

Ted's Turkey

A Thanksgiving Story by
Epes Winthrop
Sargent.

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"Do you think it's a square deal?" demanded Teddy. "There's Tom Bolan. He works in his blacksmith shop all day and gets his face as black as an end man. Then he goes home and washes up, and he's all right. What difference does it make if I daub on zinc instead of dirt?"

"It isn't all that, Ted," said Sally. "Somehow you seem different." "Just because you saw me," he laughed bitterly. "Bill Brattle told me I was the limit, but I didn't suppose I was bad enough to queer my luck with you."

"I can't explain," said Sally impatiently. "But somehow when I saw you last summer with all the people laughing at you—I couldn't be proud of you any more. I just felt ashamed to sit there and remember that I was engaged to you."

"And you waited all this time to tell me," he said scornfully. "Let me live on in that fool's paradise all this time? Why, I could have gone with the Fordams this winter if I had wanted to, but I told Blakeley that I'd come on to quarters just so I could be near you."

"I'm sorry, Ted," she said dully. "I like you still when I see you, but then every little while your face gets all white with the red marks on it, and I want to cry."

"Brattle was right," he said bitterly. "Let circus folk marry circus folk. They look deeper than makeup." "I suppose I ought to," said Sally. "But I just can't, Ted."

"All right," he said brusquely, trying to keep back the tears that would



SLOWLY THE PROCESSION LUMBERED INTO THE YARD.

rise to his eyes. "I don't want the old ring back. I ain't got any one else to give it to. So long."

He climbed into the tiny road cart, cracked the whip, and the four ponies trotted off.

It was only four miles to Carstonville, where the Blakeley hippodrome, menagerie and circus lay in winter quarters, but every revolution of the little wheels seemed to put Sally—and happiness—miles behind.

Ted Stevens was a circus clown—not a very good one, but good enough for the one ring wagon show he traveled with. Last spring he had come down a few weeks before the opening to rehearse some bits of comedy, and he had met Sally Myerly.

She had never seen much of show folk, and she was attracted by his fun as well as by the wholesomeness of his manner. In the three weeks they saw each other Ted had won her heart. Then the show had gone south to open. It was midsummer before the slow moving outfit had come back to Carstonville to show, and that afternoon Ted had done his best because Sally was watching from the reserved seats. He had been rather disappointed at her lukewarm appreciation, but he did not realize what the matter was until he had come back with the show to go into winter quarters.

He had taken the manager salary offered to help care for the stock instead of playing at the vaudeville theaters through the winter, and it was with a happy heart that he took the pony four-in-hand out for exercise and had driven over to the Myerly farm.

He had received an enthusiastic welcome from ten-year-old Dick, but Sally had been cold, and at last she confessed that the sight of him in the ring had killed her love. Her ideas of romance were gleaned from cheap fiction, wherein English lords in disguise were more apt to be heroes than circus clowns. The sight of Ted in his motley had killed her ideals, and she wanted her freedom.

For the next couple of weeks he held to his work, trying in occupation to find forgetfulness. He had been rather clever with dogs once, and he got permission to try his hand at two of the ponies, just to occupy his mind, but in the long nights, when the silence was broken only by an occasional cry from the stock barn, he had plenty of time to think, for sleep came late to his tired eyes.

The day before Thanksgiving Thomas Myerly drew up at the sheds and climbed down from his seat. Ted saw him and went out to meet him.

"Sally wants to know if you won't bring them ponies over," he said.

"Dick liked 'em so, and the doctor says that perhaps they'll ruin him." "I'll see the old man," said Ted. "I guess it'll be all right, though. They need a run."

Permission was easily obtained when explanation was made, for the "old man" had youngsters of his own and a soft spot for children, and presently the gay little team was trotting down the frozen road.

Dick was brought to the window, well wrapped up, but he only waved a languid hand at the clown and turned his head away. Ted unhitched them and put them through their tricks, but with no greater success, and after he had put the team in the barn he went into the house.

"That's the first kid I ever saw that wasn't stuck on them ponies," he said. "What's the matter with him?"

"That's what we want to know," said a grave faced man who had been talking with Sally. "The little fellow seems to be sunk into a sort of coma, and we cannot rouse him. He will not eat, and unless we can give him a desire for food and interest him in things we shall just have to watch 'im slip away."

"You want to come out and look at them ponies, doc," said Ted suddenly. "Come on out to the barn."

The physician paused a moment. Then something passed in the glance of the two men, and they went out together. For half an hour they sat on an old wagon box and talked, and then the physician went back to the house and Ted hitched up the ponies. He drove out of the yard with a flourish of the whip toward Dick, who had been brought to the window to see him off. The little fellow answered with a weary wave of the hand, and Ted gritted his teeth as he drove off.

The next morning dawned clear and bright. It was almost Indian summer, and the windows were open in the Myerly home. Dick sat at the window, listlessly watching the people go driving by to church. Mrs. Myerly divided her time between the kitchen and the front parlor, to which Dick had been moved. A trumpet call sounded down the road, and she came hurrying in.

Around the bend there dashed a rider all crimson and gold, mounted on a black horse gaudy in crimson housings. With a swing he was in the yard, and just before the window he blew another blast on his trumpet.

"A turkey for Master Myerly fit for a king!" he announced in approved ringmaster tones. Then the black horse backed away, bowing to the astonished child, and wheeled and dashed up the road again.

Presently the herald returned at a more stately pace, preceding the most curious procession that had ever traversed the Huntville road. Just behind the rider came a fantastic clown, either foot on the back of a milk white horse. Behind him lumbered a huge elephant drawing a glittering chariot ablaze with gold and mirrors.

Slowly the procession lumbered into the yard. At the gate the clown dismounted and threw handspikes up to the very door. There he paused expectantly while the elephant ponderously turned into the yard. Then the doors at the back of the chariot swung open, and out fluttered a turkey six feet high. The clown sprang forward and with his whip made the bird face the window.

"Dick," he called, "here's your Thanksgiving turkey. If you don't eat every mouthful of it I'll make the elephant bite you."

"Elephants don't bite," laughed Dick, his face aglow with excitement.

"This one does—bad," said Ted darkly. "You wait and see. Turkey, bow to the gentleman what's going to eat you."

Solemnly the bird pranced forward and beat its neck. Then it followed Ted around to the back of the house, and the cavalcade followed, turning into the road. Down beyond the bend Ted was waiting with the lead, but the cambic skin, covered with turkey feathers, the making of which had kept Ted up half the night, had been removed, and it was merely an ostrich that was bundled into the best chariot of the Blakeley outfit.

Late that night Ted turned up at the quarters. There had been a Thanksgiving dinner in the training ring, and all, from the "old man" to the hostlers, were sitting about on the benches swapping stories.

"Well," said the "old man" kindly, "did it work, Ted?"

"Did it work?" echoed Ted. "Say, I'm afraid the kid's more like to die of indigestion than starvation. He's all to the good. Everything's all to the good."

And the little group crowded about to shake his hand, for they knew that a romance seeking girl had at last really found the heart of the clown beneath the motley.

November.
The melancholy days have come.
The flowers fade away.
The crickets upward turn their toes,
And early dies the day.
The mourning turkeys now are led
To death, and, worse perhaps,
The partridges, with muffled drums,
Are sadly sounding taps.
—Judge

In the Bright Limelight.

Judge Charles M. Hough, Who Presides in the Morse Trial—Trixie Friganza as a Suffragette—Admiral Ijua.



JUDGE HOUGH.

FEDERAL Judge Charles M. Hough, who presides in the court where Charles W. Morse, the former ice trust magnate, is being tried, has been conspicuous recently in connection with a number of cases of unusual importance. One such proceeding was that instituted by the interstate commerce commission in which an attempt was made to compel E. H. Hartman to answer certain questions about the operation of the railroads he controls. He was appointed a member of the United States court for the southern district of New York by President Roosevelt in 1906 and is reputed an expert in admiralty and bankruptcy law. This makes him especially qualified for presiding in a case like that against Mr. Morse, in which many difficult questions have arisen pertaining to what constitute illegal and irregular acts in banking. The case has directed attention anew to the peculiar methods of "high finance" as practiced in times not long gone by in New York. Judge Hough was born in Philadelphia in 1858 and was graduated in 1879 from Dartmouth college.

Miss Trixie Friganza, who is engaged in a crusade in behalf of the extension of the rights of her sex, has



TRIXIE FRIGANZA.

the leading role in a play running at a leading New York theater, entitled "The American Idea," a piece which has proved one of the musical hits of the season. She has taken up woman suffrage ideas with enthusiasm and when not engaged in the work of her profession may generally be found making speeches advocating giving women the ballot or organizing her campaign. With Miss Stella Hammerstein, daughter of Oscar Hammerstein, the impresario, she is planning a monster demonstration at the New York city hall in behalf of woman suffrage. She says:

"We beg all women who have the interest of their sex at heart to join with us and aid in making the demonstration at the city hall historic. The days of milk and water oratory and lamblike lobbying are over. We must show our power and give the men a fight."

Miss Friganza is not exactly a stern visaged and serious minded woman such as the public is apt to picture as the leader of a woman suffrage demonstration. It is hard to fancy her "giving the men a fight." The theater going public thinks of her as a dashing, gay and handsome woman like the sportive widow in "The Prince of Pilsen," a part which was thought to fit her precisely. It was Digby Bell who once described her thus:

"Trixie Friganza! Brightest and prettiest. I promoted her from the chorus in 'The Tar and the Tartar' for being bright and pretty and fine for the next day for being 'fresh' and making unauthorized additions to her costume."

Vice Admiral Baron Ijua, who was honored with the command of the Japanese squadron assigned to welcome Rear Admiral Sperry's fleet to the waters of the mikado's empire, visited America not long ago. He was then in command of the squadron which represented Japan in the naval demonstration held at Hampton Roads in connection with the Jamestown exposition. Admiral Ijua gave a dinner on his flagship to the officers of the American battleship fleet, which was one of the chief events in the long programme of welcoming events designed by the Japanese to show their good will toward Americans. He is the inventor of the Ijua fuse, which is used by the Japanese in the manufacture of torpedoes, and during the Russian war he was assistant director of the naval general staff.



BARON IJUA.

Kriss Kringle's Gift Makers.

Presents For Girls—Dainty Aprons of Dotted Swiss For Coquettish Maids—How Handkerchiefs Are Utilized.

If you know a pretty girl who wishes to win the heart of an ardent admirer, make a dainty apron for her and send it for a Christmas gift. The aprons illustrated are both dainty and useful at the same time. The surplice apron is made of dotted swiss and is finished with bands and ruffles of lace. The pockets and shoulders have decorations of soft wash ribbon. White silk is used for the other model, which is trimmed with hemstitched ruffles and black velvet ribbon.

Hand embroidery adds very much to the appearance of the silk apron, and



MATERIALS REQUIRED.
Four yards of china or taffeta silk.
Eight yards of embroidery ruffling.
Eight yards of insertion.
Four yards of taffeta ribbon.

SURPLICE APRON.
simple, effective designs that any needlewoman can carry out may be copied from newspaper patterns or done for one in the shops.

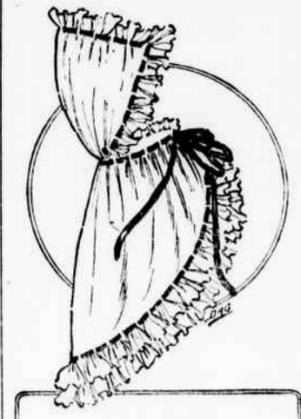
A pretty girl wearing a coquettish apron adorned with fluffy rosettes always appeals to a man's eye, and if she has a rose nestling behind her left ear so much the better, for the man immediately pictures scenes of domestic bliss where some one he cares a great deal for will always sit beside a shaded lamp and wear dainty clothes.

Handkerchiefs, too, are made up into attractive aprons put together with embroidered heading of lace.

Really there seems to be no end to the number of ways of using handkerchiefs besides the orthodox fashion, and a new idea is to take a sheer one showing an elaborate but very fine embroidered border and work it in the center with a scattered blossom design, wild roses, perhaps, losing their petals over the surface, or tiny bunches of buttercups here and there carelessly arranged. When complete it is applied diamondwise to a square of fine cambric, the material being cut away underneath. Backed by a second piece of cambric it becomes a very dainty pillow either for a baby carriage or as a head rest for an invalid. A narrow heading is sewed all around the

edge of the pillow and is threaded with ribbon matching the embroidery. A narrow hemstitched fine cambric ruffle completes an exceedingly pretty cover, which in the shops would bring a very high price, yet, made at home, possibly the handkerchief would be the only outlay.

Linen Hair Receiver.
A pretty hair receiver to give a girl for Christmas is of heavy white on ecru linen. The edge is padded and scalloped and is fastened over with two buttons and buttonholes. The design is worked in the solid satin stitch. A rosette of ribbon with loop and ends finishes the receiver



MATERIALS REQUIRED.
Four yards of china or taffeta silk.
One bolt of black velvet ribbon.

WHITE SILK APRON.
edge of the pillow and is threaded with ribbon matching the embroidery. A narrow hemstitched fine cambric ruffle completes an exceedingly pretty cover, which in the shops would bring a very high price, yet, made at home, possibly the handkerchief would be the only outlay.

BOWSER GOAT FARM.

Thinks He Can Make Fortune Selling the Milk to Invalids.
RESENTS WIFE'S RIDICULE.

Brings Home Three Animals to Start With, but They Prove to Be Belligerent—Alimony Question Talked of Again.

[Copyright, 1908, by T. C. McClure.]
When Mr. Bowser came home in the middle of the afternoon the other day and when following close after him came a boy and three goats, Mrs. Bowser would have been a very stupid woman indeed not to realize that there was something up. The goats were placed in the back yard, each one being tied to the fence at a different spot, and when Mr. Bowser finally entered the house she was ready to ask:

"Well, have you broken loose again?" "Madam, I fail to understand you," he stily replied. "Am I supposed to be some sort of wild animal that is breaking loose now and then?" "But you have brought home three goats?"

"Yes, three goats."

"And perhaps you will explain why? If you had brought three elephants or giraffes, I could understand that you



CLOSE AFTER HIM CAME A BOY AND THREE GOATS.

were going to set up a zoological garden in the back yard, but I fail to see where the goats come in. No boy will pay over a cent admission fee to come in and see three goats."

Mr. Bowser flushed up, and his ears gave a twitch, but he hung on to himself and said:

"If you had read the news of the day instead of so many love stories, you would have been better posted. Just now, as you might have ascertained, the whole world is going crazy on the subject of goats' milk. The doctors are finding it a panacea for almost every ill. The milk is being given to thousands of invalids, and goat butter has been found the best thing in the world for people that want to build up and take on flesh."

"But we have no children to drink the milk, and neither of us want to take on more flesh," protested Mrs. Bowser.

He smiled in a superior way, and, taking a pencil and paper, he sat down and said:

"Mrs. Bowser, can't you see a business opening when it is held up to your eyes? We don't want the milk and butter from those goats, but we want the money it will bring from others. Can't you understand?"

"Oh, then, you are going to open a goat dairy?"

"Um! I am going to sell goat's milk and butter. In a sense it is the same as if I opened a drug store to sell a patent medicine warranted to be of the greatest benefit to mankind. I should not call it a goat dairy."

Would Be Ridiculed.
"But the public will. It won't be there three days before they will be calling you 'Goat Bowser.' That will be nice, won't it?"

"See here, woman," he shouted. "don't you go too far in this thing! If any one calls me 'Goat Bowser' it will be because you have set them up to do it, and I want you to understand right here and now that I shall exact a terrible revenge."

"You know I won't do any such thing, but let that go. You have the goats. Now for the profits. Let me see your figures."

Mr. Bowser had to walk the length of the room six times and back before he could overcome his emotion sufficiently to sit down again and say:

"I buy three goats at \$15 each. That's \$45 capital laid out. You can understand that, I suppose?"

"Perfectly."

"It costs nothing to keep a goat. There is grass in the back yard, and the cook can throw our crumbs and bones and whatever is left from the table. Each goat gives eight quarts of milk per day, making twenty-four quarts in all."

"But they don't, Mr. Bowser; they don't. No goat ever gave that much milk. If you get three quarts per day from each one you will be doing well. Why, it's only a few cows that give eight quarts."

"Eight quarts apiece from every goat, Mrs. Bowser. You must understand that these are not the common goats that go around eating scrap iron and garbage pails. One of them is a Corsican, coming from the same town Napoleon did; another is a Swiss from William Tell's own farm, and the third

is of German breed and known as a Turcomand. Eight quarts a day and not a drop less."

"Well, there's twenty-four quarts a day."

"And goats' milk sells at 25 cents a quart. That gives us a little income of \$8.40 a day, or almost \$20 a week."

"But who told you that the milk would sell at that price?" asked Mrs. Bowser.

"Never you mind. I have not gone into this thing without making all due inquiries. Goats' butter is selling today at 50 cents a pound, and the demand cannot be half met. We shall make at least \$5,000 a year from these three goats. Some men would be content to stop there, but I am not. I shall add six more goats. That will give us an income of \$15,000 a year and be something like. Now, then, am I a dead failure as a business man or do I seem to know a thing or two?"

"It may come all right," sighed Mrs. Bowser.

"Why, woman, what in thunder ails you? Do you want a greater income than that? If so, all we have to do is to increase the number of goats. I thought you'd clap your hands and swing your hat at my figures."

"But who's to milk the goats?"

"I am, of course. I shall get up half an hour earlier every morning."

"And the butter?"

Making Butter.
"Well, if you think it won't be a play spell for you to make it, then we can hire in a girl. We can let the butter go for awhile, and you can sell the milk alone and take in the money. I should think it would be fun for you to take in \$8.40 a day."

Just then the cook came upstairs and beckoned Mrs. Bowser out into the hall, and after they had conferred together for a couple of minutes Mrs. Bowser returned to say:

"Well, Anna wants to go."

"Humph! What for?"

"On account of the goats. She says she's afraid of them."

"Bosh! Not one of those goats would hurt a fly. Look at them from the window here. Did you ever see three more peaceful animals? Why, babies could play with them."

"But you can't always keep them tied up, you know. Anna says her mother lost her life by a goat."

"Anna be hanged! I'll go out there and prove to her that those goats are as affectionate as three puppies. You watch me from here."

Mr. Bowser led him to the kitchen and from thence to the back yard. When the boy led the goats in and tied them up they looked innocent and beamed and seemed perfectly peaceful. What had come over them later on was hard to say, but the moment Mr. Bowser stepped into the back yard they all sprang to their feet and uttered a whistling noise. He left the door open behind him and advanced to give the Corsican a friendly pat, but he never patted. With a wild rush and a blent the goat was loose and coming for him head down. The others followed suit. Mr. Bowser was turning his back on the dairy business and its tremendous profits when the Corsican struck him like a brick house with a second mortgage on it, and he went to grass. Then all three goats leaped over him and entered the kitchen and dining room. After a wild gallop around the room they went clattering up the basement stairs. Mrs. Bowser was equal to the emergency. She opened the front door, and, with the Corsican still in the lead, they jumped over every chair and made off down the front steps and over the fence, and the Bowser dairy was no more on earth. Ten minutes later Mr. Bowser came limping upstairs picking the grass off his clothes. He stood and looked at Mrs. Bowser for a long minute, and when she queried, "Well?" he said:

"I will call up my lawyer on the telephone, and whatever alimony he says is fair I will pay you!"

M. QUAD.

Midirected Ambition.

The Duck—What is that hen making all that noise about?
The Rooster—She's a suffragette, and she's trying to crow.—Browning's Magazine.

Hope For Him.
"But," said the lawyer, "your case seems hopeless. I don't see what I can do for you. You admit that you beat your wife?"

"Yes," replied the defendant. "But my wife's testimony will discount that. She'll never admit that she was beaten."—Philadelphia Press.

Easy Enough.
Growells—I certainly do have the worst luck.
Howells—Well, you can change all that.
Growells—How?
Howells—Make the best of it.—Cathole Standard and Times.



The Duck—What is that hen making all that noise about?

The Rooster—She's a suffragette, and she's trying to crow.—Browning's Magazine.