

The Tramp's Thanksgiving

By MARJORIE CLOUGH

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Evelyn Holt, aged thirty, was preparing for Thanksgiving. She had stuffed the turkey, made the cranberry sauce, baked the pumpkin pies, and there was nothing to do till it was time to cook the dinner. The cold was increasing, the wind was blowing, and the clouds were spitting snow. Miss Holt, seeing a few pieces of the week's washing still on the clothesline in the yard, fearing they would be torn by the wind, went out to bring them in. While doing so a tramp put his hand on the gate to open it. Pausing, he looked at Evelyn, then, opening the gate, entered the yard. Lifting his hat, he respectfully said:

"I'm sorry, miss, on this Thanksgiving day to throw anything unpleasant in the way of any one, but I'm a tramp, with a tramp's home, which is nowhere, and there's something I'm longing for. I'd like to enter some faultily for the day where I can see others happy about me. I've been working occasionally lately and earned some money; therefore I can contribute to the expense of the dinner. If you'll just take me in, miss, for the few hours that remain before the day is ended you will confer an everlasting favor."

There was something in the manner, the voice, the expression, of the man that touched a chord in Evelyn's heart. She did not reply for a few moments. She was thinking that she would like to give this pleasure to the poor wanderer, who spoke too sincerely to be imposing upon her. Presently she said:

"Come in and I'll give you something to eat, anyway. We're not much better off than you in this house, but we've got a good dinner. We always have that on Thanksgiving, even if we have to pinch in some other way."

"You needn't pinch this year. I've got enough to pay for it all. And money doesn't do a tramp any good. Money is only fit for those who haven't the wandering fever."

He entered the house with Evelyn, who offered him something to eat, but he declined, saying that he could buy what he needed. He longed to be one of a family Thanksgiving party, and if he couldn't be admitted to their circle he would go away. As the different members came in Evelyn communicated to them what he wished, and since no one seriously objected and he asked to be permitted to leave with them an amount to pay for the whole dinner, he was suffered to remain.

Shortly before the dinner hour he went away, saying that he would return. He did return, and much improved in appearance. His stubble beard had been shaved, his hair cut, and he had evidently bought and put on a clean shirt. Besides, he had had a bath. When the family were seated at dinner he asked permission to say grace and when suffered to do so gave thanks not only for the bountiful provision, but also that it had pleased God to bestow upon this deserving family every comfort. No one understood what he meant by "every comfort," since they were all very much cramped for their daily expenses.

Grace had hardly been said when a grocer's wagon drove up and left a bottle of wine. Evelyn went to the door, received it and returned with a blank expression on her face.

"It's one of the 'comforts,'" said the tramp.

"Oh, I see," said Evelyn. "You sent it."

"Yes. I told you I had enough to give us all a good time."

Under the influence of the dinner and the wine the company waxed genial, the tramp took on a mood far more pleasing than one who was a homeless wanderer, and all were glad they had taken him in.

Finally, when the dinner was ended and they were all eating nuts and raisins, the tramp took a little book out of his pocket, wrote something, tore it out and handed it to Evelyn.

"Is that enough?" he said. "If not there's plenty more."

"Evelyn saw before her a check for \$10.00."

"I don't know what it means," she said.

"It means, Evelyn, that I'm Jim Scarborough. I went away fifteen years ago and have been a wanderer and a speculator ever since. You called me a dreamer, and so I was. I finally struck some luck and came back to let my story tell itself. If I had come as myself you wouldn't have believed me. That's a check for \$10.00, payable to you for you to distribute among this family. I've got a lot more for you in case you're willing to redeem your promise, if I would settle down and make money enough to support a wife."

Every one at the table save Evelyn looked at the man, wondering if he was mad. She simply gazed on him, wondering if all this were true or if she were dreaming.

"This isn't the place for private affairs," he continued, "but I prefer to have it all out at once. I'm a rich man, but in one sense a tramp. I have no home unless this is to be my home in the future."

"This is your home, Jim," said Evelyn, putting out her hand, and in the presence of all present he took her in his arms.

FEEDING WORK HORSES IN WINTER.

The problem of feeding work horses is doubtless of as wide interest as any problem in live stock management, writes L. G. Johnson in Farm and Ranch. Practically all farmers, no matter what particular branch of farming they are engaged in, have occasion to feed work horses, and it matters not whether feeds are high or low it always pays best to feed such food as is best for the animal—the ones that are most efficient and economical. At the present high prices of all man-



A well bred Shire horse is from 16.2 to 17 hands high, with a girth of 7 feet 6 inches to 8 feet. Its breed seems to be a cross between native Lincolnshire and Dutch stallions.

ner of grain feeds it is especially important that a judicious selection of feeds be made, for much loss may result from this phase of stable management if you fail to give it proper attention.

In the first place, it is necessary to provide good, comfortable, cleanly kept quarters for the horse during the cold weather, allowing him, of course, plenty of pure water and then feed him such foods as he will relish. For his grain ration for the most part I prefer oats in preference to corn. Of course the horse wants a change occasionally, and for this change I sometimes give a feed of chopped corn and wheat bran, but oats are the main grain ration. These, with pure, clean timothy hay, will keep the horse in a desirable, healthy condition and at the same time keep his muscles hardened so as to fit him for the next spring and summer's work.

Care of Dairy Utensils.

Any dirt that has accumulated on the milk can be good evidence that the milk is full of these undesirable bacteria. To guard against this trouble it is first necessary to look to the utensils. Only those that can be easily cleaned, which have a hard, smooth surface without any unnecessary corners, should be used. Wooden vessels contain thousands of small pores that make it almost impossible to thoroughly clean them. Glassware and earthenware have been used to some extent with good results, but the fact that they are so expensive and easily broken makes it not practicable to use them. Galvanized zinc or iron receptacles should never be used. Tin that is perfectly free from rough surfaces combines all the good qualities to be desired in milk utensils.

Horse Out of Condition.

For a rundown horse that is losing flesh and refuses his grain treat as follows: On empty stomach in the morning give one and one-half quarts raw linseed oil and two ounces turpentine well mixed. In two or three days give following powder: Sulphate of iron, two ounces; saltpeter, two ounces; nux vomica (powdered), one ounce. Mix well together and give in feed morning and night a heaping teaspoonful. It is possible that worms may be the cause of the trouble. If so, above treatment will eradicate them.

DAIRY POINTERS.

With even only two cows it pays to own a cream separator. Enough more cream is taken out to have two pounds of butter each week, worth, say, 50 cents. The gain in price is also said to be 6 cents a week and the whole gain for the year \$29.12.

The ideal color for butter is a golden yellow, and you can't fix it up any other way.

Steam is the best thing to clean milk bottles. Turn it on gently at first, but more strongly as the glass heats up well. It is not hard to arrange a steam generating vessel with a suitable pipe to it.

To ripen cream in winter, keep it in a warm room or in a cellar. Many farmers' wives keep it in a stone jar back of the kitchen stove.

Milk or cream that has become warm should never be poured back into the bottle of cold milk.

What filth is dissolved in the milk will remain to soil it and injure the flavor and keeping qualities.

It is impossible to tell the profitable cows from the unprofitable animals unless you test your milk. The quantity of milk is not enough. The butter fat must be considered.

BOARDING IN A CUBAN HOME

You Must Not Mention Money, but You Pay All the Same.

In Cuba, where money is not talked of, where no one is valued according to his money, the need of it is never mentioned, writes Kate Jordan in the New Idea Woman's Magazine.

"Be sure you do not speak of money," the Cuban friend who had introduced us had said. "From her husband's income I know the senora expects \$15 a week for each of you. Put this in an envelope with her full name on it, which you know means not only her husband's name, but all of her own family names, which I will give you, and leave it where she will find it. It will disappear, but," said our Cuban friend proudly and sternly, "it will never be mentioned."

To eat one's three meals under the summer sky gave a holiday flavor to what becomes habit. Our table was set under a palm on one of the galleries. Our first taste of the food of Cuba was a moment to be remembered. They are peeled whole and so close that even the juicy pods are cut into a little. A fork is stuck into each orange, and, resting in a bowl of ice packed all night, they are in the morning little globes of food liquid sweetness. They are eaten while held up on the fork, the pulp, the skeleton of the orange being left impaled on it.

The Havana housekeeper believes in having the cook, with the gravity of a prime minister, deposit the food on the table, because to her point of view what is meant to be hot should be as hot as cayenne and what is meant to be cold of a polar iciness.

After the cook's triumphant bearing in of a fish other servants are on hand to give minor service.

AN EXPERT BOOKMAKER.

One in Havana That Puzzled a Chicago Betting Man.

"If you want to see expert bookmakers you should go to Havana," remarked a Chicago man. "They certainly have their business down fine. I went to a cockfight in one of the suburbs of Havana on a Sunday. Nearly everybody in that part of the town had turned out."

"With two friends I got seats close to the pit. I had never seen a cockfight, and I was interested. At the edges of the pit several natives were standing, facing the audience and yelling and waving their hands. I asked one of my friends, who had been in Havana a short time, what they were doing. He said they were taking bets. Sure enough, the spectators were shouting back at them, announcing their favorites and placing their bets. But the bookmakers were not using even a pencil. One of them, I am sure, must have taken fifty bets."

"I wanted to get in on the game, so I decided to bet \$2 on a black gamecock that looked good to me. I handed over my money, but I didn't get a ticket. I felt sure I should never again see my money even if I had picked the winner. Well, the main was fought, and my bird won. I watched the bookmaker as he went among the crowd, handing money here and there. When he came to me he handed over \$10. I was surprised, but he didn't notice it, as he was too busy cleaning up his slate. Finally I discovered through a spectator near by who could speak English a little that my bird had been a four to one shot."

"How that 'bookie' ever kept all those bets in his mind is more than I can understand."—Washington Post.

A Tale of "Tipping."

To tip or not to tip the person who but does his or her duty is a question recalling an incident set down in Walpole's reminiscences of how a king once unwillingly encouraged the custom. "This is a strange country," commented George I. "The first morning after my arrival at St. James I looked out of the window and saw a park with walls, canal, etc., which they told me were mine. The next day Lord Chetwynd, the ranger of my park, sent me a brace of carp out of my canal, and I was told that I must give 5 guineas to Lord Chetwynd's servant for bringing me my own carp out of my own canal in my own park!"

A Puzzle.

"That is a puzzle," said a novelist at a dinner in New York. "Yes, that is as much a puzzle as Mrs. Malaprop's definition of naïvete."

"Mrs. Malaprop and a gentleman were discussing a beautiful young lady poet. The gentleman said:

"What I regard as the most conspicuous thing about her is her naïvete."

"Yes," said Mrs. Malaprop; "I wonder what made her get such a tight one."—Washington Star.

A Straight Tip.

"Say," growled the first hobo, "why didn't yer go ter dat big house an' git a handout?"

"Why, I started ter," replied the other, "but a minister lookin' guy gimme a tip not ter. He sez: 'Turn from yer present path. Ye're goin' ter de dogs.'"—Philadelphia Press.

Sorry He Spoke.

Husband—Well, I must say that all fools are not dead yet. Wife (affectionately)—I'm glad of it, dear. I never look well in black.—Illustrated Bits.

The Old Story.

"Did Hardluck bear his misfortune like a man?"

"Exactly like one. He blamed it all on his wife."—Judge.

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