

FREE-HITTERS AND CHOKERS.

This world is divided between free-hitters and bat-chokers, but to understand the simile you must be a fan, or at least have the confidence of a fan who will lead you through the door of wisdom. The free-hitter, be it known, is the batsman of the supercilious eye who begins his swing away back over his shoulder, brings it round like a yacht's boom gibing in a strong wind and drives the ball over the left field fence or—misses it. He is the producer of home runs and three-baggers and is the recipient of adulation and automobiles. He is Speaker and Jackson and Doyle and the world-famous Casey. The bat-choker is different, says the New Orleans Times-Democrat. He is the man who slides his hand well down onto the swell of the bat, where, with a longer leverage, he can make a quick jab at the speeding sphere. He is content if he scratches a sacrifice or beats a bunt down to first. Nobody loves him, but he wins many a ball game, though even in the midst of victory he feels that the manager has the toboggan under him and is only waiting for a bonehead play to touch the trigger and send him to the minor league. The free-hitter also reaches the minors in due time, but he does so with head erect and chest expanded, for the free-hitter is such by nature and no reverse can quell him. Once a free-hitter always one,

Will the apple ever again become an article of common consumption? Or will it remain in the luxury list, somewhere, say, between truffles and bacon? There have been no eating apples within the range of any but the fattest pocketbook for many seasons, while the character of the pie apple is such as to require uncommon aptitude for the composition of the crust to make a pie fit to eat; or else the cost of the filling has required that the pie must be nearly all crust. A big crop is now in prospect and new orchards are coming to fruitage every season; such is the temptation of the soaring quotations, says the Providence Journal. At this juncture one of the orators at an apple growers' convention has the nerve to propose an advertising campaign, lest there be overproduction. Does not this proposal mean that the growers are determined to maintain prices as the supply increases? Something is said about instructing women in the theory that eating apples beautifies the complexion. That ought to create a market, to be sure. But there need be no fear of lack of demand. Apples will need no advertising if the price is right. And any artifice calculated to maintain high prices should be frowned upon by the hard-pressed consumer.

Recent investigations into the hours of work by officials of the French department of navigation have brought to light a record in government employment in the shape of an official whose daily "hours of duty" amount to exactly two minutes. This man dwells at a place on the Belgian frontier, and his arduous labors consist in fetching from one office a list of the number of barges that have entered French territory the previous twenty-four hours and handing the said list in at another office. If the position be a sinecure, the pay is not high, the remuneration amounting a \$1.40 a month.

A Connecticut man makes the announcement that he has been living for some time on 25 cents a week. He admits, however, that he has not been unlucky enough to have any tire punctures.

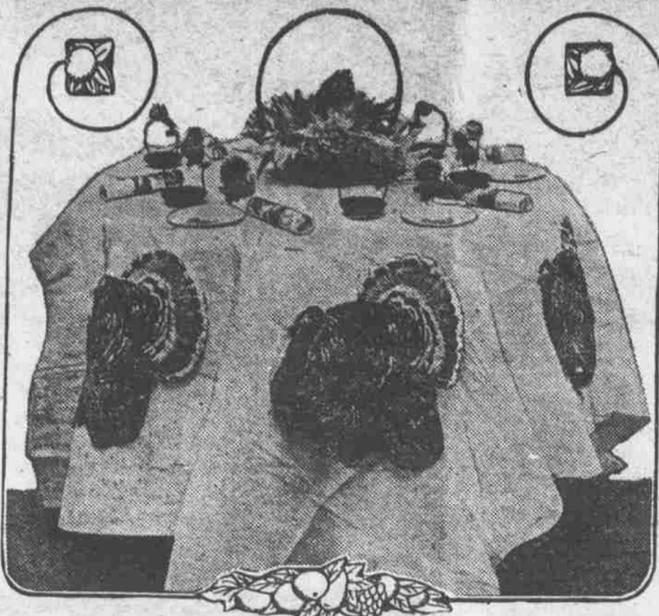
The mouse, says a scientist, possesses more energy than a human being. He is wrong. Did he never observe the activity displayed by a normal woman in escaping a mouse?

A steamer has just arrived in San Francisco whose docking should send a thrill through the fashionable feminine world. Its cargo is \$1,000,000 worth of sealskins.

Excessive reading has the same effect as the opium habit, says a famous scientist. Must refer to campaign dope.

Still the person who prophesied that war would be abolished because it would become too costly might have had the aeroplane in mind.

PRETTY THANKSGIVING DAY DINNER TABLE



By ADELE MENDEL.

How much easier it is for the hostess of today to prepare for a Thanksgiving dinner than it was for the hostess of a hundred years ago! Then it meant not hours, but weeks of planning, for the hostess had none of the conveniences or labor saving devices that we are so familiar with as necessities today. No indeed, her dinner had to be cooked on an open fire, not on a modern range or gas stove. Electricity would have seemed nothing less than a miracle. The simple utensils used in the home of the present day would have caused the greatest amount of astonishment. A lemon squeezer would have been regarded as a curious object, but then so would have been a food chopper, an egg beater, or a can opener.

The coffee was always roasted and ground at home. There was no prepared mustard, cocoa, vanilla, gelatine or prepared yeast. String beans, lima beans, asparagus or peas were not served in November. Tomatoes were called love apples and were not recognized as a vegetable. Everything was home made, for groceries were not delivered at the house in sealed packages.

There were few hothouse flowers such as we are accustomed to see adorn our tables. The flowers were all of the old-fashioned variety. Orchids were unknown, the chrysanthemums were very small; roses were not like the roses of today, but carnations were used in abundance.

Invitations had to be issued a long time ahead to insure a reply, if the guest resided at any distance.

Verily, we have much to be grateful for, when we consider how many wonderful inventions there have been to lighten the housekeeper's labors. Now, when Thanksgiving is celebrated in every state in the Union, there is no one who hasn't something to be thankful for.

Thanksgiving ever is a day of pleasant reminiscences; a day when the family and friends are gathered around the well laden table in a spirit of rejoicing. Hospitality is the characteristic note of the day and it really ought to be a pleasure and a glad task to plan a Thanksgiving dinner.

The housewife of 1912 will be wise if she follows the example of her great grandmother and plans her dinner and table decorations in advance so that she will have little to do on Thanksgiving day.

The decorations for a Thanksgiving table would be very effective if it had for its main decorations the turkey. For, what is a Thanksgiving dinner without a turkey? The table cloth around the edge of the table is trimmed with large sized turkeys cut out of crepe paper in realistic coloring. Paper turkeys hold the place cards. The same bird ornaments the napkins. Small baskets trimmed with chrysanthemums hold the salted almonds. For the center decoration of the table use a large dark red basket filled with ears of corn. The imitation corn and leaves can be made of yellow paper with green paper for leaves. Wheat, oats, fruit, or flowers or anything in keeping with the harvest idea may be used.

A college girl who has taken up the business of making table souvenirs and decorations has gone to America's early history for the appropriate little things used at Thanksgiving. Taking the year 1630 as the proper period for her charming trifles—the year in which the first Thanksgiving was celebrated in Boston—the clever girl has turned out little puppets dressed as the Pilgrim fathers, Indians and many a fair New England maid known in song and story. She has made crude cardboard houses, covered with log-cabin paper, and for the animals used by the first settlers she goes to the toy store, where suitable and cheap trifles are found. For the finer Thanksgiving tables

she arranges, her New England scenes of those long ago times are as instructive as they are beautiful. The center of the table is always used for the picture she wishes to represent, and there, with her quaint dolls, her Puritan maids and men, her primitive homes, wigwags, wild turkeys, deer, ducks, cannon and what-not, she will turn out pictures as amusing to grown-ups as to children.

Some of this brilliant woman's notions could be copied at home with very little expenditure. The history books give any number of pretty scenes to copy from and by choosing the least elaborate the work would be lessened and the effect be just as good.

For instance, there was always a blockhouse in ye olden days, with cannon before it, and turkeys were roasted in the open air, and there were piles of corn when the harvest was in and so on. In a farm home it would be easy to have dried ears of corn about, shucks and all showing, and in a city ears of popcorn could be used.

Take the blockhouse scene and prepare the picture for the possible invasion of hostile Indians. Cover a square cardboard box with brown paper for the log house; trace over it with black crayon a rude imitation of logs, cut slit windows, put on a rough chimney and leave the door half open, with a little doll, dressed as a Puritan child, peeping out. About the blockhouse group some toy pine trees, one or two Puritan men, two maids and maybe a friendly Indian with feathered headdress. The maids and child are dressed in grave gray gowns with white kerchiefs and caps, and the white men wear buff-colored knee-breeches, red waistcoats and green or gray tail coats. The good Indian wears war paint and, maybe, drags a cloak of fur behind him. Dolls for the purpose can be had at 10 cents apiece—four inches high—and they could be dressed in tissue paper. They are held to the table with long black headed pins, or rather to a board upon which the scene is set and afterward covered over in suitable manner. One of the metal turkeys, sold now in all the candy and toyshops for Thanksgiving, could appear in the scene and also a deer and a fat goose. The birds and animals can be had from five cents up.

All the things mentioned in these dramatic times could be symbolized with pretty trifles bought at the ten cent store or elsewhere, for favors. The following things are seen and are all suitable: Papier mache pumpkin pies, candy boxes made like ears of corn, kegs, cannon, Indian baskets and tomahawks. The kegs were always a part of the New England Thanksgiving, and they held root beer—made by the Indian women—and molasses, which was used for the pies famous to this day.

Another amusing idea for a Thanksgiving table scene could be a demonstration of the great progress of the years. This scene might hold a paper aeroplane, an automobile, little French bandboxes and dolls dressed to depict the various races that have invaded the country. There could be a negro, a Chinaman, a Russian Cossack, an Indian laborer, a German, a Frenchman and so on. There should be little American flags for souvenirs or trimmings, flag candy boxes and plenty of red, white and blue ribbon tying souvenirs, place cards and menus.

For a child's Thanksgiving party there are bushels of pretty trifles that cost next to nothing. The metal turkeys, deer, pasteboard cannon, flags, snapdragons and alarhips are all reproduced in tiniest shape. The wee things which are sometimes put in a Jack Horner pie cost from one cent up to five.

All the candy holders made for the season allow some red, white and blue, while the paper napkins and table covers have just the right things in their rough picture borders.

BATH TUB TRUST IS ILLEGAL

SUPREME COURT DECISION IS AGAINST MONOPOLY.

License Agreements Which Held Manufacturers of Enameled Ironware Together Are Annulled.

Washington, D. C.—The supreme court of the United States delivered a death blow at violations of the Sherman anti-trust law under the cloak of the protection of the patent laws, by annulling as invalid "license agreements," which held manufacturers of sanitary enameled ironware together in the combination known as the "bathtub trust."

Fifty defendants were named by the government in its bill asking for dissolution of the trust, 16 corporations and 34 individuals.

Justice McKenna delivered the unanimous opinion of the court. He said rights conferred by patents were extensive, but did not give a universal license against the positive prohibitions of the Sherman law.

"The trust agreement," said Justice McKenna, in delivering the opinion, "clearly transcended what was necessary to protect the use of the patent or the monopoly which the law conferred upon it. They accomplished a restraint of trade condemned by the Sherman law. The added amount of the patent in the case at bar cannot confer immunity from a like condemnation for the reasons we have stated."

The decision fully sustained the government in its fight begun a year ago against the bathtub and enameled ironware manufacturers.

TURKEY AGAIN ASKS MEDIATION

Sultan Wants Power to End War—Servians Take Monastir—Scutari Surrenders.

Constantinople.—The sultan has addressed an appeal to the sovereigns of the great powers requesting intervention to end the war.

Quite as little may be expected to come of this appeal as of the previous attempt at mediation by the powers.

With cholera and typhus ravaging the demoralized army and a powerful enemy hammering at the gates of the capital, Turkey again must appeal to the allies for terms.

London.—News has just been received of the fall of Monastir. The Servians took three pashas, including the commander-in-chief, Zekki Pasha, 50,000 men and 47 guns, thus achieving the greatest individual success of the war.

Monastir was Turkey's stronghold in Macedonia and by its downfall Macedonia passes completely out of Turkish hands.

Belgrade.—A private telegram just received reports that Scutari has surrendered.

POSTOFFICE SAFE BLOWN OPEN

Robbers in Motor Car at Sturgeon, Mo., Got Little for Their Night's Work.

Mexico, Missouri.—The vault of the Sturgeon postoffice was blown open at an early hour in the morning.

The safe blowers got \$8 and \$200 worth of stamps. It is believed the robbers escaped in a motor car. At 3 o'clock in the morning three men in a motor car stopped at the Wabash station and inquired the way to Columbia. The robbery was not discovered until 7 o'clock. A year ago the Sturgeon postoffice was robbed of \$400.

A \$100,000 Foundry Fire.

Terre Haute, Ind.—The erecting plant of the American Car and Foundry company was burned here, causing a loss estimated at \$100,000.

USED HYPNOTISM ON A CONVICT

California Authorities Made Many Tests to Force Condemned Man to Talk.

Sacramento, Cal.—Charles Carson, a condemned prisoner at Folsom penitentiary, who for three years has not uttered a syllable, has just been subjected to a hypnotic test in an effort to break his silence, or at least to determine whether his muteness was willful. The test failed to make Carson utter a sound, but the hypnotist, Dr. G. R. Hubbel, announced as his opinion that Carson was a malingerer. Carson took a keen interest in the day's proceedings, the latest of a number of efforts by experts to solve his muteness and prove whether it is real or assumed.

Originally sentenced to be hanged in 1905 for his part in the prison break of 1904, reprieves from three governors saved his life while appeals were in process. He was re-sentenced in 1909 and since that time has not spoken even when under the influence of anaesthetics.

Patience is No Virtue!

Be Impatient with Backache!

Too patiently do many women endure backache, languor, dizziness and urinary ills, thinking them part of woman's lot. Often it is only weak kidneys and Doan's Kidney Pills would cure the case.

A NEBRASKA CASE.

Mrs. Mary H. Bixler, Gordon, Nebraska, says: "I had sharp, darting pains all through my body and when I sat down my back was so weak I had to grasp something for support. Doan's Kidney Pills cured me entirely and improved my condition in every way."

Get Doan's at Any Drug Store, 50c a Box DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS FOSTER-MILBURN CO., Buffalo, New York

JUST WHAT THEY EXPECTED

Committee Made No Mistake When They Looked for Almost Inevitable Comment.

A committee of investigating scientists approached a lady.

"Madam," said Professor Prewins, the spokesman, offering her a magnificent chrysanthemum of rare and lovely hue. "Madam, permit me to present this flower to you as a token of our high regard."

She clasped the splendid blossom in her lily white hand.

Breathlessly the committee waited her reply.

"How beautiful it is?" she answered. "What an exquisite shade of purple! I should love to have a dress of that color."

Doctor Prewins nodded knowingly to the committee, as if to say, "I told you so."

The committee winked to the professor and whispered, "You win."

In New York.

First Prison Official—We'll have to stop giving permits to people to go in and see the prisoners.

Second Prison Official—Why so?

First Prison Official—Too much confusion. They keep getting in the way of the fellows who are escaping.—Puck.

The Other Fellow.

Miss Oldmaid (purchasing music)—Have you "Kissed Me in the Moonlight?"

Mr. Dopenutt—Why—er—no. It must have been the other clerk.

Explained.

"Why do epitaphs always begin, 'Here lies—?'"

"Because the majority of them do."

Sometimes a burglar leaves little to be desired.

SCOFFERS

Often Make the Staunchest Converts.

The man who scoffs at an idea or doctrine which he does not fully understand has at least the courage to show where he stands.

The gospel of Health has many converts who formerly laughed at the idea that coffee and tea, for example, ever hurt anyone. Upon looking into the matter seriously, often at the suggestion of a friend, such persons have found that Postum and a friend's advice have been their salvation.

"My sister was employed in an eastern city where she had to do calculating," writes an Okla. girl. "She suffered with headache until she was almost unfitted for duty.

"Her landlady persuaded her to quit coffee and use Postum and in a few days she was entirely free from headache." (Tea is just as injurious as coffee because it contains caffeine, the same drug found in coffee.) "She told her employer about it, and on trying it, he had the same experience.

"My father and I have both suffered much from nervous headache since I can remember, but we scoffed at the idea advanced by my sister, that coffee was the cause of our trouble.

"However, we finally quit coffee and began using Postum. Father has had but one headache now in four years, due to a severe cold, and I have lost my headaches and sour stomach, which I am now convinced came from coffee.

"A cup of good, hot Postum is satisfying to me when I do not care to eat a meal. Circumstances caused me to locate in a new country and I feared I would not be able to get my favorite drink, Postum, but I was relieved to find that a full supply is kept here with a heavy demand for it." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Read "The Road to Wellville," in Blue. "There's a reason."

Ever read the above letter? A man who appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest. Adv.