



"LET US RETURN THANKS"

BROKER MOGGS' THANKSGIVING

By HARRY P. HOUGH

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MOGGS was despondent. Despondency's chief causes in a man are ill health, business troubles, love affairs. But Moggs was original. His state of hypochondria was induced by none of these complaints. He was worried solely because Thanksgiving was but a day off and he would have nothing to do. From this you draw that Moggs



THE MEN WERE SATISFACTORILY FITTED OUT.

was given to enjoying himself, and your draw is a correct one, for he was young, sportive and gay.

Incidentally Moggs was a stockbroker. He was an assiduous member of the exchange—assiduous in that he was ever seeking out his college friends, talking with them, joking with them, playing pranks upon them. A broker need not necessarily spend all of his time around the posts.

Physically Moggs was rather attractive. His work at college had earned him several athletic suffixes. He had been very popular, but when he returned to Parker Heights, the exclusive settlement wherein Moggs' parents dwelt, opinion was rather diversified on the point. The girls liked him, the men liked him, but the older and more staid element reserved sentence.

This day before Thanksgiving, though, was an especially dull one for Moggs. The girls were giving a dance that night, to which none of the men was invited—in fact, ordered to stay away; warned that if they didn't trouble would ensue.

A shadow of hope returned to his woebegone face when he looked up to find his old friend Dick North stand-



APPEARED SUDDENLY AT THE DOOR AND FLAUNTED A CARD OF ADMISSION.

ing before him. Moggs put forth a limp hand, which the newcomer grasped faintly.

"Cheer up, Moggs," said Dick. "To-morrow's Thanksgiving."

"All the more reason why I shouldn't," grumbled Moggs belligerently. "Brilliant prospects ahead—sit home and suck my thumbs."

"Why," said Dick, "that's queer. I have about the same perspective in sight."

"Come up and visit me then at the heights," said Moggs, his face brightening a little. "It'll be beastly slow, though," he added fretfully. "There

is a girls' dance, men excluded; sort of revenge, you know."

"Now I begin to see light," Dick said, his eyes twinkling. "I'll join you, of course."

"What do you mean, Dick?" asked Moggs with a half puzzled grin. "Surely not?"

"Of course," said Dick. "Don't you suppose I knew what was on your mind when you said that, old fox?"

"Really, 'pon my honor, Dick"—be gan Moggs.

"Never mind; stow it," answered Dick. "You're clever, but you can't fool Dick North. When do we start?"

"At once," Moggs shouted over his shoulder as North lumbered after him.

Half an hour later the pair entered a costumer's establishment on Forty-second street bearing the name of Mme. Falcone on the panel.

Madame was not at all surprised at the request of Moggs and his companion for female garments. She was a veteran when it came to surprises. The men were satisfactorily fitted out with the necessary accoutrements after much laughter, which madame could not quite appreciate, knowing nothing of the young men's plans.

Parker Heights is a highly conventional suburb of New York. Nobody but highly conventional people live there.

At the Mansion House all was bustle and excitement. Carriages began to arrive shortly after 8 o'clock, for this was to be a girls' dance, and very late hours would not be kept. Although the younger set of Parker Heights was exceptionally congenial, the young ladies had decided on this caper without the presence of the men chiefly out of pique, for as a matter of fact the latter had been entirely re-



LIMPED BACK TO THEIR SEATS.

sponsible for this new rivalry which had suddenly sprung up between the two sexes. They had inopportunely given a stag party on Halloween, and now the girls were determined to even up matters.

With the arrival of the musicians all was in readiness to start the freeze-out. Sedate patronesses were scattered about the spacious ballroom—a representative gathering of the female residents of the heights—and when the first strains of the orchestra floated through the fernery that hid the musicians these joined in the dance with their charges. There were girls in satin, girls in lingerie, girls in chiffon and girls in foulard. Such a brilliant intermingling of colors was never before seen. There was not a single man in his gloomy evening clothes to spoil the spectrum.

But for all their care to exclude the men the dancers little realized that there were two within their very midst! True, nobody could account for the two strangers who had appeared suddenly at the door and flaunted cards of admission before the eyes of the doorman, but in the ensuing hurry and bustle they had been temporarily forgotten. Garishly, almost ludicrously, dressed, the two had later appeared in the ballroom to sit together and dance together. One of the patronesses had even gone over to befriend them, but she had been out- ragedly rebuffed. And yet nobody suspected the wily Moggs or his friend North.

Except for this little incident, everything ran along smoothly at first. There were waltzes and two-steps the ancient lancers and the new-fangled barn dance. The latter came near proving the undoing of the two masqueraders, for, first of all, North wasn't an adept at it, and then barn dancing tends to show the feet to good advantage. And such feet! Clad

in saffron colored satin slippers, it was a miracle where Mme. Falcone had been able to purchase such monsters. They looked incongruous amid the dainty dancers. After one round of the room North granted something to Moggs, and the two returned to their seats to remain wallflowers during the rest of that number.

But their Waterloo was yet to come. "Figures" were presently announced, in which everybody was expected to take part. This was to be the final number for the evening, after which refreshments were to be served to the dancers, so Moggs pressed North's hand, and North pressed Moggs' hand in a grip that said, "We must get through this or we are lost." Two or three figures passed off successfully and the young men were beginning to hug themselves when a final figure was described. Half of the girls present were to remove their right slippers and deposit them in a general pile in the center of the room. The other half would then dance across the floor, play football to secure a slipper and finally waltz with the girl whose foot the slipper fit. And, as luck would have it, Moggs and his friend were among those chosen to remove the right foot-gear.

There was nothing left for them to do but comply with the choice. However, North wanted to protest that he had a sore foot and dare not remove the slipper, but then Moggs objected because there would be no excuse left for him to give. Moggs' theory was that misery liked company. And miserable they surely were in the face of probable discovery; but, accepting their fate, they stepped quickly to the middle of the room, where the slippers were rapidly accumulating, and with a quick jab thrust their betrayers deep into the pile. Then they limped back to their seats and hid their feet beneath the friendly skirts.

The ensuing crash of music sounded more like a dirge to the high strung Moggs than like the tuneful air it really was. With a light cry part of the girls executed a lively dive dance for the slippers and were soon intent on snatching out a pretty one. Several times the young men saw their broganish slippers tossed high in the air as though some damsel had refused to accept the owner of such clodhoppers for a partner. Finally only two young ladies remained to pick slippers—unfortunate maidens!—and there were only two slippers left to be picked. There was nothing else for the young ladies to do but rescue these, which they did with a bad grace, hesitating and glancing suspiciously at them. Fortunately the other girls were too busy finding partners to notice their dilemma.

Moggs saw that something must be quickly done to prevent a catastrophe. He rushed over to the bewildered young ladies, with North trailing along behind.

"Here," said Moggs in a voice of anguish which he entirely forgot to tone to femininity, "that's my slipper. I'll put it on."

"And the other's mine," chimed in North.

The young ladies stared in amazement at the claimants.

"There, there," pleaded Moggs soothingly as he raised his foot in a most unladylike fashion to adjust the slipper; "don't say a word."

They obeyed him. They didn't say a word; they just screamed. And that scream reached the ears of everybody.



THEY WERE BEATEN, THEY WERE PINCHED, THEY WERE SCRATCHED.

In the room. Dancing and music ceased as though a thunderbolt had suddenly descended upon the assembly.

"It's all up," Moggs had said between his teeth, and the two had had a dash for the door, which they had little trouble in reaching. Surprise had been so general that it was easy for them to get out of the room before alarm was raised, but they four-

THE THANKSGIVING PUNKIN

By ROBERTUS LOVE.

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TOO long has the turkey been king of the feast. When the president says, North, West, South, East. To wit: "Take a day from your strenuous living. Eat, drink and be merry---and render thanksgiving."

Oh, turkey is fine, and the cranberry sauce, Adored by the boy and beloved by the boss, But they're not the only things fit for the feed, As he who is running may pause here to read.

For soldier, for sailor, for saint and for sinner One thing must be added to Thanksgiving dinner. "Eat, drink and be merry" doesn't mean to be drunken--- Except on the spirits of turkey and PUNKIN.

Horatio still holding his bridge, the front door.

"Haven't you forgotten your wraps, ladies?" asked Horatio calmly as they panted up to him.

Barely two minutes had elapsed since Moggs had been trying to adjust his Judas slipper, and now there came a great pattering of feet from the ballroom. Moggs was desperate. Escape be must or his reputation and popularity at the heights would be ruined. It was different with Dick, who was unknown in town. So Moggs saw that he must crush the doorman by slapping his face or doing something equally desperate, but the doorman evidently thought otherwise. He had a suspicion, and so he shooed the two masqueraders back into the angry mob of women.

Out of the frying pan into the fire! Better for Moggs and North had they withstood the brawn of the single doorman than fallen into the hands of a hostile group of women. They were torn, they were beaten, they were pinched, they were scratched, until out of pure sympathy the doorman interfered and rescued them from the enraged females. A carriage was handy, into which they were bundled by their savior and then rattled off to the nearest hospital.

HIS THANKSGIVING PRIZE

By A. B. LEWIS.

IT had been a most impressive Thanksgiving sermon, and mother and daughter were making many plans for assisting the poor and needy on their way home from church. As they neared their residence a boy about ten years old stopped them and asked for money. He was without an overcoat, the suit of clothes he was wearing was many sizes too large for him and ragged and torn, and his shoes looked as if they might fall to pieces at any moment. Their hearts were touched instantly.

"Here, my poor child," she said. "Take this money, and may heaven send you better times. How cold you must be!"

"Maybe the poor little chap is starving," whispered the daughter.

"Have you had your dinner yet?" asked the mother.

"No, ma'am," he replied, "but I"— "What a silly question to ask!" interrupted the woman. "Of course you haven't had your dinner. Come with me, my little man," and, although he blushed and protested and held back, they insisted that he accompany them to their home.

Here everything was placed before him in the way of food that a boy likes best, and he made a meal that warmed their hearts as they waited on him. When they saw that he could eat no more the mother said:

"My child, it has given us great pleasure to do this for you. Tell me, dear, does your father come home intoxicated and bent you and send you out to get money on the streets?"

"No, indeed, ma'am," he replied.

"I am so glad to hear that, my poor child. I hope your mother doesn't drink and neglect her family?"

"Well, I guess not," he said as an angry flush appeared on his face. "I will have to go now, and"—

"One moment, dear," she interrupted. "Would you like to come here and live with us in this pretty house and have a pony and a bicycle?"

"But I have a pony and a bicycle, and our house is just as pretty as this and a great deal larger."

"But—but that ragged suit!" gasped the mother.

"This is one of pa's old suits that I cut full of holes," explained the boy. "You see, us kids around here always dress up this way on Thanksgiving, and people on the street give us prizes. Thanks, ma'am, for your prize and all the good things to eat. I must hurry home and dress now, for we have a box at the theater, and papa is going to take us there in his auto."

A PURITAN THANKSGIVING

By CHARLES WYLIE.

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PATIENCE Deliverance Hopeful Ann.

A gray little, prim little Puritan Who lived in the years that are far away. Set down to her dinner Thanksgiving day—



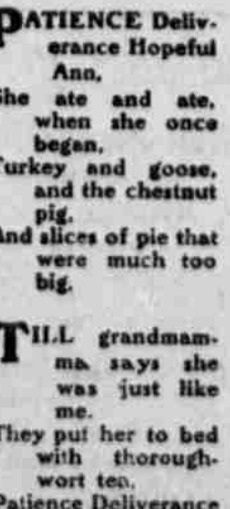
TURKEY and goose and a pumpkin pie.

A little roast pig with a chestnut eye, Pudding and apples and good brown bread. "I feel very hungry," Deliverance said.

SHE ATE AND ATE.

PATIENCE Deliverance Hopeful Ann.

She ate and ate, when she once began, Turkey and goose, and the chestnut pig. And slices of pie that were much too big.



THEY PUT HER TO BED.

TH.L. grandmama says she was just like me. They put her to bed with thoroughwort tea. Patience Deliverance Hopeful Ann, That gray little, prim little Puritan.