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- Automobile
- Boilers
- Bonds
- Burglary
- Druggist's
- Liability
- Elevator
- Employer's
- Liability
- Fire
- Fly Wheel
- Health
- Life
- Parcel Post
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Her Thanksgiving Pie

I HOPE he'll like it," said Ruth Harkness to herself as she put the seasoning into the rich mince pie she was making. There was one she held an old fashioned green edged scalloped plate in her hand and looked at it thoughtfully—yes, there was just meat enough for one more pie. She would sprinkle it full of whole raisins, carefully stoned, and a clove stuck in each one, and she would put a little butter in—just a little, lest it might not be rich enough—and about a spoonful of brown sugar, to make it extra sweet; but, dreading to hear anything and dark, and then she would save it—more that she would think was false, she knew for what. It was only that perhaps John Prouty would come around on Thanksgiving evening. John was always fond of mince pies, she remembered perfectly well, and had been thinking of her since then. Now his mother was dead, and he was living at "Uncle James", and Aunt of fun brimming up in his brown eyes. James Prouty had rheumatism, and when he saw how tired she had altogether there was not much prospect for John to have any Thanksgiving unless he came there for it. And so Thanksgiving day came, and there were uncles and cousins and a cupful of tea and eat a piece of friends of all parties by dozens and of your making. While I drank the dozens gathered beneath Farmer Harkness I was thinking—no doubt it will nese' hospitable roof, and in the cool twilight, as Ruth flitted back and forth, always intent on some busy mission, she was watching down the lane for John. She would know his broad shoulders and his well worn brown surlout, and even as she watched they came in sight—they and a bright plaid cloak which belonged to

Hours and hours Ruth sat alone by the kitchen fire waiting for the last sound of life to die out in the house that she might rake up the embers and lock the doors, for she was a notable housekeeper, this brave young girl, and took her invalid mother's place as far as possible in all things. "But while she was sitting alone by the kitchen fire she heard a soft rap at the window, and, looking up, she saw John's face in the moonlight, earnest and smiling as he beckoned to her. In the instant the thought flashed over her, proud and decorous Yankee girl that she was, that he had been spending the evening with Miss Gregory, and it was worse than impertinent for him to call there on his way home. She would not answer his summons, she thought he would go away, and so he did—from the window, but only to come quietly in at the door. Sitting down on the settee beside her, he spread his hands over the dying embers to warm them and said, "It is chilly out tonight, Ruth, and I have been thinking of you." She turned up her nose a little at brown sugar, but, dreading to hear anything and dark, and then she would save it—more that she would think was false, she knew for what. It was only that perhaps John Prouty would come around on Thanksgiving evening. John was always fond of mince pies, she remembered perfectly well, and had been thinking of her since then. Now his mother was dead, and he was living at "Uncle James", and Aunt of fun brimming up in his brown eyes. James Prouty had rheumatism, and when he saw how tired she had altogether there was not much prospect for John to have any Thanksgiving unless he came there for it. And so Thanksgiving day came, and there were uncles and cousins and a cupful of tea and eat a piece of friends of all parties by dozens and of your making. While I drank the dozens gathered beneath Farmer Harkness I was thinking—no doubt it will nese' hospitable roof, and in the cool twilight, as Ruth flitted back and forth, always intent on some busy mission, she was watching down the lane for John. She would know his broad shoulders and his well worn brown surlout, and even as she watched they came in sight—they and a bright plaid cloak which belonged to

Notes on Good Form Calling

Calls, as far as the city is concerned, have passed almost into the land of oblivion. In the rush and bustle of metropolitan life few women and still fewer men find time to pay this social duty, though there are certain calls which cannot be neglected by those who prize themselves on good manners. Dinner calls must be numbered among these. To dine formally at the home of some hostess and then not pay her the compliment of a call within two weeks is a rudeness which should not be perpetrated under any circumstances. Calls of condolence and congratulation must be observed, too, though these may take the form of leaving cards only, if one so desires. But it is not this sort of call we are discussing today; it is the call paid to a newcomer to a community, a guest many of which will be paid at least this season of the year, when a good many householders have changed their residence. In the city no one in the new neighborhood pays the slightest attention to the newcomer: Every one is occupied with his own business and has no time to pay attention to the stranger other than to note just what kind of furniture is moved into the vacant apartment. But in the suburbs it is different. There sociality is more in evidence, and the advent of a newcomer is noted with interest. It would seem that to make a first call upon a newcomer is very way of accomplishment; that it is a plain rule of etiquette followed on both sides—on the side of the caller and on that of the one called upon. But here the rules are constantly arising, simply because there is a deviation from the recognized rule on the part of one or the other, or maybe on the part of both. Occasionally a calling acquaintance is not established between the resident and the newcomer subsequent to the interchange of first calls. The difference in social position often accounts for this, joined is individual peculiarities on either side, which render anything like friendship almost impossible. Another phase in this wide subject occurs when a first call is made by an extremely vivacious woman who takes the matter of the return call being made entirely into her own hands, thus preventing things taking their own course. On her departure, she perhaps says: "You must come and see me. I am generally at home at least four days a week, and you may come with me." This casual invitation is taken seriously, and instead of a formal call being returned the recipient of it takes for granted that she is expected to come to see with her own mother and therefore presents herself at the usual tea hours, half past 4, not that if Mrs. G. is at home, but merely saying, "Mrs. G. expects me," and is unconcerned when informed that Mrs. G. is not at home; therefore she returns cards, one to her own and one to her husband's, and returns home. Matters between the two women end now at a deadlock. They have exchanged first calls, it is true, but the newcomer considers that she has been very cavalierly treated and is supposed to resent it and stand on her dignity. The resident is so accustomed to having the same thing to each of her new acquaintances that she never gives the matter a thought and does not think it worth while to refer to it at subsequent meetings, only wonders a little why this or that lady is so cool in her manner toward her.

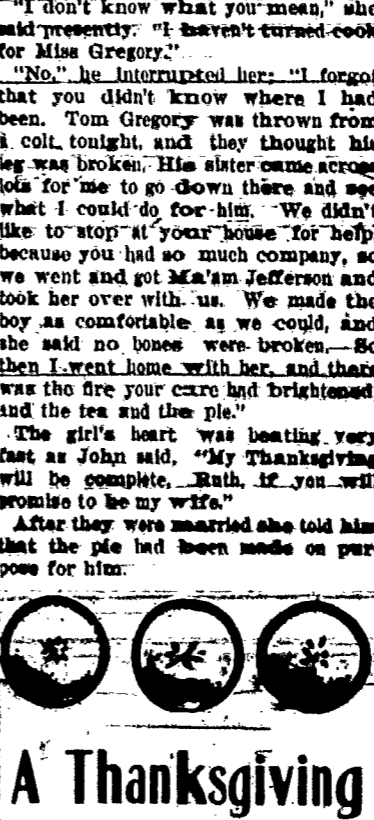


A Thanksgiving Song

By ANNETTE KONN, in Independent

All our days
 We give thee praise,
 O God, who hidest in Thy hand
 And dost exalt and bless our land
 And gavest it from sea to sea
 To all embracing liberty,
 We give thee praise
 All our days.

For the golden glow of the orange tree,
 For the purple grapes, for the honeybee,
 For the waving plumes of the yellow grain,
 For the glorious sunshine and for the rain,
 The coal in the mine, the ore in the hill,
 The throb of the engine, the whistles shrill,
 The fire of the forge and the anvil's ring,
 For the tinkling phone and the cable string,
 The whir of the loom, the clack of the mill,
 For the auto's speed and the airship's thrill,
 For the horse of flame on the road of steel
 And the wireless voice that makes loud appeal,
 For our busy marts and our busy streets,
 Where the white, black, brown and yellow man meets;
 For the strong true arm of the workman brave,
 For our churches and schools with power to save,
 For hearts of our women, brains of our men,
 For the laureled harvest of brush and pen,
 For the wealth of herds on the prairies wide,
 For the new homes rising on every side,
 For the law that shields where our flag is unfurled,
 For peace in our land and with all the world,
 For our mighty name, in all men's sight,
 The pledge we must walk for aye in thy light,
 All our days
 We give thee praise.



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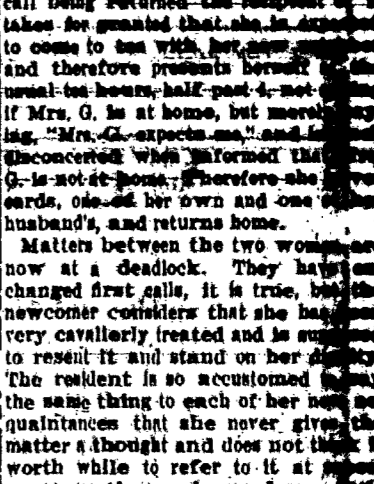
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A velvet brim, a pressed silk bow-crown and a rakish bow and band of novelty ribbon are the distinctive



A SHERIDAN CHAPEAU.

points about this modish hat. The fifth and latest variation of the tall crown is the Tipperary. This shape comes in all becoming colors, especially black.



Banana Nut Salad.

Allow a banana for each person and a tablespoonful of nuts for each banana. Peel the skin from one side of the banana, lift it out carefully, dip in salad dressing and roll in the chopped nuts; put a tablespoonful of salad dressing in the skin before returning the banana, sprinkle with more nuts; place on a lettuce leaf or an individual plate.