

Let us thank God, then, first of all, for good time and harvest and the boundless wealth and blessing for which they stand.

—Bishop Potter.

## Miss Penelope's Thanksgiving

By JEAN DOUGLAS.

At the end of Maple street stood a lovely white house with green shutters. This was the home of Miss Penelope Semple, the last of an honored and loved family numbered among the first settlers of Concord. For some twenty years she had dwelt—with Anne Barnes, her maid, and a descendant of those who had served the original Semples—in the house of



"TELL ME THAT I AM WELCOME."

her forefathers, and none but the oldest inhabitants could recall the times when the family consisted of Judge Joel Semple, his wife Elizabeth and their children, Richard, Penelope and Martha. The son was a bitter disappointment to the judge, because he refused to study law and succeed his father in that honorable profession. Nature had endowed him with a talent for reproducing her beauties, and he worshipped before the shrine of Apollo in preference to that of the wise Athena. As a result he quarreled with the judge and departed for Europe. For several years he communicated with Penelope, but finally his letters ceased to arrive.

The gentle mother succumbed to an attack of pneumonia and was followed a year later by her younger daughter. Shortly afterward the judge was discovered dead in his office, a victim of apoplexy, and Penelope was left to face life alone in the large white house. She exerted every effort to locate her brother, only to experience failure.

In the days when there were many branches to the family tree it was the custom for the Semples to assemble at the home of the judge for Thanksgiving. Since the death of her parents Miss Penelope continued to throw open the hospitable doors of the white house for Thanksgiving celebration.

For the twentieth time she waited in happy anticipation the arrival of the advance guest. Her eyes swept with an appreciative glance the candlesticks and old family plate shining with newly acquired brightness, the cut glass decanters and the dustless mahogany furniture ready for the morrow's feast.

The knocker summoned her to the door, and, throwing it open, Penelope greeted her cousin and his wife. From that time on until late evening the Semples continued to gather about the hearthstone of the white house. The evening was happily spent, the younger generation dancing, while their elders exchanged reminiscences, and at midnight they retired to await the dawn of Thanksgiving day.

Dinner time came in due season next day. Miss Penelope seated her guests, and the radiant circle was complete.

Then the various dishes were placed upon the board—roasts, broiled fish, vegetables, pastries and sweetmeats, and each vied with the other in quality and toothsome. They crunched the celery, reveled in the browned sweet potatoes and nodded approval at the pumpkin pies. There stole over every one a sense of peace and contentment, which comes when love and kindness permeate the atmosphere.

Then Dr. William Semple rose from his chair and, holding aloft a slender glass filled with wine of a rare vintage, said in a voice of unusual richness: "My

kinspeople, I want you to drink to the health and happiness of our dear Penelope, whose unselfish love and delightful personality are a benediction to us all."

When he ceased speaking everybody was standing, with the exception of Penelope, with glasses uplifted ready to drink, when there came a loud knock at the door.

One of the younger boys answered his insistent demands and found on the threshold a youth of his own age.

"I have come to see Penelope Semple," he said simply, and was ushered to the lady's chair.

He bowed low over her hand and kissed it, then stood tall and straight before the fragile, gray clad woman. The years rolled from her shoulders like raindrops from a window and, clasping the boy to her, she cried, "Dick, my own Dick!"

"Not Dick, Aunt Penelope, but Dick's son. He only told me of my family last month before he died and insisted that I reach here for Thanksgiving. Father described this scene so vividly that when the door opened I feared that it might not be real. Tell me that it is—and that I am welcome."

Dr. Semple placed a chair at the left of Penelope's for the new found member of the old Semple family.

The arrested toast was completed, and when they were all reseated Penelope arose and, placing a hand lovingly on the lad's shoulder, addressed her guests.

"I have much—very much—to be thankful for. My Dick has returned, not as a brother, but as a son, for as such I shall love him. What a heaven my declining years will be with him to plan for! Truly, God is good."—Philadelphia North American.

### TURKEY BECOMING EXTINCT.

We'll Have to Find Another Center-piece For Thanksgiving Dinners.

It is a sad fact to state, but if the truth must be told it looks very much as if the great American turkey, the center of our Thanksgiving festivities, will after not many years become as extinct as the auk, says the Washington Star. According to the census in 1890, the number of turkeys that year was 12,000,000. The population at that time was at least a dozen million less than it is now. But the last census returns place the turkeys at only 3,688,708, their valuation being \$6,005,818.

Hence it is easily seen that, while the turkey eating population is increasing by the hundreds of thousands, the fowls themselves are decreasing at an even greater rate. We have a nation of 90,000,000 people and only 3,000,000 turkeys.

Turkeys are very delicate birds, and in spite of their huge size they cannot stand the hardships that chickens can easily endure. By nature wild, they



ON A TURKEY FARM.

pine and die in confinement, yet if left to wander too young are killed by wet grass and vermin. They do not like to roost in a house like chickens, but prefer to sit in rows on the boughs of tall trees. Even in storms and blizzards they sit calmly as druids perched high on the swaying limbs and seemingly heedless of rain or cold. But put them in a warm house or in a cramped yard and they do not thrive. So the difficulty of raising them has been a large factor in the high price of their meat and their growing scarcity.

For successful production of drug plants on a commercial scale there must be an available market. Its accessibility must be considered, above all things, by the successful grower. The cost of production must be carefully estimated, and to this must be added the cost of packing and shipping to this market. The packing and shipping expenses might easily make the enterprise unprofitable.

### Thanksgiving In Cromwell's Day.

That Thanksgiving day was 200 years ago popularly and generally observed in England is well shown by the following passage:

For Hudibras who thought he had won The field as certain as a gun And, having routed the whole troop, With victory was cock-a-whoop, Thinking he had done enough to purchase Thanksgiving day among the churches.

Thus wrote Butler in 1651, during Oliver Cromwell's tenure of power, and it clearly proves that at a time when the observance of the day was but just beginning to be regularly kept in this country, the English recognized the day very generally as one of joy and feasting.

### A Thanksgiving Wish.

We wish everybody good cheer, a finely whetted appetite, vigorous digestion and a pleasant reunion of the scattered members of the family. From the tottering grandfather to the tottering baby, a pleasant Thanksgiving to all!

### Thanksgiving a Dual Holiday.

Thanksgiving is the one holiday that combines religion and patriotism. We should try to impress on the child each Thanksgiving both a feeling of thankfulness for his own blessings and a feeling of high patriotic pride.

### FIX UP FOR THE WINTER.

Have the repairs on the barn and milk house that you decided must be done before snow flies again been taken care of? And then there were certain conveniences that you thought of last winter and you declared that you wouldn't go through another winter without them. Have they been put in?

Winter will be here all too soon and the fall work will soon be out of the way. If the busy summer has kept you from doing these things they should be looked after very soon. It is discouraging to have to put up with inconveniences just because we didn't get time to fix things up. Too often these things are put off because we somehow hate to start on the fixing up. With some people there seems to be an aversion to doing things out of the ordinary routine, and so the repairs and conveniences go undone. Now is the season to get busy.—Hoard's Dairyman.

### GROWING DRUG PLANTS.

Inexperienced Growers More Liable to Failure Than Success.

[Prepared by United States department of agriculture.]

The cessation of the harvesting and shipping of many crude drugs because of hostilities in Europe has caused a sharp advance in their market price. As a result, many individuals and firms have written the department inquiring about the possibilities of the American farmer growing drug plants profitably. The department's specialist in charge of drug plant investigations has written a number of these correspondents that, although it is probable that a number of important drug plants could be grown profitably here if the present high prices continue nevertheless there is a possibility of the early restoration of shipping facilities, and, in any event, the inexperienced grower of drug plants would be more liable to meet with failure than with success.

Some medicinal plants, says the department's specialist, may be grown as easily as ordinary garden crops. Others, however, require the special knowledge and skill of the practiced gardener. There are many varying factors in the commercial production of drug plants. The constituents of many of them vary in quantity according to the time of gathering and method of drying, and a knowledge of proper methods of harvesting and curing is absolutely essential for the production of drugs of high quality.

Even if the prospective grower possessed some knowledge of drug plants, beginning now, he could scarcely hope to harvest a crop before the late summer of 1915. In the case of some varieties he might even have to wait until the end of the second or third year after planting. Therefore, the farmer who began at once might not find himself with a supply of crude drugs on hand until after prices had returned to their former level.

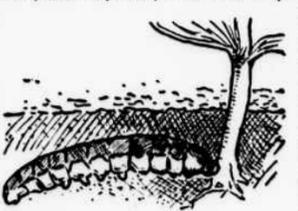
In any case the quantity of crude drugs required by the market is relatively small as compared with fruits, vegetables or staple crops. Therefore, numerous or extensive plantings by individuals throughout the country might easily result in overproduction, which would cause a decline in the market price independent of the conditions abroad.

For successful production of drug plants on a commercial scale there must be an available market. Its accessibility must be considered, above all things, by the successful grower. The cost of production must be carefully estimated, and to this must be added the cost of packing and shipping to this market. The packing and shipping expenses might easily make the enterprise unprofitable.

Drug plants to be profitably grown should yield returns at least equal to those from other crops which may be grown on the same land. The farmer must determine that this is the case. The fact that much handwork is necessary in the production of most drugs is liable to make the cost of labor high.

### The Destructive Cutworm.

"Cutworm" is simply a convenient term applied to many different worms all of which have the habit of cutting off the stems of young plants. Some work at the surface, others slightly underground. They attack young garden plants especially, but field crops



CUTWORM ATTACKING PLANT.

suffer also. The worms come from eggs that were laid the previous fall. Weedy fields suffer most.

Deep plowing in the fall and early cultivation in the spring will control this pest very well.

Another effective way of control is to spread poisoned bran mash over the ground in the spring a few days before the plants are expected to come up. The worms will eat the poisoned mash and die.—Farm and Fireside.

### SAYING HER LESSON.

But Conscience Smote Her Hard When a Visitor Arrived.

MRS. TROTTER, being a conscientious woman, wanted a conscientious maid. It took a long search through employment agencies to find one sufficiently well grounded in the rudiments of religion. The maid finally secured was a new arrival and Irish. Among her first instructions was the art of saying her mistress was not at home when she was. One visitor who called under those conditions is responsible for this story:

"Is Mrs. Blake in?" she said when the door was opened in response to her ring.

"No," replied Bridget stoutly, "she's not at home, and may God forgive me for the lie I'm tellin' ye." Whereupon she slammed the door in the visitor's face, and that was the end of it.—New York Times.

### A Dire Threat.

At a county fair in a small inland city several hundred men were engaged in holding down a large balloon which was rapidly being inflated with hot air. The smallest man of the lot looked about him nervously and then yelled at the top of his voice:

"Hey, come and take my place, somebody! I've got to go!"

No one paid any attention to him. A few moments later the little man bawled:

"If somebody don't come and take my place right away I'm going to let the old thing go up!"—Judge.

### Nearly Spoiled.

"Well," said the editor, "how about that high life scandal story? Is it true?"

"No, sir," said the reporter.

"No facts at all?"

"Not a chance."

"Everything denied?"

"Absolutely."

"Good heavens, cut it down to half a page then!"—Yale Record.

### A Grateful Parent.

"How do you like your new son-in-law?"

"I'm reconciled to him," replied Mr. Cumrox, "even if he is a duke. I'm thankful Gladys Ann didn't marry somebody that 'ud compel me to make a bow to my own daughter an' call her 'your majesty.'"—Washington Star.

### Auspicious Time.

"Where are you going?"

"To call on Mrs. Wallaby-Wombat. Better come along. I understand there are some very interesting things to be heard."

"How so?"

"She has just quarreled with her best friend."—Pittsburgh Post.

### Knew Wife's Ways.

Wife—Why are you strapping up my trunk? I'm not going away till tomorrow. Hub—So you'll have time to gather up all the things you've forgotten. You never find those things, you know, until after your trunk is locked and strapped.—Boston Transcript.

### The New Guit.

"She wears futurist gowns, you know."

"No, I don't know a thing about it. What is a futurist gown, anyhow?"

"You can search me—perhaps they are gowns which are yet to be paid for."—Puck.

### An Automobile Trick.

Bill—What's Gill doing now? Jill—Studying forestry, I guess.

"What makes you think so?"

"Well, I saw him in his automobile today, and he was trying to climb a tree."—Yonkers Statesman.

### The Only Exception.

"And so the women's edition of the Daily Eagle was not edited exclusively by women."

"No. They had to hire a man to do the Silent Observer column."—Pittsburgh Press.

### The Soft Answer.

He had just kissed her.

"Sir," she thundered, "you forget yourself."

"That'll give me all the more time to think of you," replied he.—Philadelphia Ledger.

### An Unreasonable Demand.

"I say, old man, you've never returned that umbrella I lent you last week."

"Hang it all, old man, be reasonable. It's been raining ever since."—Houston Post.

### How He Got In.

"But how did he happen to get engaged to the girl, if he doesn't love her?"

"Why, he says he was convincing when he merely meant to be plausible."—Judge.

### Suspicious.

Harper—Fozzie has a great scheme, and he invited me to "get in on the ground floor."

Carper—Don't forget that that is where the traps are.—Town Topics.

### The New Distinction.

"Was Mrs. De Swelle ever operated on for appendicitis?"

"No, but when she was trying to get home from Europe she was arrested as a German spy."—Baltimore American.

### Unfinished Business.

Edith—Are you going back to the city soon?

Ethel—Not for a week or so. I have two engagements to break before I go.—Boston Transcript.

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