

The Size of the Turkey Is a Hint That No One's Gratitude and Hospitality Should Be the Size of a Wren

The Call's Magazine and Fiction Page

Little Rabbie's Pa

By WILLIAM F. KIRK

SELS that Mister Carnegie is back from abroad & that he is very fond of the kaiser, sed Ma last nite wen she was reading the paper.

That makes it nice all around, sed Pa. Ever since the beginning of time, Pa sed, kings & rich men has been chummy. It always made the rich men throw out thare chests, sed Pa, & it often came handy for the king wen the palace rent came due. Haven't the remotest idea that the kaiser is friends with Mr. Carnegie for any such purpose, Pa sed, becaus he knows that if he ever tried to touch Mister Carnegie, Andy wud say 'Hoot Mon, & give him a lot of books to read. But it is nice to have prominent people get together & pass the time away.

I can just imagine, sed Pa, what a grate afternoon those two old boys must have spent together. I can just see them out frolicking at a game of golf, laffing & kicking up thare heels and saying, Now if good old John D. could only be here our cup of happiness wud be full, & I suppose Andy's little Scotch caddy got chummy, too, & told Scott about how far thay cud jump & how well they cud fite, & I can imagine the two grate men dining together afterward & Andy giving a roast like, We twa shall drink the flowing cup. And toast each others grate renown As long as your mustache sticks up. And my gray beard hangs doon!

Yes, indeed, sed Pa, I know just about how the old sports passed away thare time until it was time that the even kings and millyunairs shud go to the hay. I know just how hay felt, sed Pa, becaus I used to have just such times as that with the prince of Wales, only we was younger & thare was moar speed attached to our romping. It is different wen men get as old as these two, Pa sed. Wen a man is yung he puts moar stuff on the ball, & me & the prince was speed boys for fair.

I never knew that you knew a Prince of Wales, sed Ma.

You didnt know that? sed Pa. Oh, yes, we were quite friendly. I went over thare with Tod Sloan, Pa sed, & wen he was winning all his races with my horses we naturally came in contact with the prince. From thare we went to India, Pa sed, & was made much of by royalty. I wasn't fat in them days, Pa sed, & I heard a lot of peepul say that I had a kingly bearing myself. But I always sed that I wudnt talk a job as king if it was handed to me on a silver platter, as here I am, a solid citizen of America, with my wife and child around me, lying back on my oars, calm & content.

I guess you are lying all rite, but not back on yure oars, sed Ma. Yure brother is just cumming in now. I am going to ask him.

Pa's brother Henry calm in & Ma sed Henry, was my deer husband ever in England, sed Pa.

Not since I was born, sed Unkel Henry.

& how old are you? sed Ma.

I am two years older than he is, sed Unkel Henry.

Why, sed Pa, doant you remember? I was in England the time you was being entertained by the King of Sweden.

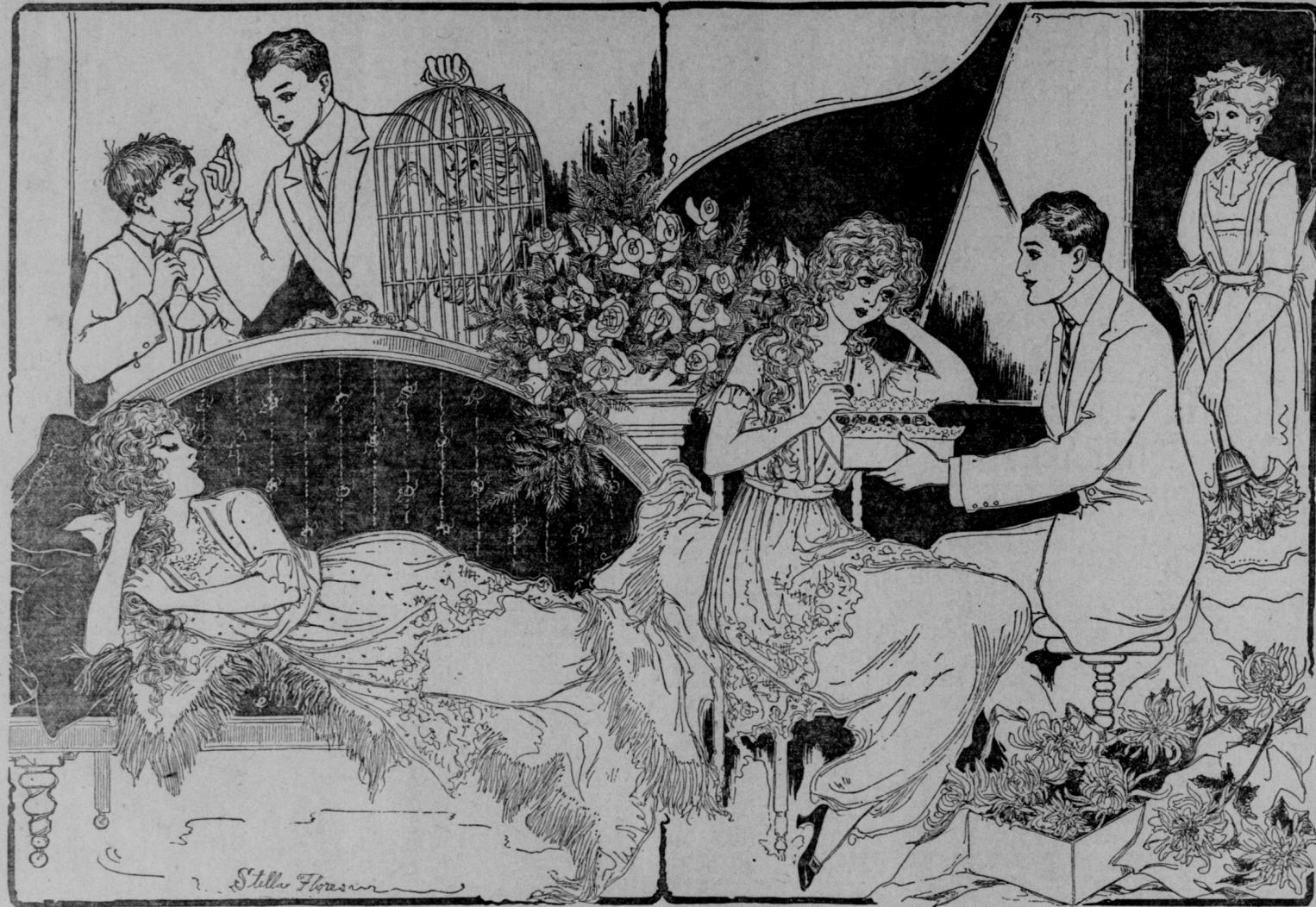
Oh, sed Unkel Henry, yes, now I remember. Of course, of course.

Bohish, sed Ma, I am afraid yure mother married into a family wure truth was stranger than ficksun.

The Gold Witch

Being the Adventures of a Golden Haired Heiress
No. 4-- ALL'S FAIR IN LOVE AND WAR

By STELLA FLORES



TOM and the cockatoo are mortal enemies, but the Gold Witch adores the bird, and watches it carefully. At last Tom gets his opportunity and bribes a small boy to steal the bird while the Gold Witch sleeps on in blissful ignorance. Then Tom hurries out and buys up the best flowers and candies in the neighborhood.

WHEN she awakens the bird is gone. Though heart broken at her loss Tom proves a comfort—much to the amusement of the wise parlor maid. The Gold Witch discovers that Tom is an excellent judge of candy and flowers, and his stock goes up accordingly. In a surprisingly short time she is comparatively happy again.

Advice to the Lovelorn

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX

DON'T TRY
DEAR MISS FAIRFAX:
I am 18, and deeply in love with a young man one year my senior. Some time ago I said something I should not have said to him. I have written him an apology, but have not heard from him since. How may I regain his love, as I love him dearly?
BLONDY.

You offended, and you apologized, and he has refused to accept the apology. There is nothing more for you to do but try to forget him.

I am sorry, my dear, but I can not let you go on your knees, and that is what any further attempt on your part toward a reconciliation would mean.

NO
DEAR MISS FAIRFAX:

I am 18 and deeply in love with a young man three years my senior. He declares he loves me, and me only, but he flirts with every strange girl he sees. He has been known to give presents to some other young girls of his acquaintance and also takes them to entertainments. Do you think he really loves me as he says he does?
J. M. B.

His great love is for himself. A man who flirts is vain, weak, fickle and silly. He desires to be loved by more than one woman, a characteristic in a man which spells woe for every woman who is weak enough to care for him.

SECURE INTRODUCTION FIRST
DEAR MISS FAIRFAX:

I am a young man 19 years of age, and deeply in love with a pretty young girl who lives opposite me.

I do not know her, but I would do anything possible to become her friend.

What would you advise me to do in order to become her friend?
ANXIOUS.

Make the right kind of a start by securing an introduction. No lasting friendship was ever founded on an acquaintance that began in a street flirtation.

Be a loyal chum to her: treat her as well as you want other boys to treat your sister, and better. Take her to entertainments, be attentive and kind. In short, make yourself necessary to her happiness.

OF COURSE
DEAR MISS FAIRFAX:

I am 17 and in love with a young man two years my senior. We are both employed in the same place, and he usually takes me home and to lunch with him, and always appeared to like me very much.

He asked me for one of my signet rings, and I gave it to him, and in return he gave me his ring. About two weeks ago I came in and he didn't bother to say "good morning," and seemed cold toward me all day. Now he doesn't even pay attention to me when I pass his desk. Do you think I ought to ask him for my ring?
SORRY.

Get your ring and never again make such an exchange unless a marriage engagement warrants it.

A DEAD LANGUAGE
DEAR MISS FAIRFAX:

Is there any such thing as stamp language? If so, will you tell me just what the different meanings of it are.
R. G.

I am glad to say that few know the stamp language these days. The time is past when a man or maid told his or her love by passing a postage stamp upside down.

Don't try to learn it, my dear. It is a waste of mental effort and time.

THE FAMILY CUPBOARD

A Story of High Society
Life in New York.

Adapted from the Broadway
Success by Owen Davis.

CUPBOARD

You Can Begin This Great Story Today
by Reading This First

Charles Nelson, a wealthy New Yorker, on coming home on a certain afternoon, discovers his son, Kenneth, drunk, and in the scene that follows, Kenneth accuses his father of maintaining another establishment. Nelson admits the truth of the charge. His wife, a society leader, hears the discussion, and it develops that the estrangement in the family has come through the woman's indifference to her husband. Their daughter, Alice, sides with the father, and Kenneth takes his mother's part. Kitty May, the girl who had broken up the Nelson home, contrives to have the son, Kenneth, fall in love with her. He

moves to an apartment house in which she had lodgings. There settle upon the boy as leeches, Jim, Kitty's father, when Kenneth believes to be only her chauffeur, and Dick le Roy, Kitty's former dancing partner in vaudeville. Kenneth learns from Kitty that his father was the man who had made her what she is. Kenneth, in blind passion, strikes his father in the face. The blow is forgiven by the father. Kitty May had witnessed the attack. Kenneth leaves the apartment looking for work; the girl makes herself at home in the place with Dick le Roy.

Now Read On

(NOVELIZED BY)
Walter Dill Scott

From Owen Davis' play now being presented at the Playhouse by William A. Brady. Copyrighted, 1912, by International News Service.

Continued from Saturday

He continued toward her chair of refuge. The room fairly reeked of failure—it was Bohemia gone wrong—the atmosphere was chill and depressing—it seemed haunted by the ghosts of blunders and mistakes. Even the irresponsible sunshine of Dick's nature had been clouded and cooled by the mist of failure that seemed to be the atmosphere in which Ken Nelson had come to dwell. In that search for "broader life" that was giving him a glimpse of the narrow tawdriness of life unilluminated by the one sunshine that counts—the ties of home.

"Kitty," said Dick, with the warmth of kindling passion, "Kitty, won't you ever get wise? The kid is hat broke. He ain't paid his last week's room rent. It's time to blow out!"

Kitty looked at him for a moment with an interested question hidden in the back of her eyes. She considered his well set up figure, his clothes that still bore the marks of jauntness and tailoring and fit, his radiant, sure of itself smile. She looked Dick all over very calmly and dispassionately, seemed to weigh him and his words and then answered with a touch of finality in the syllable.

"No."

Jim looked up at his daughter in some concern. Then he grinned at them impudently.

"It's true love this time, Dick! She's listening for them wedding bells!"

Kitty ignored them both. She had found a chair on the farther side of the table, across which Dick was

pleading his unromantic, but emotional cause. She sat there moodily, giving herself over to the utter depression of her failure.

"Oh, he'll get money," she said at last. "His folks have to come to the front!"

Then she gave over her attempts to carry the thing through with a bold bluff. She whimpered a little—and spoke in a tone that was half coldness, half despair.

"But it's fierce now—fierce! I can't stand much more of it!"

Dick spoke in savage disappointment.

"I ain't going to stand any more of it! I'm through! I got my booking this morning!"

"What did they give you?" asked Kitty with some show of animation and brightness.

"Eleven weeks on the big-small time—eighty per."

Dick said it with a conscious swagger. Eighty dollars a week! He felt like one of the millionaire admirers Kitty had owned in the olden days. He was a wage earner! A salaried man! His even teeth glistened, his eyes beamed, he wore a confident look of conscious power. Gone and forgotten were the chill and desolation of Ken's room. Dick beamed—and ventured.

He sat on the arm of Kitty's chair, and bent over her with another sort of blaze in his eyes and voice.

"Kitty! They'd make it one-seventy-five for a double act!"

KITTY'S DEFIANCE
"Not for a million. I'm through with that game. I can't quit; I won't. Not for a million! Don't talk to me any more!"

"I'm sick of it," said Kitty, crossly.

A little of the gloom went out of Dick's face. He shrugged his shoulders and smiled with a slight change of stress. Dick le Roy was not quite through yet.

Kitty rose and began walking uneasily about the room.

"Where's Ken?" she yawned. "He seems to be out early. Never thought how much earlier than the bird who caught him, Mr. Early Worm, must

have got up!"

"He's looking for the job he's talking about," said Dick.

Kitty glared at him—then more acutely at Jim.

"This room is in fine condition. I suppose 'Potter' won't officiate while you are here."

"Potter has flew the coop along with the rest of the Nelson family!" announced Dick succinctly.

Jim tried to be peacemaker.

"What's a little dirt?" he questioned pleasantly. "It's healthy."

Kitty flung herself into another chair, with an obvious air of bored discontent. Dick started toward her with an access of tenderness. He hummed the tune. Then she caught her narrow skirts high, prounced and pranced a moment and, becoming at last quite sure of herself, began to dip and sway to the syncopated music of the dance.

She stopped, sang the chorus through, bowed to a mythical audience toward the piano. He sat down, and she ran toward Dick, with her eyes a flame.

"Shall we do it together? Want to dance with me?"

An answering flame leaped to his eyes.

"Want to dance with you? Gee—Kitty you witch!"

"Say, Jim! Play that thing for me, will you? I think you know it."

He stepped back with an ingratiating bow and a fine flourish.

"Every one on this floor knows it," grumbled Jim.

But the tone and the smile tempted him. He got up and strolled nonchalantly toward the piano. He sat down and played a scale, then some chords. There was a dash and a swing in his stooped figure. He played through Dick's favorite, "Meet Me in Spoon Time, Dearie," and turned for his need of praise. Dick was grinning broadly. His experiment bade fair to work.

gazing at Jim with a sort of speculative respect.

"Fine!" exclaimed Dick.

"Get a light," asked Jim quite as if Dick were in the habit of buying him matches. So easily success succeeded!

"My piano playin' is gettin' sort of rusty lately, and I got a bit stumb where my old horse bit me. Maybe I made a mistake givin' up my music—but I always did love a cab! The clinkety click of the horses' hoofs is some music, too—but there's no taxicabs a tickin' is not at all to my ear!"

It his pipe, puffed away furiously to see that it drew quite well, then turned to the piano and went on.

"Talk about your tin pan operas—the song reminds me of an off day in a barber shop," he ventured in a superior tone—delighted at this sudden admission to an equal footing with Dick le Roy, and bound to make the most of it while it lasted.

He played the song quite through. Dick sang it. At the end of the verse they both turned anxiously to Kitty. They were both actuated by the same desire to reach her—to penetrate her reserve—to make her consider them and the things they could do. So the banter rooster strutted before his hens.

"How is it?" asked Dick anxiously.

"As full of expression as a disappointed oyster," said Kitty vigorously if not elegantly.

Her indifference was falling from her. She looked suddenly vibrant and full of life. "Here! Play it over again," she cried.

"What! AGAIN?" exclaimed Jim. "Yes! I'll show you!"

Kitty leaped to her feet—buoyant,

sparkling—and fairly bubbling with energy. All the lassitude and indifference had fled. She made a mocking little bow to Dick, and stood hesitating a moment, asway, ready to leap into pictured motion.

Dick's face expressed his delight. This was more than he had dared hope. Why, he HAD Kitty!

In a throaty little soprano she hummed the tune. Then she caught her narrow skirts high, prounced and pranced a moment and, becoming at last quite sure of herself, began to dip and sway to the syncopated music of the dance.

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Kitty leaped to her feet—buoyant,

He caught her roughly in his arms. Jim went on playing the sensuous music of Dick's song. He did not glance up. He had found himself again. Under his chapped old fingers the piano gave out luring, witching, velvet melody.

Dick and Kitty swayed and whirled in each other's arms. A little wisp of her hair trembled out from under her hat and laid its soft, gold across Dick's face. He caught it between his lips and drew her pulsing young body closer in his embrace. Pink banners were flying in Kitty's face. Her eyes were blue flame. This was living! Closer came Dick's burning eyes. He loosed the strand of hair and sought her lips with his. She trembled a little, but did not draw away. Kitty May was knowing a real emotion—a big feeling, though it was born of the sensuous strains of the dance. She had forgotten herself and her plans.

Dick's lips found hers—clung a moment—and then the music stopped with an awakening crash.

Kenneth Nelson stood in the doorway. His face was pale—he looked like a man awakening from a bad dream. Had he seen?

Kitty pushed Dick away petulantly.

"Dick, I'm surprised at you! I wouldn't go to all that trouble trying to teach you the tango if I thought you would take such shameful advantage of a lady!"

Continued Tomorrow

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