gust caught him up and flung him down, and at the same instant the old barn tumbled in with a crash.

The old man got up dazed and bewildered. The fall of the barn frightened him and temporarily drove away all thoughts of suicide. He had turned to re-enter the house, when he heard faint cries for help from the debris of the barn, and in a state of great amazement he hobbled out of the wreckage to investigate. He soon discovered a man held down by beams and planks, and as he worked to release him he came across a satchel. The man had a broken leg and soon after being found became unconscious. Uncle Jim, almost helpless and very badly frightened, shouted for help, and it was an hour after the victim of the accident had been released that his identity was known, and people told the old ex-soldier that fortune had smiled on him at last.

The bank robber had not hidden in the woods. Instead of going beyond Charlotte he had secreted himself in Uncle Jim's old barn to wait for pursuit to cool and a favorable moment to steal another horse. Davids & Davids had offered a reward of $5,000 for the man and his plunder, and at noon of Thanksgiving day both were in the kitchen of the old cripple's shanty home and being well guarded by officers of the law. The burglar, who turned out to be a professional of no mean reputation, was very badly injured, and it was months before he could be tried and given his just deserts, but Thanksgiving's sun had not yet gone down when Uncle Jim had been provided with all the comforts of life and had thanked his God a score of times that out of the bitterness of poverty and the climax of misfortune had arisen a gale to prevent self murder and bring happiness and plenty in the same breath.