

Thanksgiving

By EDGAR A. GUEST

For courage that we surely need,
For strength to do the splendid deed,
For youth, who made the sacrifice
And, smiling, paid the bitter price
That freedom asks of sturdy men,
Oh God, accept our thanks again.

To thee once more today we kneel;
Sad music of the crash of steel
Accompanies our prayers, and yet
Thy mercies everywhere are met,
And we are grateful for the youth
That boldly dared to guard the truth.

Oh God, who gave us sight to see
The way to serve, we pray to thee;
We thank thee for all mothers fair
Who gave their sons in their care
And bravely hid their grief and pain
That liberty and truth should reign.

We thank thee for each noble heart
That scorned to play the coward part;
We thank thee for the humblest lad
That in these bitter times is glad
To toll until war's flag is furled
To make a kindlier, better world.

For yield of tree and fruit and vine
Once more our gratitude is thine;
But in these days of dangers, we
Now offer prayers of thanks to thee
For all the brave and loyal breasts
Wherein the love of honor rests.

Oh God, we thank thee for our youth
That still hold dear the ways of truth;
We thank thee for their courage, and
Devotion to our native land;
We're thankful that our flag still gleams
The emblem of man's highest dreams.
—From The American Boy.

NOT COMPLETE WITHOUT PIE

Time Was When No Thanksgiving Dinner Was Worthy of the Name in Its Absence.

Thanksgiving without pumpkin pie was held to be unthinkable. Yet there could be no pumpkin pie without molasses; because Colchester, Connecticut, did not receive its supply of molasses in season, it voted, in 1705, to put off its Thanksgiving from the first to the second Thursday of November. Pumpkin pies thus featured were usually baked in square tins, having only four corner pieces to each pie.

Second only to the pumpkin pie in importance at such a Thanksgiving feast as Whittier sings was the turkey which had been fattened for the



The Indispensable Pie.

occasion and which, when slowly roasting before the open fire and painstakingly basted from the dripping pan beneath, was fit to be the lord of any feast. Chicken there was, too, though always in the form of chicken pie, and vegetables of every sort, with raisins and citron, walnuts and popcorn, apples and cider galore.

Surely few could have really wished joys such as these to be sacrificed to a second service in the meeting house!

Golden Promise of the Future.

We are thankful for the assurance that out of all the tumult and madness of the past years the world of mankind is to find a life richer, truer, grander, than any it has heretofore known, a life of truer freedom, of sweeter tolerance and of a broader goodwill and brotherhood.

And we are thankful for the thought, amounting almost to a settled conviction, that as a consequence of the great awakening which has come to it with all its blood and tears and suffering, the world will from now on have forever done with every form of organized hypocrisy and oppression, will love the truth and nothing but the truth, and will deal justly, and love mercy.

Worldly Spirit Too Much With Us.

It must be admitted that our country has been an egotistical nation, because of our great material expansion and prosperity, and that the true spirit of Thanksgiving day has not been felt by a very large proportion of the people during the past few years. The intent of the pioneers who established it has been lost sight of largely. It has been regarded too much simply as a day to be observed by the church people, while the crowd took advantage of the holiday to indulge worldly pleasures.—Houston Post.

WOLVES of the SEA

By RANDALL PARRISH

CHAPTER XVI—Continued.

"Yes; hold my hand while I guide you; we can sit here."

It was a couch of some kind against the outer wall. She did not release her grasp, seemingly gaining courage from this physical contact, and my fingers closed warmly over her own.

"Now, please," breathlessly, "how is it possible you are aboard this vessel—an officer?"

I told her the strange story, as swiftly and simply as possible, speaking scarcely above a whisper, feeling as I progressed that I related a dream rather than a series of facts. It seemed to me she could scarcely be expected to believe the truth of what I said, and yet she did, almost unquestioningly, the clasp of her fingers perceptibly tightening as I proceeded.

She sat so close beside me that I could feel her breath upon my cheek. "Why, if you had not told me this yourself I could hardly believe such a tale," she exclaimed. "Yet it must be true, miraculous as it seems. But what is to be the ending? Have you any plan of escape?"

"Hardly a plan. I have had no opportunity even to learn the true nature of the crew. Watkins is an honest sailor, and he has told me of others on whom I could rely. There are those aboard—but I do not know how many—who would mutiny if they had a leader and a reasonable chance of success. I must reach these and learn who they are. Fortunately the voyage promises to be long enough to enable me to plan carefully."

"You have discussed the voyage with this man—Estada?"

"He told me what he had decided upon; not to return to their rendezvous until after they had captured some prizes and could go with gold chinking in their pockets."

"Where is their rendezvous?"

"An island in the West Indies, probably not on the chart. They call it Porto Grande."

"And they will sweep the ocean between here and there seeking victims? Unarmed merchantmen to rob and sink? And you—you will be compelled to take part in such scenes, such acts of pillage and perhaps murder?"

"I presume I must seem to be one of them to avoid suspicion. Have you any suggestions?"

"There is conspiracy on board already," she said quickly, "that you may not know about."

"You mean to depose Sanchez?"

"Yes; you had suspected it? They thought me unconscious in the boat, and talked among themselves—the two at the stern, Estada and that beast Manuel. I did not understand all they said, but I do not think they intend the captain shall recover."

"You think it best that he should?"

"Oh, I do not know; there is no best that I can see. Yet I would have more faith in being spared disgrace if at the mercy of Sanchez, than his lieutenant. Both may be equally guilty, equally desperate, but they are not the same men. I may be wrong, for I judge as a woman, yet I would feel safer with Sanchez. The other merely desires with the passions of a brute. No appeal would reach him; he would laugh at tears and find pleasure in suffering. And yet you would have me appear friendly with Estada?"

"We cannot permit him to feel that either of us are enemies. He is the power aboard; our lives, everything are in his hands. If he means to be rid of Sanchez the man is doomed, for he will find a way to accomplish his purpose; murder means nothing to these men."

"Of course you are right," she acknowledged. "Our case is so desperate we must resort to any weapons. You believe it will serve the possibility of escape if I permit this monster to imagine that I have some interest in him?"

"To do so might delay the explosion," I replied gravely, "and just now any delay is welcome. I doubt if even Estada will resort to force on board; indeed force will be the very last card he will care to play in your case. You are English and all the practical seamen on board are from northern Europe—English and Scandinavian. These men are not pirates from choice—they are prisoners who have taken on to save their own lives. With his bullies and cutthroats amidstships he can compel them to work, but he dare not go too far. Once these fellows unite in mutiny they could take the ship. An assault on you would be dangerous."

"It is these men you count on?"

"Yes; but for me to gain their confidence and leadership will require time. The slightest slip would mean failure and merciless punishment. At best the situation is absolutely desperate—but I see no other solution."

"And my service is deceit—the act-

ing of a part to blind the eyes of Estada?"

"I sincerely believe your greater chance of security lies in this course. The fellow is a supreme egotist; opposition will anger him, while flattery will make him subservient. You have the wit and discretion to hold him within certain limits. It is a dangerous game, I admit, and a disagreeable one, but the case requires desperate remedies."

She lifted her eyes, searching my face through the dim light.

"Geoffrey Carlyle," she said at last, a tremor in the low voice, "there is no sacrifice I would not make to preserve my honor. I hate this man; I dread his touch; I shrink from contact with him as I would from a snake, but I am not going to refuse to do my part. If you say this is right and justified I will consent."

"I believe it is."

"And you will not lose faith in me?" she questioned earnestly. "It will not lower your belief in my womanhood?"

"Nothing could do that. Mistress Dorothy, I want you to realize the depth of my interest and respect. Your friendliness has meant much to me, and I would never urge you to lower your ideals. But we must face this situation as it is. We possess but two weapons of defense—deceit or force. A resort to the latter is at present impossible. I cannot conceive that you are lowering yourself in any way by using the power you possess to escape violence."

"The power I possess?"

"Yes—beauty and wit. These are your weapons, and most effective ones. You can play with Estada and defeat him—temporarily, at least. I confess there is danger in such a game—he is a wild beast, and his evil nature may overcome his discretion. Take this pistol. Keep it hidden about your person, but use it only when all else fails. You retain faith in me?"

"Implicitly."

"And pledge yourself to your part, leaving me to attend to mine?"

Her two hands clasped my fingers, her eyes uplifted.

"Geoffrey Carlyle, I have always believed in you, and now, after the sac-



She Lifted Her Eyes.

rifice you have made to serve me I can refuse you nothing you ask. I will endeavor to accomplish all you require of me. God knows how I hate the task; but—but I will do my best. Only—only," her voice sank, "if—the beast lays hands on me—he—he pays the price. I could not do otherwise. Geoffrey Carlyle—I am a Fairfax."

Satisfied with my mission and confident nothing more need be said, I arose to my feet.

"Then we can do nothing further until I learn the disposition of the crew," I said quietly. "Estad—Estad is likely to resort to extreme measures at present. That is why I believe you are comparatively safe now—his own position of command is in the balance."

"I will see you again?"

"Perhaps not here; it is too dangerous; but I will find means to communicate with you. Good-by."

We stood with hands clasped in the darkness. I thought she was going to speak again, but the words failed to come. Then suddenly, silently the door opened a mere crack, letting in a gleam of yellow light from the main cabin, while the crouching figure of a man, like a gliding shadow slipped through the aperture, closing the door behind him as softly as he had opened it. I heard her catch her breath and felt her hands grasp my sleeve, but I never stirred.

Who could he be? What might be the purpose of his entrance? But one answer occurred to me—Pedro Estada, driven by unbridled passions to attack the girl. I thrust her behind me, and took a step forward, with body poised for action. I was unarmed, but cared little for that in the swift desire to come to hand grips with the brute. I could hear him now, slowly and cautiously feeling his way toward us through the darkness.

CHAPTER XVII.

A Murder on Board.

To be certain of free space I extended one hand and my fingers came into unexpected contact with the back of a chair. Without moving my body I grasped this welcome weapon of defense and swung it above my head. Whoever the invader creeping upon us might prove to be, he was certainly an enemy, actuated by some foul purpose, and no doubt armed. To strike him down as quickly and silently as possible was therefore the plain duty of the moment. I had no other thought.

The slowness with which he groped his way forward indicated unfamiliarity with the apartment, although his direct advance proclaimed some special purpose. Clearly he had no fear of attack. I could determine almost his exact position as his advancing foot felt cautiously along the deck. He came forward inch by inch. I measured the distance as indicated by faint, shuffling sounds.

I could not see but I knew. With all my force I struck! Blindly as it had been delivered the blow hit fair; there was a thud, an inarticulate groan, and the fall of a body upon the floor—beyond that nothing. I waited breathlessly listening for the slightest movement. I felt Dorothy touch my shoulder and caught the sound of her voice trembling at my ear.

"What is it? What did you do?"

"I struck him with a chair; he lies there on the deck. Wait where you are."

I bent over and touched him. The fellow lay in a heap with no perceptible heart-beat, no semblance of breathing. My fingers sought his face, and I could scarcely suppress a cry of surprise—he was not Estada. Who, then, was he? What could have been his purpose in thus invading this stateroom? All I could grasp was the fact that the fellow was not the Portuguese—he possessed a smooth face, long hair, and was a much smaller man. I dragged the body where the light illumination from the after port fell directly on the upturned face. The features revealed were unfamiliar—those unquestionably of a half-breed Indian. Dorothy crossed to my side, her foot striking a knife, which came glimmering into the narrow range of light. She stared in horror at the ugly weapon, and then at the ghastly countenance.

"He came to murder! See, his knife lies there. Why should he have sought to kill me?"

"It is all mystery," I admitted. What shall be done with the body? It cannot be left lying exposed here; no one would believe you killed him, and my presence must not be suspected."

"Could it," she suggested, "be dropped through the port?"

She shrank back from touching the inanimate figure, yet it required the combined efforts of both to force the stiffening body through the porthole. We could distinguish footsteps on the deck above, but these were regular and undisturbed—the slow promenade from rail to rail of the officer on watch. Clearly nothing had been heard or seen to awaken suspicion.

"If you should be questioned tomorrow you had best know nothing," I said gravely. "I do not think you will be, for surely an attack can be no plan of Estada's. It could gain no advantage. The fellow was pillaging on his own account; if he is missed it will be supposed he fell overboard, and no one will care. You are not afraid to remain here alone?"

"No; I am not greatly frightened, but shall try and bar the door with a chair. I have no key."

"Then I'll leave you; half of my watch below must be gone by now. I'll take the fellow's knife along, as it must not be found here."

We parted with a clasp of hands, as I opened the stateroom door and slipped out into the cabin. To my surprise the light over the table had been extinguished, rendering the cabin so black I had to actually feel my way forward. The lantern must have been put out since then by some confederate. After a moment of hesitation I found my way across to my own stateroom and pressed open the door.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Polka Dot.

Because in 1835 a Bohemian peasant girl danced a new step in a little village near the Polish border a Hungarian dancing master introduced it in Europe under the name of Polka, which is the feminine of Polak or Pole. By 1844, at the time James K. Polk was running for the presidency, the dance had spread to America and the name "Polk" and the word "Polka" formed a coincidence at once appealing to everyone. The manufacturers, merchants and designers immediately presented Polka hats, Polka shoes, Polka gauze and the "newest design in fabrics for gentlemen."

On a Commercial Basis.

Gerald gave his grandmother a little gift for her birthday, and she said: "Well, you are a good lad; I shall give you a nickel for yourself." "But, grandma, the present cost 15 cents,"

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It's a queer world. If you don't think so try to count all the good friends who have been away on vacations that you haven't missed.

Brushes were probably invented much later than the comb, but the mirror, the one toilet article without which woman could not exist, must date from a very early period. Perhaps a clear pool allowed curious woman a first view of her face, though we must say that she is not the only vain creature to exist, for a certain gentleman named Narcissus gazed at his reflection in the still water, and gazing fell so in love with his beauty that he pined away and died.

Locusts in Algeria have found a dangerous enemy in a fly which follows them and lays its eggs where they lay theirs.

MURINE Rests, Refreshes, Soothes, Heals—Keep your Eyes Strong and Healthy. If they Tingle, Smart, Itch, or Burn, If Sore, Irritated, Inflamed or Granulated, use Murine often. Safe for Infant or Adult. At all Druggists. Write for Free Eye Book. Marine Eye Remedy Company, Chicago, U. S. A.

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Patent Pie Pan. An inventor has patented a pie pan in two sections that can be taken apart without danger of breaking its contents.

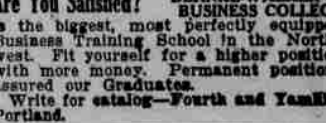
We can all do good work, for all that is required is to follow directions laid down by other people who have done good work before us. It may be that we can improve on what other people have done, and after a while it may be that we can strike out a line for ourselves. Most of us will find that if we do the best we can, even in the most plodding way, we shall find ourselves improving and rising, step by step, in our chosen task.—New York Evening Telegraph.

Fish Live in Ice. During several months of each year some of the great rivers of Siberia are frozen solid to the bottom, but the fishes imprisoned in the ice maintain their vitality and resume their active life when the ice melts in the spring.

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