

Let us thank God,
then, not of all, for
good time and harvest
and the boundless
wealth and blessing for
which they stand.
—Bishop Potter.

Miss Penelope's Thanksgiving

By JEAN DOUGLAS.

At the end of Maple street stood a lovely white house with green shutters. This was the home of Miss Penelope Semple, the last of an honored and loved family numbered among the first settlers of Concord. For some twenty years she had dwelt—with Anne Barnes, her maid, a descendant of those who had served the original Semple—in the house of



"TELL ME THAT I AM WELCOME"

her forefathers, and none but the oldest inhabitants could recall the times when the family consisted of Judge Joel Semple, his wife Elizabeth and their children, Richard, Penelope and Martha. The son was a bitter disappointment to the judge, because he refused to study law and succeed his father in that honorable profession. Nature had endowed him with a talent for reproducing her beauties, and he worshipped before the shrine of Apollo in preference to that of the wise Athene. As a result he quarreled with the judge and departed for Europe. For several years he communicated with Penelope, but finally his letters ceased to arrive.

The gentle mother succumbed to an attack of pneumonia and was followed a year later by her younger daughter. Shortly afterward the judge was discovered dead in his office, a victim of apoplexy, and Penelope was left to face life alone in the large white house. She exerted every effort to locate her brother, only to experience failure.

In the days when there were many benches to the family tree it was the custom for the Semples to assemble at the home of the judge for Thanksgiving. Since the death of her parents Miss Penelope continued to throw open the hospitable doors of the white house for Thanksgiving celebration.

For the twentieth time she waited in happy anticipation the arrival of the advance guest. Her eyes swept with an appreciative glance the candlesticks and old family pines shining with glass acquired brightness, the cut glass decanters and the dustless mahogany furniture ready for the morrow's feast.

The knocker summoned her to the door, and, throwing it open Penelope greeted her cousin and his wife. From that time on, until late evening the Semples continued to gather about the hearthstone of the white house. The evening was happily spent, the younger generation dancing, while their elders exchanged reminiscences, and at mid night they retired to await the dawn of Thanksgiving day.

Dinner time came in due season next day, Miss Penelope seated her guests, and the radiant circle was complete.

Then the various dishes were placed upon the board—roasts, broiled fish, vegetables, pastries, and sweetmeats, and each vied with the other in quality and toothsome-ness. They crunched the celery, revelled in the browned sweet potatoes and nodded approval at the pumpkin pies. These stole over every one a sense of peace and contentment, which comes when love and kindness permeate the atmosphere.

Then Dr. William Semple rose from the chair and, holding aloft a slender glass filled with wine of a rare vintage, said in a voice of unusual richness: "My

dinepeople. I want you to drink to the health and happiness of our dear Penelope, whose unselfish love and delightful personality are a benediction to us all."

When he ceased speaking everybody was standing, with the exception of Penelope, with glasses uplifted ready to drink, when there came a loud knock at the door.

One of the younger boys answered its insistent demands and found on the threshold a youth of his own age. "I have come to see Penelope Semple," he said simply, and was ushered to the lady's chair.

He bowed low over her hand and kissed it, then stood tall and straight before the fragile, gray clad woman. The rays rolled from her shoulders, like raindrops from a window and clasping the boy to her, she cried, "Dick, my own Dick!"

"Not Dick, Aunt Penelope, but Dick's son. He only told me of my family last month before he died and insisted that I reach here for Thanksgiving. Father described this scene so vividly that when the door opened I feared that it might not be real. Tell me that it is—and that I am welcome."

Dr. Semple placed a chair at the left of Penelope's for the new found member of the old Semple family.

The arrested toast was completed, and when they were all re-seated Penelope arose and, placing a hand lovingly on the lad's shoulder, addressed her guests.

"I have much—very much—to be thankful for. My Dick has returned, not as a brother, but as a son, for as such I shall love him. What a heaven my declining years will be with him to plan for. Truly, God is good."—Philadelphia North American.

TURKEY BECOMING EXTINCT

We'll Have to Find Another Center-piece for Thanksgiving Dinners. It is a sad fact to state, but if the truth must be told it looks very much as if the great American turkey, the center of our Thanksgiving festivities, will after not many years become as extinct as the auk, says the Washington Star. According to the census in 1890 the number of turkeys that year was 12,000,000. The population at that time was at least a dozen million less than it is now. But the last census returns place the turkeys at only 3,000,000, their valuation being \$1,000,000.

Hence it is easily seen that, while the turkey eating population is increasing by the hundreds of thousands, the fowls themselves are decreasing at an even greater rate. We have a nation of 100,000,000 people and only 3,000,000 turkeys.

Turkeys are very delicate birds, and in spite of their huge size they cannot stand the hardships that chickens can easily endure. By nature wild, they



ON A TURKEY FARM

pine and die in confinement, yet left to wander too young are killed by wet grass and vermin. They do not like to roost in a house like chickens, but prefer to sit in rows on the boughs of tall trees. Even in storms and blizzards they sit calmly as drakes perched high on the swaying limbs and seemingly heedless of rain or cold. But put them in a warm house or in a cramped yard and they do not thrive. So the difficulty of raising them has been a large factor in the high price of their meat and their growing scarcity.

Thanksgiving in Cromwell's Day. That Thanksgiving day was 300 years ago popular and generally observed in England is well shown by the following passage: For Hadrian who thought he ad won The field as certain is a span And, having routed the whole troop, With victory was back a heap Thinking he ad done enough to purchase Thanksgiving day among the churches. Thus wrote Butler in 1633, during Oliver Cromwell's tenure of power, and it clearly proves that at a time when the observance of the day was but just beginning to be regularly kept in this country, the English recognized the day very generally as one of joy and feasting.

A Thanksgiving Wish. We wish everything good, cheer, a finely whetted appetite, vigorous digestion and a pleasant reunion of the scattered members of the family. From the tottering grandfather to the tottering baby, a pleasant Thanksgiving to all.

Thanksgiving a Dual Holiday. Thanksgiving is the one holiday that combines religion and patriotism. We should try to impress on the child each Thanksgiving both a feeling of thankfulness for his own blessings and a feeling of high patriotic pride.

Bessie and Her Thanksgiving Pies

LITTLE Bessie Gray looked up from her story book with a sigh, and as she looked up she caught the reflection of her face in a mirror over the table and sighed again.

"Oh, dear! If I were only slender and graceful and a grown up young lady or a princess and lived in a palace and had heaps of money and could carry bunches of flowers to sick people! But here I am, nothing but Bessie Gray—short, stout and homely, with a broad face and a wide mouth and not exactly poor, but then I have to work rather hard for a little girl, and as for the troubles of this world, somehow I don't feel so badly about them as I ought to, or else the people around here don't have any to speak of."

"Now's your chance," said a little squeaking voice. Where did it come from? There was nothing in sight but a heap of pumpkins on a board just outside the window and a little colored girl passing the garden fence, scantily clad and shivering in the cold November sunshine. All that Bessie knew of her was that her name was Poppy, and she belonged to a family that were very shiftless, it appeared, from their unwillingness to work and their ignorant ways of doing the little they could do.

But it could not be this little girl who spoke. She was hurrying on without turning a glance toward the house, eager, no doubt, to reach her miserable shelter from the cold.

Bessie's curiosity was fully aroused. She went out and stood upon the doorstep. The colored child was out of sight, and everything was still but the wind, and that hardly whispered through the leafless boughs of the pear tree. But there was the voice, close to her now "Help me down," it said. And Bessie's mouth opened wider than ever as she saw the topmost pumpkin of the pile at her side moving itself without aid of hands. She took hold of its stem, and, although it was one of the heaviest of the lot, she scarcely felt its weight at all.

"Carry me in," said the voice again pantingly. Bessie had not believed her own ears until now. A pumpkin talking! That was more wonderful than Aesop's fables, truly. But why shouldn't it speak as well as the brambles and oak trees and brass kettles? So she turned the great thing over upon its side and rolled it, or, rather, let it roll itself, up the steps into the kitchen.

"Cook me," said the little, panting, squeaking voice again "Cook me."

Just then her mother came in. "Mother, may I make some pumpkin pies?" said Bessie.

"Well, I don't care," was the answer of the busy woman. "None of us seems to be so very fond of them, but you can make them if you'll only promise to get somebody to eat them."

But the pumpkin began to squeak impatiently. "Cut me up! Cut me up!" And Bessie obeyed without more ado. Determined to have her pies as nice as they could be made, she poured out her milk, stirred in spice and sweetening and made the crust light, wondering while she rolled it out who would eat the pies when they were done.

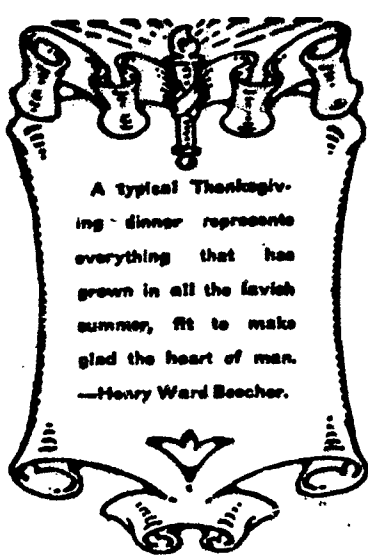
But the pumpkin told her as it boiled in the kettle no longer with that low squeak but with a deep, musical rumble as if laughing with joy over its own fate. "Black Poppy's people, black Poppy's people!" And why shouldn't a pumpkin rejoice in the sacrifice of its own life for a benevolent purpose?

And Bessie herself, when she carried the pies to Poppy's wretched home, having first set one aside in the cupboard that her mother might see that she could bake pies worth anybody's eating looked almost beautiful with the excitement of doing a kindly deed. Her sun-browned hands and stout arms were just fitted for the beautiful work they had been doing, and she had as much reason to be proud of them as any lady of her delicate fingers, for certainly those are the prettiest hands that do most willingly the work they were made for.

And black Poppy's people could not have received one of the graceful ministering spirits of the story books with more eloquent gratitude than they did the homely little girl and her heavy basket of pies. Indeed, to those half-starved beings she was a vision of loveliness—a real angel of mercy.—New York Press.

One Thanksgiving on July 4. According to Gabriel Furman, Governor Peter Stuyvesant made a communication to the church (Reformed Dutch of Brooklyn on Long Island, on the last day of June, 1693, directing the 4th day of July following to be observed as a day of thanksgiving, because among other things the English had been defeated in their attempt to take possession of the whole of Long Island by the timely arrival of a Dutch fleet of armed ships in the Bay of New Amsterdam, New York.

Fast Instead of Feast. Thanksgiving day 1860, was a memorable event in the United States from many a point that day fell a warning that abnegation before God was more fit than the usual enjoyments of the day. So vividly did this impression prevail that President Buchanan was appealed to by associations and various persons to appoint a special day of fasting and prayer to avert the dreaded coming of civil war. He yielded to the request, and Friday, Jan. 4, 1861, was set apart to that purpose.



A typical Thanksgiving dinner represents everything that has grown in all the lavish summer, fit to make glad the heart of man.
—Henry Ward Beecher.

FOR DINNER CARDS.

Appropriate Designs Help to Lend Flavor to Thanksgiving Repast.

A great deal of the success of a dinner party depends upon the place cards, although they are apparently a very small detail of the table.

But any woman who entertains a good deal knows that quaint or unusual favors and cards call forth general enthusiasm and interest among the guests and give a topic of conversation which lends cordiality to the occasion, when otherwise there would be a stiffness and awkwardness at the start which it would be somewhat difficult to overthrow.

Thanksgiving is usually the time for a family reunion, and since families meet together upon such occasions year after year it is especially important to introduce as much novelty in the table itself as possible.

Silhouette pictures, used for place cards, form interesting and acceptable accessories for the table. These, outlined and filled in solidly in black, may take the shapes of turkeys, pumpkins, pies, wishbones, etc. Part of the design may be left white. If desired, for the writing of the name, or the silhouette design may be pasted



TABLE DECORATED FOR THANKSGIVING

on a plain white card. A card which is generally liked and used for such purposes measures 2 1/2 by 4 1/4 inches and may be purchased at the stationer's.

A pair of scissors and a jar of paste, and, presto, in a few minutes you have a novelty in place cards which will be sure to delight your guests.

You do not need to be an artist to carry out silhouette designs. If you desire you may easily outline any picture on tissue paper and transfer it by carbon paper to a card and then fill in the outline afterward by means of a one-foot India ink. Some little care must be exercised in making a firm outline and applying the ink smoothly, for the silhouettes must necessarily rely on its outline for character.—Philadelphia Ledger.

A Very Cold Thanksgiving. Thanksgiving day in 1871 was remarkable for the bitterly cold weather which prevailed over a large portion of our land. At many points in the northwest the mercury fell from 30 to 40 degrees below zero, while at many places in New England it marked from 13 to 20 degrees below. The great feature of the day was a prizefight between Jim Maco, the famous gypsy ex-champion of England, and Joe Coburn, an Irish-American pugilist, for the championship of the world and \$2,000. It was fought at Montgomery station, near Ray St. Louis, Miss., and was witnessed by 600 spectators. Neither seemed anxious to fight, and after they had sparred for three hours and thirty-eight minutes without materially damaging each other the referee declared the fight a draw.

The Gold of Autumn. There is a story—lored by all Germanic people and happily by the rest of mankind who know it—of gold shining at the bottom of the rushing river of ages. No atom of it was ever taken away, because it was guarded by the immortal vigilance. Man's faith has always been that the gold of autumn gleams in its place until the divine forsakes it. He has always worshipped the god of the yellow corn.—James Lane Allen in Munsey Magazine.

POLLY'S THANKSGIVING

How a Little Girl Got a Holiday All For Her Very Own.

SUCH a funny little roly poly Polly as she was, with her big china blue eyes, that were forever seeing something to wonder about, and her round, red cheeks, that always grew redder when anybody spoke to her, and her crinkly, flaxen hair, that never would stay in place. Such a queer dumpling of a Polly!

All the same, she liked nice things to eat as well as any one could, and when once upon a time somebody gave her the measles just in season for Thanksgiving day she felt dreadful about it and cried as hard as she knew how because she couldn't have any turkey nor pudding nor mince pie for dinner—nothing at all but oatmeal gruel.

But crying didn't help the measles a mite, as, of course, Polly knew it wouldn't. But she couldn't have helped crying if she wanted to, and she didn't want to.

"Most anybody'd cried, I wouldn't wonder," she said a day or two after, when the measles had begun to go away again, "not to have a mite of any Thanksgiving for dinner—not any pie, not any cranberry sauce, not any—oh, dear!"

"Well, well," said Polly's mother, laughing. "I guess we'll have to have another Thanksgiving day right off."

"Oh, can we?" cried Polly, brightening up.

"Not unless the governor says so," answered her father, with a twinkle. "The governor makes Thanksgiving days, Polyanthus."

"Where does he live?" asked Polly, with an earnestness that was funny. Everybody laughed.

"At the capital," said Polly's Uncle Ben Davis. "Do you know where that is?"

"I guess I do," said Polly, and she asked no more questions.

But what do you guess this funny Polly did? By and by, when she felt quite like herself again, she borrowed pencil and paper and shut herself up in her own little room and wrote a letter that looked a little queer, 'tis true, but still made her wishes known.

DEAR MRS. GUYNER, WILL YOU PLEASE MAKE ANOTHER THANKSGIVING DAY BECAUSE I HAD THE MEASLES THE LAST ONE. POLLY PLINKHAM.

Then she folded the letter and put it in an envelope and sealed it and took 2 cents out of her bank for the post-ago and ran away as fast as she could run.

Mr. Willey kept the postoffice, and if he himself had been behind the glass boxes that day I don't believe Polly's letter would ever have gone out of Tinkerville. But Mr. Willey's niece was there. She read the address on the envelope Polly handed in, and her eyes danced. It looked so funny.

"Mister GUYNER, at the CAPITOL, the whole story."

"The governor shall have your letter, Polly," quizzed Miss Molly said as she stamped it and postmarked it.

And so he did, for, not quite a week later, a letter came in the mail for Polly—a great white letter with a picture in one corner that made Polly's father open his eyes.

"Why, it's the state's arms!" said he. "What under the sun?"

But I think he suspected. Oh, how red Polly cheeks were and how her small fingers trembled when she tore open her letter! It was printed so that she could read it herself, all but the long words.

Dear Miss Polly—Your letter received. I am very sorry you were so ill as not to be able to eat any Thanksgiving dinner. It was quite too bad. I hereby appoint a special Thanksgiving day for you—next Thursday, Dec. 9—which I trust may be kept with due form, your friend and well-wisher. ANDREW COLBURN.

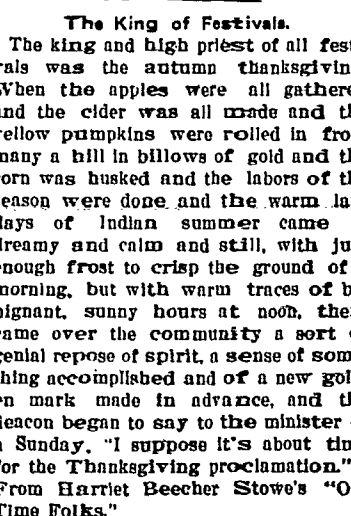
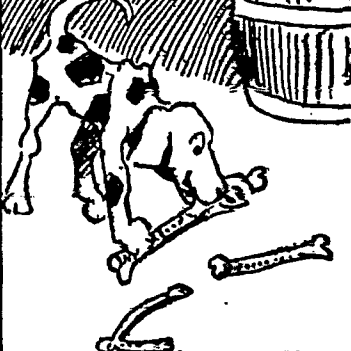
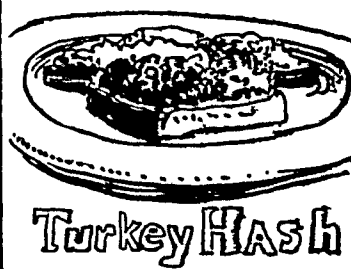
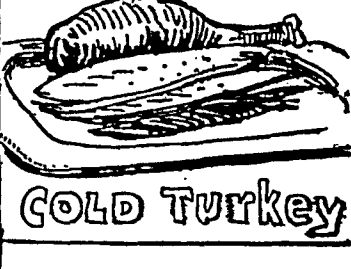
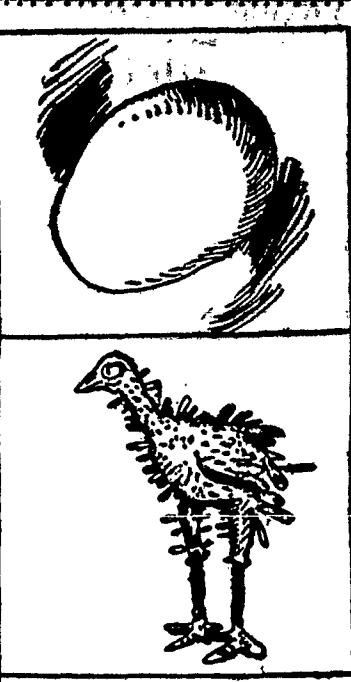
"Oh, oh, oh!" said Polly, hopping on one foot. "Will you, mother? Oh, mother, will you? I wrote to him myself. Oh, I'm so glad!"

"Did you ever?" cried Polly's mother. "Why, Polly Plinkham!" But Polly's father slapped his knee and laughed.

"Good for Governor Colburn! I'll vote for him as long as he wants a vote. And Polly shall have a special Thanksgiving worth telling of, so she shall!"

And so she did have, the very best she ever remembered.—A. C. Stoddard in Youth's Companion.

Seven Ages of the Thanksgiving Turkey



The King of Festivals. The king and high priest of all festivals was the autumn thanksgiving. When the apples were all gathered and the cider was all made and the yellow pumpkins were rolled in from many a hill in billows of gold and the corn was husked and the labors of the season were done and the warm late days of Indian summer came in dreamy and calm and still, with just enough frost to crisp the ground of a morning, but with warm traces of benignant, sunny hours at noon, there came over the community a sort of general repose of spirit, a sense of something accomplished and of a new golden mark made in advance, and the season began to say to the minister of a Sunday, "I suppose it's about time for the Thanksgiving proclamation."—From Harriet Beecher Stowe's "Old Time Folks."

Our First National Thanksgiving. The immediate occasion of the first thanksgiving was the surrender of General Burgoyne to General Gates in the fall of 1777. Thursday, the 18th of December, was designated, and in compliance with the order of congress the army at Valley Forge duly observed the day—the army that had tracked its way in blood. It was ordered by the Continental congress.