

THE THANKSGIVING MESSAGE

There's a message all unspoken,
That is carried o'er the land
By the breeze upon the mountains,
By the waves upon the strand;
And each absent one will hear it,
Though he wandered far away,
As it whispers soft "Come home!
Come home—Thanksgiving Day!"

In the Southland, in the Northland,
Or by frozen lake or sea,
By far western plain or mountain,
In whatever place he be,
The voice from home will reach him
And to his heart will say:
"Do not forget the old folk!
Come home—Thanksgiving Day!"

—Alma Pendexter Hayden.

Menu Hints

Recipes for New and Novel Dishes: Household Ideas and Suggestions

(By Betty Barclay)

PRESERVE THEM NOW

Now is the time to put away for winter use many delicious tomato dainties. Tomatoes are filled with vitamins and the sugar used is a quick-energy fuel that will be greatly appreciated during the cold weather that is to come. Try these two unusual recipes:

TOMATO CHUTNEY

- 2 dozen ripe tomatoes, medium size, chopped
 - 6 onions, medium size, chopped
 - 3 red peppers, seeded and chopped
 - 1 dozen tart apples, peeled and chopped
 - 1 pound seedless raisins
 - 1 cup celery, cut fine
 - 2 quarts vinegar
 - 3 cups sugar
 - 1 teaspoon each cinnamon, nutmeg and cloves
- Combine the ingredients, and cook in a preserving kettle until the chutney is thick and clear. Stir frequently to prevent burning. Pour into hot, sterilized jars and seal.

TOMATO-KAISERIN, CONSERVE

- 2 quarts fresh, ripe tomatoes
 - 4 sour apples, peeled, cored and cubed
 - 2 lemons, cubed
 - 3 pounds sugar
 - 6 sticks cinnamon
 - 1 small piece of nutmeg
 - (Use spices in cheese cloth bag)
- Boil all ingredients, except sugar, until a thick mass is obtained. Add sugar slowly and boil about 15 minutes or until jelly stage is reached, which is when the mass sheets from the side of the spoon. One cup of nut meats may be added to this just before removing from the fire. Pour into glasses and seal.

ICED ORANGE APPETIZER

- (Serves 8)
 - 2 tablespoons gelatine
 - 4 tablespoons cold water
 - 3 cups orange juice
 - 1/2 cup sugar
 - 2 tablespoons lemon juice
 - 1 cup orange pieces free of membrane
 - mint sprigs
- Combine gelatine and cold water. Stand 5 minutes. Heat 1 cup of the orange juice over hot water. Add gelatine and sugar. Stir until dissolved. Cool. Add rest of fruit juices. Chill several hours. Serve occasionally. Add orange pieces. Serve ice cold as first course. May garnish with mint sprigs.

HOLLANDAISE SAUCE

- (Serves 4)
 - 3 tablespoons butter
 - 1/2 teaspoon flour
 - 1/2 teaspoon salt
 - 1/2 teaspoon pepper
 - 1/2 teaspoon mustard
 - 1-3 cup water
 - 2 tablespoons lemon juice
 - 1 egg yolk
- Melt 2 tablespoons of butter, add flour, salt, pepper and mustard; mix well and add water and lemon juice. Bring to boiling point, stirring constantly. Add remaining butter with slightly beaten egg yolk and cook 2 minutes longer.

DESSERTS IN A TWINKLING

Here are two desserts that may be made in a twinkling—for the children's party, or when father telephones that he is bringing company home for dinner. Try them and see how delicious they are:

COCONUT TOMILE

- 3 bananas, sliced
 - juice 1 orange
 - juice 1 lemon
 - 1/2 cup coconut, southern style
 - 4 tablespoons sugar
- Combine ingredients. Pile in sherbet glasses. Chill. Serves 4.

PEACHES MARQUERITE

- 4 dates, finely chopped
 - 1/2 cup pecans, finely chopped
 - 1/2 cup coconut, southern style, finely chopped
 - 1 tablespoon cream
 - 2 teaspoons lemon juice
 - 6 halves canned peaches
 - 1 cup peach juice
- Combine dates, pecans, coconut, and cream, mixing thoroughly. Add 1 teaspoon lemon juice. Shape into small balls and place in cavities of peach halves. Serve with peach juice to which remaining lemon juice has been added. Serves 6.

PERFUMED BALM

Perfumed Balm is alluringly fragrant. Adds a charming refinement to the most finished appearance. Creates and preserves complexion of surpassing loveliness and texture. Softens and whitens the hands. Cools and dispels all irritation caused by weather conditions. Swiftly absorbed by the tissues leaving never a vestige of stickiness. A priceless toilet requisite. Invaluable to all women who care for elegance and distinction.

Another Short Story

THE GOOD SAMARITAN

GEORGE ETHELBERT WALSH

THE harvesting season was about over, and instead of taking off to help, most of the farmers were letting the extra hands go. However, when a tramp applied at the Westcott farm for a job he looked so tired and worn that Mr. Westcott did not have the heart to turn him away with the usual remarks about not needing any more help.

"I'm desperately in need of work, sir," pleaded the man. "I've tramped a long distance, and I'm pretty well tuckered out."

"I should say you're in need of a good meal more than work," replied Mr. Westcott kindly. "Wash up at the pump and we will get you something to eat. You may sleep in the barn, and in the morning I'll see what can be done."

"Thank you, sir, very much," was the reply.

Agnes, who happened to turn the corner of the house at that moment, cast anything but a kind look upon the stranger.

"He's awful, daddy!" she exclaimed privately to a tramp, and he may burn the barn down before morning."

"I hardly think he'll do that," remarked her father. "He looked sick and worn out."

"It's just like dad," winked Noel. "Anyone with a job story can put it over on him. We've just discharged two men, and now dad takes on a disreputable stranger just because he looks sick and tired."

"Well, what more reason do you want for helping a man?" asked Mrs. Westcott rather tartly. "You should be thankful your father has a kind heart, and is willing to help the deserving."

"Deserving?" exclaimed Noel. "That's just the point, mother. Is he deserving? I think he's a good-for-nothing tramp, or worse—a criminal."

"Tut! Tut!" interrupted his father. "That's a harsh word, son. Don't repeat it."

"The next morning the tramp appeared considerably refreshed, and apparently eager for work. Mr. Westcott surveyed him rather doubtfully. The man was younger than he looked the night before, quite youthful, in fact, and not very strong.

"What can you do, Frank?" asked the farmer, using the name the tramp had given him.

"I'm not much on farming," replied the latter. "In fact, I don't know anything about it, but I understand painting. Now if you wanted the house and barn painted," he glanced up at the weather-beaten boards, and nodded. "I could do that job."

"What? Paint the house?" exclaimed Agnes, who had urged her father for two seasons to hire this job done. "Then, daddy, turning to her father, please let him. It needs paint so badly that I'm almost ashamed of it."

"Quite maybe we will let you try your hand at it," decided Mr. Westcott. "I'll drive to town to-day, and get the paint."

Noel was a little doubtful at first, and so was Agnes, but when they saw the tramp at work, they lost some of their skepticism. He handled the paint brush with the skill of one who was accustomed to it.

Frank was not very strong and he had to quit earlier in the afternoon than union rules called for. "He's loafing on the job," declared Noel, who was so strong he could hold his own in the field with any man.

"Maybe," admitted Agnes, "but he's thorough. I think he must be a painter by trade."

Two days later Noel reported, "Day, I know now why Frank loafs on the job. He takes his afternoons off to paint in the barn."

"The day before the job was finished, Frank came into the kitchen for supper, carrying something under his arm.

"If you don't mind," he smiled, "I'd like to present this to you before I leave."

He unwrapped an oil painting of the farmhouse such as they had never dreamed of seeing.

While the Westcotts admired it, the tramp continued, "I used to be an artist, a real painter, but my health gave out. The doctor told me I had to get out into the open to recover my health. I got a job of painting signs, but even that proved too much for me. I had to give that up, so I just tramped after that. I was sick and discouraged when I came here. Your kindness, sir, turning to Mr. Westcott, "saved me. If you'd turned me away that night, I'd not sure what I'd done. I don't think I'd been alive now."

Westcott kindly. "A man may be down, but not out, so long as he has faith in God."

"I'm afraid, sir," was the skeptical but respectful reply. "I haven't what you call faith. I wasn't brought up—yes, he added quickly, after a moment's pause, "I was brought up by a good mother to respect God, but I've drifted far from that standard."

"As to that we shall see," smiled Mr. Westcott quietly. "Now I want to talk with you, Frank, about business. You said you were leaving. Why?"

"Why, my job is finished."

"Well, I think it would be a great improvement around these parts if some other houses and barns were painted inside and out. Suppose you stay here this winter, board with us if you wish, and

MADE TO ORDER

Kelly—"I want to get a book to put in photographs of all my relatives in. Or think this way will do."

Clerk—"But that isn't a family album, that is a scrapbook."

Kelly—"That's just the thing; all my relatives are scrapers, every one of them."

NO QUITTER

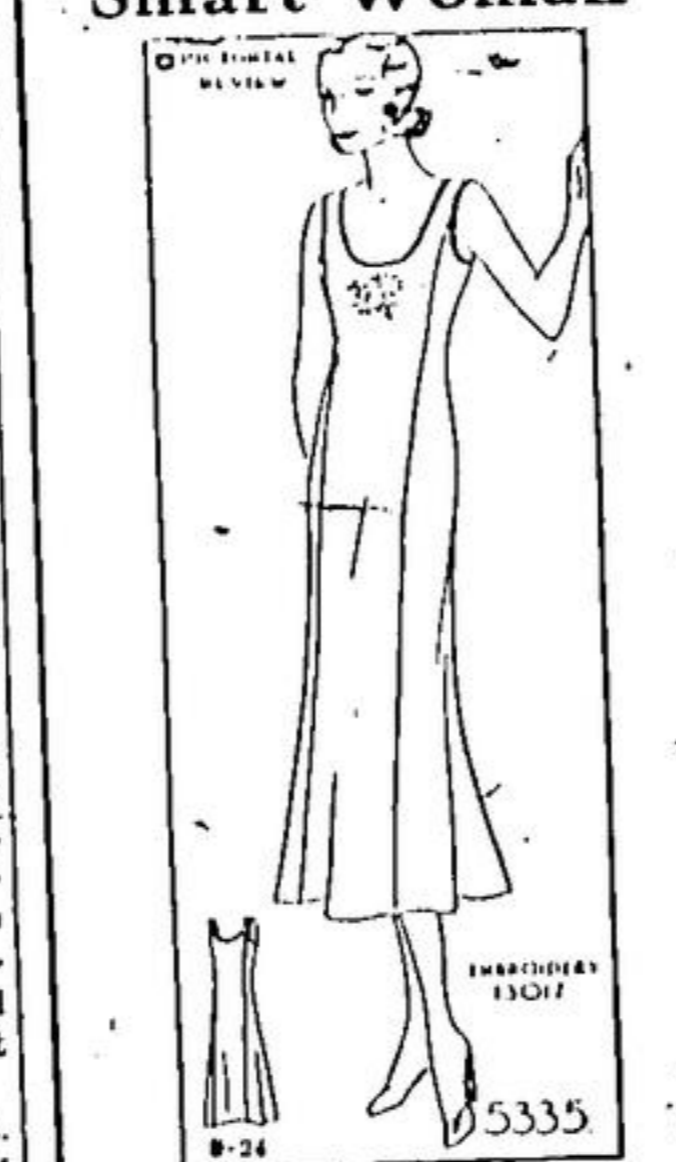
He like the child who when someone asked him how he learned to skate, replied: "By getting up every time I fell down."

FAIR ENOUGH

A certain thrifty farmer was paying his first visit to the city with his wife. They were walking along the street looking for a place to eat when they passed a handsome restaurant, with a sign before the door, saying, "Luncheon 12 to 3, 50c."

The old lady never dreamed of stopping before such a fine place, but her husband paused. "Well, go in there," he said reflectively. "It ain't such a bad bargain, Hammar—three hours steady eatin' for half a dollar."

Fashions for the Smart Woman



A HAND-FINISHED SLIP

It's usually the exquisite hand-finished slip of expensive slips we see in the shops that tempt us more than anything else to extravagance. This is the very thing that the woman who sews is qualified to give to them herself! The model sketched above is the "tailored" type many smart women prefer, made distinctive by a charming spray of flowers embroidered in front, and by nicely applied binding around the neck and armholes. Contrasting pastels often give lovely effects; if the slip is light blue makes a dainty trimming color. Seams mold it closely to the figure.

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THE PRIZES GO TO THE CHEERFUL

It is mile, life's prizes go to the cheerful and optimistic. There are cases where the confirmed complainer meets with success, but they are rare. A gloomy face, a melancholy voice, the habit of expecting the worst and looking for the dark side of everything that happens, interferes seriously with the business of life. Be cheerful. That means more friends in your home, more money in your pocket, more honor to your name. Why add to the obstacles you are obliged to overcome, the unnecessary one of a frown.

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