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The Pumpkin

By John Greenleaf Whittier

Ah!—on Thanksgiving Day, when from East and from West,
From North and from South come the pilgrim and guest,
When the gray-haired New Englander sees round his board
The old broken links of affection restored,
When the care-wearied man seeks his mother once more,
And the worn matron smiles where the girl smiled before,
What moistens the lip and what brightens the eye?
What calls back the past, like the rich Pumpkin pie?

"ONE EGG CAKE."

A Thanksgiving Sketch.

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

Considering the hard times, Madam Chairman, I move that the society study economy in entertainments the coming winter. The Ladies' Aid is about to give a church sociable the first of the season. I suppose there will be others later on; we have always had refreshments, and should we dispense with them altogether I am afraid we would have a lot of empty benches."

The speaker paused, glanced around the circle of matrons, observed expectation in their faces and went firmly on.

"I won't make a motion," she added, "at least not yet. But with the permission of the Chair, can we not discuss this practical matter at this meeting? In view of the price of eggs and butter, of sugar and spice, of flour and milk and everything else that goes into cake, can we afford to serve rich cakes at our receptions? Shall we not decide to offer our friends one-egg cake and omit strong coffee? Weak coffee is better for the nerves anyway."

"One-egg cake is very plain and the men will stay away if we give them poor coffee. Can we not have the same grade of cake as formerly and make the coffee after the same recipe, for economy's sake cutting the cake thinner and pouring the coffee into smaller cups?" This was the suggestion of a woman who had long been a social engineer in church matters.

housekeepers and good home cooking, but when the periodical return of hard times swept the land over like a chilling frost, the need of frugality sternly impressed on the poor man closed down with iron hold on the consciences and impulses of the richer neighbor who just then should have been spending instead of saving money.

Mrs. Foster Arkright, who had proposed one-egg cake and weak coffee as suitable refreshments in a hard-times year, and whose will and influence were usually paramount in the counsels of the sisterhood, was a woman of large wealth and an income so safely bestowed by the forethought of her deceased father and sagacity of her husband, that she ought always to have been distinguished by an open hand, yet this year of all years she had set an example of scant expenditure all along the line. She had been in the habit of keeping three maids; she had dismissed two and was managing her home with a single domestic. She had bought no new gowns this year and was proudly wearing her last year's bonnet. She it was whose proposition of one-egg cake and weak coffee had been thrown as a projectile into the quiet camp of the Ladies' Aid. What they would have done about it had a motion been made and the question put to vote, nobody can tell, but as Mrs. Arkright took her seat a modest little lady at the other side of the room

let us set a fashion of being close-fisted and mean. I, for one, would greatly prefer serving no refreshments at our sociable to serving poor ones, nor do I believe in cutting the slices too thin or in using the smaller cups. Think of the young men and young women whose only experience of church hospitality is at our receptions. Some of them are away from home. Most of them are working very hard all the week. On Sunday they come to the church and the Christian Endeavor and meet sympathy and fellowship, and are invited on Wednesday evening to come to the church home and have a happy time. Part of this happy time culminates in the breaking of bread together. I think the bread and the cake and whatever we give, let the times be what they may outside the church, should be of the finest of the wheat and the choicest of flavoring."

The little lady had finished her speech and resumed her place at the back of the room. Others followed her and the question was tossed back and forth like a ball from hand to hand. Finally, the decision reached was that where sacrifices must be made they should be made at home and that church gatherings should be as affluent of good cheer, as overflowing of bounty, as ever before. One-egg cake was not to be accepted as the symbol of Centreville Church hospitality.

To one listener it seemed as if the Ladies' Aid had been guided to the wisest conclusion. Retrenchment is often advisable, and superfluities may be cut off, but hard times are made harder when those who can afford to do otherwise reduce their expenses simply because the spirit of economy is in the air. Economy in its root meaning signifies government and successful management, not merely the reduction to the minimum of every cent expended. The woman who in lavish times runs her house on lavish lines, should not be suddenly meagre because her neighbors have to be, her own exchequer having suffered no reduction. It is no credit to her to wear old clothes when she can afford new ones, thus limiting the revenues of the dressmaker and the milliner, nor to set her servants adrift while she can as well as ever before keep them and pay them wages. People who begin their economy, so to speak, at the church door, curtailing their donations, taking sittings instead of a pew and halving their contributions instead of doubling them, almost tempt Providence by an attitude full of insult to the Divine goodness.—The Christian Herald.

—From the New York Mail.

THE FIRST THANKSGIVING DINNER.

(Reproduced From an Old and Rare Print.)

The Ladies' Aid Society of Centreville had for years done much of the self-denying work that is part of the province of women in most of our churches. When the church needed a new carpet or cushions or renovation inside or out, when a floating debt was to be raised or a mortgage decreased, the women went to work with a will, had fairs and bazaars, suppers and concerts, and in one way or another managed to augment the treasury by goodly sums of money. Centreville was famous for notable

rose. She addressed the Chair, as everybody has learned to do by this time, and then in a low but distinct voice declared that for one she disagreed with the previous speaker. "If we must economize," she said, "and probably the majority will be compelled to, let us not begin in the church. Suppose we begin at home. The children will thrive and flourish on bread and molasses, and we may, if we like, omit cake from the home bill of fare; but when we are making an offering in the Lord's cause, don't

THANKSGIVING ANTICIPATIONS.

Of course we'll have a turkey,
A great, big, husky feller,
'N' vegetabuls of every kind—
Pertaters, white and yeller;
Turnips, 'n' squash, 'n' onions, too—
Um! Um! 'N' celery,
'N' stuffin', that's the best of all,
Fixed up with savory;

'N' pies! Well, I'm prepared to say
All other kinds is fakes
Alongside o' the punkin ones,
Besides, they's apple turnovers
To cap the hull array,
An' I can have two slabs of each,
'Cause it's Thanksgiving Day.

But, after eatin' fruit 'n' nuts
'N' candy with the rest,
I bet I'll feel like letting out
The buttons on my vest!
'N' walkin' round the block is good
For appetites like mine;
Then afterwards I'll feel like "more"
Goo! ain't Thanksgiving fine!
—Mazie V. Caruthers, in Lippincott's.

A THANKSGIVING.

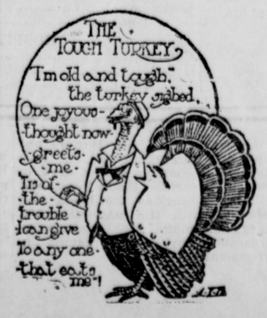
"So many gifts to thank Him for,"
I said.
"His life and His arising from the dead.
The days of sun and calm accorded me,
And, best of all, the hope of life to be,
So fair and smooth the way that I have come,
I fain would thank Him, but my lips are dumb."

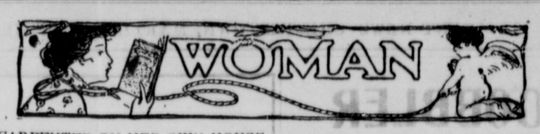
Then all at once the outdoor stillness broke,
A childish voice beneath my window spoke;
I saw November snowflakes flash and shine,
Upon a small, wan face upturned to mine.
I drew the little stranger in to rest,
And smoothed her tumbled hair upon my breast;
"Dear child," I said, "God's kingdom is of such."
And then I heard a whisper—"inasmuch
As thou hast made this little child to be
Less sad and wayworn thou hast gladdened Me!"
The evening shades grew long and deepened, but
I held her fast and sung her eyelids shut,
Within my arms she nestled close and warm,
And as I closer clasped her sleeping form
I knew the little child of God became
The thankful prayer my lips had tried to frame.

Preparing for Thanksgiving! That's what you and I must do.

Tasty Chickens.

"You see, mum, as these chickens are fed on the duck food and the pheasant food, you get three flavors in the one bird."—Tatler.





CARPENTER ON HER OWN HOUSE

Having always aspired to being the owner of a home in the country, where we two, husband and myself could enjoy our old age and die in fresh air, with no means to gratify that desire, I could see but one way that it was to be accomplished, i. e., go systematically about saving for that purpose. As my allowance was but $6, I could save very little. With what presents and perquisites we received, as well as economy, at the end of four years I had laid by about $700. Then we looked about for a desirable location. That we found in Westchester county, about twenty miles from City Hall, New York city; commutation twelve cents per day. I paid $500 for four building lots, 25x125 each. I received in the neighborhood of $300 as commission for selling suburban property, and concluded I would venture starting the building of a house with $500, for if I could not complete it at once I could save rent and finish as I was able. The house is 28x30 feet, two stories and attic; ceilings, ground floor, nine feet; second story, eight feet; kitchen, pantry, dining room and front room, with a hall large enough for an ordinary reception room. Second floor, two large bedrooms, one small one and bathroom; ample closets. More bedrooms could be finished in attic if required.

I started the house in summer; camped on what I now use for garden, hired Italians to dig the cellar and lay foundation with the stone on the place. In digging they struck a vein of sand, which was utilized, thus saving the expense of "building sand." Had the opportunity to buy a building with good timber and well seasoned lumber, for which I paid $50. The cost of taking it down, aside from volunteer help, was $10. It furnished nearly all the timber, sills, beams, etc., and the entire lining. Labor was the largest item, and even that I managed to economize, because all those friends and acquaintances that invited themselves up to camp out with us helped all that they could under the direction of a competent carpenter and builder. Between the lining and clapboards is an interlining of sheathing paper, to insure warmth, and although the expectation was that the house would cost $800, it did not cost much over $500. I did all the wainscoating in the kitchen and dining room after the boss had shown me how it should be done. I have come to the conclusion that a woman can do far more than she is credited with if she is real determined. The taxes are my largest item and the hardest to meet, but words are inadequate to express my satisfaction that I have my own home, free from debt, even though it is humble. No landlord can "put me out" because my chickens or dogs annoy somebody else. If I am indisposed I have no fears that I am losing time and the rent may not be ready on the first. The garden gives me plenty, even if I do neglect it for a week.—E. C., in the New York Telegram.

BUSINESS WOMAN NOT POPULAR

Many a girl when she starts out to earn her living foolishly hides the fact from her friends on the ground that if it is known she will lose caste socially.

This is a great mistake, for if there is one thing the average idle woman admirers above all else it is the ability to be clever and to succeed, whether in money making or in anything else in this world.

The reason why many working women do lose ground socially is to be found purely within themselves. Many girls the minute they mingle in the business world lose their softness and charm and become rough and a trifle like the men about them.

A woman's manners and personality should always be kept distinct from her work.

Then another thing—so many business women can talk of nothing but business. Their whole lives are confined to the office atmosphere, the office talk and ways.

In dress, too, the worker often deteriorates. She grows careless or mannish looking and neglects to provide a suitable dress for calling. Instead of changing to a long, clinging gown for formal occasions she appears invariably in the same abbreviated costume and insists that people take her as she is.

Last and not least, she is careless of social amenities. She does not answer notes or send cards at the proper time, or worst of all, she forgets to keep engagements. This sort of thing is inexcusable, and you can hardly blame the conventional woman for dropping her society.

The best kind of business woman and the one who never loses anything socially by earning her own living is she who never neglects either her conversation, her dress of her manners.—New Haven Register.

SOME OF HER HATPINS.

Hats seem to depend a good deal for their effect on hatpins.

These have, this autumn season, assumed large proportions and great importance. Especially are they large when the hat is small, and there is now no medium between a tiny headgear and one of ample dimensions.

Possibly the favorite hatpin heads are big pieces of clouded amber or of clear tortoiseshell. There is a style about them that is covetable, and the price adds greatly to the charm when once they are achieved.

A pair of large gold sea shells, with a real pearl in each, as hatpin heads, is a pretty conceit, and one so far safe from cheap imitation. Many women whose husbands are soldiers or sailors have regimental or ship's devices copied for this purpose, for something exclusive is naturally desirable.

However, the cult of the hatpin goes beyond the desire for a pair, or even a quartet; the smart woman must have different sets for different hats. Her motor cap, or what she wears for golf, may be held securely to her hair by pins headed with plaited leather dyed to match the headgear, her hat for the afternoon walk with enamel-headed pins, and those for visiting, wedding receptions, etc., with heads of amber, clear tortoiseshell, ordinary tortoiseshell and inlaid jade, are jeweled Star sapphires, matrix opal, uncut amethyst are all among the styleful order of hatpin heads, and it is, of course, necessary that the color either harmonizes with or forms a good contrast to the hat.—Philadelphia Ledger.

AUTHOR OF BILLIKENS.

Miss Florence Pretz of Kansas City is said to have already made a small fortune by the sale of the good luck tokens known as Billikens. Miss Pretz is described as a young artist who before her creation of the saucy clay image had never been able to do any work with a marketable value. While all her little world acknowledged her artistic ability no one would buy the fantastic Oriental drawings that she turned out. Her first lot of Billikens were taken to Chicago by a friend who promised to try to sell them. They met with such ready sale that the friend wrote back advising that others be made and sent as quickly as possible. Within a month the little images were the talk of the town and orders were coming from almost every State in the Union. With the proceeds of their sale Miss Pretz was able to carry out a long cherished plan of having a studio in Chicago and being able to work under the best teachers.—New York Sun.

FRUIT OF FAMILY TREES.

Loud is the scorn expressed by many women in Washington, D. C., for those who love to keep their genealogical trees in their front yards, so to speak. The Former Vice President and Mrs. Fairbanks trace descent from statesmen and jurists of the Revolutionary period. But the exploiting of their lineage was resented by many who cannot produce similar evidence of past glory. The millionaire colony of Washington, D. C., was especially hostile to the pedigreed dame, and the warfare between the "smart" and the "blooded" sets bade fair to be interesting. Some of the millionaire women, such as Mrs. Thomas F. Walsh, Mrs. Richard Townsend and the Leiter family, snubbed the leaders of patriotic organizations. Wives of several Cabinet officials refused to join the D. A. R., and the Colonial Dames because it would drag them into unpleasant complications with leaders who have millions to spend and are powers in the realm of society.—New York Press.

THE SPOILED CHILD.

In "The Autobiography of An Only Child," in "Everybody's," the anonymous writer sums up her case in the following fashion:

In spite of better judgment, I fear every one of us who are only children in his heart likes having his own way, having his own things to himself, having, in short, a monopoly of his parents. And that is because we are, most of us, spoiled, as is the common report about us. "He is a sweet-tempered child," they say, "but spoiled"; meaning that he is imperious, selfish, self-willed; meaning, in fact, that he has not had normal and necessary opposition. Indulgent parents are quite capable of spoiling thus half a dozen, but it seems safe to say that the child's chances of remaining unspoiled, in spite, of his parents, increase with the number of his brothers and sisters, because his parents' attention cannot be centered on him, and the conditions thus become more nearly normal.

MISS WRIGHT AT PRINCETON.

Miss Jane Wright of Cincinnati was elected to take charge of the art library of Princeton University. She was librarian at the Cincinnati Art Museum and resigned to go to Princeton. The trustees of Princeton are said to have allowed the place to remain vacant for over a year because they were anxious to get a person who measured up in every particular to the standard which they had fixed.—New York Sun.

SCHOOL AT 78.

Mrs. A. D. Winship of Racine, Wis., at the age of 78 returned to take a second course of study at the Iowa State University's summer school. It was Mrs. Winship who endowed the John Davis guest chamber at the Abraham Lincoln Centre, Chicago. She plans next year to take a course at the Tower Hill summer school.—New York Sun.

FASHION NOTES.

The new lingerie still shows the effect of ruthless suppression. It has lost none of its prettiness, but is no longer aggressive.

The new feature of yachting and motoring coats is the open side fitted with loops and buttons, which may or may not be closed.

For smart traveling wraps soft black taffeta chiffon is being used, often lined with delicately colored silk or crepe de chine.

Rosettes of all kinds, from the tiny ones for slippers to large fluffy affairs worn as a sash, figure among novel dress accessories.

Dainty lace slippers are made to wear with lace gowns to dinners. They are fitted with red heels and adorned with circular rosettes of lace.

Irish crochet is seen on all the cloth and silk gowns, and insets of Irish crochet, large as well as small, ornament waists of cotton crepe.

Muffs will be worn this season in the evening. Of course they will not be like the ordinary muffs; they will be huge creations of chiffon, lace and ribbon, very light and flimsy.

Making Fires in the Olden Days

A friend of mine, of just my age, used to laugh about his own boyhood and tell the story of his mother shaking him in bed and bidding him put on his boots when he dressed, and his overcoat, and wade through the snow to the next neighbor's to get a pan of hot coals with which to make the fire, says Edward Everett Hale in Woman's Home Companion. I suppose Joe's mother had lost her flint. We kept our flint and what was called "the steel" in a round tin box such as would hold a quart of strawberries now, and it was on the mantelpiece in the kitchen. It was half full of tinder. And half the boys and girls of today do not know what tinder is, or was. The newspapers sometimes say that a shingled roof in a fire "burnt like tinder." And that shows how ignorant that reporter was.

Now, whoever was in the kitchen in the morning and found that the last hot coal of the wood fire had gone out, took down the tinder box and struck "the steel" with "the flint" smartly and often until a redhot spark fell on "the tinder." Then, very carefully, she blew with her breath on any flakes of the tinder which had lighted, until she had quite a little cove of lighted tinder. Then she took what we called a brimstone match and put that very carefully in the little hot hole. If all things worked well, the brimstone lighted, and the wood of the match lighted, and she lighted the candle, which was in the candlestick, which made a part of the tinder box.

Oh, dear me! there were 10,000 such tinder boxes in little Boston the day I was born. And a few years ago I tried to buy one in any of the junk shops. In those days old women would stop at the door and ask you to buy some bundles of matches. They had made these themselves of pine wood, four inches long, which they had dipped in hot brimstone at both ends. And these were the only matches that anybody ever heard of. And today I could not find such a match between the Atlantic and the Mississippi. What we called phosphorus matches—though they were not made of phosphorus—came in about 1830. Percussion caps for guns instead of flint locks came in at about the same time. So that now the average boy or girl has never seen even the flint of the old tinder boxes. All of which I have told at this length, because I suppose the use of the chemical match in households to have been the great invention of the century in matters of domestic comfort. There is a letter in the Franklin papers which shows that in 1782, when Temple Franklin wanted to show such a match to a friend, there were but four in Paris. It was forty years after that time before they came into familiar use anywhere.

RATTLESNAKE OINTMENT.

Made by Chinese Physiians and Sold as Cure for Rheumatism.

Rattlesnake ointment is regarded by the Chinese physicians as such a sure cure for rheumatism and similar complaints that a big demand for the reptiles exists in Chinatown. Policeman Percy Smith, connected with the central station, learned of the demand, and while on his vacation in Mendocino county laid in a supply of rattlesnakes large enough to alleviate the sufferings of every almond eyed resident of San Francisco.

Policeman Smith has just returned from his vacation, which he spent in the wilds of Mendocino county. With him were Policeman Berg, Andrew Garin and his son, Philip Smith. On their return they brought back a dozen rattlesnakes that were eagerly purchased by Chinese doctors at $5 each.

In order to prepare the ointment the wise men of Chinatown pour half a gallon of alcohol into a two gallon jar in which a rattlesnake is imprisoned. The reptile, it is said, usually dies for want of air after a few hours confinement. However, it is left in the bottom of the jar, completely immersed in alcohol, for at least six months. At the end of that period the alcohol is carefully removed from the jar and after slight dilution with another substance is placed on the market as a sure cure for rheumatism. At Chinese drug stores its price is dear.

However little difficulty is encountered in placing the rattler in the jar a great amount of dexterity is necessary to escape its fangs, for the fatigue of the journey has made it extremely vicious and it strikes at any object. In order to prevent it from striking a noose is fastened over its head by the Chinese pharmacist, who after being assured that the fangs are under his control takes the snake in his hands and places it in the receptacle.

A top is then placed on the jar and the string severed. So great is the demand for rattlesnakes in Chinatown and so profitable is the market that other policemen who contemplate a vacation are said to be studying the map in order to discover likely habitations of the rattler.—San Francisco Chronicle.

ENEMIES OF GAME FISH.

Destructive Work of Cormorants, Heron and Gulls.

The common herons are to my mind one of the most destructive agents of fish life, living as they do entirely in the vicinity of fresh water and fishing not only in lake and stream but in estuaries as well. To the herons must be of course added two other kinds of birds equally destructive to our fisheries, gulls of various sorts and the cormorants (green cormorant or shag), and the only extenuating circumstance I can possibly see in favor of the latter birds is that fortunately the bulk of their kind keep on the salt water.

However, I may add that I have seen a cormorant eject a trout of twelve inches in order to facilitate flight, and I have also seen other cormorants so gorged with sea trout as to be unable to escape without great difficulty, and one was knocked on the head by an angler while in this condition. In these instances the birds were probably ten miles from the sea.

As regards gulls, the damage done by them to fresh water fisheries is undoubtedly great, and only a few weeks ago I watched a gull (herring gull) at work in a trout stream, and a herring gull is capable of easily swallowing a trout larger than a herring. Now what is the remedy, and I do not for one minute suggest or wish for extermination? What I would suggest is that all rivers and estuaries controlled by fishery districts should be kept as clear as possible of cormorants in particular, and these birds would soon leave any particular district if much disturbed; at any rate, drive them out to sea, as owing to the depth of water once outside they would be much less detrimental.

Gulls have their uses in clearing a harbor of garbage, etc., and act as scavengers, and they do not dive, but when they stray from the paths of rectitude, as is often the case, and go inland and attack our trout streams a charge of shot is the best corrective. Herons too are easily scared and would soon leave a district if much disturbed, but the shag or cormorant I would give no quarter to personally under any conditions, and I believe that not long ago the Exe fishery authorities gave a reward of one shilling for every cormorant killed.

As a proof of the destructive powers of sea birds, I once shot an adult great northern diver and took from it five freshly swallowed fish, each being about five inches in length, and of the kind locally known as "stingers." The full amount of fish at this rate taken by one bird during a day can therefore be left to the imagination, but in any case must be enormous.—Fishing Gazette.

Don't Tell the Butterflies.

We commend to the bookkeepers of the Illinois river valley the discharge of a plain duty. The early rains, we are told, followed by the long dry spell of the closing summer, took the nectar out of the clover and flowers from which honey is made. As a result the unfortunate little bees now are facing a hard winter with a wholly insufficient supply of food stored away in their hives. They should be fed by the farmers for whom they have so faithfully worked during the fruitful seasons of the past. And, more important still, their little misfortune should be tenderly concealed from butterflies, grasshoppers and other notoriously lazy and improvident insects. For if it shall become commonly bruited about that the bee, symbol of labor, has not been able to earn enough by a summer of industry to keep himself alive during the winter, we fear that work among the hexapods will be off forever. Central Illinois owes it to our whole system of business ideals to conceal the failure of the hard worker.—Chicago Post.

Anxious Traveling.

The late William E. Ingersoll, the noted life insurance manager, was an authority on insurance rates.

"Mr. Ingersoll knew the rates all over the world," said a New York manager recently. The Russian rates are very high. Mr. Ingersoll once explained to me, with a story, why this was.

"A traveler in Russia, he said, noticed that the train was all decorated with flags and banners, and at every station stood a company of soldiers and a band playing the national anthem. The traveler asked a brakeman the reason of all this ceremony. The brakeman, lowering his voice, replied:

"'I don't mind telling you sir—but in the strictest confidence be it understood—that a carriage in this train has been engaged for his majesty. But his majesty, as a matter of fact, won't set off till this evening. Thus the plot hatched against him may take effect on this train, you see, and our gracious sovereign will be saved.

"The brakeman touched his cap and passed on, and the traveler, suddenly grown pale and nervous, stared from the window anxiously."—Washington Star.

Stone Crab Farms of Florida.

Not every resident of Florida knows what a superior dish for the table is a stone crab. It is to Southern waters what the lobster is to Northern. George Lizotte, of Pass-a-Grille, fenced in a portion of Boca Ciega Bay some time ago and planted his water farm with stone crabs to prevent the extinction of the species. He is studying their wants and habits, and believes he can largely increase their numbers yearly. Capt. Cason, of Pass-a-Grille, is preparing to fence in a second stone crab farm of large proportions. There is an enormous demand for the stone crab from the numerous visitors to the island, and the supply, though great, is being rapidly depleted.—Florida Times-

Not What She Wanted.

He was pleading his cause earnestly. "I am wealthy," he said, "and could make ample provision for you."

She nodded and checked one point off on her fingers.

"I have had experience with the world," he continued.

She checked off another point.

"I have passed the frivolous age," he went on, "and I have the steadfastness, the caution and the wisdom to guard and guide you well."

He paused for an answer.

"The points you make are strong ones," she said, "but they lead undeviatingly to the conclusion that you would make an excellent father for me. You have all the necessary qualifications, but just now I am looking for a husband."—Tit-Bits.