

THANKSGIVING ON THE FARM.

If there's wan thing more'n t'other,  
As some folks o' n say,  
As makes a chap feel kinder good,  
Et is Thanksgiving' day!  
Fer even ef he's had hard luck  
An' things ha'n't bin jes' right  
There's lots o' folks has had it, to,  
Frum mornin' untill night,  
An' w'en we kinder reckuns up  
Our pleasures with our pain  
An' take the hull year thro' an' thro'  
We surely can't complain;  
We've had good health, enuff ter eat,  
An' clocs enuff ter wear,  
An' mostly there's a turkey fat  
W'en Thanksgiving' draws near,  
An' then, thank God, the rent is paid,  
The hosses they've got hay,  
The cattle ha'n't got no disease,  
There's no old scores to pay;  
This mornin' my old gal an' me  
Jes' tuk a look aroun',  
The same as we've dun ev'ry year  
'Fore snow lays on the groun';  
See I, "There's Mister Gobbler there  
A-struttin' rou'n' so gay,  
But mebbe he'll forgit ter strut  
'Bout nex' Thanksgiving' day."  
H'gosh it made me feel as proud  
As any millionaire,  
As Hess an' me walked rou'n' the farm  
An' tuk the mornin' air;  
I knew her old heart jes' felt glad  
Fer thinkin' 'bout our Jim  
A-comin' with his new made wife  
Ter sing Thanksgiving' hymn,  
An' so, altho' we ha'n't got rich,  
We'll thank the Lord an' say,  
Fer what we hev, Almighty God,  
We give thee thanks this day.  
—H. Wakefield Smith, in Buffalo News.

AUNT CATHERWOOD'S BOX.

"What are all those things, Auntie?" asked Vivian, coming suddenly into Aunt Catherwood's room. Aunt Catherwood was in the closet. Near the door was a heap of cast-off garments.

"Oh, they're old clothes I'm sending to your Uncle Catherwood's sister who lives out West," was the muffled reply. "She's very poor, so I always send her a box once a year about Thanksgiving."

Vivian looked again at the pile of garments. She was a tall, golden-haired girl of fifteen, with a sweet, charming face, though a little pale and thin just now. Aunt Catherwood was her father's sister, and Vivian had come to visit her for a few weeks. She had had a dangerous illness in the summer, and the old family physician having ordered for her a change of climate and a change of scene, she had left home, friends and schoolmates, and a lonely time she had of it.

Vivian did not care much for Aunt Catherwood. She was so different from what she thought her dear father's sister ought to be, still, somehow, she felt sorry for her.

Aunt Catherwood was rich, but she had no children. She loved to save money and was very close about spending it. She gave little, if anything, to charities, and was a stern and exacting mistress to her servants. The big house might be handsome enough, but to Vivian it was luxuriously gloomy.

"Are there any children?" asked Vivian interestedly, still gazing at the clothes.

"Yes, two. I believe there's a girl about your age. Gladys is her name. She writes to your Uncle Catherwood occasionally; always after I send a box. I must say, however, that her letters are not over and above grateful. And to think of the trouble I go to, too. They expect everything and never have anything to give themselves."

Vivian looked at the varied assortment again. A frayed dress skirt, somewhat soiled, lay at the bottom of the heap. There were some old stockings and shoes, a black woolen dress that was moth-eaten, a worn jacket, and two or three old bonnets. There wasn't really a good article among them, and Vivian waxed indignant as she took stock of them.

"There, I believe that's all," announced Aunt Catherwood, emerging from the closet with a wrinkled and faded dressing sacque in her hands. "What a nuisance poor relatives are. If they'd save their money they wouldn't need any help."

Vivian felt very sorry for these poor relations of Uncle Catherwood's. Vivian did not know anything about poverty, for her father, too, was a rich man, and she had everything she wanted, but she could form something of an opinion. It must be unpleasant to be obliged to wear clothes like those before her, and there wasn't a thing there that was suitable, or could be made to do for Gladys.

"We'll pack them in that box standing in the hall," said Aunt Catherwood briskly. "I told James to bring it up this morning. To-night I'll send it off."

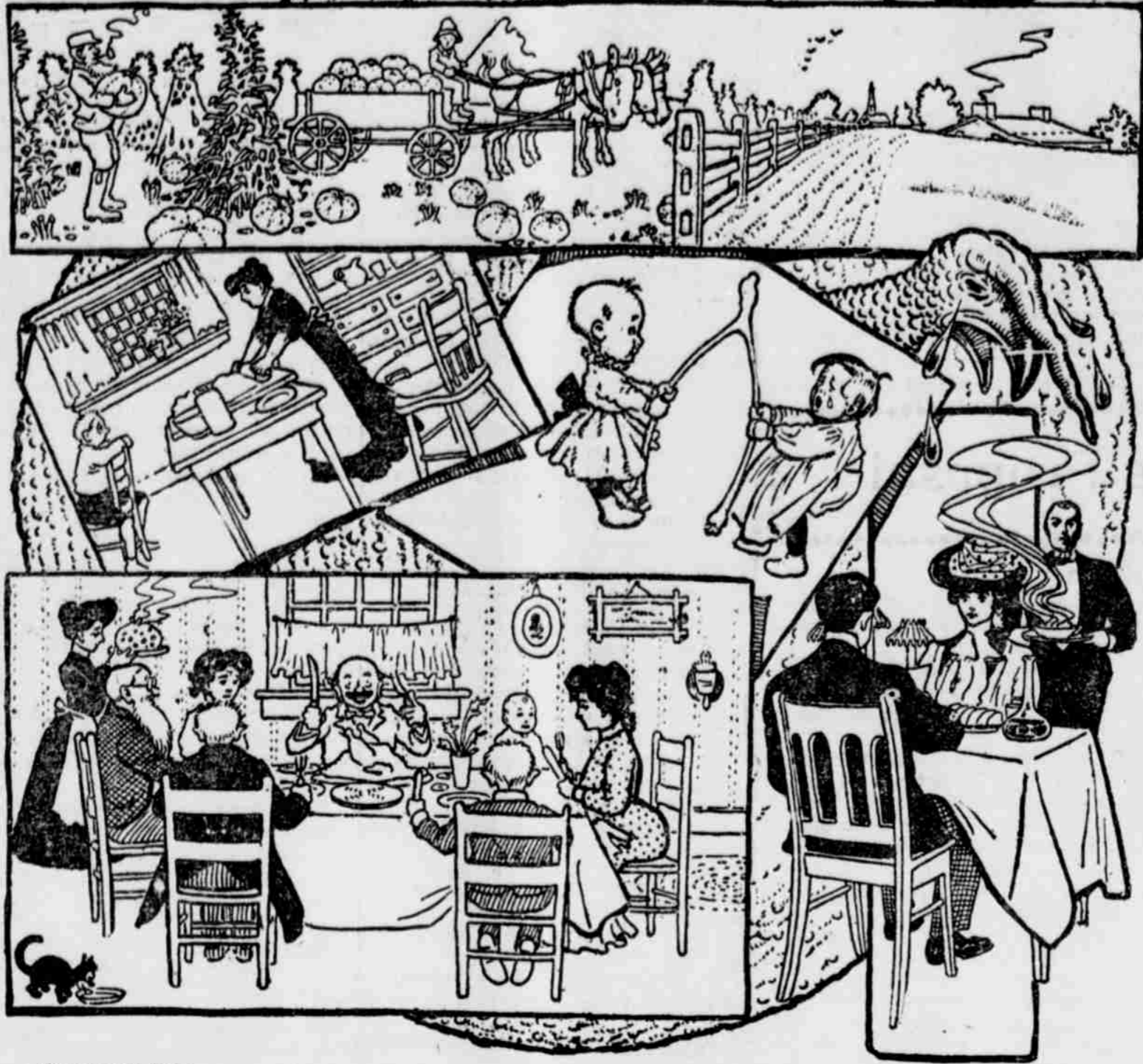
Two hours later Aunt Catherwood departed in her carriage for her round of engagements. She looked very stately and imposing in her silk and laces, with her white, jeweled hands and fashionably dressed hair. Vivian watched at the window until the carriage was out of sight, then she turned away. "Now is my chance," she whispered merrily. "My, I'm so glad she had to go away."

Her face lighted up and she nodded in a pleased fashion to herself. The big house was as lonely as ever, but somehow Vivian did not mind it. The box kept her company. She smiled happily as she vanished into her room.

She was gone quite a while. When she came out her arms were laden. She sat down by the box, depositing her burden carefully on the floor. The first thing she took up was a gray dress made in the prevailing fashion. A beautiful dress it was, soft and rich and fine, with a pink velvet collar and cuffs.

"I'm glad I can send this," she murmured. "I don't really need it and mother won't care when I tell her. She always said it was so becoming, and I hope it will be to Gladys. Then here's these shoes. I can spare them, and this ribbon. I've heaps of ribbons. Girls have to have plenty. I'm going to put in a white petticoat, too, and these handkerchiefs, and perhaps she won't care

Thanksgiving



—Cincinnati Post.

for it, but I'm going to send this fan. Maybe some time she'll want to go to a party. Girls do go to parties if they are poor, and then it'll come in good. Oh, yes, I must not forget a pair of gloves and some boot laces. Now I must put these carefully at the very bottom where Aunt Catherwood won't see them. Oh, I do hope Gladys will be pleased."

With a bright face and nimble fingers, she finished her labor of love, then crept happily away.

Aunt Catherwood viewed the box as she came home from the last tea. Vivian had followed her upstairs.

"The box makes quite a showing, doesn't it, Vivian?" she asked. "I did not think it was near so full. I guess, after all, I won't put in the gingham. I've given them enough. I hope they'll be properly grateful; after all my trouble, they ought to be."

"When is the party, Gladys?"

"The 27th, and oh, mother, I do want to go so. Beth is my best friend. I can't tell her why I must stay away, and yet I'll have to. Isn't there some way that you could manage, mother?"

Mother shook her head. "A new dress is impossible now, dear," she answered; "later, I might get one perhaps, but with winter coming on, there's so many things we must have. Rent to pay, and coal and groceries we can't do without. Aunt Catherwood's box comes this month. Perhaps—"

"Oh, mother, there's never anything in that," cried Gladys, rebelliously. "Don't you remember last year when times were so hard and you were sick, all she sent was some worn-out flannels, an old opera cape and two or three straw hats?"

"Aunt Catherwood's box has come," announced Ben a day or two later. Ben was a year and a half younger than Gladys and looked a good deal like her. "The man's just bringing it in now," he added.

Ben went for the hatchet. When he came back he glanced at Gladys. Gladys was standing looking at the box.

"If you have tears to shed, prepare to shed them now," he said solemnly, as he pried open a board. Though only a boy, Ben had a keen sense of humor which much poverty and many disappointments could not wholly subdue.

The lid was off and the first article Ben drew from the box was the old dressing sacque. Gladys groaned and mother looked sympathetic. Next came the woolen dress, and in quick succession the other articles. Gladys turned away. She wasn't going to witness any more unpacking. It was too bitterly disappointing. Suddenly she heard an exclamation from mother and Ben.

"Gladys, come here!" called mother excitedly.

Gladys went back. There stood mother with a dress in her hands. A beautiful gray dress with a pink velvet collar and cuffs, evidently intended for her. Gladys stood still, transfixed with astonishment.

"Oh, mother," she cried, "do you think that's really meant for me?"

"It must be," said mother smiling happily, "and look here, dear, at the shoes, handkerchiefs, gloves, ribbons, fan, white skirt, all intended for the same little maiden. Why, you'll be rich, Gladys, with all these treasures, and just as you were needing them, too, so much. I feel rebuked. I might have

known God would have provided for us."

"Well, you are a lucky girl," said Ben emphatically. "I wonder what got into Aunt Catherwood's stingy soul. The grace of God, I guess. You can go to that party after all, Gladys."

"I had such a nice letter to-day from Gladys," remarked Uncle Catherwood that evening. "She thanked us for the box you sent them, and especially for a dress that came in it. A beautiful dress she called it. Did you send such a nice one, Anna?"

Aunt Catherwood looked up. She and Vivian were sitting across from Uncle Catherwood over a cheerful, open fire.

"A dress? Yes," she answered, flushing a little, "but it wasn't exactly beautiful. It was one of mine I did not care for."

Uncle Catherwood looked puzzled. "Here's her letter," he went on, adjusting his glasses. "Let me read it to you. There's a mistake somewhere."

"Dear Uncle and Aunt Catherwood," it began.

"I write to thank you for the box which arrived safely. I can never be grateful enough for the beautiful gray dress it contained, which I so much needed. It fitted perfectly and I wore it to the party of my dearest friend. If it had not been for the present of that dress, I couldn't have gone. I can't say enough to express my thanks. I couldn't begin to write them, but I do want you to know how happy you have made me. The shoes fitted, too, and I wore also the white skirt and ribbons and carried the fan. With everything I needed, I had a lovely time. It was so nice not to be shabby, but to know that I was as well dressed as anyone. Mother adds her thanks to mine. I wish I could do something in return for you, but as I can't, I'll just sign myself your grateful and loving niece.

"GLADYS."

Aunt Catherwood flushed more than ever, and looked uncomfortable. With all her closeness she was not dishonored, nor would she take honor where it was not due. In her amazement and doubt, she looked across at Vivian.

Vivian's face was scarlet. Like a flash, a light broke in upon her. Vivian had a dress of the kind described, and she had not worn it lately.

"Vivian," demanded Aunt Catherwood, "I believe you sent Gladys your gray dress."

Uncle Catherwood had laid aside the letter and was regarding her, too. Vivian blushed a rosier red than ever, but she did not flinch.

"Yes," she replied bravely, "I did send it, Aunt Catherwood. I slipped it in the box the afternoon you went out. I—I felt sorry for Gladys, and I sent her some of my things. I have so many, and—I thought she'd be pleased."

Uncle Catherwood suddenly took off his glasses. There was a mist upon them. Aunt Catherwood, too, looked moved.

"Vivian," said Uncle Catherwood, a trifle huskily, "you're a good girl, and I—I shan't forget it. So you sent Gladys the things, did you? Well, I'm obliged to you, child. Parted with some of your own finery, did you, for a girl you'd never seen, and never mentioned it? That's the right spirit. Well, well, not many would have done it, and God bless you, my dear."

Aunt Catherwood sat silent. In her mind's eye she saw that heap of worn-out, shabby garments, and her own selfishness was laid bare.

"I might have sent them something better," she thought remorsefully. "I'll do better next year, and yes, I won't wait till next year, either. I'll send

them a box, a noble one, with nothing old or worn-out in it, and Gladys shall come in for her share, too, as sure as my name is Anna Josephine Catherwood," and she did.—The Ram's Horn.

THANKSGIVING FAVORS.

Some Pretty Trifles That Enhance the Festive Table.

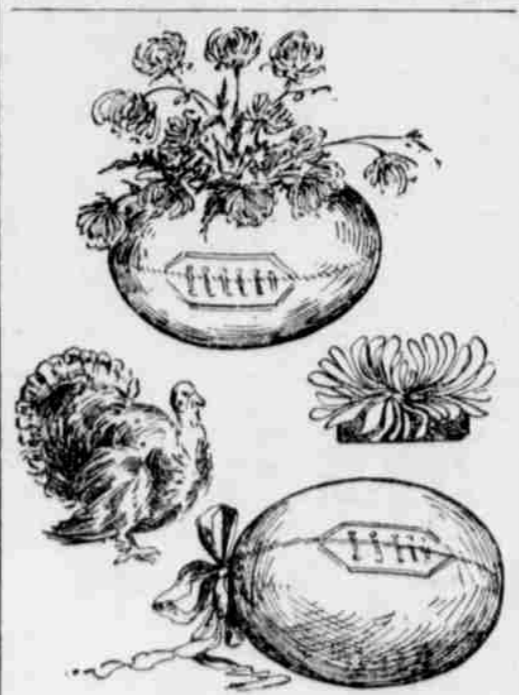
Observance of national holidays is not considered complete in these days of inventiveness without the introduction of decorations or favors particularly agreeable to the occasion. Thanksgiving being a festival time, offers a special opportunity for the favor designs. And the shops teem with novelties suggestive of the day and its time-honored manner of observance.

This being the football season as well as Thanksgiving time the hero of the gridiron and his famous leather sphere serve also as models of favors and decorative adjuncts and these mementoes are found side by side with the distinctly Thanksgiving souvenirs and share popularity with the latter.

Most of the souvenirs are inexpensive, but the hostess who feels inclined to spend a good round sum on a certain

centerpiece or a collection of small favors can find plenty of excuse for so doing in this season's collection. For instance, she might select the football centerpiece pictured above with a mass of chrysanthemums rising from the center. The flowers are realistically fashioned from crepe paper and all the hues of the natural blossom are reproduced. Then there is the candy box, with its top of chrysanthemum petals, colored in the various college tints and appropriately lettered, or the football in leather hue and the box on which is mounted a papier mache collegian, togged in full regalia and grasping a football. Useful for candy or ices are the realistic receptacles in the shape of a plum pudding, turkey or squash, which do not rank among the high priced souvenirs.

A place card simulating a wishbone is an apt suggestion. And so, too, the dinner favor in football form.



**An Up-to-Date Turkey.**  
Willie—This is an up-to-date turkey, papa.  
Papa—In what way, Willie?  
Willie—Why, it has drumless drumsticks.—New York Times.

Book News and Reviews.

Anonymity seems to be becoming the fashion in literature. The Macmillan Co. has recently issued four anonymous novels, each of which has more than usual pretensions to literary merit. They are "The House of Cards," "At the Sign of the Fox," "Sturmsee" and "Mrs. Darrell."

Gustave Kobbe, so well known as a writer upon musical subjects in the leading magazines and reviews, has been esteemed as a musical critic for nearly a quarter of a century. His most recent work is "Loves of the Great Composers." He is the author of a number of books, among which "The Ring of the Nibelung," "Wagner's Life and Works," "Plays for Amateurs," "Opera Singers," and "Signora: A Child of the Opera House," are the most important.

It is said that last year no less than 7,000 visitors were recorded as having been at Abbotsford, Sir Walter Scott's estate, though people of fine taste in their time had little enough to say in its praise. Dr. John Brown called it "ugly Abbotsford;" Ruskin described it as "the most incongruous pile generatively modernism ever designed." Dean Stanley said it was "a place to visit once, but never again." But it is not for the place, per se, that visitors go, but for its association with its former owner.

Dr. Felix Adler, author of a number of books of serious import, bears an international reputation as a Jew who has fitted himself to contemporary circumstance. He has left the close-bound faith of his fathers and has acquired and promulgates the best philosophy of his time—a philosophy which includes some of the greater doctrines of Christ, but which so far accords with the scientific spirit as to preclude miracles and mysteries. He is widely recognized as one of the great character-makers of the country. Dr. Adler is professor of political and social ethics at Columbia University, and editor of the International Journal of Ethics.

Hon. J. M. Longley makes this very true observation in the Canadian Magazine: "Fifty years ago the magazine contained articles on philosophical and religious subjects. Scarcely any venture to deal with such topics now, and a glance at their contents will show that the articles now sought by the people are either short stories, historical curiosities or descriptions of material progress taking place all over the world, including fresh inventions and scientific discoveries." Is it only necessary to note the great number of periodicals whose sole purpose is to amuse and entertain which are bought and read and thrown away, to recognize that Mr. Longley might have said much more and still have kept within the limit of truth.

**VIEW OF THE GRAND CANYON.**  
How a Painter First Showed Its Glories to His Bride.  
"An artist who loved the wilderness brought his bride to the head of the Bright Angel trail. It was night when they came to their journey's end, and the man persuaded the woman not to look upon the Grand canyon until morning. When the sun was high he blindfolded her and led her out of the log hotel that stood upon the brink of the precipice to a point of rock that overhangs the abyss.  
For two days and nights they had been riding through the desert, flat and gray, with blue mountains flicking in and out of the horizon, with a few jarring crevasses and buttes and bluffs to emphasize the tranquillity of the scene. The desert, with its somber serenity, had charmed her soul and left it in a fine repose. As she stood blindfolded she could think of nothing but the great level stretches of sand and sage and cactus. The man had told the woman little of the canyon, and when he took the bandage from her eyes he held her very tightly as she looked out across the miles and miles of tumult of form and riot of color that seemed to swirl thousands of feet below her and around her.  
As from the clouds she looked down into an illimitable, red-tinged, ash-colored hell, abandoned and turned to stone, cones and cones ago. She stared amazed at the awful thing for a long minute, and then, as the tears of inexplicable emotion dimmed her eyes, she turned and cried vehemently at her artist husband:  
"If you ever try to paint that I'll leave you!"—McClure's Magazine.

**Wanted That Kind.**  
"There are some spectacles," declared the lecturing arctic explorer, "that one can never forget!"  
"Excuse me, mister," called the voice of Farmer Foddershucks from the audience, "but would you mind givin' me th' address of th' firm that makes 'em? I'm allers a-forgittin' mine."—Cleveland Leader.

A flirt always finds plenty of chances.