

AGENTS JOHN B. STETSON HATS, HAWES \$3 HATS, PLYMOUTH SHIRTS
Shaw Knit Half-Hose, Standard Underwear and Crawford Shoes.



OSCAR JOHNSON

State and Liberty Sts. Salem's Leading Clothier State and Liberty Sts.

November Showing
of the Famous
RACSO
System Clothes.

WE HAVE BUT RECENTLY RECEIVED THE LAST SHIPMENT OF THE FAMOUS RACSO SYSTEM SUITS AND OVERCOATS, THOSE UNIQUE MADE IN NEW YORK GARMENTS FOR MEN AND YOUNG MEN.

\$10 and Upward



November Special
on Men's
OVERCOATS
\$12.50

EVERY MODEL IS DISTINCTIVE IN DESIGN AND FROM FABRIC OF RARE BEAUTY AND UNQUESTIONABLE STRENGTH. OTHER MODELS

\$15.00 and Up



THE WORKING MAN WILL FIND A HOME IN OUR STORE. WE ARE AGENTS FOR CARHARTTS WORK GLOVES AND OVERALLS, ALSO CARRY A FULL LINE OF MERCHANDISE FOR THE LABORING MAN.



Sole Agents For
HAWES
\$3.00 Hats.
New Fall Blocks
Now at your
Approval.

Benjamin Clothes

MADE IN NEW YORK, TAILORED WITH THAT DEGREE OF EXCELLENCY USUALLY FOUND ONLY IN HIGH PRICED CUSTOM MADE GARMENTS.

\$20.00 and Up

Crawford Shoes

For men. We wish to call your attention to the word "Crawford," which means best Quality Shoes.....\$3.50

WISE TURKEYS TRAINING DOWN FOR THANKSGIVING



IF only turkey birds were wise they'd read the sporting pages, Discovering there the secret rare of lengthening out their ages. By training down instead of up they'd so reduce their meat That when Thanksgiving day comes round they'd not be fit to eat, And when the buyer came along to talk with Farmer Jones He'd say, "Why, I these birds can't buy---they're only skin and bones!"

A THANKSGIVING SURPRISE

By JOANNA SINGLE.

THANKSGIVING day was almost upon Miss Abby Cullom, poor, but thrifty, in her cottage at the end of the town, and her only near neighbors, the Beans, Miss Abby, being a New Englander, was always prepared. The Beans, being southern "Crackers," were eternally unprepared in their shiftless little hut. Miss Abby had a good vegetable garden and a big chicken yard.

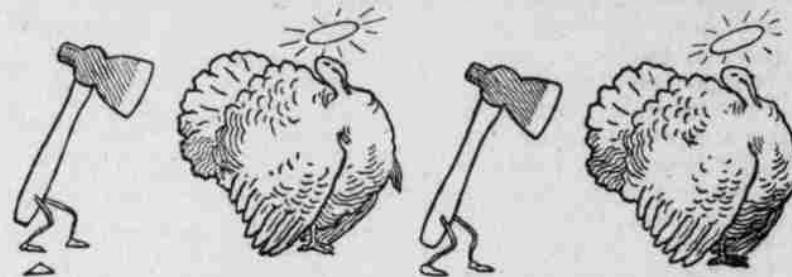
This is where the turkey comes in--an immense gobble, the monarch of the place and the pride of Miss Abby, who had doomed him to Thanksgiving dinner. He grew fatter and fatter, and the assorted collection of Bean



"AN' THERE HE SAT ALL SUMMER ON THAT BENCH."

children watched him hopelessly while they sat astride the division fence. Hunger shone from their eyes. "They'll be stealin' him next thing," Miss Abby muttered as she threw out the dishwater and wrung the dishrag fiercely. "Maw," bawled one of the twins to his gaunt, bedraggled mother in the door, "ain't we goin' to have no turkey? We ain't never had no turkey like other folks." "Yore paw's had mighty pore luck, honey. He can't make out to buy turkey, honey." "Why can't he, maw?" wailed the oldest girl. "Yore paw's had bad luck," the dullest

WHERE THEY GET IT IN THE NECK



THE TURKEYS: "Here's where we get the ax!"
THE AXES: "No; here's where the ax gets you!"

mother voice reiterated. "He'll git us somepin' extray, but I don't reckon it'll be turkey. Turkey meat's awful dear, honey."

Miss Abby slammed into her house with a righteous rattle of stiff blue calico and an indecorous display of flat ankles. She snorted wrathfully:

"Luck, if he'd had any luck he'd never have been born. But he's luckier than his wife and children. He's the laziest image of a man that ever wore pants--too lazy to come when he's called to meals. I'd see that he never was called if I was her."

Miss Abby went to make her bed, and from the open window next the

"Why, maybe she'll have company, honey."

"Can't we be company, maw? Why ain't we never company?"

"We ain't got any relations up along here, honey."

"Would Miss Abby let us be company if she knowed we ain't goin' to have no Thanksgiving?" Miss Abby shut the window with a bang.

"Tain't as if he couldn't work," she muttered. "He won't work. His garden's all dried up for lack of a little water, and there he set all summer on that bench! Nothin' short of a fire built under him would start him to goin'. I should think he'd want to see them young ones with clean faces and full stummicks at least once in the year!"

The days flew, and the turkey grew still fatter and more complacent. The Bean children looked more and more wistful. They sat often on the fence in the chilly November air, their half clothed bodies shivering, their bare feet blue with cold. But with the eternal faith of childhood they watched the turkey in the hope that something would yet give them a taste of him.

Miss Abby's old maid heart grew soft sometimes, but hardened at thought of the lazy father and slovenly mother.

Miss Abby had had bad luck about Thanksgiving company. Everybody was elsewhere engaged--the minister and his family, the Browns and the Treshams. She had no relatives near. Have some one she must, for she had refused Matilda Jenkins' invitation on the plea of having company herself.

The day before Thanksgiving she had found no one and was worried. In the cold gray morning she came out to feed the chickens from a yellow crock held in the angle of her arm. When she had tossed the cornmeal to the hungry brood she closed the chicken yard gate, set down the crock and stood watching the turkey--and the house next door. She folded her thin arms across her blue calico chest for warmth and in what she saw forgot how cold it was.

Four of the eight Beans had the whooping cough, and their thin, scrawny little faces, cleaner than usual, were flattened against the grimy



STOOD WATCHING THE TURKEY AND THE HOUSE NEXT DOOR.

Bean house she could hardly help hearing the rest of the conversation.

"Maw, he's awful big! Will she eat him all herself? Will it make her sick, maw?"

(Continued on page 8.)