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**Woman's Sphere**

**ORDERLY CHILDREN.**

Every mother knows what a wonderful help it is when the children can be induced to follow orderly ways. She likewise knows how futile is mere talking toward the establishment of these habits.

There seems to be just one way to impress upon a child the desirability of being orderly, and that is by making it just as easy—and pleasanter—to be orderly than to be otherwise.

"Just as easy to be orderly" necessitates places for the children to keep their possessions. Hooks low enough for the children to reach with ease. A table or shelf very near the entrance door where schoolbooks and lunch boxes may be dropped at night and assembled in the morning. A line or shelf near the stove or furnace register where caps, mittens and overcoats may be dried and warmed. A cupboard for toys and other valuable possessions. These make it just about as easy to put things away as to drop them most anywhere.

As for the pleasantness of being orderly, that is easily worked out in each family. "I don't like mother to pick up things, for she chucks everything in a heap in the dark closet," complained one small boy. "That dark closet has taught a sorry lesson. The prescriptive lesson than many weary hours of talking on mother's part. Fred would much rather put his cap where it belongs than to search it out of a mixture of articles in the dark."

"Mother helped us fix a shelf behind the stove and we always put our boots and overcoats there when we take them off," was the virtuous assertion of another small boy. "Fine—but if they are found lying about the floor, they are swept out into the icy wood-house where it is not at all pleasant to find them when wanted."

No use blaming the little folks for not putting things where they belong when there really is no suitable place where they belong! As for the pleasantness—"I'll never sweep my child's wet overcoats into the woodhouse!" you exclaim indignantly. And yet—this rather drastic lesson which he remembers for weeks, or the perpetual nagging in which some mothers indulge, or allowing the child to grow up with untidy habits!

**KITCHEN CURTAINS.**

Who does not enjoy a light kitchen in which to work? Even the most artistic of curtains solution of which since they darken my windows and shut out an extensive and inspiring view. Keep curtains fresh and attractive adds to the work and when the windows are opened for ventilation, as kitchen windows so often are, light curtains blow about and are more or less in the way. Yet when all curtains are discarded except the roller shades, the room acquires a bare and unattractive appearance. Thus we have a little interior decoration problem the satisfactory solution of which requires a bit of thought.

Curtains that are nothing more than a ruffle across the top of the window look well and in no way interfere with the usefulness of the kitchen window. Made of gay cretonne they add an attractive bit of color to the room. Checked gingham is suitable, or unbleached muslin with a colored binding. The laundering of such curtains is negligible, yet they do away entirely with the bare, unattractive look of an uncurtained window, a window that faces us during many hours of every day.

If some piece of kitchen furniture, such as a cabinet, table or sink, extends across a few windows, as is sometimes the case, it never looks well from the outside of the house. A sash curtain fastened at both top and bottom by rods or elastic directly over the glass so that it raises and lowers with the sash looks better and keeps clean longer than one hanging loose from the top, and it leaves the upper sash clear. This arrangement is good when kitchen windows open directly upon the street or driveway and a degree of privacy is desired without needlessly obscuring the view.

**A CHARMING FROCK FOR THE GROWING GIRL.**



4478. White Swiss dotted in yellow is here combined with white organza and finished at the free edges with picot edge ribbon. This model is nice for printed voile, for batiste, embroidered materials or bordered goods. Simple and effective would be a development in white batiste or handkerchief linen, with hemstitching for a finish.

The Pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. A 12-year size requires 3 1/2 yards of one material 36 inches wide. To make as illustrated requires 1 1/2 yards for the waist, and 2 1/2 yards for the skirt and plastron.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps, by the Wilson Publishing Co., 73 West Adelaide Street, Toronto. Allow two weeks for receipt of pattern.

**Foes of Memory.**

Scientists have discovered that the memory is stronger in summer than in winter. Among the worst foes of the memory are too much food, too much physical exercise, and strangely, too much education.

**WATCH YOUR EYES.**

Do you know very much about your eyes? I mean, do you know how they work, and how to care for them?

Do you know why your eyes are healthier if you live in the country or at the seashore rather than in the city? Because when you look over far distances, the muscles are almost wholly relaxed. When you look con-

**GREENMANTLE**

BY JOHN BUCHAN.

CHAPTER XVI.—Continued.

Here was a piece of hopeless bad luck. We were stuck in the middle of Asia Minor with no means of conveyance, for to get a new axle there was as likely as to find snowballs on the Congo. It was all but dark and there was no time to spare to get the petrol tins and spare tyres and cached them among some rocks on the hillside. Then we collected our scanty baggage from the derelict Studebaker. Our only hope was Hussin. He had got to find us some lodging for the night, and next day we would have a try for horses or a lift in some passing wagon. I had no hope of another car. Every automobile in Anatolia would now be at a premium.

It was so disgusting a mishap that I took it quietly. I was glad to be helped by hard swearing. Hussin and Peter set off on different sides of the road to prospect for a house, and Blenkiron and I sheltered under the nearest rock and smoked savagely.

Hussin was the first to strike oil. He came back in twenty minutes with news of some kind of dwelling a couple of miles up the stream. He went off to collect petrol, and I plodded up the watershed. Darkness had fallen thick by this time, and we took some bad tesses among the bogs. When Hussin and Peter overtook us they found a better road, and proceeded to show us a light twinkle in the hollow ahead.

It proved to be a wretched tumble-down farm in a grove of poplars—a foul-smelling, muddy yard, a two-roomed hovel of a house, and a barn which was tolerably dry, and which we selected for our sleeping-place. The owner was a broken old fellow whose sons were all at the war, and he received us with the profound calm of one who expects nothing but unpleasantness from his life.

By this time we had recovered our tempers, and I was trying hard to put my new Kismet philosophy into practice. I reckoned that if risks were fornicious, so were difficulties of the day's work. With the remains of our provisions and some curdled milk we satisfied our hunger and curled ourselves up among the pease straw of the barn. Blenkiron announced with a happy sigh that he had now been for two days quit of his dyspepsia.

That night, I remember, I had a queer dream. It seemed to be in a wild place among mountains, and I was being hunted, though who was after me I couldn't tell. I remember sweating with fright, for I seemed to be quite alone and the terror that was pursuing me was more horrible than any I had ever known. At the end of it, and there was deep snow lying everywhere, so that each step I took was heavy as lead. A very ordinary sort of nightmare, you will say. Yes, but there was one strange feature in it. The night was pitch dark, but ahead of me in the throat of the pass there was one patch of light, and it showed a rum little hill with a rocky top; what we call in South Africa a "kopie." I could get to that kopie if I should be safe, and I panted through the drifts towards it with the avenger of blood at my heels. I woke gasping, to find the winter morning struggling through the cracked shutters, and to hear Blenkiron say cheerily that his horse had behaved all night like a gentleman. I lay still for a bit trying to fix the dream, but it all dissolved into haze except the rocky top of the little hill, which was quite clear in every detail. I told myself it was a reminiscence of the "veld," some spot down in the Wakkerstroom country, though for the life of me I couldn't place it.

I pass over the next three days, for they were one unbroken series of heart-breaks. Hussin and Peter scoured the country for horses, Blenkiron sat in the barn and played Patience, while I hunted the roadsides near the bridge in the hope of picking up some kind of conveyance. My task was perfectly futile. The columns passed, casting wondering eyes on the wrecked car among the frozen rushes, but they could offer no help. My friend the Turkish officer promised to write to Angora from some place or other for a fresh car, but, remembering the state of affairs at Angora, I had no hope from that quarter. Cars passed, plenty of them, packed with staff-officers, Turkish and German, but they were in far too big a hurry even to stop and speak. The only conclusion I reached from my roadside vigil was that things were getting very warm in the neighbourhood of Erzerum. Everybody on that road seemed to be in mad haste either to get there or to get away.

Hussin was the best chance, for, as I have said, the Comanches had a very special and peculiar graft throughout the Turkish Empire. But throughout the day he came back empty-handed. All the horses had been commandeered for the war, he said; and though he was certain that some had been kept back and hidden away, he could not get on their track. The second day he returned with two miserable screws and deplorably short in the wind from a diet of beans. There was no decent corn or hay left in that countryside. The third day Hussin picked up a nice little Arab steed in poor condition, it is true, but perfectly sound. For these beasts we paid good money, for Blenkiron was well supplied and we had no time to spare for the intemperate Oriental bargainers.

Hussin said he had cleared up the countryside, and I believed him. I dared not delay another day, even though it meant leaving him behind. But he had no notion of doing anything of the kind. He was a good

runner, he said, and could keep up with such horses as ours for ever. If this was the manner of our progress, I reckoned we would be weeks in getting to Erzerum.

We started at dawn on the morning of the fourth day, after the old farmer had blessed us and sold us some stale ryebread. Blenkiron bestrode the Arab, being the heaviest, and Peter and I had the screws. My worst forebodings were soon realized, and Hussin, loping along at my side, had an easy job to keep up with us. We were about as slow as an ox-wagon. The rough roads I saw that their feet would very soon go to pieces. We jogged along like a tinker's caravan, about five miles to the hour, as feeble as a party as ever disgraced a highroad.

The weather was now a cold drizzle, which increased my depression. Cars passed us and disappeared in the mist, going at thirty miles an hour to mock our slowness. None of us spoke, for the fatality of the business cleared our spirits. I bit hard on my lip to curb my restlessness, and I think I would have sold my soul there and then for anything that could move fast. I don't know any severer trial than to be mad for speed and have to crawl at a snail's pace. I was getting ripe for any kind of desperate venture.

About midday we descended on a wide plain full of the marks of rich cultivation. Villages became frequent, and the land was studded with olive groves and scarred with water furrows. From what I remembered of the map I judged that we were coming to that champagne country near Sinas, which is the granary of Turkey, and the home of the true Osmani stock.

Then at a turning of the road we came to the caravanserai.

It was a dingy, battered place, with the pink plaster falling in patches from its walls. There was a courtyard abutting on the road, and a flat-topped house with a big hole in its side. It was a long way from any town, and the road was a mere battleground, and I guess that some explosion had wrought the damage. Behind it, a few hundred yards off, a detachment of cavalry were encamped beside a stream, with their horses tied up in long lines of pickets.

And by the roadside, quite alone and deserted, stood a large new motor-car.

In all the road before and behind there was no man to be seen except the troops by the stream. The owners, whoever they were, must be inside the caravanserai.

I have said I was in the mood for some desperate deed, and lo and behold Providence had given me the chance. I coveted that car as I have never coveted anything on earth. At the moment all my plans had narrowed down to a feverish passion to get to the battlefield. We had to find Greenmantle at Erzerum, and once there we should have Hilda von Elemen's protection. It was a time of war, and a front of brass was the surest safety. But, indeed, I could not figure out any plan worth speaking of. I saw only one thing—a fast car which might be ours.

(To be continued.)

**A TOOTHPICK RACE.**

Draw on a level patch of ground or on an even floor two parallel lines ten feet apart, one for the starting and one for the finishing line. Furnish each contestant with a bundle of toothpicks.

The idea of the game is to see which of the contestants can first construct an unbroken line of toothpicks from the starting to the finishing line.

There is no set rule how the toothpicks should be placed, except that any given toothpick may be touched by only two others. There must, moreover, be no breaks in the line.

**Holve the Exception.**

The London cockney, who mispronounces his h's, is the constant sport of the paragrapher. In Tit-Bits we read of district visitor who was calling on Mrs. Harris, a new arrival in the village.

"You seem to have a good many children, Mrs. Harris," said the visitor.

"Yes, mum," she replied, "and what's more, all their names begin with haitch. There's 'Ubert, my oldest. Then there's 'Ard, 'Arriet and 'Ector and 'Onoria. They're all haitches—all except the baby, and we christened he Holve."

**In Plain Sight.**

"She's climbing the silk ladder all right!"

"And what beautiful silk stockings she wears!"

Whales measuring as much as 105 feet in length have been caught in the Antarctic.

**Minard's Liniment for Dandruff.**

**Millions Due to Britain.**

As the debts due to Great Britain have been occupying considerable attention, it may be recalled that the debts of her Allies and the Dominions are as follows:—

|  |                  |
|--|------------------|
| War Loans—                                       |                  |
| Australia .....                                  | \$ 457,265,000   |
| New Zealand .....                                | 148,115,000      |
| Canada .....                                     | 69,050,000       |
| South Africa .....                               | 61,430,000       |
| Other Dominions and Colonies .....               | 16,300,000       |
| Russia .....                                     | 3,275,000,000    |
| France .....                                     | 2,920,000,000    |
| Italy .....                                      | 2,515,000,000    |
| Yugo-Slavia .....                                | 125,000,000      |
| Portugal, Rumania, Greece and other Allies ..... | 335,000,000      |
|  | \$9,922,160,000  |
| Relief and Reconstruction Loans—                 |                  |
| Austria .....                                    | 60,500,000       |
| Poland .....                                     | 19,500,000       |
| Rumania .....                                    | 11,000,000       |
| Yugo-Slavia .....                                | 10,000,000       |
| Other States .....                               | 5,000,000        |
|  | \$106,000,000    |
| Belgian Reconstruction Loans—                    |                  |
|  | 45,000,000       |
| Other Loans—                                     |                  |
| Armenia .....                                    | 4,145,000        |
| Czecho-Slovakia .....                            | 10,000,000       |
|  | 14,145,000       |
| Total .....                                      | \$10,082,205,000 |

**Not Lost, Only Gone.**

Pat had got a job as steward on board a liner, and on his first trip he was anxious to have everything as nice as possible so as to please the captain. Accordingly, the first thing he did was to have a good clean-out of the captain's quarters, and amongst other things he polished up the tea-service, of which the captain was very proud.

Unfortunately, he let the teapot slip overboard, and it sunk like a stone to the bottom of the sea.

He did not know what to do, but at last an idea struck him, and, approaching the captain, he said:

"Captain, can anything be lost if you know where it is?"

"No, certainly not," replied the captain, rather sharply.

"Well, sir," retorted the Irishman, "your silver teapot is at the bottom of the Atlantic!"

**To Wind Yarn.**

When you have no one to hold your yarn for winding, place two flat irons on the table as far apart as the length of the skein and stretch the yarn over them.

According to statistics the population of the world more than doubled in 114 years ending with the year 1914.

**Holland Bulbs**

Have a beautiful Window Garden in the depth of winter at a small cost. Special Collection, 7 Beautiful Bulb Assortment, postpaid, 50c. Special Collection of 15 selected Bulbs, postpaid, \$1. Free Illustrated Catalogue.

C. E. BISHOP & SON, Seedsmen Belleville, Ont.

**REEDS**

Write us for prices on highest grade. Basket Reeds—Also Frames and Tray Boards.

Brantford Willow Works Brantford, Ont.

**Mustard is valuable in the diet**

Did you know that mustard not only gives more zest and flavor to meats, but also stimulates your digestion? Because it aids assimilation it adds nourishment to foods.

**but it must be Keen's**

**Come to the Lectures, Demonstrations and Practices at the**

**Ontario Agricultural College**

**1924 — SHORT COURSES — 1924**

- Stock and Seed Judging — (Two weeks)—January 8th - 19th.
- Poultry Raising — (Four Weeks)—January 8th - February 2nd.
- Horticulture Courses:
  - Fruit and Vegetable Growing—January 21st - February 2nd.
  - Floriculture and Landscape Gardening—Feb. 4th - Feb. 16th.
- Dairy Courses:
  - Courser for Factory Cheese and Buttermakers—January 2nd - March 14th.
  - Cow-Testing—Jan. 7th - Jan. 19th.
  - Farm Dairy—Jan. 21st - Feb. 2nd.
  - Factory Milk and Cream Testing, including Factory Management and Accounts—Feb. 4 - Feb. 16.
  - Market Milk, including Mechanical Refrigeration—Feb. 18 - March 1.
  - Condensed and Powdered Milk—March 3rd - March 15th.
  - Ice-Cream, including Mechanical Refrigeration—March 17 - Mar. 28.
  - Creamery and Cheese-making Course, including Mechanical Refrigeration—Mar. 24 - Mar. 23.
  - Bee Keeping (Two Weeks)—January 8th - January 19th.
  - Drainage and Drainage Surveying (Two Weeks)—Jan. 8 - Jan. 19.
  - Farm Power, including: Tractors, Gasoline Engines, etc. Two Weeks—Jan. 22 - Feb. 2.

These courses are planned to meet the requirements of farmers, factory, home, diversion, poultry, bee-keepers and horticulturists who may be able to leave home for but a short period during the winter months.

All courses are free, with the exception of the dairy course, for which a small registration fee is charged.

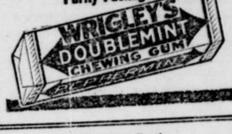
A change from the home surroundings, meeting other people interested in the things in which you are interested, exchange of experience and the acquisition of knowledge, will do you good. Plan to attend some course that appeals to you. Hold-out rates on railways. Write for booklet describing the courses and ask for railway certificates.

J. B. REYNOLDS, M.A. L. STEVENSON A. M. PORTER, B.S.A. Registrar Director of Extension

**WRIGLEYS**

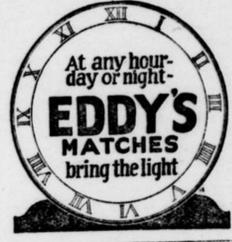
Take it home to the kids. Have a packet in your pocket for an ever-ready treat.

A delicious confection and an aid to the teeth, appetite, digestion.



A Powerful Beak. Macaws, a kind of parrot, native to South America, can break with their beaks nuts which resist attacks with a hammer.

A "listener-in" 200 miles from a broadcasting station hears the notes of a singer sooner than those standing in the transmitting room. This is because wireless waves travel faster than sound waves.



**It Stays on the Job!**  
 You can bank on a "444" Day after day, month after month. Smarts "444" Axe will stand the going where the going is hardest. Get your hardware man to show you a "444". Note the hang and the feel of it—A real axe with a fireblued finish that resists rust.



CANADA FOUNDRIES & FORGINGS LIMITED

**THE FUN OF BEING FIFTY**

By Dorothy Dix

Why do some of us hold middle age in such contempt? Why do we look upon attaining it with horror? We glorify youth. We clothe it in romance, and fill it with thrills and excitement and the tumult of adventure, and we cling to it with a desperate determination to hold on to the last shred of its radiance as long as possible.

We idealize old age. We think of it as the purple twilight in which one sits at peace and rest with folded hands, one's work done, and in one's heart the placid enjoyment of those who have worthily performed their task. We are proud of being young. We are proud of being old, but we are ashamed of being middle-aged.

Disappointments of Youth. Now all this is utter foolishness. Middle age is really the golden age, if we only have the intelligence to realize it. It is the time of full maturity, of the full-blown rose, breathing its heart out in perfume, not the hard little bud that is only faintly fragrant.

Our glorifying of youth is a mere superstition. Youth, in reality, is a time of happiness. It is a time of stress and tears, of bitter disappointments and baffled desires, when we suffer because we have not learned how to meet the trials and tribulations of life.

When you are young you can go through the agonies of being eternally disgraced by having to wear a dress or a coat different from those worn by your companions. You can suffer utter desolation of soul and feel that there is nothing left in life worth planning if it rains on the day you had planned to go to a picnic. You can know every torment of the pariah if you are a wall-flower at a party. If you are too bashful to go with the crowd.

Middle age is far happier than youth, because by the time we reach fifty we have acquired a philosophy that makes us proof against the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune. We have learned to laugh at ourselves, and so ridicule has no power to hurt us. The keen edge of our desires has been blunted. Moreover, we have seen so many hopes blasted, so many disasters turn into victory, that we are content to wait the turn of fate.

To men, middle age is the time of achievement. It is then that they engage in the big game of business and match their skill and wit and luck against the world. No thrill like that. No adventure like that. No sport like that. Youth has no fun like that.

**Domestic Felicity.**

And even the men who never do big things have reached Easy Street by middle age. If they are ever to arrive in that pleasant thoroughfare. They have their homes, their comforts, and have settled down into a humdrum contentment that youth never knows.

Middle age is the heyday of domesticity. It takes twenty-five years for most husbands and wives to reach a working basis where they can enjoy each other's good qualities and avoid each other's peculiarities. Gone are the jealousies of the honeymoon; eliminated the friction of clashing wills. On the middle-aged household roosts the dove of peace as it never does on that of the newlyweds.

Women should go rejoicing towards middle age, because it is their time of emancipation, when the spinster no longer requires a chaperon, and when the mother has raised and settled her family and is free for the first time to enjoy herself.

**Australia's Wonder Bridge.**

In about six years' time Australia will possess in the bridge to be built across Sydney Harbor one of the greatest engineering marvels in the world.

The total cost of this vast structure, for which contracts are shortly to be allotted, will be about seven million pounds, nearly half of which will be expended in wages. The new bridge will eliminate the slow-working ferry now in use, and will bear four lines of railway, beside a 67ft roadway with broad pavements.

Australians have dreamed of this undertaking for many years, and there has been much discussion as to what form the bridge should take, the possibilities of floating and suspension structures being considered. Finally, a high-level bridge has been decided upon.

For pure grandeur, this great construction is expected to eclipse the world-famous Forth and Quebec bridges, for although its span of 1,600 ft. is slightly shorter than either of these, it will be considerably higher above the water than they are.

The approaches to the bridge were commenced some time ago by Australian firms, but they found it impossible to carry out the whole undertaking, and tenders were invited from engineering concerns all over the world.

There are few great difficulties to be overcome in the construction, as the granite piers which will support the bridge will have solid rock foundations on both sides of the harbor, thus making the venture less speculative than has been the case with other large bridge-building contracts.

**A literary critic is a person who finds meanings in a book that the author never knew were there.**

**Our F**

**THANKSGIVING DINNER**

- Fruit Cup
- Roast Turkey with Swedish Dressing
- Celery, Rolls, Cranberry Sauce
- Mashed Potatoes, Stewed Tomatoes
- Hot Slaw
- Thanksgiving Pudding, Orange
- Nuts, Raisins, Coffee

A mock chicken pie is made partly filling a pan with hot pork cut into small pieces, ten well with gravy, cover with a layer of biscuit dough, and bake in the oven.

Orange sauce: Whites of eggs, one cupful of powdered sugar, one cupful of grated rind of the juice of one lemon. Beat the whites until stiff, add sugar and continue beating while rind and fruit juices are

Thanksgiving pudding: A cupful of salt, one-half pound of chopped nutmeg, two and one-half of stale bread-crumbs, one-half of English walnut meats, spoonfuls of baking-powder, quarters of a cupful of molasses, a tablespoonful of flour, one and one-half cupful of raisins, one and one-half cupful of currants, one and one-half cupful of sugar, four eggs, the whites until creamy, then add the bread-crumbs, the nutmeg, the spices. Combine the mixture with flour, add the baking-powder, nutmeg, steam three hours with orange sauce.

For fruit cup, cut apples, and canned pineapple in small pieces, half and seed white. Mix fruit with granulated sugar, a little lemon-juice, then add lemonade or sherbet glasses, glass sauce dishes. Place the dish on a small plate, top each with a maraschino cherry and a nut.

Turkey dressing in Sweden is recommended; it requires a half of a cupful of melted butter, half cupful of raisins, seeded in pieces, one-half cupful of walnut meats, broken in pieces, pepper and sage to taste. Mix ingredients in the order given.

A rich cranberry sauce: thus: Use an equal measure of sugar. Wash, drain, and berries in an enamel kettle with enough cold water to show berries are pressed down in berries bowl, add one-half cupful, sprinkling it over without stirring. Let it boil about half an hour, then add fourth sugar and repeat until all is used. Boil up once more, slowly, and do not stir.

If you serve roast pork for giving dinner, try this

**A Thanksgiving Grandmother.**

By Myrtle Jamison True

Janie ran out of her house. Lala Lee appeared on the porch next door.

"Oh, look, Lala Lee, there snowflake! I do believe it will be a white Thanksgiving. Wouldn't that be perfect?"

"I don't know," said I, doubtfully. "I don't think it perfect without a Thanksgiving grandmother, and I don't think this year."

"What is a Thanksgiving mother?" asked Bobby, who was sitting on the porch.

"A Thanksgiving grandmother one that cooks the dinner for self."

"I haven't any grandmother," sighed Janie. "Let me ask you, Lala Lee, do you know any Thanksgiving grandmothers?"

"The little old lady that lives at the end of the street looks like a Thanksgiving grandmother, ask her to be ours. Oh, I will be."

"It was a daring thought, three made off down the street, they thought they were safe, but they were not. They were caught by the door of the cottage. They were down upon them. Through their door delicious cookies, lolly stuffed."

"That's her! I can smell it," he whispered cautiously to me.

"I wondered whether you Thanksgiving grandmother, old Lala Lee."

"Why, I'm the little old lady."

"Because if you are," she said, "we want you to be our grandmother and let us eat Thanksgiving with you."

"The little old lady that lives at the end of the street, she is glad to have you."

She led the way to the saying, "I wonder who couldn't have our Thanksgiving today, since you are all it is only one day early."

The children were quite "I think," said grandmother, "fattered about, 'we had thick slices of country ham turkey. There won't be any turkey."