

# The Jawkins of Green Lane

## A Boy's Thanksgiving

By FRANK H. SWEET  
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It was Thanksgiving day, and the boy was standing in the doorway watching papa and mamma get into the carriage. They were going away, though they did not want to go at all, and the boy had to stay at home, though he wanted to go. Things sometimes happen so!

Papa and mamma had to dine with Aunt Briggs because she was ninety years old and all alone, and Aunt Briggs did not like little boys. So papa and mamma looked very sad as they kissed their hands for goodby, and when the boy saw that he tried to look as if he liked to be left behind and smiled and kissed his hand to them very cheerfully.

But after they were gone he felt very solitary, so he thought he would go and feed his guinea pigs. He also gave bits of cabbage to the snails that lived down by the fence. He was sure they must be very hungry because the things they used to eat were all gone.

"Here is your Thanksgiving dinner, snails," he said gravely. "You are there, you know, because you used to eat the peas and the celery, but I suppose you get hungry just the same." The snails said nothing, but perhaps they were grateful.

Two boys were fighting for an apple out in the street, and presently the bigger boy got it away from the smaller one, and the smaller one cried, "Here, hi!" said the boy to the one who had lost the apple. "Wait a minute!" He ran to the kitchen and brought back a great, round, rosy apple three times as big as the one for which the boys had been fighting.

"Take this!" he said to the little boy. "Are you hungry?" "Yes, I be!" said the boy, who was very ragged and still barefooted, although it was cold.

"But you will have your Thanksgiving dinner soon, won't you?" asked our boy.

The other nodded. "Salt fish and taters" he said.

Our boy looked very serious. "No turkey?" he asked.

"Well, I guess not!" said the other, whose name was Timmy Jawkins. "Thank ye!" he added gruffly. "I'm glad to give it to Sis. She can't eat salt fish."

And he went off, rubbing the apple on the sleeve of his grimy jacket. The boy looked after him with a troubled face. He knew that this boy lived in a little yellow cottage down the Green Lane, that he had five brothers and sisters and that his mother was very poor. He was still thinking about them when the bell rang for dinner.

salt fish and potatoes, and I'm afraid they may not know that they ought to give thanks for that."

Cousin Sarah listened with interest to the boy's story about Timmy Jawkins, the red apple and the salt fish.

Then she rose and said: "You shall take the turkey to them, dear boy! I am sure it is just what your mamma would like. Only I think you will have to let me carry it for you, for it is almost as big as you are."

So Cousin Sarah took the turkey on its great blue platter, and the boy took the cranberry sauce in one hand and a dish of apples in the other, and off they went.

The people whom they met looked very much surprised to see a young lady carrying a huge turkey through the street, but Cousin Sarah didn't care in the least for that, but only thought how pretty the boy looked, trudging along with her, holding his cranberry sauce so carefully and looking round every now and then to see if she was all right.

So they reached the poor little cottage where the Jawkinses lived, and they stopped a moment outside the door to take a breath, for they had been walking fast.

They heard a child crying inside, and then a tired woman's voice said: "It's all there is, dear, 'cept taters. Try a tater, and then Timmy 'll give ye the pretty apple. Do now, Sis-sy, like a good girl. Doctor said you must eat, else you wouldn't never get well."

At this moment Cousin Sarah opened the door and stood holding up the great turkey, while the boy marched in bravely with his two dishes.

"Here is your Thanksgiving dinner!" he said, looking round at the six hungry faces which were clustered round the bare table. "You must give thanks, you know, even when it's only salt fish, but I thought you could give more thanks for turkey and cranberry sauce, 'cause I'm sure I could myself." And for the first time in their lives the Jawkins children did give thanks.

"Thanksgiving of the Pessimist." By J. A. EDGERTON.



PESSIMIST sat on the small of his back, where pessimists sometimes sit. He painted the universe all in black. He frequently muttered: "Alas, alack, the world is essentially out of whack! There isn't a doubt of it."

His grouch was the worst he had ever had. Which was strong, as you may believe. The thing that had gotten him in so bad And had made him so temperamental was the fact that every one else was glad.

For it was Thanksgiving eve. "And whom are they thankful to?" he said.

"And what are they thankful for? There is no God. He is long since dead, ahead

And more of the same in store." He grew as bright as a cheerful tomb, and his mood was a dismal blue. He crammed himself with a jag of gloom till for anything else he had no room. Yet strangely his dreams of a direful doom—

Not one of them ever came true. There was nothing the matter with things below

In spite of the pessimist's pain. He needed an actual grief to show

How flimsy was all his imagined woe. It was only a pose he assumed, you know.

And was due to a kink in his brain. The thanks of a nation upon its knees In chorus rose full and strong. The pessimist's plaint was lost in these,

As the squeak of a mouse mid the organ keys When God smites the worlds into melodies

And the stars sing their morning songs. The themes for thanksgiving are infinite, But the greatest of all the list Is simply the gift of an inward sight To see the universe whole and right. So thank the Giver of mental light That you are not a pessimist.

## The Man of the Hour

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were not square. But all those have been cut out." "But I still"— "But you'll be doing what's best for your own constituents by looking after their interests in the matter of the park. You'll be their hero for that. Of course if I wanted to put it another way I could remind you that your



Judge Newman.

business is in a bad way and that a friend of mine has bought up your notes at the Sturtevant Trust company and means to send them to you tomorrow. But that has nothing to do with the case. So I just"—

"I'm honest, Mr. Horrygan," faltered Roberts. "I"—

"Sure you're honest! That's why you'll have the courage to vote for the bill when you see it's been amended so as to be a good thing for the city. That's being honest, isn't it?"

"I—I suppose so. And the notes—the"— "They'll be sent you by registered mail tomorrow if you want them. Do you?"

"Yes. That is, I"— "That's settled, then. You've got a level head. Good night."

The boss strode out, a grim smile of victory on his big face, leaving Roberts standing confused, doubtful, his brain a whirl. How long the tempted alderman stood thus—oblivious to the music, his surroundings and all else—he could never remember, but a voice at his elbow brought him to his senses with a start that was followed by a thrill of fear as he wheeled and recognized the speaker.

## TO BE CONTINUED

Politics is mighty fine if you once kin get in line, sailin' onward at your ease, same as in a summer breeze, sometimes there will come a squall, but the harm it does is small; some harsh words an' repartee—then all quiet as kin be. Once you are a candidate, peerless leader, proud an' great, then your future is assured an' your place in life secured: got a good job if you win; if you don't you run ag'in.

A Cleveland man explaining the failure of the 3-cent street car fare campaign in Cleveland, declares that it was due to the fact no 3-cent coin is minted by the government, and he proceeds to urge the country's crying need of the "trickel," as he proposes to call the new coin. There is a suggestiveness in the word that might not add to its popularity.

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When the lungs are sore and inflamed, the germs of pneumonia and consumption find lodgement and multiply. Foley's Honey and Tar kills the cough germs, cures the most obstinate racking cough, heals the lungs, and prevents serious results. The genuine is in the yellow package. Glendive Drug Co.

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## CONTEST NOTICE

Department of the Interior, United States Land Office, Miles City, Mont., Nov. 10, 1908. A sufficient contest affidavit having been filed in this office by H. L. Trumbore, contestant, against Homestead Entry No. 4,307, made August 22, 1907, for Lot 3, NW 1/4 SE 1/4, and N 1/2 SW 1/4, Section 12, Township 17 N., Range 55 E., Montana Meridian, by Daniel Burke, contestee, in which it is alleged that said Daniel Burke has wholly abandoned said tract of land and has remained away therefrom since the time of entry; has not cultivated the said land or improved the same in any manner whatever, and has not established a residence thereon at all as required by law; said parties are hereby notified to appear, respond and offer evidence touching said allegation at 10 o'clock a. m. on December 21, 1908, before U. S. Commissioner H. A. Sample at Glendive, Montana, and that final hearing will be held at 9 o'clock a. m. on December 21, 1908, before the Register and Receiver at the United States Land Office in Miles City, Montana. The said contestant having, in a proper affidavit, filed Nov. 7, 1908, set forth facts which show that after due diligence personal service of this notice can not be made, it is hereby ordered and directed that such notice be given by due and proper publication.

A. KIRCHER, Register. First publication Nov. 19, 1908.

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