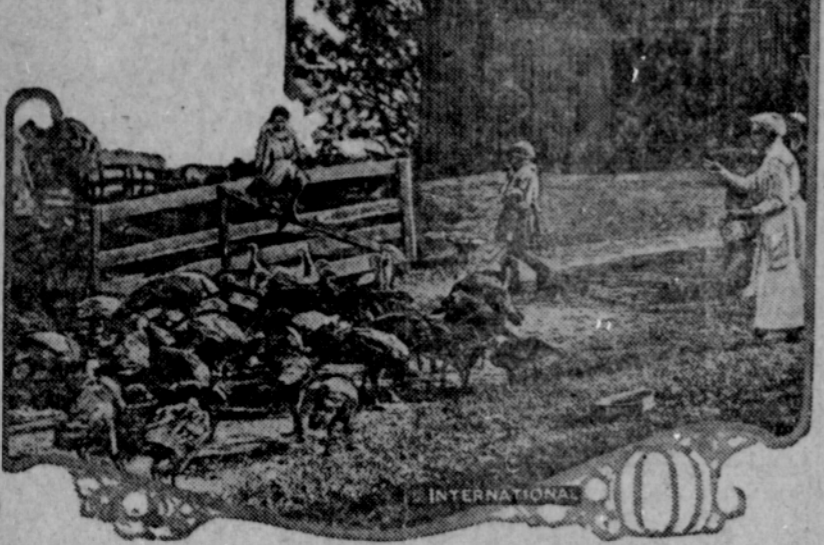


Giving Them the "Once-Over"

Scene on a Gobbler Farm in Maryland, Where Some of the Finest Birds Are Raised



A Real Thanksgiving

by Frederick Hart

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"I don't see why he didn't write!" said Mrs. Halden pettishly. "Of course I'm glad he's coming home for Thanksgiving, and all that, but he might have given me longer notice. But that's just like Bob—always dropping in like a tornado, with no more than a telegram the day before he comes—and how I'm to get his room ready, I simply don't see! I have the dinner to attend to, and goodness knows it's hard to get things these days without making preparations for another guest. If he'd only written! All he had to do was to sit down a week ago and write—"

"Now, mother, don't get all worried," pretty Barbara Halden slipped an arm around her mother's ample waist. "I know you've a thousand things to do, and Bob's coming makes it harder—but you just go ahead and manage the dinner. I'll fix his room and everything."

"Bless your heart, dear, run along and get it ready. I'm always glad to see Bob—" Her speech was cut short by the abrupt exit of her daughter, who danced off up the stairs, followed by her mother's call. "Be sure and put out the smoking table! You know how Bob likes his pipe!"

"All right, mother dear—I will!" And Barbara sped to the little room under the eaves that had been sacred to Bob Holiday since the time, two years ago, when he had first come to their town to practice law and had taken up his residence under Mrs. Halden's hospitable roof, which he declared almost offered comforts enough to make him forget that he ever had had any other home.

Since that summer, when he had saved Mrs. Halden's little savings and her home from the clutches of a grasping syndicate of real estate sharks, he had been like a son to the good woman. She had let him do very much as he pleased around the house, and had even hinted at his paying no board, but Bob had insisted on giving her what he termed a ridiculously inadequate sum each month.

When success brought him fame and fortune he had refused to take up other lodgings, claiming that he enjoyed the home cooking and the home associations of the little brown house near the edge of the town more than he could ever like the garish splendors of a hotel or the loneliness of bachelor apartments.

For the past two months he had been traveling in the West on a big railroad case. His sudden wire, received the day before Thanksgiving, had been the first appraisal of his return that Mrs. Halden had had.

Now as she busily arranged her kitchen in preparation for the manufacturing of a dinner that should surpass all her former efforts in that line, she blessed the chance that brought "her boy," as she called Bob, home at the holiday season, while she outwardly feigned great irritation at his unceremonious announcement of his return.

Meanwhile, up in Bob's room, Barbara was busily putting things straight, spreading clean linen on the bed, arranging the cover on the dresser, seeing that the smoking table was supplied with matches and trays for Bob's ever-present pipe, and generally making things fresh and sweet for the reception of her hero. For Barbara, Bob was a good deal of a hero, though she would hardly have confessed it, even to herself.

She attacked the dresser last of all, intending to take out of the drawers any odds and ends that might be in them and leave space for shirts, collars and other articles of masculine apparel.

ers stuck obstinately in the manner of some drawers. She gave a hard tug; the wood remained obdurate; she set her teeth and pulled violently.

The next moment she was sitting on the floor with the recalcitrant drawer upside down in her lap and a lot of odd-looking papers scattered about.

With a little laugh and a shrug at her awkwardness she rose and stooped to gather up the papers. As she picked up one scrap, larger than the others, she happened to glance at it, and something that was written on the top gripped her attention. With the blood dyeing her cheeks, she read: "To Barbara."

Below were some lines of poetry. She read them through. They were not so good, as poems go; in fact, there were spots where the meter halted and staggered, and the rhymes were not above criticism; but to the heart of the girl who read them, they were more beautiful than any words of the greatest singers of all words. For there in written words was expressed the love of a man for a maid—the love of Bob, her hero, for herself, Barbara Halden!

She read the verses through. Then, with the blood dyeing her cheeks, she hastily thrust the paper into the bosom of her dress. Bob—Bob loved her! He had never spoken, but the verses spoke for him. And she—she knew it now—she had loved him ever since he had come to the house. Her heart sang a psalm of thanksgiving that at last she knew. And he was coming in on the evening train!

The 7:25 bore to the town a handsome young man who hastened from the station to Mrs. Halden's house in the nearest taxi. He was greeted with



The Next Moment She Was Sitting on the Floor.

effusion mingled with reproach by the good woman and by a girl who had formerly rushed to greet him with a glad cry and outstretched hand, but who now shyly stood back and blushed at his hearty clasp. And Bob, looking keenly at her with his eyes trained to read human faces and learn the thoughts beneath the masks, realized that she knew—and grew red and embarrassed beneath her glance.

It was not till after the late supper that they had a chance to talk. And the first words that Bob said as he sat alone with Barbara in Mrs. Halden's tiny living room were:

"How did you know?"

"I—I—oh, Bob, forgive me!" Barbara was almost in tears.

His arm around her shoulders assured her of his forgiveness.

And then, with averted eyes, Barbara repeated a few lines of the verses she read. A few only, for Bob's lips on hers stopped her before she had gotten farther than the first "I love you."

"I knew I'd left those foolish verses behind," said Bob after a time. "But I never dreamed you'd find them."

"It was an accident," replied Barbara, happily. "But oh, Bob dear, I'm so glad it happened!"

And Mrs. Halden, coming in to wish them good-night and a happy Thanksgiving, said, when she had recovered from her surprise, that she was glad, too.

Something to Think About

By F. A. WALKER

OUR WASTEFUL HABITS

IT IS frequently remarked by close-observing Englishmen who visit America, that our people are shamefully wasteful, and fling away money without any apparent thought of the proverbial rainy day.

Whether these alien commentators have penetrated deeply into the subject is not definitely known, but judging from their oft-repeated averments, assuming at times a form of caustic criticism, there is doubtless more truth in the matter than we suspect.

It is not without a pang of regret—a ruffling of our pride, perhaps—that we Americans, who are disposed to analyze conditions with unbiased minds, reluctantly admit that our English cousins are right.

We recognize that we have many spendthrifts, constantly setting a bad example to the young, that they are extravagant and decidedly foolish.

Money is poured out like water, as though, like Topsy, "it just grewed." There is consolation, however, in the thought that these prodigals come mostly from the ranks of the newly rich and thoughtless inheritors.

They have no idea of the stern realities of life, nor the long dragging years of incessant labor and self-denial that are necessary for a working or professional man to accumulate even a moderate competency for old age.

These people congregate where the music flows, where the tables are heaped with dainties. They smile and backbite, puff themselves up like frogs and spend recklessly. They fall naturally into a state which is common to their kind.

If we could follow them through their improvident course to the end, we would find them in pitiable plight, repentant and likely as not homeless.

The necessity of conserving time and money ought now be impressed upon all of us with considerable more stress than it has been in the recent past, and particularly upon the inconsiderate young men and women.

Let high thinking, hard work and thriftiness form the important part of our spiritual bill of fare, so that in the end we may be robust of body and soul, sound of purse, unafraid of landlords and in position in old age to accept all the vagaries of life with supreme confidence and complacency.

LYRICS OF LIFE

By DOUGLAS MALLOCH

WHY NOT TELL HER SO?

OF COURSE you love her just the same
As when at first you wed,
Perhaps with not so hot a flame,
But still the coals are red.
The new-made blaze is bright with heat
And ruddy with desire;
But time shall give you something sweet—
Peace, and the quiet fire.

Of course you love her as of old,
Your love she ought to know.
New loves burn hot, new loves turn cold,
With all the winds that blow.
But time shall bring the steady blaze,
The flame that never died;
Yea, time shall bring contented days,
The quiet ingestide.

Of course you love her as of yore—
The years that you have shared
Have made you love her even more.
Than ever you have cared.
Of course you love her just the same,
Your love she ought to know.
For time has brought the steady flame—
But why not tell her so?
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HOW DO YOU SAY IT?

By C. N. LURIE

Common Errors in English and How to Avoid Them

"SPOONFULS," ETC.

IN CONSIDERING the proper form of the plurals of such words as "spoonful," "cupful," "armful," etc., it must be borne in mind that the unit considered is not the spoon, the arm, the cup, etc.; but the material that fills the spoon, etc. Thus, the unit is the spoonful, not the spoon, and as "spoonful" is the name of a thing in itself, the proper form of the plural is found by adding an "s" to the word "spoonful," and not to the part of the word "spoon."

Of course, there are times when the unit is the spoon itself; that is, when two or more spoons are filled. When, for example, you have before you two spoons filled with sugar, you should say "two spoons full," and not "two spoonfuls." But when you take a spoon, fill it with sugar and empty it into your coffee cup, and repeat the process, you have taken two "spoonfuls" of sugar, and not two "spoons full."
(Copyright.)

Mabel Normand



Upon her recent arrival in Chicago, Mabel Normand, the winsome "movie" star, joined the decorators' union. She is seen at work here helping decorate a new million-dollar motion picture theater.

THE RIGHT THING AT THE RIGHT TIME

By MARY MARSHALL DUFFEE

HOW TO SET A TABLE.

Slight not what's near through aiming at what's far.—Euripides.

IS THERE anything more unappetizing than a carelessly set table? All of us, presumably, should have a soul so far above buttons that we would not notice our food overmuch. But few of us have reached the happy state where we eat only to be nourished. Most of us are quite susceptible to dainty food and dainty service.

This being so, the economical housewife should appreciate the value of serving every meal daintily. For food that is enjoyed will be better assimilated and therefore will do its full duty of giving nourishment to those who eat it.

A nicely set table is the first requisite for the dainty service of a meal.

Spotlessness and neatness are essential to a nicely set table. No matter how simple the meal or how simple the table appointments, they should and can always be clean and neatly arranged.

At breakfast and luncheon doilies or runners can be used. In some houses runners are used even at dinner. If they are used—or if doilies are used—the table must be perfectly clean.

When a cloth is used first spread a felt or asbestos covering to protect the table and hush the sound of plates, and silver. Then spread a cloth with the fold that marks the middle of it laid evenly from end to end of the table. Always fold the cloth in the same creases, and lay it neatly in a drawer until it is wanted again. Or else fold it only once lengthwise and then roll it on a wooden or pasteboard cylinder.

After the cloth is neatly laid, put on the silver. At the right of each place put the knives and spoons and at the left put the forks. At the end of the knives place a glass for water and at the end of the forks place a butter plate.

For an informal home dinner there should be a large knife next to the plate on the right for cutting meat, next to that a spoon for dessert and next to that a soup spoon. On the left there should be as many forks as will be needed—one for the meat, one for the salad and one for the dessert, or, if none is needed for dessert and there is no salad, only one fork should be placed. If oysters are served to begin with the oyster fork is placed at the right of the soup spoon. The butter spreader, unless it is large, is placed on the butter plate; if the spreader is large, it is placed next, on the right, to the knife for meat.

A centerpiece of some sort should be placed in the center of the table. Growing ferns or cut flowers can be used, or a little bowl full of evergreen leaves or foliage. A dish of fresh and beautiful fruit can also be used.

The napkin should either be placed at the right of the silver or else it should be folded and placed on the plate in front of each person. Of course, when clean napkins are not used every meal and the napkins are kept in rings, they should be placed at the right, or else in front of the plate, between the water glass and the butter plate.

(Copyright.)



LIGHT
"Buzzer is a man who always weighs his words isn't he?"
"Yes, but it takes a deuce of a lot of 'em to weigh anything."

DAY FOR THANKS

Presidential Proclamations Are Prepared With Care.

State Department Specialist Draws Them Up Before They Are Submitted for Presidential Signature.

It is a mistake to suppose that the annual Thanksgiving proclamation of the President of the United States is always written or dictated by the President. As a matter of fact, about all the President has to do with

issued on Jan. 1, 1795, and set apart the following Feb. 19 as a day for thanksgiving and prayer.

Any one who desires to see all the Thanksgiving proclamations issued by Presidents of the United States will find them preserved in red leather volumes in the State department.

Some years ago, observes a writer of national reputation, I had the rare pleasure of having an official of the State department show to me the proclamations issued relative to Thanksgiving day. They are all handsomely bound in red leather keepers, and it was gratifying to see with what care these documents were kept. Even the one issued by President George Washington was there in all its glory. But it was not concern-

By the President of the United States of America
A Proclamation
When we review the calamities which afflict so many other Nations the present condition of the United States affords much matter of consolation

It is to sign his name to it. The actual composition of the Thanksgiving proclamation is the work of a specialist in the State department at Washington. He endeavors, year after year, to express practically the same sentiments in an entirely new way, or at least without repeating verbatim anything that had been said in previous Thanksgiving proclamations. And, as may be readily understood, this task is becoming more difficult with each suc-

ing a November holiday, as it was observed on Feb. 19, 1795, and dated January, 1795.

The other Presidents intermittently or occasionally proclaimed the day of prayer, and I was curious to know just what engaged the attention of President James Madison in 1816, just 100 years ago, and it has, in part, these good lines:

"The day be set apart on which all may have opportunity of voluntarily

Deeply penetrated with this sentiment I George Washington President of the United States do recommend to all Religious Societies and Denominations and to all persons whatsoever within the United States to set apart and observe the day of February next as a day of public Thanksgiving and prayer and on that day

cessive annual call for a day of rejoicing and thanksgiving.

The first Thanksgiving proclamation ever issued by a President of the United States was signed by George Washington, and the original document is preserved in the library of the State department. The first draft of the proclamation started off: "In the calamities which afflict so many of the nations;" but Attorney-General Edward Randolph did not

offering at the same time in their respective religious assemblies their humble adoration of the Great Sovereign of the Universe, of confessing their sins and transgressions and of strengthening their vows of repentance and amendment. . . . They will be invited by the same solemn occasion to call to mind the distinguished favors conferred on the American people—in their security and in the victories which have so powerfully

In Testimony whereof I have caused the seal of the United States of America to be affixed to these presents and signed the same with my hand Done at the City of Philadelphia the First day of January one thousand seven hundred and ninety five and of the Independence of the United States of America the nineteenth
G. Washington

approve of such a gloomy beginning for a Thanksgiving message, so he changed it to "When we review the calamities which afflict so many other nations, the present condition of the United States offers much matter of consolation and satisfaction."

Even this sentence was changed, rewritten, corrected, revised, modified and altered several times by various members of the cabinet to whom it was submitted, but it was

not our bird of paradise it is certain that his presence contributes much toward making a paradise of our homes on Thanksgiving day.

TURKEY IS AMERICAN.

The turkey is a genuine American and not what his name would imply. Who that has spent his youth in a turkey raising community fails to recognize the dignity of the turkey cock when, with wings loose, he walks through his domain with his obedient flocks of followers? If the turkey is

not our bird of paradise it is certain that his presence contributes much toward making a paradise of our homes on Thanksgiving day.

THANKSGIVING DAY.

Never let day nor night unhallow'd pass,
But still remember what the Lord hath done.
—SHAKESPEARE.



LIFTED ABOVE ALL NATIONS

Surely Americans Have Abundant Reasons for Giving Thanks to the Bestower of Our Blessings.

The history of Thanksgiving day has been told innumerable times in song and story, from pulpit and platform and in the press. From the time of its first celebration 300 years ago men and women and children of this nation have heard the message of the serious purpose of this commemorative day. No less mindful than were our fathers are we today of the sacredness of its purpose.

True, in days gone by it was a much more simple event. In the early days of its origin, a little settlement here and another there rendered thanks to the Deity for the blessings they felt He had bestowed upon them. And they were simple blessings for the most part. Gratitude for the gifts which Nature had handed them; rejoicing that in an alien world they were none the less happy and contented—these were the returns for which they gathered in family groups to give thanks.

Nature has not withheld from us this year her customary bounty. Our harvests have been gratifying; we do

not in this regard lack cause for rejoicing. Nor indeed is our present state in matters that do not pertain merely to harvests and fields of grain, one that is altogether without splendid prospects for great achievement. By a combination of circumstances we are today the one nation in the world to whom her sister nations may look for aid and comfort in their hour of need.

As potential world power for good, America has reason to be grateful for the privileged position it holds among her sister nations. That is at least one cause for national thanksgiving.

New Use for Wood Pulp Waste.

By carrying a step further the process of recovering sulphite spirit from the waste of wood pulp factories, by evaporation, it has been discovered that a new and valuable fuel may be produced, says Popular Mechanics Magazine. The process precipitates the organic contents of the lye in the form of powdered coal.

Chinese Massage.

Medical gymnastics were reduced to a scientific system by Taoist monks. The main point of the Chinese system of massage is the three principal attitudes, standing, sitting and lying, and three modes of breathing, through the mouth, nose and inspiration and expiration alternately through both organs. Iron balls are rolled swiftly to and fro in the hands to strengthen the muscles. To massage the stomach a wooden instrument consisting of three movable wheels is applied.