## OF INTEREST TO THE HOUSEWIFE

**Shoes Must Have Air.**—Do not keep your shoes in the boxes in which they were delivered. Shoes require air to preserve them and they should never be kept in an air-tight box. Keep them in a shoe bag.

• • •

**A Darning Ball.**—A discarded electric light bulb makes a good darning ball.

• • •

**Inexpensive Stew.**—Chop two onions and a large carrot finely, and cut a pound of neck lamb into small pieces. Put into a saucepan with one cup macaroni broken into small lengths, cover with warm water and season. Let it simmer gently for one and a half hours.

• • •

**Removing Blueing Spots.**—Blueing spots on white clothing can be removed by boiling in clear water.

• • •

**Serving Omelets.** — Omelets should be placed on hot platters to keep them from falling.

• • •

**Save Table Surface.**—If you will place a folded cloth under a dish which contains foods to be beaten you'll find the table surface will be saved many marks and the dish will be kept steady.

**Yes, Constipation Is Serious But It Can't Poison You!**

*Say Doctors*

Modern doctors now say that the old idea of poisons getting into your blood from constipation is BUNK. They claim that constipation swells up the bowels causing pressure on nerves in the digestive tract. This nerve pressure is what causes frequent bilious spells, dizziness, headaches, upset stomach, dull, tired-out feeling, sleepless nights, coated tongue, bad taste and loss of appetite.

Don't suffer hours or even days longer than necessary. You must GET THAT PRESSURE OFF THE NERVES TO GET RELIEF. Flush the intestinal system. When offending wastes are gone the bowels return to normal size and nerve pressure STOPS. Almost at once you feel marvelously refreshed, blues vanish, and life looks bright again.

That is why so many doctors are now insisting on gentle but QUICK ACTION. That is why YOU should insist on Adlerika. This efficient intestinal evacuant contains SEVEN carminative and cathartic ingredients. Adlerika acts on the stomach as well as the entire intestinal tract. Adlerika relieves stomach GAS at once and often removes bowel congestion in half an hour. No violent action, no after effects, just QUICK results. Recommended by many doctors and druggists for 35 years.

**Cruel Punishment**

Hatred is self-punishment.—Hosea Ballou.

**GET RID OF BIG UGLY PORES**

**PLENTY OF DATES NOW... DENTON'S FACIAL MAGNESIA MADE HER SKIN FRESH, YOUNG, BEAUTIFUL**

Romance hasn't a chance when big ugly pores spoil skin-texture. Men love the soft smoothness of a fresh young complexion. Denton's Facial Magnesia does miracles for unsightly skin. Ugly pores disappear, skin becomes firm and smooth.

**Watch your complexion take on new beauty**

Even the first few treatments with Denton's Facial Magnesia make a remarkable difference. With the Denton Magic Mirror you can actually see the texture of your skin become smoother day by day. Imperfections are washed clean. Wrinkles gradually disappear. Before you know it Denton's has brought you entirely new skin loveliness.

**EXTRAORDINARY OFFER**
*—Saves You Money*

You can try Denton's Facial Magnesia on the most liberal offer we have ever made—good for a few weeks only. We will send you a full 12 oz. bottle (retail price $1) *plus* a regular sized box of famous Milnesia Wafers (known throughout the country as the *original* Milk of Magnesia tablets), *plus* the Denton Magic Mirror (shows you what your skin specialist sees) . . . all for only $1! Don't miss out on this remarkable offer. Write today.

**DENTON'S**
*Facial Magnesia*

FILL OUT COUPON NOW

SELECT PRODUCTS, Inc.
4402 — 23rd St.,
Long Island City, N.Y.
Enclosed find $1 (cash or stamps) for which send me your special introductory combination.

Name..........
Street Address..........
City.......... State..........

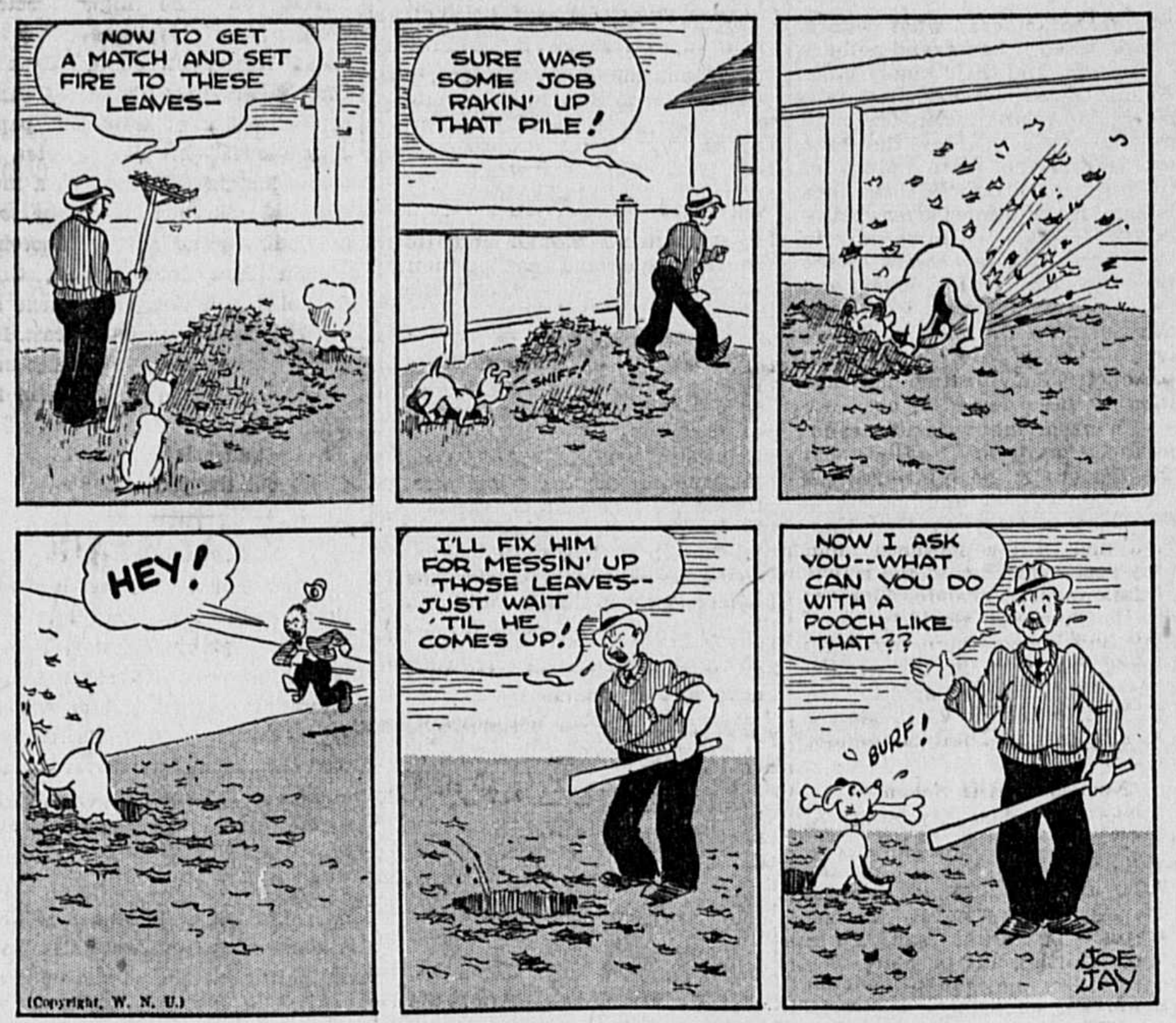
*Your* *Advertising Dollar*

BUYS something more than space and circulation in the columns of this newspaper. It buys space and circulation plus the favorable consideration of our readers for this newspaper and its advertising patrons.

Let Us Tell You More About It

# OUR COMIC SECTION

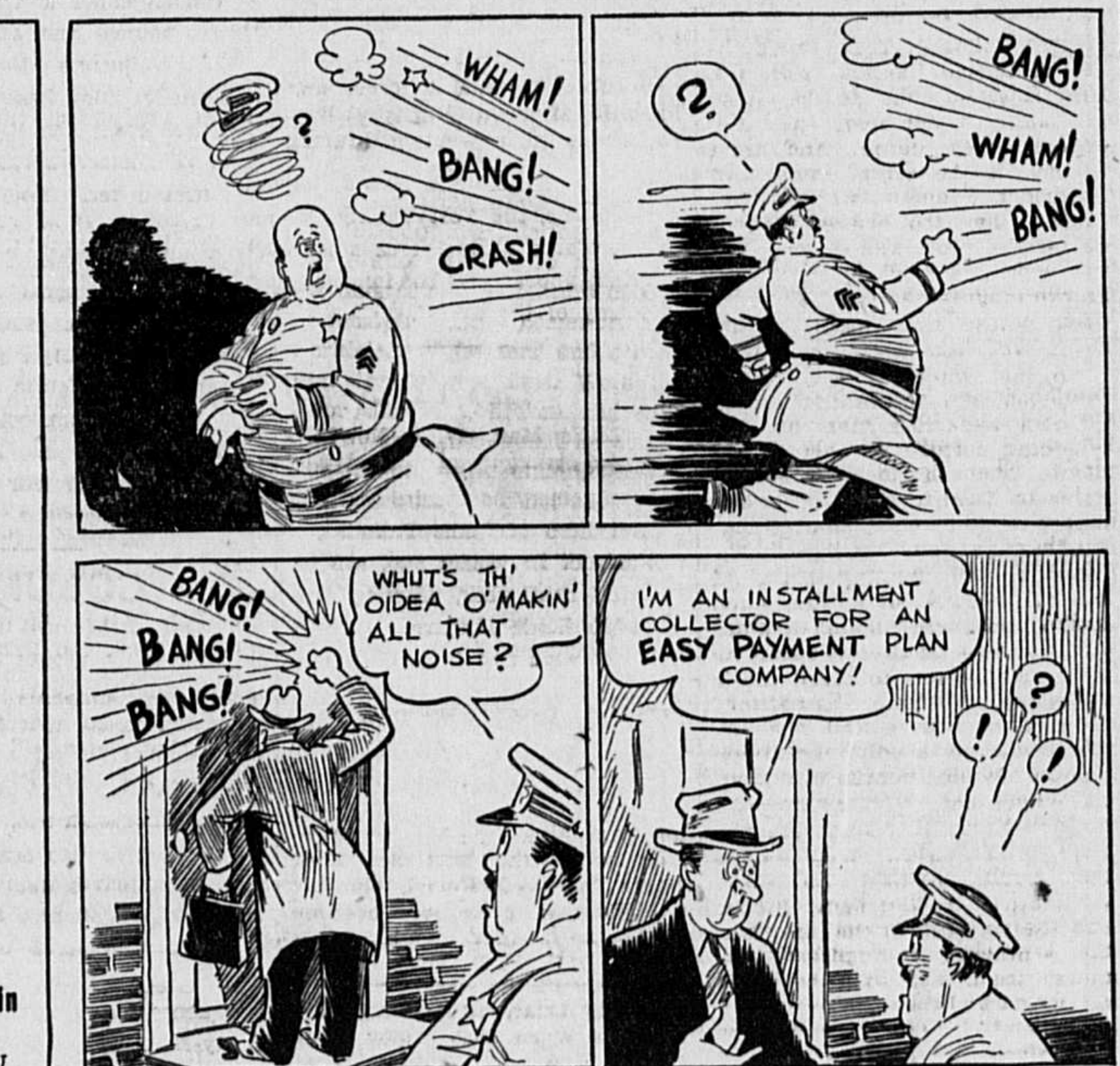
## SNOOPIE


NOW TO GET A MATCH AND SET FIRE TO THESE LEAVES—
SURE WAS SOME JOB RAKIN' UP THAT PILE!
SNIFF!
HEY!
I'LL FIX HIM FOR MESSIN' UP THOSE LEAVES— JUST WAIT 'TIL HE COMES UP!
NOW I ASK YOU—WHAT CAN YOU DO WITH A POOCH LIKE THAT??
BURP!
JOE JAY
(Copyright, W. N. U.)

## FINNEY OF THE FORCE

By Ted O'Loughlin

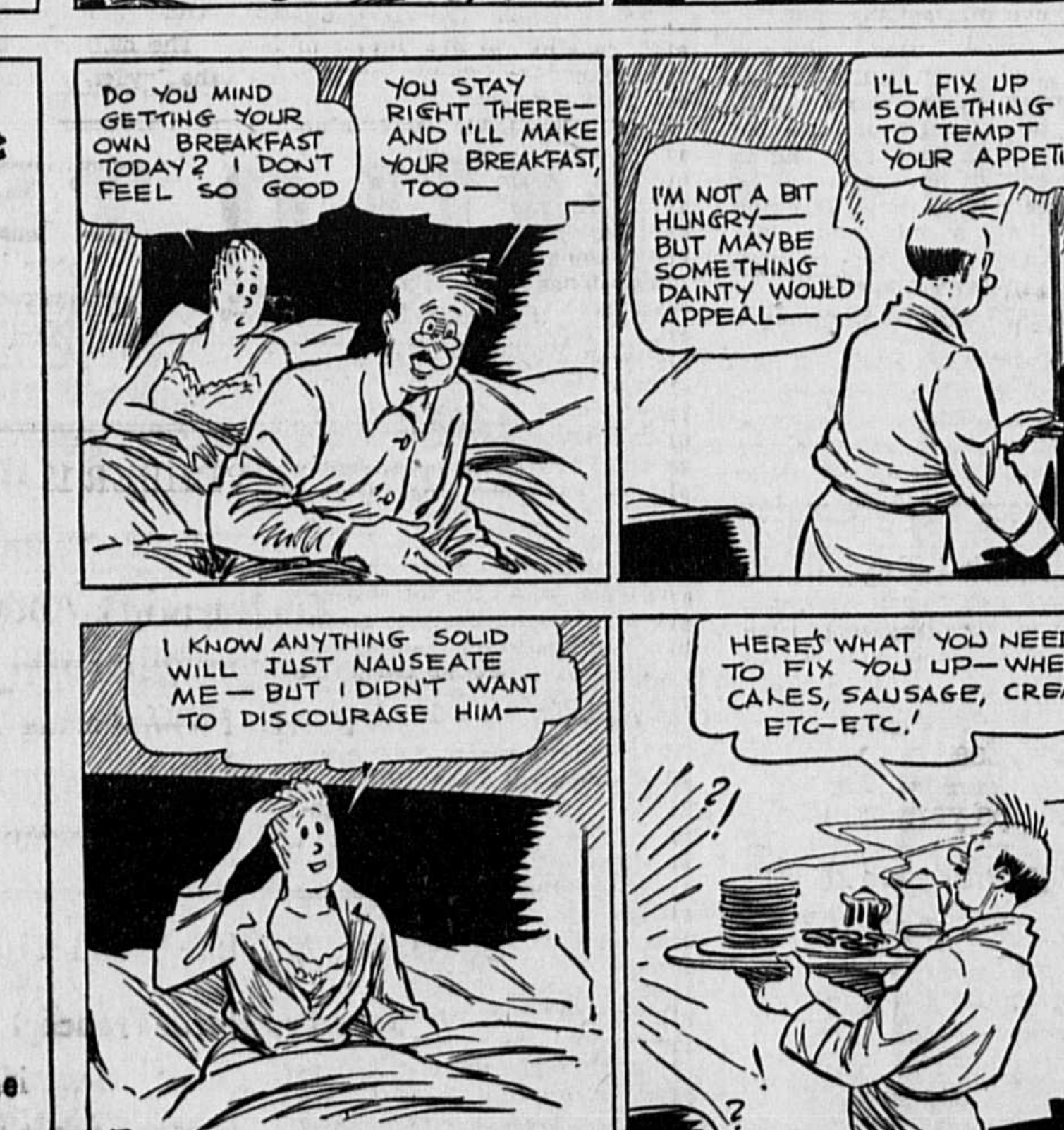
©—WNU


WHAM!
BANG!
CRASH!
BANG!
WHAM!
BANG!
BANG!
BANG!
BANG!
WHUT'S TH' OIDEA O' MAKIN' ALL THAT NOISE?
I'M AN INSTALLMENT COLLECTOR FOR AN EASY PAYMENT PLAN COMPANY!

## The FEATHERHEADS

By Osborne

©—WNU


DO YOU MIND GETTING YOUR OWN BREAKFAST TODAY? I DON'T FEEL SO GOOD
YOU STAY RIGHT THERE— AND I'LL MAKE YOUR BREAKFAST, TOO—
I'M NOT A BIT HUNGRY— BUT MAYBE SOMETHING DAINTY WOULD APPEAL—
I'LL FIX UP SOMETHING TO TEMPT YOUR APPETITE
I KNOW ANYTHING SOLID WILL JUST NAUSEATE ME— BUT I DIDN'T WANT TO DISCOURAGE HIM—
HERE'S WHAT YOU NEED TO FIX YOU UP—WHEAT CAKES, SAUSAGE, CREAM ETC—ETC.!

**HARD AND HARDER**

"Miss Jones, what are the hardest things in your work of teaching?"

"The children's heads."

**Non-Stop**

Bob—Is your little boy still in rompers?

Rob—That child is never still in anything except when he's asleep or under ether.

**One Danger Escaped**

"Was your effort to learn swimming from a correspondence school a success?"

"To a certain degree. I didn't get drowned while I was trying to learn."

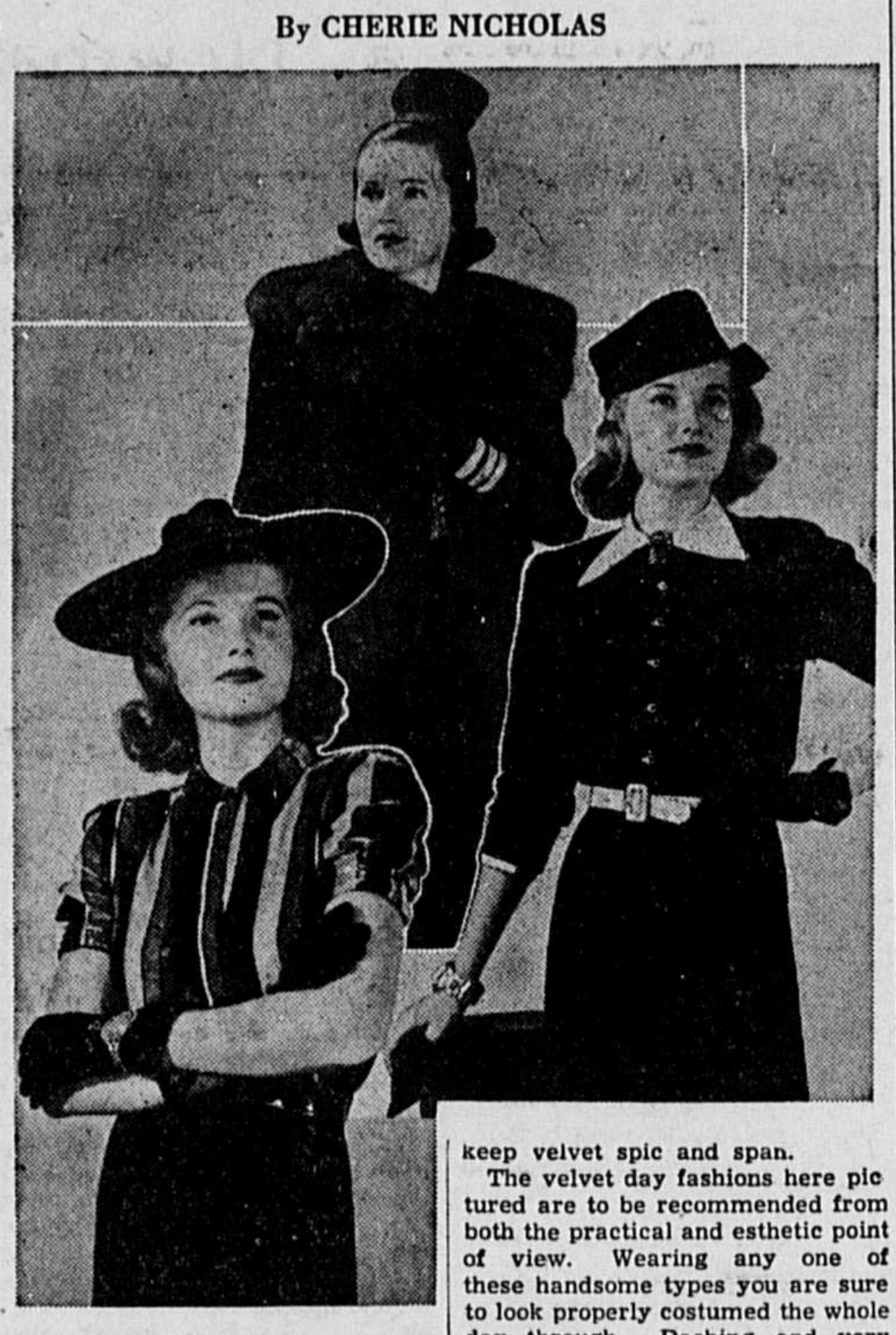
**'TAINT FAIR**

He—Why do you treat me as you do?

She—Because you don't treat me at all.

## Velvet Is Smart for Daytime Wear

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



MORE velvet and more and more and still fashion keeps calling for more. All signs point to a record breaking season for the wearing of velvet. In the majority of couturier collections velvet predominates. Everything is being made of velvet, hats, shoes, gloves, bags, blouses, daytime suits, coats and street ensembles, evening dresses and wraps, hostess gowns, lounging robes, pajamas and negligees—all is velvet. Yes, and "nighties," if you are wanting to know, for there are velvets that wash easily as a pocket handkerchief.

Why do women make velvet a first choice? Answering by asking another question—is there any material more flattering, more kind to maid and matron than velvet? Then, too, velvet has that luxurious look that fits especially into the scheme of things this season, for the whole trend of fashion is toward greater elegance such as has not been equalled for years.

However, it is not merely feminine vanity that is inspiring the present vogue for velvet, back of it all there is an intensely practical explanation that can be told in two brief words with a hyphen between —crush-resistant!

It is an age of scientific discoveries and crush-resistant velvet is one of them. Heretofore the one great barrier to wearing velvet for other than important dress occasion was that it would crush and wrinkle easily. To maintain it without blemish entailed an upkeep program of repeated steamings and coaxings which was both costly and wearing upon the nerves. The advent of crush-resistant velvet gives promise, to a reasonable degree, of doing away with this anxiety to keep velvet spic and span.

The velvet day fashions here pictured are to be recommended from both the practical and esthetic point of view. Wearing any one of these handsome types you are sure to look properly costumed the whole day through. Dashing and very Spanish-fashion is the youthful daytime dress posed to the left with its gayly striped velvet blouse and simple straight skirt. The Spanish sailor is the type young girls delight in wearing this season. The velvet gloves are tres chic. The plaque of the exotic looking bracelet simulates old coin. Which reminds us to remind you to look to your costume jewelry! Bracelets are huge, necklaces have big pendants, clips are gorgeous and so on and on.

A handsome all-day suit of brown velvet centers the illustration. It has the slim sheath skirt which is the correct thing for day wear. The loose straight coat bespeaks the newest silhouette—no flare, just straight. Its collar of sumptuous fur adds yet another luxurious note. An up-and-off the face quilted and shirred velvet hat is worn. There's a scrumptious metal cloth blouse ready to blaze forth when the coat is removed.

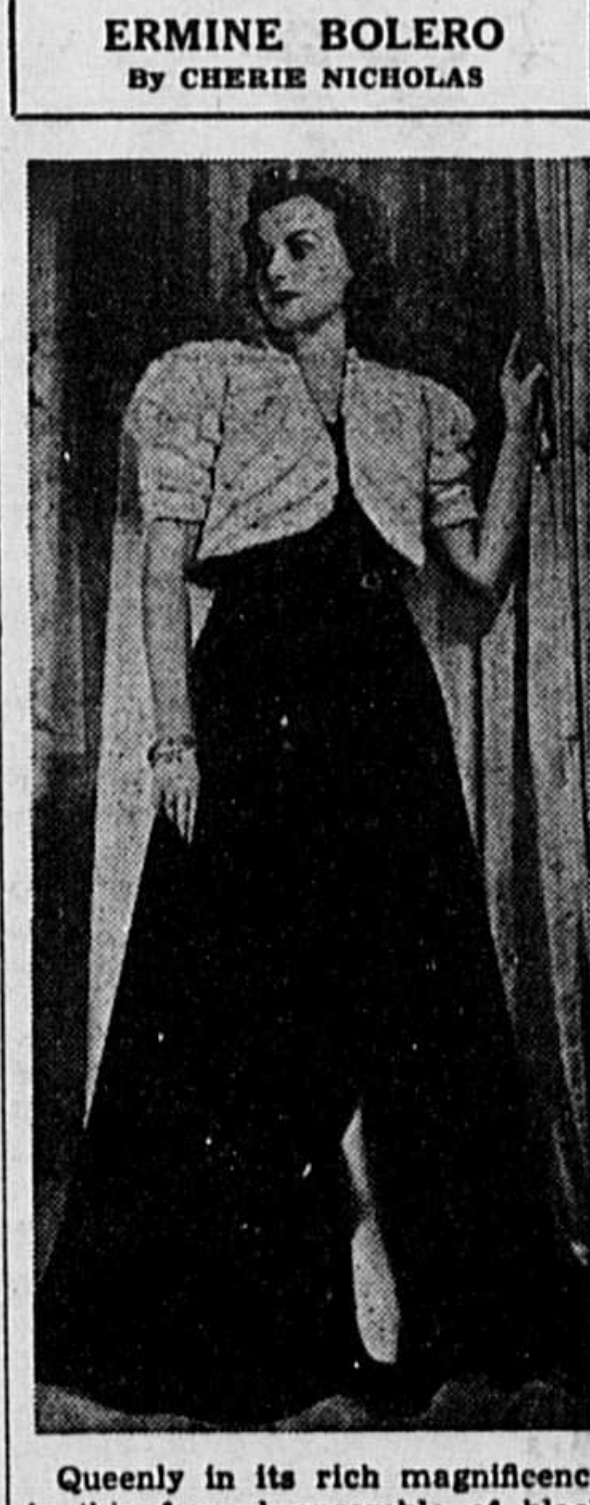
The all-important daytime dress of crush-resistant velvet shown to the right makes a perfect background for dramatic accessories. Note the bracelet. It is of two-tone gold, modern and heavy. And the gloves! They are the newest thing by Aris, being velvet with leather palms, with white stitchings for color contrast.

A few postscript items, namely plaid velvet for an extra blouse, all the fur you care to pile on your day velvet suit, a separate glittering sequin bolero to wear with your decollette evening velvet, a bizarre jewelled belt to give accent for dressy afternoon wear, a gold embroidered velvet bolero.

© Western Newspaper Union.

## ERMINE BOLERO

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



Queenly in its rich magnificence is this formal ensemble of black velvet with ermine bolero jacket. And you should see the gown with the bolero removed! It is perfectly stunning in that it has ermine short sleeves and looks adorable without hint of any trimming other than the superb ermine. The full skirt shows the new "up-in-front and down-in-back" hemline—as exquisite as ever a "portrait of a lady" might be. This is one of the hundreds of stunning costumes, all original designs, shown by the Style Creators of Chicago in the wholesale district.

## ZIPPERS ON SHOES LATEST CREATION

By CHERIE NICHOLAS

Anticipating the tremendous vogue for zippers now sweeping two continents, Newton Elkin, designer of shoes, has cleverly employed the slide fastener to create the sleekest shoe of the season.

In a talk at a recent fashion meeting, Mr. Elkin said, "Women are zipping themselves into their dresses, their coats, their suits. Now, with so much emphasis on molded, sculptured lines, it is more important than ever that shoes have that neat, uncluttered look. I decided that if a zipper could be used as an ornament and practical closing device on some of the smartest, most expensive dresses and coats coming out of the Paris ateliers, fashion-conscious women would welcome the convenience of the zipper in their shoes, if it could be used in an attractive way. I tried out dozens of patterns with variations on the zipper theme, and finally created what I think is the perfect shoe—a high-cut sheath of suede, sculptural in line, with a slide fastener streaking up the instep."

### Fur Is Now Important on New Winter Fabric Coats

Embroideries combine with furs for winter, running alongside them. White ermine makes a scarf that is tied in a bow to front a black duvetyne suit. An ermine muff accompanies it. Both fur pieces are trimmed with black ermine tails.

Many a fabric coat has sleeves made entirely of fur—in beaver or seal. Some have backs of fur and fronts of fabric.

**Flowers Important**

The gorgeously colored tropical flowers that bloom so luxuriantly in Miami throughout the year are being repeated in chiffon and silk for fall wear.

## Smiles

**Ducky**

A certain rather exclusive club had replaced its familiar black-coated staff with young and, in some cases, pretty waitresses.

One day a member who had been strongly opposed to the change arrived at the club for lunch.

"How's the chicken?" he asked an attractive waitress rather gruffly.

"Oh, I'm fine," she replied perkily. "And how's the old pelican himself feeling?"

**Magistrate (to talkative prisoner)—Will you stop talking and allow me to get in a short sentence?**

**Knew the Plea**

A little boy at the local school speech day came forward on the platform and began to recite.

"'Friends, Romans, countrymen—lend me your ears,'" he began.

"That must be the Smythe boy," said one of the listening mothers, with feeling. "They're always trying to borrow something."

**ME STAY HOME FROM WORK? NO SIR! NOT WHEN GENUINE BAYER ASPIRIN EASES HEADACHE IN A FEW MINUTES**

The inexpensive way to ease headaches — if you want fast results—is with Bayer Aspirin.

The instant the pain starts, simply take 2 Bayer tablets with a half glass of water. Usually in a few minutes relief arrives.

Bayer tablets are quick-acting because they disintegrate in a few seconds — ready to start their work of relief almost immediately after taking.

It costs only 2¢ or 3¢ to relieve most headaches — when you get the new economy tin. You pay only 25 cents for 24 tablets—about 1¢ apiece.

Make sure to get the genuine by insisting on Bayer Aspirin.

15¢ FOR 12 TABLETS

virtually 1 cent a tablet

**Good Work**

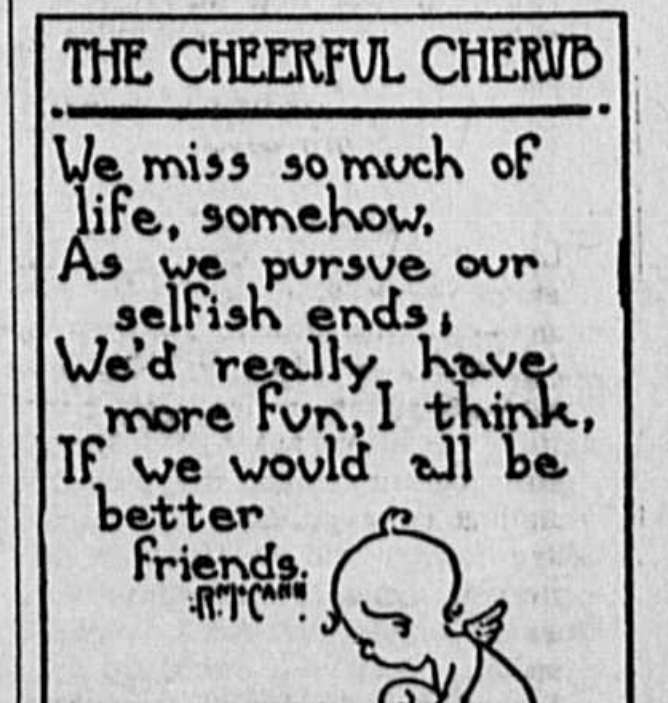
There's many a good bit o' work done with a sad heart.—George Eliot.

**Beware Coughs from common colds That Hang On**

No matter how many medicines you have tried for your cough, chest cold, or bronchial irritation, you can get relief now with Creomulsion. Serious trouble may be brewing and you cannot afford to take a chance with any remedy less potent than Creomulsion, which goes right to the seat of the trouble and aids nature to soothe and heal the inflamed mucous membranes and to loosen and expel the germ-laden phlegm.

Even if other remedies have failed, don't be discouraged, try Creomulsion. Your druggist is authorized to refund your money if you are not thoroughly satisfied with the benefits obtained from the very first bottle. Creomulsion is one word—not two, and it has no hyphen in it. Ask for it plainly, see that the name on the bottle is Creomulsion, and you'll get the genuine product and the relief you want. (Adv.)

**THE CHEERFUL CHERUB**



We miss so much of
life, somehow,
As we pursue our
selfish ends,
We'd really have
more fun, I think,
If we would all be
better
friends.

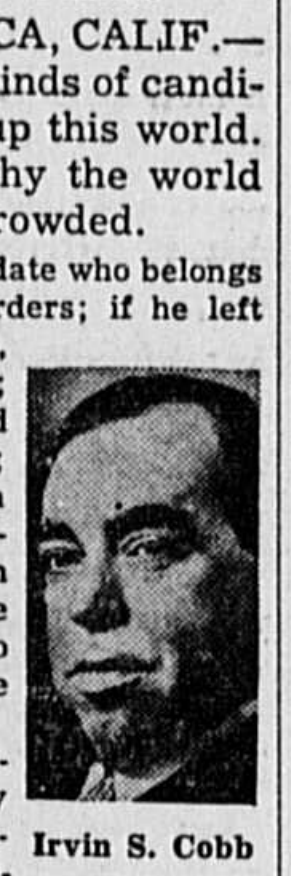
---

## what Irvin S. Cobb thinks about:

**Species of Candidates.**

SANTA MONICA, CALIF.—It takes all kinds of candidates to make up this world. Maybe that's why the world seems so overcrowded.

There's the candidate who belongs to all the secret orders; if he left off his emblems, he'd catch cold; knows every grand hailing sign there is; hasn't missed a lodge brother's funeral in years; can hardly wait for the next one to die. No campaign complete without him.



Irvin S. Cobb

Candidate specializing in the hearty handshake, the neck-embrace, the shoulder-slap, the bear-hug, the gift of remembering every voter by his first name, and the affectionate inquiry regarding the wife and kiddies. When he kisses a baby, it sounds like somebody taking off a pair of wet overshoes. Usually has a weatherbeaten wife needing a new hat.

Strutty candidate who's constantly leading an imaginary parade of 50,000 faithful followers. Loves to poke his chest away out and then follows it majestically down the street. A common or standardized species.

• • •

**Biblical Wisdom.**

IN THE Book of Nahum, Chapter II, I came upon this verse:

"The chariots shall rage in the streets, they shall jostle one against another in the broad ways; they shall seem like torches, they shall run like the lightnings."

Those Old Testament prophets certainly peered a long way into the future. Because I traveled by night through a main thoroughfare leading from Los Angeles to the sea and vice versa, and I knew what Nahum was describing.

But not even an inspired seer of the Bible could imagine a record of traffic mortality so ghastly as the one we've already compiled in this year of grace 1937 A. D. (automobile destruction)—or a people so speed-mad.

• • •

**How to Fight Japs.**

WHENEVER we have a Japanese war scare, I think of Uncle Lum Whittemore, back in west Kentucky, who loved to dispense wisdom as he hitched one practiced instep on a brass rail and with his free hand fought the resident flies for the tidbit of free lunch which he held in his grip.

One day a fellow asked Uncle Lum, who had served gallantly in the Southern Confederacy until a very hard rainstorm came up, what he'd do if the yellow peril boys invaded America.

"I'd hunt me a hollow tree in the deep woods," he said. "Yes, son, the owls would have to fetch me my mail. I been readin' up on them Japs. They're fatalists."

"What's a fatalist?" demanded someone.

"Near ez I kin make out," stated the veteran, "a fatalist is a party that thinks you're doin' him a deep pussonal favor when you kill him."

• • •

**Hollywood Fashions.**

SOME envious style expert says Hollywood fashions are too garish. If he's talking about Hollywood males, I say they're just garish enough. If they were any more garish than they are, visitors would have to wear blinders, and if they were any less garish, Italian sunsets would stand a chance in the competition. And I want the championship to stay in America.

Billy Gaxton picks out something suitable for a vest to be worn to a fancy dress party and then has a whole suit made out of it. Bob Montgomery's ties are the kind that I buy in moments of weakness and then keep in a bureau drawer because I'm not so brave as Bob is; and also I keep the drawer closed because I can't stand those sudden dazzling glares. And Bing Crosby is either color-blind or thinks everybody else is. But his crooning is mighty soothing. And so it goes—red, pink, green, purple, orange, sky-blue and here and there a dash of lavender.

Our local boys gladden the landscape with the sort of clothes I'd wear, too—only my wife won't let me. Stop, look, listen! That's our sartorial motto, and these jealous designers back east can kindly go jump in a dye-pot.

IRVIN S. COBB.

©—WNU Service.

**San Marino**

Legend says San Marino, on the eastern shore of upper Italy, was founded in the Fourth century by St. Marinus of Dalmatia. Its total area is 38 square miles. Its known history begins in 885 A. D. By the Tenth century San Marino had launched its republic. The Montefeltro family and the papacy protected it. Once it was captured by Caesar Borgia, but soon regained freedom. Napoleon recognized its independence. Garibaldi, great Italian patriot, fled to San Marino on his first retreat and there disbanded his army.

## His Story for Thanksgiving Became a "Newspaper Classic"

In 1890 Will C. Ferril Received an Order for a Special Article from Irving Bacheller, Editor of a Pioneer Syndicate, and Hastily Wrote "No Grandmothers There"; Since Then It Has Been "Reprinted by Request" in Thousands of Newspapers All Over the U. S.

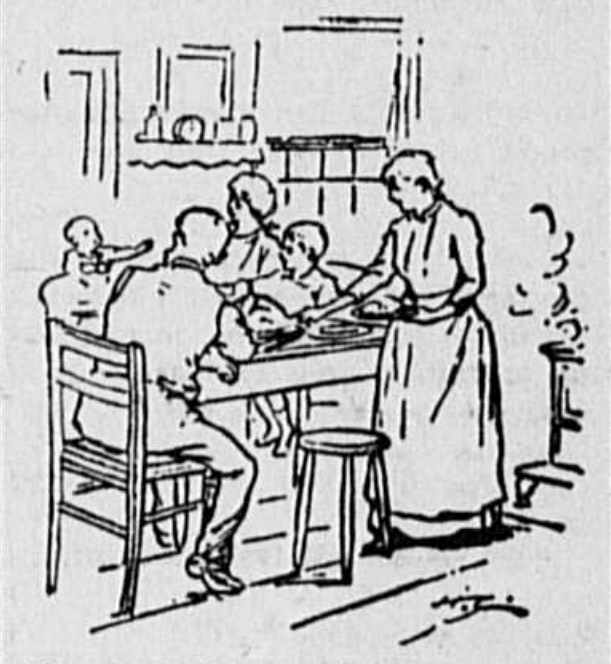
© Western Newspaper Union.

By ELMO SCOTT WATSON

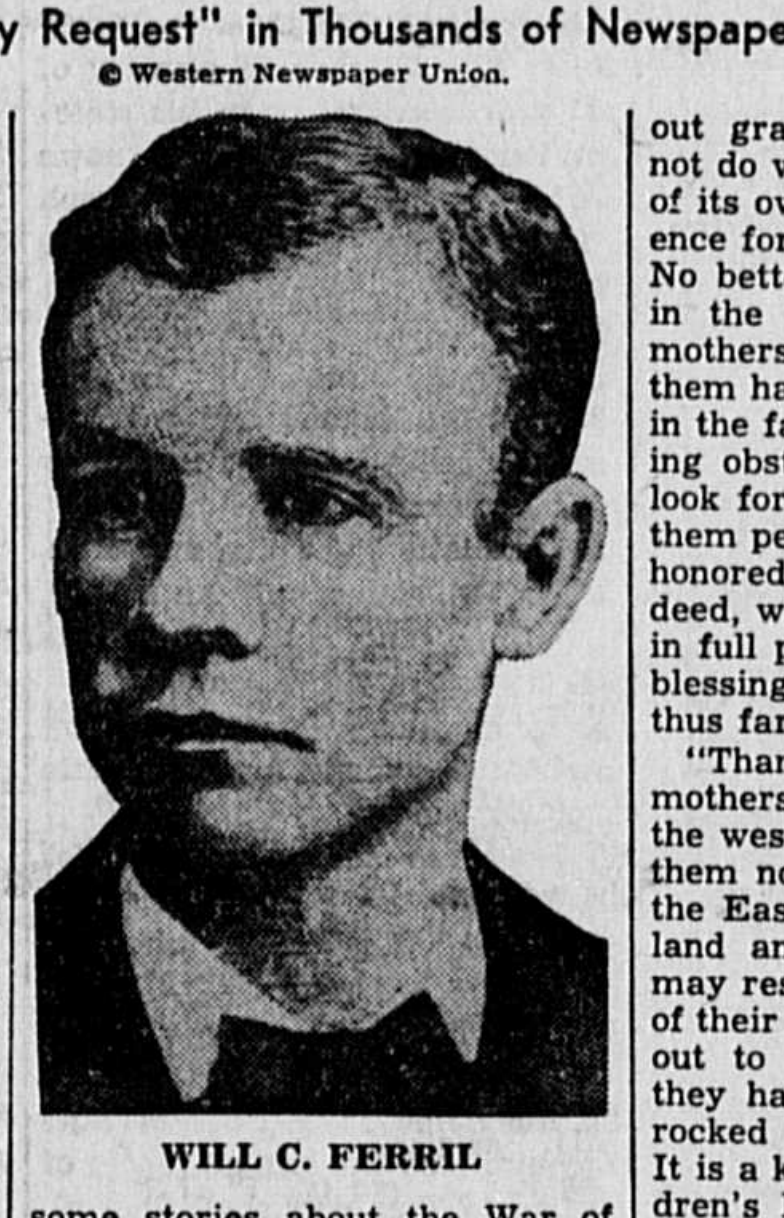
AN INSEPARABLE part of the traditions which have clustered around our holidays is the literature associated with them. New Year's day, Easter Sunday, the Fourth of July, Christmas day—each of them has inspired many poems and stories which never seem to grow old and which are repeated when those holidays come round each year. What is true of them is equally true of Thanksgiving.

This is the story of a famous Thanksgiving story. Although it was written in great haste, it had some quality that was vastly appealing to its readers. So it has become what is known as a "Newspaper Classic," one of those journalistic compositions which are so often "reprinted by request."

Back in 1890 Irving Bacheller, destined to become one of America's best-beloved novelists, was operating a press syndicate which supplied reading matter to several metropolitan newspapers for simultaneous publication. This material included serials, short stories, news letters from New York and Washington and special articles.



**Thanksgiving and No Grandmother**



**WILL C. FERRIL**

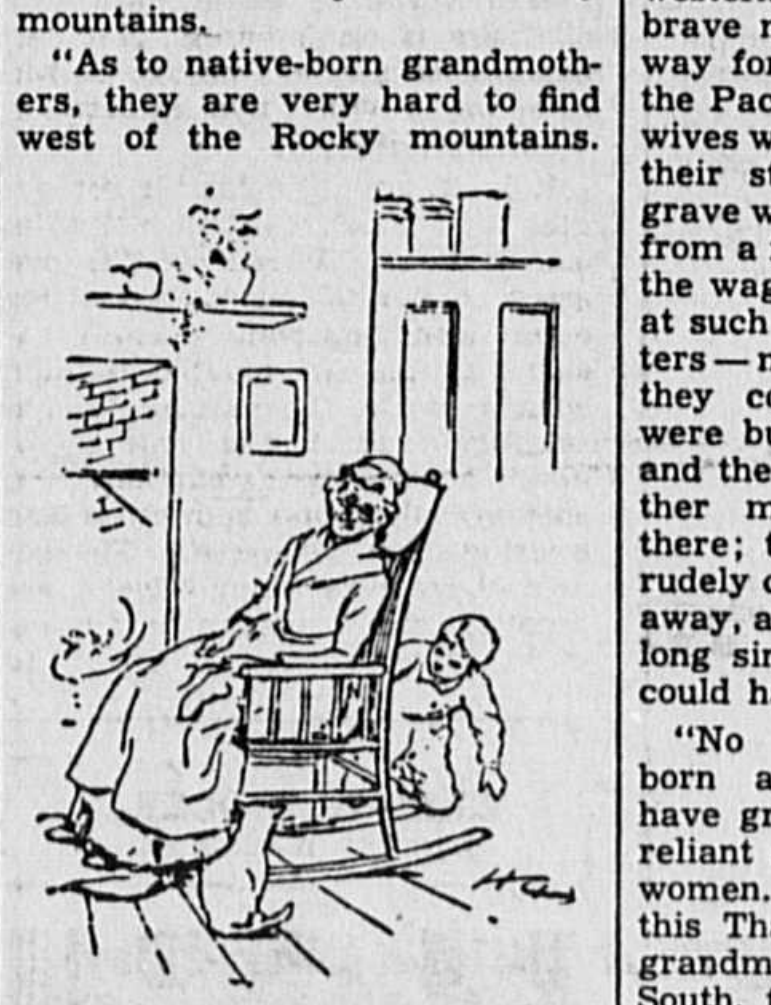
One of the contributors to Bacheller's syndicate was a young Denver newspaper man named Will C. Ferril. Early in November of that year, Bacheller wrote to Ferril and asked him for a special Thanksgiving article with a "western slant."

Thanksgiving was not far distant and there was little time for writing the article, sending it on to New York, having it printed and distributing it to newspapers using Bacheller's service. But Ferril set to work at once and the following article, headlined "No Grandmothers There" was the result:

"Can you imagine in these closing days of the year with Thanksgiving close upon us a whole land without grandmothers? That seems almost incredible in the long-settled communities of the East and South, for no family reunion is complete without at least one venerable figure, so familiar and so dear in that household from the days of childhood's earliest recollections. Yet between the Rocky Mountains and the Pacific coast there are hundreds of homes where children are growing up without a glimpse of their own or any other child's grandmothers. They know nothing of the dear, old face, the soft, gray hair, the quaint figure of that patient little woman who, day after day, sits in the quiet corner of the old home knitting, knitting, and still knitting, while her thoughts are wandering far away into the long ago of her childhood. They know nothing of her gentle chidings, nor can they appreciate the quiet and kindly amusement in the household at grandmother's expense, when, after searching the house for her "specs" she is reminded, in response to her anxious inquiry, that they are under the frills of her cap. Then, there are the quaint old songs of long ago that even the fathers and mothers of the present day know not, but which grandmother, with a quaver in her voice, will hum and sing when she thinks no one is near to hear. What fun it used to be, when she thought no one was near to slip up behind her chair, and, all unobserved, catch in the sweet snatches of the golden melodies. When a boy, it was my delight to thus hide myself behind the chair of my great-grandmother from Virginia, and listen to her humming some old southern air. One day she espied me, and in a chiding voice said, looking over her glasses: 'Don't tease your grandmother like that.' I really believe she would have blushed, at being caught trying to sing, if the face had not been so old and wrinkled. She was undoubtedly seemingly ruffled, but I coaxed her into telling me some stories about the War of 1812, and we were soon friends again. The children of the Far West never hear the old-time New England and southern cradle songs, for the mothers of the present day hardly know even their fragments. Nursery rhymes, nowadays, change, as do the fashions.

"And think of a Thanksgiving without grandmothers. Why, in the land of grandmothers, it is she who on that day has first claim upon all our gallantry and chivalry. A white-haired belle, on that day at least, with gray-haired sons and daughters, and troops of happy children around to do her honor and bring to her comfort and cheer. Thousands of western boys and girls know nothing of this. A grandmother is to them almost as much of a myth as the heroine of a fairy story. A little boy in the Rocky mountains on being told some events about his grandmother in the far East actually asked what kind of a being a grandmother was. It is true there are some grandmothers in the far West, but they are imported from the East and South. For most of them the West is too far away. No doubt their hearts often reach out tenderly toward their grandchildren in and beyond the Rocky mountains.

"As to native-born grandmothers, they are very hard to find west of the Rocky mountains.



**The Great Feature of Thanksgiving in the East.**

With the exception of the early settlements in the Oregon country, the Mormons in Utah, and the occasional home of the earlier trapper in the mountains, or ranchman in California, the civilization is too young for native-born grandmothers.

"It was only forty years ago that the great rush was made to the gold fields of California, and not until ten years later did the tide of immigration start for Pikes Peak. Possibly, California may produce a few very youthful grandmothers, about, say, forty years of age; but you could scarcely find a native-born grandmother of even that early age in Colorado. Nevertheless the state has a population of nearly two millions. Nebraska, too, has hardly a grandmother to the manor born. Those two states were a waste of prairie and plain thirty-six years ago, the home of the buffalo and the Indian, where the face of a white man was hardly known. In the older 'new West,' consisting of Minnesota, Iowa, Missouri, Arkansas, Louisiana and Texas, they have grandmothers of their own.

"But you can look upon all that vast region west of the states bordering immediately on the west side of the Mississippi river, and Texas, as having scarcely a native-born American grandmother among millions of people. That region includes more than one-half of the land over which the flag of the republic will float on Thanksgiving day yet a native grandmother can scarcely be found. If the far West can do so much in building an empire without grandmothers, what will it not do when it has grandmothers of its own, and their kindly influence for good is everywhere felt. No better mothers can be found in the whole country than the mothers of the West. Many of them have reared model families in the face of almost overwhelming obstacles. We have only to look forward a few years to see them peaceful, kindly, loving and honored grandmothers. Then, indeed, will the far West be at last in full possession of the greatest blessings of civilization that has thus far been denied to her.

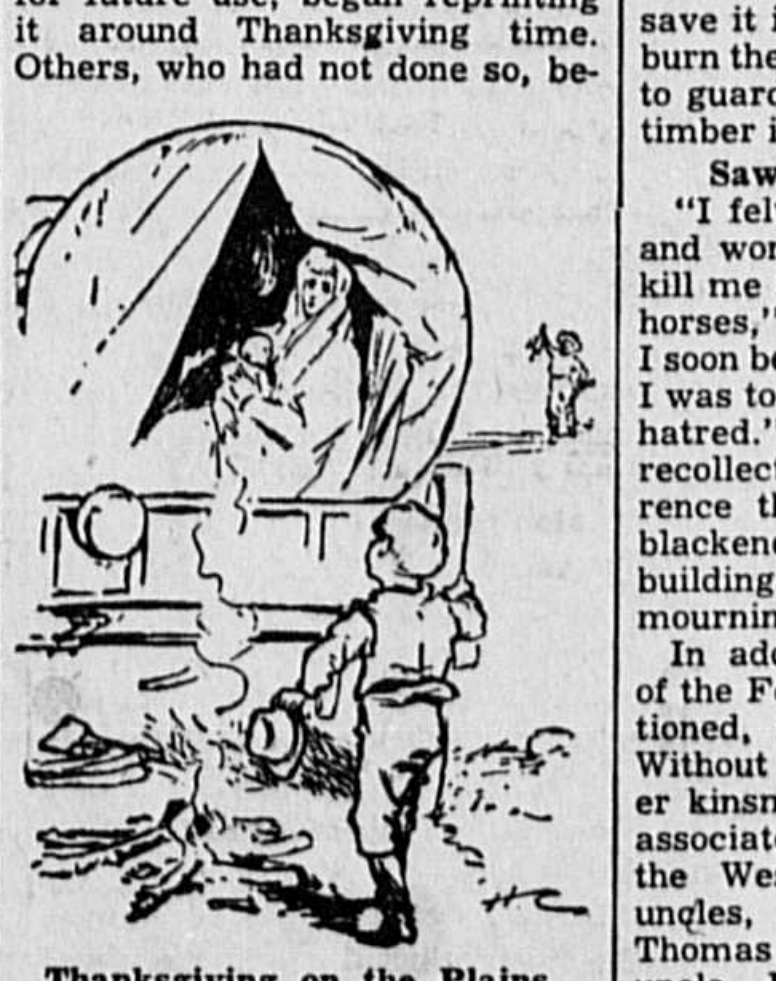
"Thanksgiving without grandmothers is dreary indeed; but the western grandchildren forget them not. The grandmothers in the East, in far-away New England and in the southern land, may rest assured that the hearts of their western grandchildren go out to them as tenderly as if they had known them and been rocked by them in the cradle. It is a kind of desert spot in children's lives not to have seen a grandmother and felt her tender caresses.

**Born in Prairie Schooner**

"The birthplace of some of those earlier grandchildren was, in the pioneer days of the far West, in the old freight wagons and prairie schooners. On the Oregon, California and Pikes Peak trails, many a baby was born in an old canvas-covered wagon, and all honor to the mothers of the nation, who centuries ago braved the dangers of the almost unknown seas to establish American homes from the New England coast to the Georgia shore. Then over the Alleghenies they came, and then across the Mississippi river. But American women stopped not there. They, too, braved the wilderness of plain and desert, and the storm and dangers of unknown mountain passes. The children whose first sight of the world was from a canvas wagon train, and who are now grown to manhood and womanhood, cannot look back to a mansion or a vine-clad cottage as their birthplace. There is no such sacred home for them to meet in for the happy reunion on Thanksgiving. But they are proud of their birthplace on the fleeting trails of western empire, at a time when brave men were blazing a pathway for new commonwealths to the Pacific, and still more heroic wives went with them. Sometimes their story was a sad one. A grave was dug; a coffin was made from a few pine boards torn from the wagon bed. Her sisters—for at such times all women are sisters — made what preparations they could; mother and child were buried in the same grave, and the caravan moved on. Neither minister nor priest was there; the board, with the name rudely carved thereon, has rotted away, and the drifting sands have long since obliterated what else could have marked the spot.

"No wonder, then, children born amid such surroundings have grown up into strong, self-reliant and courageous men and women. Their hearts go out in this Thanksgiving season to the grandmothers of the East and South, to whom they claim kinship. Who among the children of the far West would not love to see one dear and venerable face in the old homestead on Thanksgiving day?"

As so often happens with an article which becomes a "newspaper classic," this Thanksgiving story was not immediately hailed as an outstanding piece of journalistic writing. But during the next few years editors, who had seen it, clipped it and laid it away for future use, began reprinting it around Thanksgiving time. Others, who had not done so, began receiving "please reprint" requests from their readers. So the fame of the article spread.



**Thanksgiving on the Plains.**

In some cases it was reprinted under the title of "A Land Without Grandmothers" and it is perhaps better known by that name than by its original title.

Perhaps one reason for the popularity of this article was the ring of authenticity in its interpretation of the "mothers of the West." For its author is a descendant of a long line of pioneers who for several generations have followed the frontier westward.

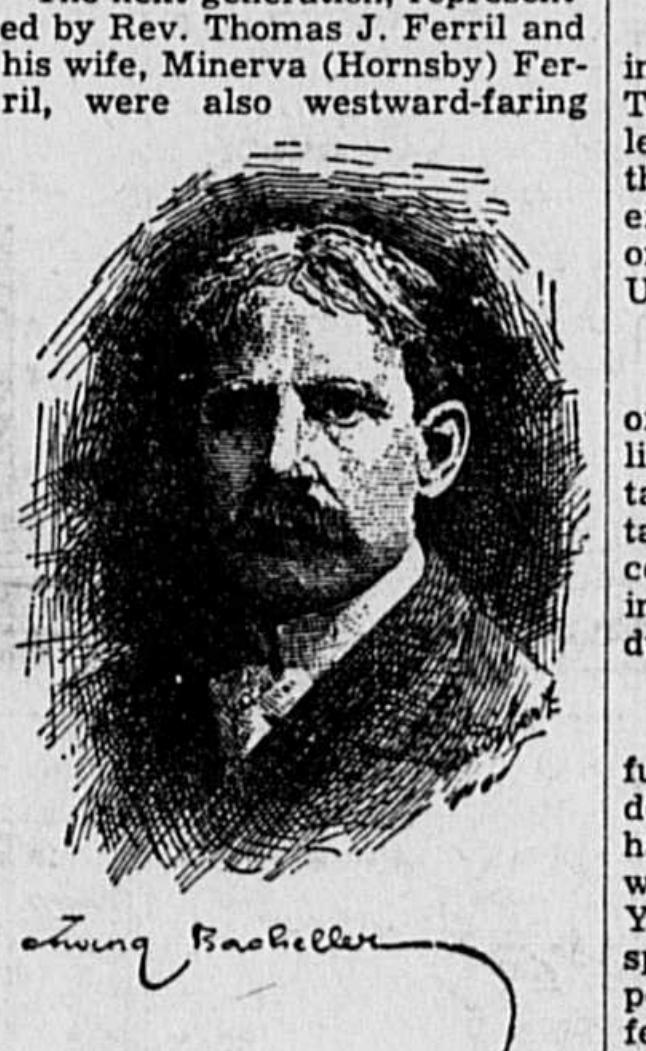
His great-great-grandparents, John and Margaret (Baughman) Ferril, were natives of Virginia who went to Kentucky over the Wilderness road in the days of Daniel Boone. While in camp at the famous Crab Orchard on that road, this party of immigrants, which was under the leadership of Capt. Jacob Baughman, brother of Margaret Ferril, was attacked by Indians. Captain Baughman, John Ferril and several others were killed but a son, John Ferril, then a lad of about fifteen, with his mother and two sisters escaped and reached their destination in the "Dark and Bloody Ground" safely.

**Missouri Pioneers**

When the younger John Ferril grew up he married the daughter of another pioneer family, Keziah Cook. In 1808 John Ferril and his wife, continuing the family tradition of moving westward, crossed the Mississippi river into the present state of Missouri, then known as Upper Louisiana. During the War of 1812, when the pioneers were in danger of Indian attack, they were among the Boone's Lick settlers who "forted" in the palisaded structure known as Fort Cooper.

John Ferril's son, William Ferril, married Elizabeth Clemens and they also "moved West," this time to Independence, Mo., which in 1822 was taking the place of the earlier town of Franklin as the eastern terminus of the Santa Fe trail. Here William Ferril, who was a minister, preached to a picturesque crew of frontiersmen, fur traders, Indians and teamsters who were engaged in the Santa Fe trade and he often held services under the trees which stood on the present site of Kansas City, Mo.

The next generation, represented by Rev. Thomas J. Ferril and his wife, Minerva (Hornsby) Ferril, were also westward-faring pioneers—this time to Lawrence, Kan., where they settled in 1854. There Thomas J. Ferril, who was a Methodist preacher, became one of the founders of Baker university and, as an ardent Free Soil advocate, he was marked for death by Quantrill and his Missourians when they made their raid on Lawrence in 1863. However, he was away at a Methodist camp meeting at the time and thus escaped the fate of other citizens of that town.



Will C. Ferril, his son (the author of the Thanksgiving story), was a very small boy at that time. His mother had died a short time previously and he had been placed in charge of the Widow Jones who lived on the Wakarusa river not far from Lawrence. Mr. Ferril remembers vividly the morning of the raid—how a dark cloud, which later proved to be smoke from the burning town, began to darken the sun, how several horsemen galloped past, shouting "Quantrill is burning Lawrence and killing all the men!"; how the Widow Jones and her daughter emptied their house of all its furniture to save it in case the raiders should burn their house; how he was sent to guard the Jones' horses in the timber in a bend of the river.

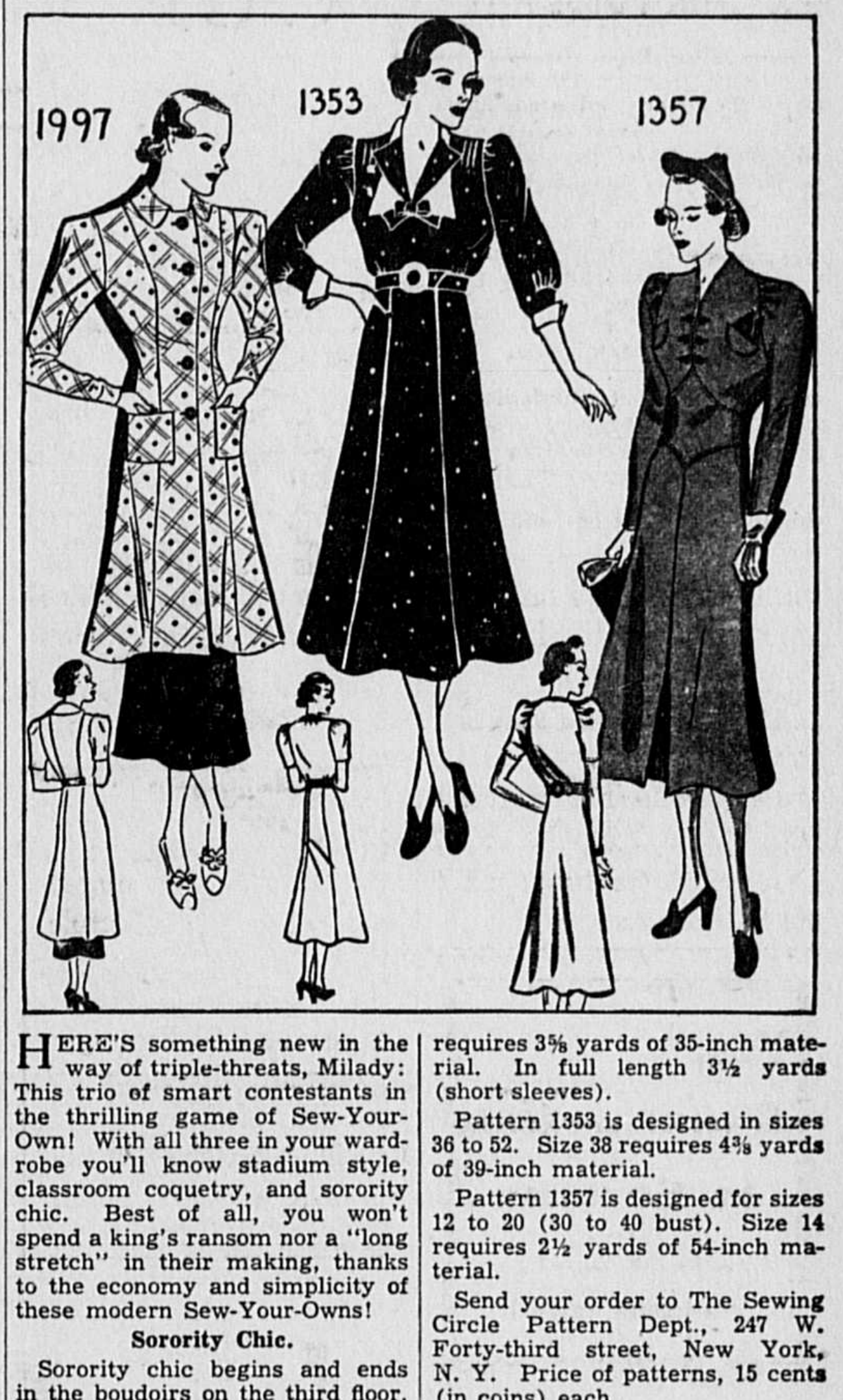
**Saw Ruins of Lawrence**

"I felt very uneasy for a time and wondered if Quantrill would kill me if he found me hiding the horses," Mr. Ferril recalls. "But I soon became calm, thinking that I was too small a boy to incur his hatred." He also has a vivid recollection of his visit to Lawrence the next day, seeing the blackened walls of the burned buildings and hearing the people mourning for their dead.

In addition to these members of the Ferril family already mentioned, the author of "A Land Without Grandmothers" had other kinsmen who were intimately associated with historic events in the West. Two of his great-uncles, Jonathan Ferril and Thomas Clemens, Jr., and his uncle, John D. Ferril, later of Humboldt, Calif., were captains of emigrant trains to California in the gold rush days.

Thus his family has been linked with the frontier from the Atlantic to the Pacific, from the Wilderness Trail of 1779 to the Santa Fe Trail and Oregon Trail of 1849.

## Fashion's Triple-Threat



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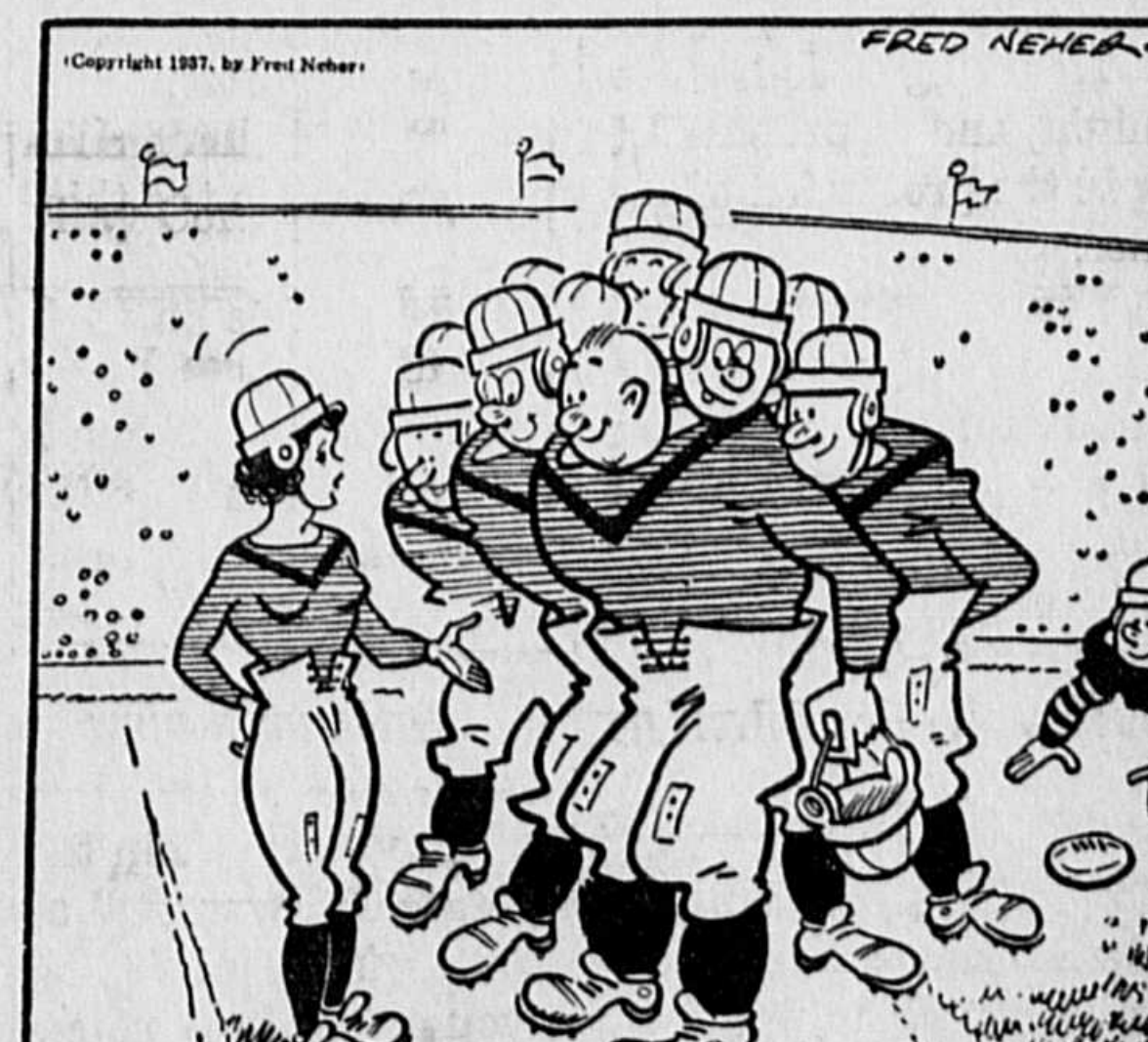
**LIFE'S LIKE THAT** *By Fred Neher*



**"The coach's idea is that they'll all tackle me and one of you go through with the ball."**

5098