

Ax and Appetite Sharp



The Diary of a Turkey



Turkey gobble, pride of the barn yard, is strangely missing. He left behind him, however, his diary, which has been translated into English for the benefit of our readers. A page of the diary follows, as it appeared when found, is shown.

Sunday

Gobble, gobble, gobble, what a fine day! I've been walking around in the sun, spreading my beautiful tail, to give the ducks and geese and chickens a treat. But some people don't appreciate what you do for them. I overheard two silly old hens, off in a corner, laughing and cackling to themselves. "Ha, ha, ha," they were saying. "He's strutting round mighty proud now—but let him wait! What a foolish thing to say—wait for what? He'll be so know!"

Monday

Yes, Mr. Red Rooster this morning. "Don't you think I'm a pretty well-dressed bird?" and I turned round and looked at my tail feathers. "Don't you think I'm a pretty well-dressed bird?" Mr. Rooster sniffed—he actually did. "You'll be well dressed all right—on a new day," he remarked, and without waiting to explain, he turned on his heel and strutted away. "I don't think the folks in town are getting sillier every day."

Tuesday

Mrs. Peckin Duck is losing her mind. I'm sure of it, because she said the strangest thing to me today. I had stopped her to observe the fine blues and greens in my tail feathers. "Don't you think I'm handsomely done up?" I asked her. "You'll be done up brown, before long!" she said, teasing her head. "I believe the creature's jealous. A more duck! But I mustn't mind what she says. The poor thing hasn't any tail to speak of."

Wednesday

Noticed the farmer out getting his yellow pumpkins from the field. "They're going to be made into pumpkin pies," said Mrs. Gray Goose, when I told her about it. "Splendid!" said I. "Maybe they'll give us what's left of the pumpkin pies." "There won't be any left for you—or maybe I ought to say there won't be any of you left," replied Mrs. Goose. She certainly is a goose. So I don't care what she says.

Thursday

Old Mrs. Speckled Hen has been telling me dreadful stories, trying to get me scared. "This time of year's unhealthily for turkeys," she says. "Always has been. Why, years ago the Indians used to go hunting your wild forefathers at this time, and when the pilgrims came they started doing it, too. I wouldn't be a turkey for anything—this time of year." That's all nonsense. I've heard that story about turkeys being eaten by Indians and pilgrims. But those days are over. Things like that aren't being done these days.

Friday

How sharp the air is this morning! "It's a little cooling I met," he said. "It's a sharp as steel," said he, priming from one end of his beak to the other. I saw he was looking toward the woodpile, where the farmer was sharpening an ax. Then he winked one eye at me. Really, young turkeys have no manners at all now-a-days. "Easy winking at me! And I don't think that remark about the ax had any sense to it, either."

Saturday

At this point the diary ceases abruptly. Fear has been expressed among Mr. Gobbler's many friends that he met with an accident shortly after the last entry. Anyone getting a clue to his whereabouts during the coming week, dead or alive, is asked to communicate with his wife (Mrs. Turkey Gobbler, Barnyard Square, Jane Corby, in the Atlantic Constitution).

All May Be Well

It is to be hoped that neither famine, pestilence, nor war, nor any other calamity, nor any kind of border, and that the world is in the general thanks.

RINGED WITH FIRE ONE NIGHT A YEAR

Capital of Tyrol Has Peculiar Celebration.

Rome.—One night in the year Merano, the ancient capital of the Tyrol, is a city ringed with fire. By the arbitrament of war Merano is today Italian territory. A few years ago it was Austria, known as Meran and peopled by 12,000 Austrians speaking the German tongue. In five years to come it may, perhaps, salute another flag.

The city's proudest boast, however, is that it has been and always will be Tyrolean. Roman and Hun and Goth and Saracen have never succeeded in leaving much of an imprint upon the character and habits of these picturesque mountain people.

The nine hundred year old Schloss Tyrol, the residence of the counts of Tyrol until they became extinct, still stands sentinel, reminder of a vanished glory. Merano is a jewel spot as well as the one-time capital of this land of rugged peaks and rushing streams, land of old and beautiful customs and traditions that have been handed down from generation to generation through the long ticking of the centuries.

Origin of Celebration. On the night of June 24 the celebration known as "Sonnenwendfest" or "Sonnenfeier" is held. It is also called by some "Johannisfest" in honor of John the Baptist, who was supposed to have been born on that day. The celebration did not have its origin in honor of John the Baptist, but because June 24, according to the Tyroleans of the long ago, marked the longest day of the year.

Merano is seated in the bottom of a mighty limestone cup, the precipitous sides of which rise almost immediately above the town in varying heights up to 10,000 feet. It is these giant rocks, the towering summits, these unscalable precipices that make the "Sonnenwendfest" such a thing of beauty—for it is the changeless law of the Tyrol that their fires shall blaze from the highest peaks, the most inaccessible points of the sky line.

Days before the celebration the Tyroleans, in groups of five, or ten or twenty, begin their preparations for the fiery night. One group will select this summit for their fire in another group will select these two points, and so on until every crevice in an almost continuous, though irregular, circle of piles of firewood waiting the honor to be touched off. The city seems completely surrounded. Every inch of space against the sky. There must be no higher peak in the background to dwarf the glory of a single flame.

Preparing for these great fires is so wondrous a game. The carrying of heavy and cumbersome bundles of logs up mountain slopes to a height of 10,000 feet is mountain climbing with a very serious handicap. Scarcely has the sun of the summer day slipped behind the Zselapitz when, here and there, at widely different points of the compass and at varying heights, little clouds of blue smoke ascending above the rugged peaks announce to the watchers in the city below that the first fires have been lighted. Soon smoke clouds are arising from a thousand fires—north, east, south and west wisps of smoke curl against the darkening sky. As the summer night deepens the fires are seen, intermittent at first, like fireflies. Then they burn steadily.

Primitive Customs in Cornish Fishing Town

A place where grown men play games with the zest of schoolboys and where cats catch live fish among the rock pools when the tides are out. Such a place does exist, and in the quaint old fishing town of St. Ives, in far-away Cornwall, these things may be seen.

In the cool of the evening, along the broad road bordering the sheltered harbor, numerous groups of busy fishermen, with sea and sun-drenched complexion, play marbles for hours at a time, surrounded by many interested onlookers, remarks London Times.

Grizzled old mariners, many of whom preserve the old Cornish custom of wearing small gold earrings, pace the quayside in parties of three and four, following the "walk four steps and turn," which is all they are able to do on the clear space on the decks of their luggers.

Think of Less Fortunate

Charity has an important place in the conventions of Thanksgiving. The largeness of heart, which the pent-up period engenders allows itself in works as practical as they are beautiful those who give feeling, doubtless, as did the old Pilgrim who wrote of the first Thanksgiving: "By the goodness of God we were saved from want ourselves that we might be able to be partners of our plenty."

Their Thanksgiving

By ELLA SAUNDERS

The Thanksgiving dinner was something that none of the members of the Lawes family ever failed to attend. No matter what had happened during the year, everybody turned up at Farmer Lawes' house for Thanksgiving. There quarrels were made up, differences adjusted; it was a sort of family clearing house.

Here was Farmer Lawes, hale and strong in spite of his seventy years, seated before the turkey. Here was Grandmother Lawes, going on ninety, and with her eyes still undimmed. Here was Mollie Lawes, beaming upon her boys and girls.

Here was Will, the pride of the family, the successful one, with a hundred thousand in investments and a fine house on Sidmouth street, and two motorcars, with his wife and three kids—all beaming and bright and happy.

Here was Molly, the hospital nurse, who had come in from town. Not very successful, but doing well and a self-supporting woman, and so glad to be home for Thanksgiving.

Here was Judd, the failure, who lost one position after another, and was now going to be given a fresh start in his brother's office, and to redeem the past. He was glad to be home for Thanksgiving.

Here was Tom, who was in the lawyer's office, Tom the bright one of the family, who was going to be president some day—watch him stroll as he looks at the turkey, exuding gravity. Here was Peppita, the actress. Not very successful, Peppita, and often in need of funds, and perhaps old Farmer Lawes had spent many bitter hours thinking of her. But—but this was Thanksgiving.

And here was Rodd, who was doing so well in high school, the only bird that had not yet flown from the nest.

How happy they all were! No, not quite happy, because, on the Thanksgiving before there had been another chair, and Dorothy.

Well, nobody had spoken of Dorothy since that scandal. She was dead to all of them. Even Thanksgiving could not atone for that black, bitter humiliation and disgrace. Nobody had spoken of her, but everybody was thinking of her. "The girl made a fool of herself!" Will was thinking. "Well, she made



It Was Sort of Family Clearing-House.

her bed and she'll have to lie on it. She's dead to us forever. My wife shall never recognize her."

And Molly, the hospital nurse: "Dorothy was simply a fool to become infatuated with a married man and run off with him. It's a shame that can never be wiped out. If she were to come here now, begging for bread, I'd turn my back on her."

Judd, the failure: "Well, I guess there's more than one failure in this family. Each must look out for himself. I haven't any time to waste on sympathy for others."

Tom, in the lawyer's office: "Ah, well, the world is hard and censorious in its judgments! A man has got to get on, and the only way to get on is to have no incubuses in the way of failures about one. Judd? Yes, sir, I believe in giving every dog his chance. Judd may make good yet. Dorothy! Nothing doing. No, sir, no sister of mine."

And Peppita: "Poor old Dorothy! What an ass she made of herself!"

Farmer Lawes—well, he was thinking of the little girl he used to fondle on his knee. That was how he saw Dorothy. But he said that his doors were closed to her forever, and he was a man of his word.

Mother Lawes—but who knows what is in a mother's heart?

And Grandmother Lawes, so near eternity—well, perhaps she had the tenderest and shrewdest judgment of them all, only she seldom spoke now, perhaps hardly remembered.

"Well, boys and girls, this bird looks good to me!"

The door was opening. They looked up. They stared aghast. Nobody moved—then everybody moved, moved with a simultaneous rush.

"Dorothy!"

"Good girl, to come for Thanksgiving!"

"My, how pleased we are to see you!" But they stopped and looked at Farmer Lawes. What would it mean? "Set down! Hey, get a chair, get another chair there, Judd! What's the matter with you all, putting one chair too few for Thanksgiving? Can't you count up the family?"

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All Hope Abandoned



"I Never Saw a Bird That Looked With Such a Wistful Eye." —With the necessary apologies.

How Other Peoples Celebrate

Thanksgiving Day in America began as a public rejoicing over a good harvest—the first reaped by the New England colonists. The idea is not peculiar to our people; probably they imbibed it from English customs of those, as old as history, which prevail in one form or another on the continent. Gratitude for plentiful harvests is the keynote of these customs, although among us the day would probably be celebrated even if Governor Bradford had not started the observance in 1621 by that memorable Thanksgiving day when a long drought was broken.

Different peoples have different times, but always some time, for harvest thanksgiving. When the Jews inhabited Palestine the festival of Pentecost embraced a thanksgiving for a plentiful harvest; but as the wheat is not gathered in Europe at the time of the Pentecost, flowers take the place of the first fruits in the synagogues there. The Druids had their harvest festival on the first of November; the Chinese and Japanese have theirs at about year's close.

The second of the three great festivals of the Jewish ecclesiastical year occurs on the sixth and seventh days of the third month (Sivan) which includes part of May and June. It is called in Hebrew, Shavuot, but more generally the feast of the Pentecost, the fiftieth day, since it commemorates the giving of the law to Moses on Mount Sinai 50 days after the deliverance of the Israelites out of Egypt. It is also called the Feast of Weeks, because it marks the completion of seven weeks, counted from the second day of Passover.

In the famous temples of Ise, in the neighborhood of Yamada, are the shrines of the goddesses in whose honor those festivals are held. There are two temples, the Naiku (inner temple) and the Geku or outer temple. The Naiku is sacred to the sun goddess, the great ruler of heaven, the Geku is dedicated to the goddess of food in other words, to the worship of a deification of the earth.

Thousands of pilgrims resort annually to these temples at Ise, because of the pre-eminence of the goddesses to whom they are dedicated. This sun goddess, Ama-terasu, is believed to be an ancestress of the imperial family of Japan. The rationalistic, educated classes do not take as much part in the pilgrimages as do the artisan class. The working people in Tokyo and Kyoto and Osaka believe, however, that they may find difficulty in obtaining a livelihood unless they invoke the protection of the goddesses at Ise, and the peasants are even more devout believers.

Feels Coming Parting



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Doctor Says British Eat and Golf Too Much

London.—The British public guffs too much and eats too much, according to Dr. Leonard Williams.

As far as golf, the game has a bad moral effect, according to the physician.

"A man loses his match," says Dr. Williams, "and, as a result, is unhappy about it, is disgraced, is back-tired. His thoughts are on the next game, which he vows he will win. And too often he is discontented until he does win."

The way the English take their food is almost as disturbing to Doctor Williams as the way they take their golf.

"It is not realized by the public that it takes as much energy to digest an English meal as it does to take a French walk. People eat far too much. The day is started with a heavy breakfast; a full meal lunch follows; then there is tea, accompanied by excess and cakes; and finally there is dinner, running to several courses. This is far more than can properly be digested."

"It would be safer and healthier to start with a continental breakfast, and follow it with a light lunch. Tea should be a cup of tea and nothing more. Dinner then could remain what it is."

Bad Girl Given Trip in Reform Program

London.—The English reformer idea of making bad girls better is to give them trips to the continent.

Accordingly, last year several of the detention institutions for young girls took parties of inmates to various seaside resorts, where they were given a two-weeks' vacation with only the supervision of two matrons to each party of twenty-five girls.

Last year's outing proved so successful that nearly all similar institutions this year took up the idea and permitted their best behaved girls to have a vacation.

The expenses for the trip, above what it would have cost to feed and provide for the girls at the institution, were donated by persons interested in progressive methods in the correctional institutions of the country.

Woman Cop Downs Rowdy With Her Fist

Boston.—When Thomas J. O'Brien struck at Mrs. Margaret McHugh, one of Boston's police women, she did not pull her club on him. Instead she moved aside to avoid the blow, then stepped in and with a right-hand swing sent him sprawling to the street, opening his left cheek.

At the police station a physician's services were necessary for O'Brien.

The age in which we live has kept high-pressure population holding up its hands in amazement at the rapid strides of mechanical and physical development, says the Philadelphia Ledger.

ARMY LEFT-OVERS CLOTHE NATIONS

China, Albania and Even French Wearing 'Em.

Paris.—The stocks of left-over American war supplies, the sale of which, while incidentally helping the French treasury out to the amount of about 6,000,000,000 francs, developed so many stories of graft, will be entirely liquidated. It is now thought, in about ten years. They are almost entirely out of government hands, so that the minister of finance no longer includes the proceeds from them in estimates of the year's receipts.

If one goes to the right places it is still possible to find big piles of khaki breeches, shirts and coats, along with all sorts of odds and ends from the war. They are mostly in the hands of second-hand dealers, having successfully passed from the big operators to wholesalers and thence to foreign governments or French hand-me-down establishments.

China, Albania, Turkey and Armenia provided large markets for old American uniforms and about 8,000 overseas caps went to Albania. Miners in northern France, newboys, bicycle messengers and cart drivers around Paris have been the most faithful individual customers of khaki breeches.

Measures Fluctuations in Pressure of Air



Prof. Charles F. Marvin, chief of the United States weather bureau, is shown here with the recording mercurial barograph, an instrument made and perfected by the bureau under his supervision, measuring on a magnified scale, the fluctuations in the pressure of the air.

More Accuracy Claimed for New Ship's Log

Stockholm.—An interesting invention for the accurate indicating of the speed of ships, and the recording of the distance sailed, has been perfected in Sweden, and the functioning of the instrument was demonstrated recently before a meeting of the Swedish Shipowners' association.

The new log operates with a margin of error of less than 1 per cent, compared with an error of as much as 10 per cent in the case of some other logs ordinarily used by merchant vessels.

Vivid Eye Popular

A "brighter eyes" movement is on foot in London. The distinguishing mark of its devotees is a pair of spectacles with rims of the most vivid greens, oranges, heliotropes, light blues or violets. "Spectacular spectacles" is the slogan of the bright-eyed glaucous.



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