

# The One Great Theme for Thanks

By WALDO PONDRAY WARREN.

RATITUDE is a word that comprehends the happiness of the human race. It turns the heart toward the Fountain of all good and so makes possible a greater receptivity and a greater joy. Without it even glories of heaven could not confer happiness, and all the sweet amenities of life would fail. With it the humblest home may be blest with angel visits, and one step upward from the depths of grief may be fraught with a new-found joy.

But shall we be grateful for the mere incidents of life and forget to be supremely grateful for life itself? We murmur so much at the conditions of life, and as a reluctant concession we admit that this is better than that, and so we express our feeble thanks—praising the beauty of a single leaf while murmuring at the tree that bore it.

Are you truly grateful for life? Are you glad that you were born? Do you accept your life from the hand of God as His richest gift—the containant of all other possible blessings?

Life is a wonderful gift—the most wonderful and the most blessed gift that the Infinite God could plan for the objects of His love. We have hardly begun to learn how great it is, how great it can be. Beginning at birth, and through childhood, youth and age, it stretches out into the realms of Eternity—ever growing vaster and yet more vast in its approximation of limitless possibilities. If you had not been born you would never have known life—the sum of all blessings. Are you glad that you were born?

The unqualified acceptance of life, with all its mystery and pain, all its labor and weariness, and yet with all its sweetness and joy, and all its latent potentiality—that is and forever must be the basis of true Gratitude, the one great theme for thanks. Unless you are grateful for life itself you cannot be truly glad for anything that life contains. But being grateful for life itself adds a tinge of celestial glory to every simple blessing and makes Today akin to the vast Forever.



## A THANKSGIVING STORY.

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Jack was a little yellow dog. His little master, Robbie Barnes, found him when he was a puppy in a lot where some bad boys were tormenting him.

These bad boys had poor little Jack in a deep hole and were trying to make him bark.

He was very much frightened when Robbie rescued him and he nestled close inside Robbie's coat and heard him say to the boys: "You fellows ought to be ashamed of yourselves plaguing a little puppy. I wish he was big enough to bite you."

Now Robbie's mother was very poor, and his father was dead, so that when Jack was brought into the family Robbie's mother saw only one more to feed.

"You will have to give him away," she said. "We do not have enough for ourselves, and then you will have to pay the license, too; you cannot keep him."

But Robbie overcame all obstacles; he worked and paid the license, and in time every one was so fond of Jack that he seemed like one of the family.

One day, not long before Thanksgiving, Robbie's mother said: "We will have to do without turkey this year; there have been so many ways for the money to go that we shall be lucky to have a roof over our heads."

Even the money Robbie earned had to go for shoes for himself and his little sister, so there was to be no Thanksgiving dinner.

Robbie did not care for himself, but when he saw the tears in his sister's eyes and in the still night heard his little sister sob, he thought that he felt sure it was going without the Thanksgiving dinner that made her cry.

Robbie thought and thought, but there was no way he could think of what would get the dinner. "No," was one; it made him feel sick to think about it.

In the room at school with Robbie was a boy named Frank Reed. Frank's father was a wealthy man and Frank had everything that he wanted. All but one thing, and that was Jack.

Jack could do all sorts of tricks and his devotion to Robbie and his willingness to obey him made all the boys envious. Of course, Frank could have a dog, but he wanted Jack because he could do tricks.

"I'll give you \$5 for him," Frank said one day after he had watched Jack perform his tricks.

Five dollars seemed a fortune to Robbie, but he did not hesitate. "No," he said, "I won't sell him no matter how much you offer."

"I don't blame you," replied Frank, "but if ever you do want to sell him let me have him."

As Robbie lay there in the dark thinking of a way to get the Thanksgiving dinner, he remembered Frank's offer. He put it out of his mind, but it would come back, and by morning he had made up his mind to part with Jack.

All traces of tears which he had shed were wiped away, and he gave Jack a good breakfast and had him do all his tricks. Jack seemed to know something bothered his little master and lick his face and put his paws on Robbie's shoulder, as though to tell him how much he loved him.

Robbie choked back the tears and put on his cap. "Come on, Jack," he called.

Frank was only too glad to give the \$5, but Jack whined and cried when he found that he was not to go with Robbie.

"Keep him in for a day or two," he told Frank; "he will run away if you don't." Poor Robbie, he ran as fast as he could to get out of reach of Jack's cries and his eyes were wet when he reached the market.

"Where did you get this turkey and vegetables?" asked his mother when she saw the basket Robbie brought home.

"I sold Jack to Frank Reed," said Robbie, turning away; "he wanted him and he can give Jack a better home than we can, so I let him have him."

"You go and get him this minute and take this dinner back."

"I can't do that," said Robbie. "I sold Jack and that is all there is to it."

"Thanksgiving day, when the steaming turkey and fixings were put on the table, Robbie's sister and mother were the ones who seemed to enjoy it. Robbie did not; every piece of turkey seemed to choke him; he could only think of Jack.

## THANKSGIVING.

Lord, Thou hast given me a cell,  
Wherein to dwell;  
A little house, whose humble roof  
Is weather proof;  
Under the sparrows of which I lie  
Both soft and dry;  
Where Thou, my chamber for to ward,  
Hast set a guard  
Of harmless thoughts, to watch and keep  
Me, while I sleep.  
Low is my porch, as is my fate,  
Both void of state;  
Like as my harlot, so my hall  
And kitchen's small;  
A little butler, and therein  
A little byrn,  
Which keeps my little loaf of bread  
Unchill, unfeared;  
Some brittle sticks of thorn or briar  
Make me a fire,  
Beside whose glowing coals I sit,  
And glow like it.  
Lord, I confess, too, when I dine,  
The pulse is Thine,  
And all those other bits that bee  
There placed by Thee;  
The words, the pulvin, and the messe  
Of water crease  
Which Thy kindnesses Thou has sent;  
And my content  
Makes those, and my beloved best  
To be more sweet.  
'Tis Thou that crownest my glittering  
hearth  
With guileless mirth,  
And givest me wassails bowls to drink,  
Spiced with the brink,  
Lord, 'tis Thy plenty-dropping hand  
That soles my land,  
And giv'st me, for my bushell sowne,  
Twice ten for one;  
Thou mak'st my teeming hen to lay  
Her egg each day;  
Beside my hearthful ewes to bear  
Me twins each year;  
The while the conduits of my kine  
Run cream for wine;  
And Thine, and better Thou dost send  
Me, to this end,  
That I should render, for my part,  
A thankful heart;  
Which, if I know with incense, I resigne  
As wholly Thine;  
But the acceptance, that must be,  
O Lord, by Thee.

## THANKSGIVING THOUGHTS.

For the days when nothing happens,  
For the carols that leave a trace,  
For the love of little children,  
For each sunny dwelling-place,  
For the altars of our fathers  
And our closets when they pray,  
Take, Oh, gracious God and Father,  
Praises this Thanksgiving day.

For our harvests safe ingathered,  
For our golden store of wheat,  
For the cornlands and the vine-lands,  
For the flowers up-spring sweet,  
For our coasts from war protected,  
For each inlet, river, bay,  
Take Thy bounty, full and flowing,  
And our praise this joyful day.

Thousands of years ago a leaf fell on  
the soft clay, and seemed to be lost.  
But last summer a geologist in his ramblings  
broke a piece of rock with his hammer,  
and there lay the image of the leaf,  
with every line and every vein  
and all the delicate tracery preserved  
in the stone through the centuries.  
So the words we speak and the things we do  
today may seem to be lost, but in the great  
final revealing the smallest of them will  
appear.—James Russell Lowell.

Autumn,  
Thou comest to fill with hope the human  
heart  
And strengthen it to bear the storms  
while  
Till Winter days depart.  
—John Howard Bryant.

I trust in Nature for the stable laws  
Of beauty and utility. Spring shall plant  
And autumn garner.  
—Robert Browning.

## DRUSILLA'S THANKSGIVING.

By Kate Cleves.

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It was the day before Thanksgiving that Drusilla Orde made up her mind to throw up her position in the department store and go back to Laurelton.

For 15 years she had stood behind the glove counter in the big store and fitted gloves on all sorts and shapes of hands.

"I hate it; I hate it; I hate it!" she had cried to herself five years; that was the last five years of her service there, after the novelty of being a wage earner in a large city had worn off. Now she detested the tiny third floor room, which was all she could afford even after 15 years' work; she hated Lucetta's came made over a gas jet; the odor of coffee was detestable when it clung about the little space in which she slept and ate two meals each day.

For the first five years she had been able to send money down to her parents in Laurelton—a tiny sum each week, but enough to help. Then they had died and the place had been sold and Drusilla had never gone back. The little money from her place was hoarded in the bank.

But now it was the day before Thanksgiving and all the store clerks had been full of holiday plans. Many were going to spend the day in the homes among their own people, and poor Drusilla grew more homesick as the hours flew past. She had few friends in the city and no one had invited her to dinner.

At the lunch hour she went to the bank and drew out almost all her money, then she went to her little room and packed her trunk and sent it to the railroad station. Then she went back to the store and gave up her position. When she was on the train she strained her eager eyes for the first glimpse of the familiar mountain that overshadowed Laurelton.

The shabby old coaches were familiar enough, and the face of the elderly conductor who took her ticket was that of an old acquaintance.

"How do you do, Mr. Bemis?" she asked joyfully.

"Rustily Orde! Good Lord, girl, I ain't seen you in years! Well," he said "you ain't grown any younger!"

Drusilla tucked her graying hair behind her pink ears. "And you haven't got any more manners, Dan Bemis," she retorted.

"You're chucked. 'Your tongue's as sharp as a razor, Drusilla! Well, where you going to stop—at your Aunt Lucetta's?"

"I guess so, said Drusilla.

"You must come and see us. Flora'll be pleased to meet you again, and Mr. Bemis went on to collect other tickets. And to each passenger he imparted the information that Drusilla Orde was in the front seat there and that she was going to stay in Laurelton all winter.

So it was that when Drusilla arrived at Laurelton in the early November twilight she found many pleasant greetings from people whom she scarcely knew. Warmly and with cheery greetings, Drusilla walked down the familiar road that led to the village.

The air was crisp and cold and the smell of the pines was invigorating to her lungs stifled by the close air of the city. As she walked the years seemed to fall from Drusilla, until, when she reached the village street she was quite 20 again, in spite of the gray threads in her brown hair.

She passed the Methodist church, the moving picture theater, which was a glittering innovation, the meat market, the postoffice, and came suddenly upon Sam Thorne's drug store.

The red and green lights confronted her

like the eyes of some dragon-like, unpleasant memory.

Drusilla had entirely forgotten Sam Thorne—and it had been her quarrel with Sam Thorne which had been the cause of her leaving Laurelton.

She hurried past the brightly lighted doorway, but near the window, where she caught a glimpse of a young man in a white coat dispensing ice cream soda to a group of laughing girls. At that moment she thought it was Sam Thorne himself until she recollected that Sam must be stout and rather bald by this time.

Her cheeks were burning as she hastened on with this old memory tugging at her heart.

Drusilla's Aunt Lucetta Mills lived in a little white house beyond the school house and Drusilla's old home had been a few hundred yards further on.

She turned in at the little white gate which seemed smaller than ever to her eyes as she stepped across the threshold. As she noted that the house was dark.

Her repeated knocks at the side door brought a neighbor from an adjoining house.

Lucetta Mills has gone over to Rockybrook to her daughters," said the woman peering curiously at the dark form on the porch. "Who he it?"

"Thank you," said Drusilla stiffly, and she waited until the woman had gone back into her own house before she went away.

Her heart beat rebelliously as she realized that there was only one thing to do now. That was to go to the hotel across the street and Lucetta came home made over a gas jet; the odor of coffee was detestable when it clung about the little space in which she slept and ate two meals each day.

Now she was at the gate of her old home. She leaned against the door and stared at the place, but a voice that had taken place in the old house. The outlines were the same but some skillful hand had rebuilt, preserved, and improved until the house looked as if it must have looked that day when Drusilla's father brought her mother there a bride.

Drusilla wondered who had bought the old place, but she had never told her in those gossipy monthly letters. She bowed her head on the gatepost and listened to the wind blowing through the trees, and she hoped longingly in her heart.

How easily, carelessly, one parted with happiness. Drusilla never heard a step on the path, nor a voice that addressed her in a concerned inquiry.

It was not until firm hands lifted her head and turned her face to the searching light of the full moon that Drusilla awoke and started and drew back.

"Who is it?" asked a voice that was vaguely familiar.

Drusilla's head drooped wearily. She was very tired and she did not care if folks did hear that she had been found staring wistfully at her old home.

"I am Drusilla Orde—I used to live here," she said.

"Drusilla? No!" The man strode forward.

"Drusilla, don't you know me?" he asked tensely.

"It's—it's Sam Thorne," said Drusilla faintly. "What are you doing here?"

"I am here, I bought the old place," Drusilla had a silly notion, and if you did I wanted you to find the old place and wear it as proudly as I do. Of course I knew you might get married," he hesitated.

Drusilla laughed softly—such a happy laugh.

"There isn't a chance of my getting married, Sam? unless you ask me," she said.

"Do you mean it, Drusilla?" he demanded eagerly. "I've been waiting all these years—and it's been hard—and if you do mean it, dear, we can go over to the minister's and be married tonight. You can spend Thanksgiving in your own home."

"Let us go, Sam—to the minister's," said Drusilla.

The Founder of Cold Storage.

From the Daily Oklahoman.

The death of Charles Teller presents a lamentable example of the failure of an important inventor to secure for himself even a tithe of the benefits and profits which he bestowed upon the world. He died at the age of 58, in the actual possession of the patent for the cold storage process, and yet he left behind him a fortune of only \$100,000.

Yet he was the founder of one of the most important factors in the trade and

## THANKSGIVING THOUGHTS.

The Rapture of the Year.

While the skies glist bright with bluest light  
Through clouds that race o'er field and town,  
And leaves go dancing left and right,  
And orchard apples tumble down,  
While school girls sweep, in lane or street,  
Lean 'gainst the wind and feel and hear  
The thrill of Spring, half joy, half pain,  
So reigns the rapture of the year.

Then ho! and hey! and whoop-hooray!  
Though winter clouds be looming,  
Remember a November day  
Is merrier than mildest May  
With all her blossoms blooming.

While birds in scattered flight are blown  
Aloft and lost in dusky mist,  
And truant boys scud home alone  
Neath skies of gold and amethyst;  
While twilight falls, and Echo calls  
Across the haunted atmosphere,  
With low, sweet laughs at intervals—  
So reigns the rapture of the year.

Then ho! and hey! and whoop-hooray!  
Though winter clouds be looming,  
Remember a November day  
Is merrier than mildest May  
With all her blossoms blooming.

And now with autumn's moonlit eyes  
Its harvest-time has come;  
We pluck away the frosted leaves,  
And the twinkling stars of cold storage  
Then let the good old crop adorn  
The hills our fathers trod.  
Still let us, for His golden corn,  
Send up our thanks.

—John Greenleaf Whittier.

Industry of the world, namely, artificial  
refrigeration as applied to transportation,  
storage and manufactures. It was nearly  
40 years ago that the first cargo of frozen  
meat was shipped across the ocean in a  
vessel called the 'Arctic,' and the  
partments according to his design. To-  
day the values of such shipments amount  
to hundreds of millions of dollars every  
year.

It was also largely from Mr. Teller's  
initiative that there was developed other  
applications of refrigeration, such as cold  
storage warehouses, ice making, the arti-  
ficial cooling of hotels and theaters, the  
cooling and storing of beer and milk, cool-  
ing presses in steel manufacture and in  
the sinking of twin shafts, artificial ice  
skating rinks and many others. As late  
as last year a new desiccating process in-  
vented by an American at the age of 84 was put  
into practice by a United States corporation.

His case provides a striking contrast to  
those of some inventors who so enrich  
themselves through close monopolies of  
their works as to provoke demands for  
the abolition of the patent laws.

Two Stories of  
Robert E. Lee

From the New York Evening Post.

Robert E. Lee's aversion to hero worship was crossed more than once, but upon one occasion his humor came to his rescue.

It was in the summer of 1867, which Lee was spending at White Sulphur Springs, Va., that a young man and his family, attracted by the presence of the ex-confederate general, went to the springs, made his acquaintance and managed to be with him on his way.

"One day he was asked by Mrs. Ransome, whose husband, one of Lee's staff, tells the story in the South Atlantic Quarterly, if his new friends were not a trouble to him."

"Yes," was his reply; "they trouble me a little, but I think I get even with them. When they join me in my walks I always take them down to the springs and make them drink the water. They are too polite to refuse, and I fill them up with nauseous water, and thus have my revenge."

An incident more in consonance with his reputation for kindness has to do with a northerner. A Virginian came to the springs, bringing his daughter, a handsome, splendidly gowned young woman. But the other women would have nothing to do with the child of one who had fought against the south, and their example was enough to isolate the girl completely. One evening, when everybody was in the ballroom, Lee passed through one of the parlors and saw the ostracized girl reading. He introduced himself and invited her to go to the ball with him. They entered the room in time to join the grand promenade which preceded the dancing.

When the part of the affair was over and Lee had led the girl to a seat, there was a general demand for introductions, and—so runs the voracious chronicle—actually became the belle of the season.

Inconsistency.  
From the National Monthly.

"Whimams, certainly ain't got no consistency."

"What's the matter, John?"

"Me wife chased me out wid a rollin' pin this morning and then cried because I left home without kissing her goodby."

brought to the table so everyone can see them and then put on the serving table, but you can see them all the time.

Another little girl said she went to her grandmother's in the country and they had a big turkey on the table and a big dish of cranberry sauce and such pumpkin pies you never saw, and then they had a huge plum pudding and set it on fire.

Agnes Walton listened to all that was said with a mother who was a widow and took in sewing and Agnes did not expect a real Thanksgiving dinner.

"What are you going to have Thanksgiving, Agnes?" asked Nellie Carrol.

"I do not know," Agnes answered. "Of course you will have turkey; everybody does," said Jennie Smith.

The bell rang just then and the conversation ended. After school Nellie Carrol asked Jennie Smith to walk home with her.

"I have been thinking," she said "that Agnes will not have a turkey for Thanksgiving, for her mother is poor. Do you think your father would give some money? I will ask mine and then we can take all the money we have of our own and buy a dinner for Agnes and her mother?"

"I will ask," said Jennie. "Our father has a turkey for Thanksgiving; they ought to help us."

The morning before Thanksgiving Jennie and Nellie, accompanied by a colored boy with a basket, went to market. They bought the turkey first and then the fixings. Indeed, they added so much that the boy protested.

"Deed, Miss Nellie," he said, "I just can't git no mo' in dis yere basket."

"Take out the turkey and carry it," commanded Miss Nellie. "We are going to buy as long as the money lasts."

That night, when it was quite dark, two little figures might have been seen with caps drawn over their curls and long coats with collars turned up, followed by a colored boy carrying a basket and a bundle. "Put the fixings on the steps," said Nellie, when they reached Agnes Walton's house; "and now run, and get the turkey. I just think there are spooks in this street—it is so dark." The boy did not stop to be told a second time; he ran. As soon as he was out of sight Nellie rang Agnes' bell and both girls hid behind the steps of the next house.

Agnes opened the door.

"Mother," she called, "here is a basket of vegetables and fruit, and a turkey, too."

Her mother came to the door and the girls heard her say: "Someone has made a mistake."

"But here are our names," said Agnes, reading the card. "For Agnes and her mother, from two friends who will never tell."

The door was closed and Jennie and Nellie came from behind the steps.

"It was just like hanging a May basket," said Nellie.

"Yes," answered Jennie, "only more fun, because we know that Agnes and her mother will have a nice Thanksgiving dinner."

"And we will never tell anyone," said Nellie, and they never did.

Statesmanship and Cookery.  
From the Cleveland Plain Dealer.

In this country we need cooks more than we need statesmen. The president of an organization for the cultivation of better household economics. Without pressing the analysis too far, most people will agree with the truth of the observation.

The country needs statesmen certainly; it has many of them and many more who pretend they are statesmen and perhaps an organization for the cultivation of better household economics. Without pressing the analysis too far, most people will agree with the truth of the observation.

A good cook may make a statesman, but no statesman can return the compliment. More men are ruined by bad cookery than is commonly supposed. Some have asserted that inefficient cooking is responsible for much of the hard drinking that curses the world. At any rate, a well prepared meal is an invitation to a tired man to stay at home in the evening, and the mental picture of a good dinner to come is like a magnet drawing man or woman pretty straight home after the day's work is done.

From the beginning cookery has been esteemed above statesmanship, yet the cook is only now coming to possess her proper estate. In the perhaps not very distant future when suffrage comes to be generally accepted one may imagine that the woman who stands on a good cookery platform and can make good on her claim of being able to bake toothsome pumpkin pies and roast meat to tempt a lagard appetite will stand an excellent chance of sweeping her district. In that day statesmanship and cookery may go hand in hand, a winning combination.

Some Smoke.  
From Popular Magazine.

Jess Carmichael was walking downtown in New York with his friend, Bob Ginter.

Bob was puffing industriously on a fat dark cigar and had succeeded in consuming about half of it, causing the covering to curl up with the heat.

"What in thunder are you smoking?" asked Carmichael.

"A fine cigar," replied Ginter.

"Oh! said Carmichael sadly, "I thought it was an umbrella."