

A Sense of Approaching Doom



"The Kids Wuz Crazy"
by KATHERINE POPE

DEAR LADIES, I thank you for the Thanksgiving basket. It was a surprise to me. The kids wuz crazy.

Yours thankful,
LENA HALL.

That was the letter she dictated to me, the woman from 'way over there where rents are relatively cheap, where coal is bought by the single basket and where a can of tinned milk can be made to last a family of four a whole week. I put the words down just as she said them, for I thought the "ladies" would find it heart-warming to learn that their gift had such an effect on the dull gray household that "the kids wuz crazy."

She told me it was a \$5 basket. There was a chicken, vegetables enough for a week, even potatoes—the first in their house this winter—fruit, everything to make a real feast. Who sent it? Well, she didn't know their names, but she knew it was through the Bureau of Charities her family had got all that. So she had called up the bureau and thanked them and they said a club of ladies were the ones that sent the things. The club had telephoned in and asked for the address of some family that would not be likely to have a big dinner, and then they had filled the basket and sent it to the address given. Now she would like to thank the club. She could read English but she couldn't spell the words. Would I write the letter for her? And that was the way the ladies found out that the "kids wuz crazy."

I went over to Mrs. Hall's home, and the setting and situation seemed to my inexperience exaggerated beyond actuality. The place looked like a stage representation of poverty. The husband had deserted; there were three children, a toddler, a sickly girl of nine, a sickly boy of ten; and the mother had "pains in the chest," could work only intermittently. There was plenty of work to be had this year, she said, but first one child fell sick, then another, and she herself, after being so hot in the steamy basements where she did washings and then going out into the cold, would get those pains in the chest and would have to give up for awhile. At present about all she was doing was working at home, putting strings on express tags.

Going home in the street car I fell into such an abstraction I went nearly to the limits before I woke up enough to consider the matter of alighting. I got to thinking of contrasts—of a world of folk fussing about the over-amount of protein they had in their systems, and that other world with the family milk ration one tin a week; of people suffering from superheated apartments, and of those that watched anxiously the dwindling nuggets in the basket; of people blinking under the glare of too-many-and-too-high-power bulbs, of the Hall family that went to bed right after supper to save light; of dancing-dresses trimmed with fur, of the thin cottony coat Jimmie Hall was wearing; of limousine with orchids showing at the glass and foot-

warmers for footrests, then of Mrs. Hall walking miles to her work to save five cents.

Attending a Kinsolving concert a recent morning in the crystal ballroom of the Blackstone hotel, after the concert loitering awhile in the lobby, later sauntering along Michigan avenue and stopping to look at this window of exotic blooms, at that one where platinum, diamonds and pearls showed up with full effect against the velvet backgrounds, the while seeing the stream of luxurious vehicles flowing on in such volume, the companion that was with me had said, "Well, undoubtedly America is prosperous this year; I have never been so impressed with our luxury, with the general well-being."

Coming from the Halls that late day I thought of this remark, of the whole pleasurable scene calling it forth; and I wondered at the why and the wherefores of the inequalities. Why the too-much on the one table the bare subsistence on the other? The slothful warmth, and the dreary cold? The over-brilliant rooms, and the long darkness? Of chiffon bordered with fur, and of shivering Jimmie? Of "the colonel's lady, and of Julia O'Grady?"

Who are going to solve it, when is it going to be solved? Nobody, it seems. Never, it seems. But at least once in awhile, at this special season and that, a momentary lifting of the cloud may occur—at least for the children. Say at Thanksgiving and Christmas, if each able one would look after



The Place Looked Like a Stage Representation of Poverty.

one unable family, what a lot of "kids could be made crazy!"

Come on, pile up the basket! Telephone to the center that knows the needs, or take a case whose needs you yourself know, and do your best to spoil one group of small ones for one day. Put in the chicken! Put in vegetables enough for a week. Don't forget the potatoes. Remember the fruit. Add candy. Get some Jimmie a woolen coat, and long thick stockings, and exchange his misshapen, run-down-at-the-heels shoes for brand-new ones, thick-soled and equal to keeping out the cold. Give the sure-to-be-there baby a warm outfit, second-hand or first-hand, matters not. Cover that little girl's thin red fingers with thick red mittens. Be sure to give plenty of candy—it won't hurt 'em. And tie all the stuff up fancy like and foolish like. Your friends are bored to extinction, of course, by the repeated complexities of today's Christmas packing; but folk like the Halls won't be. They'll like it; luxuries will help toward that wildness of joy you are working for. Come on, ye unhappy overfed, ye over-warmed, ye blinded by too much light and color, ye of the frivolous fur trimming, and ye lady of the limousine; come all and have a hand in this riot, this midwinter madness, this effort to make a certain class of kids "crazy."

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HASHIMURA TOGO DOMESTIC SCIENTIST

BY WALLACE IRWIN



Hon. Turkey Flew Afterwards Striking Me So Earnestly on Hair He Left Me Quite Brainless.

To Editor, Who Keep Cheerful in Spite of Holidays:
Dear Sir: While annual yearly date of Thanksgiving approach up, I enjoy pain in connection with my memory. I tell you what collapsed to me last Thanksgiving Thursday:

I was employed for Gen. Cookery at domestic kitchen of Mr. & Mrs. Romeo Goober, East O'Rora, Ill.

"Togo," say Hon. Mrs., approaching up to me, "tomorrow shall be Thanksgiving Day. We expect to celebrate as usual," she report so sweetly smiling. "There will be 8 to dinner, to include my fattish Uncle Seth who equal 3 more. All my relatives is most sneerful particular about foods. So now will you please elope immediately to market for buy one turkey-chicken of 26 lbs. complete tenderness, 4 qrts. cranberries of delicious sourness, 6 bunches celery-weed, and sufficient punkens to construct 2 1/4 pies?"

I go. At Gouge Bros. Market where was I observe sign, "FAT TURKEY 35c." To see this, I feel very humorous about that High Cost of Life.

"Such delicious cheapness of bird!" I negotiate to Hon. Butcher who was there. "At such rates, how much would 2 turkies cost?"

"\$22.80," he report for immediate arithmetic.

"Do you not promise fat turkey for 35c?" I rake off.

"35c per lb.," he snagger financially.

"I should like (1) lb., please!" This from me.

"We do not sell broken sections. You must purchase complete bird, price \$9.80." This from him.

"At such rates, folks can get rich by starving," I snagger.

No response from him. He go to ice-box and fetch forth one enlarged fowl without any clothing on.

"This are nice fresh turkey," he satisfy.

"How you know he fresh?" I suggest.

"Have he not been constantly on ice for 2 yrs.? Nothing could be more fresher than that," depose Hon. Butch. I buy.

He sell me expensive celery-bouquet, price 75c per cluster. It seem disrespectful to eat such valuation. Also precious cranberries, price \$1 for seldom quantities, added to \$2.50 worth punkens for pie. I promenade home-wards, carrying this valuable butchery.

While I was thusly straggling along with burdened back, one assorted dog, name of Hon. Fido, snux up behind of turkey and made sliaming sniff-nose.

"Shoo!" I report. Hon. Fido stood waggishly saying nothing, but looking at Hon. Turkey with flirting eye.

Date of Thankful Thursday arrive up. By early a. m. of dawntime I arose up and commenced. All a. m. that assorted dog, Hon. Fido, set outside screen door. I permit him.

About time of afternoon p. m., I could hear several thanksgivers scraping their footprints on rug. Hon. Turkey now send forth smiling smell of bakery, and I was glad to assist his importance.

Pretty soonly all take set-down to table.

"We got much to be thanksgiving for," report Hon. Goober with sharp knife. "Dinner is late as usual."

"It were not thusly when I was a boy," report Uncle Seth with groan. "Please pass the celery."

He made smack-taste of this foods, then flop it back with snubbed expression.

"I have tasted no respectable celery since 1841!" he holla baffably.

All enjoy depression by this report.

I go to kitchen for bring in delicious mulligan-tawny soup what I bought. While I were pouring this hot beverage in plates, I notice slight smell of burn. It was Hon. Turkey in oven, becoming too feverish. So I took him out and put him by window where he be more comfortable.

I fetch soup in plates to all those thanksgivers.

"Canned!" they yellup together with voice of sad chorus girls, while thrusting away plates.

"Nothing is real any more!" narrate Uncle Seth with dyspepsia. "Even turkies is deceptive. When boyhood days elapsed, I can remember how we was accustomed, on Thanksgiving morning, to salute Hon. Turkey by chopping him in kneck with ax. We knew he was good to eat, because we seen how fresh he acted. But no more. Today, turkies lives like Eskimos—spending their old age on ice before meeting civilized persons. No respectable bird dog would eat them."

I enjoy considerable alarm for this thanksgiving speech. Then, courageous like a Samurai, I retreat to kitchen for fetch forth Hon. Turkey. Hope thrilled my wrists and elbows as I entered kitchen for escort that sublime turkey—but O!!!! I stand gast. I look to window where I left that sacred bird. Such things could not! And it was. Empty pan stood there, seeming entirely vacuum. Hon. Turkey had flew away!!

I rosh by window and look earnestly to back yard. Yes!! With thankful expression of tail, there stood Hon. Fido abducting Hon. Turkey across alley by wing.

"Come backwards!" I yellup. Hon. Fido show no impression from my talk. I lep through window 7 1/2 feet to outside. Quickly reassuring my legs, I retreat after that slyly doggish animal, but he scramble up fence with hooked claws resembling cats. Too late for me! Turkey had escaped from my rear attack.

Mr. Editor, heroes is most brave when reporting failures. So I drag together my soul and enroach toward dining room, where I could hear those 8 thanksgivers complaining about everything. I walk in there carrying empty pan.

"Banza!" I holla, poking forth vacant dish. "Your digestion shall avoid this agony."

"What is?" all exclaim while leaping to their feetware.

"You should all be very thanksgiving," I suggest. "You have been rescued from considerable preserved poison by one patriotic dog what sacrifice himself by eloping with Hon. Turkey before he could be ate."

"You mean we shall have no turkey?" snagger all.

"How can we fill his vacant platter?" sobb Hon. Mrs. "I should be thankful for Hon. Turkey, however tough!"

Just while she say this—crashy!! Loud sound of approaching dog heard from kitchen window, and Hon. Fido with waggish tail trot into dining room, carrying that enormous bird in his careful teeth. He lay that absent fowl reverently at my feets.

"Hon. Fido do not care for this enlarged chicken, so he bring him back," I report.

"Dinner are now spoilt!" deery Hon. Mrs.

"How could you speak it?" I research. "When turkey go, you say, 'Dinner ruined!' When he come back, you, 'Dinner spoilt!' I am impossible to understand about American customs.

"You have Thanksgiving dinner so you can set around making bewalls. So foolish to do! Why you no choose this date to kick out Misfortune?"

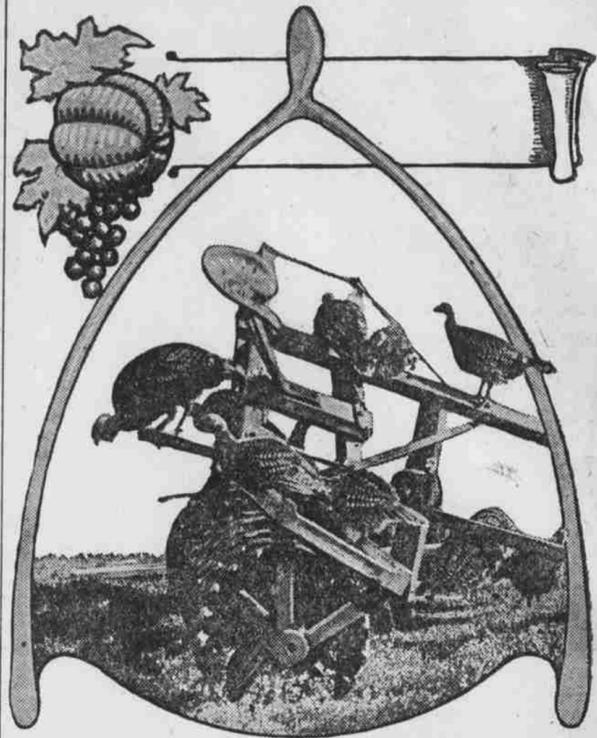
"I shall do so!" abrupt Hon. Goober, arising upwards. "First Misfortune to kick will be in your direction."

Next he rejected me through window by force of Swedish jiu-jitsu. Hon. Fido arrive by next kick, and Hon. Turkey flew afterward, striking me on hair so earnestly he left me quite brainless.

Hoping you the same,
Yours truly,
HASHIMURA TOGO.

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No Thought of Coming Fate



SIMPLE RECORD OF FIRST THANKSGIVING

When the Devout Pilgrims Showed Their Gratitude for Their Blessings.

OUR harvest being gotten in, our governor [William Bradford] sent four men on fowling, so that we might after a more special manner rejoice together after we had gathered the fruit of our labors. They four in one day killed as much fowle as, with a little help beside, served the company almost a weeke. At which time, amongst other recreation, we exercised our arms, many of the Indians coming amongst us, and among the rest their greatest king, Massasot, with some ninety men, whom for three days we entertained and feasted, and they went out and killed fine deer, which they brought to the plantation and bestowed on our governor and upon the captain [Miles Standish] and others.

Such is the historic record of the first Thanksgiving in Plymouth colony 291 years ago. Less than a year before the Mayflower, bearing its little band of 102 Pilgrims, anchored off the rock-bound New England coast. Alone in the boundless wilderness of the New World the heroic Puritans struggled through the relentless winter, battling with snow and wind, savage foes, hunger, sickness, and death itself. In three months their number was almost one-half of the entire company. But with the spring time life looked more kindly upon the exiles; summer smiled on their corn fields, and autumn brought abundant harvest. A few little dwellings had been built, and preparations had been made for others, making a tiny oasis of homes on the desert of the New World. Then it was that Governor Bradford issued his first proclamation, and the Pilgrims and their Indian guests partook of that first and now historic American feast.

CLOSE TO HEARTS OF ALL AMERICANS

Particular Reason Why Thanksgiving Day Should Be Generally Celebrated Here.

ONE of the oldest and best beloved holidays in the whole year comes to us this week—oldest in our history because the Puritan fathers celebrated it when they did not celebrate Christmas, best beloved because it is a holiday all our own, typically American through and through. Nations all over the world celebrate Christmas, New Years and Easter. Even our Independence day has its echo in the French July 14, but Thanksgiving day is the entire property of the American people, and perhaps this adds the extra luster which makes it a day apart in the heart of every citizen.

Its origin was in the farms, where the harvest season was closed with a day set aside for the giving of thanks for the crops just harvested. In reality it is a national harvest festival, but its meaning has come to cover more than just the harvest season alone. Now this holiday is accorded us for the rendition of thanks for the blessings of the entire year.

We find that during the Revolution the observance of this day for giving thanks had become so general that congress recommended each year a Thanksgiving day. This was an annual occurrence until the end of the war, when a day was set aside in 1784, for rendering thanks for the return of peace. Again in 1789 Washington appointed a day of thanksgiving for the adoption of the Constitution. It was in this year also that the Episcopal church formally recognized the right of the civil government to recommend such a feast day.

Sympathy is the only charitable gift of some people.



GRATITUDE is a virtue too often inadequately expressed. However, it does not follow that we are wholly or even seriously deficient in appreciation because of failure to be continually openly acknowledging indebtedness for a multitude of blessings. An individual too quick or too profuse in expressions of thanks runs the risk of being regarded with a bit of suspicion.

In its inner tabernacle the humble soul may daily sing praises for a continuance of blessings and by a pre-dominance of such thoughts develop a beauty and richness which will thrill and inspire when occasion demands that it should be heard. The nobility of our thoughts and not the multitude of our words determines our character. Thanksgiving is more a matter of attitude than of speaking. It is spiritual.

This does not mean that we should be dumb in the presence of an abundance of good things showered upon us by Providence and by friends. Out of the abundance of a grateful heart the mouth should speak. A virtue well developed cannot be stifled—true character speaks through every act, when words are scant.

Thanksgiving should be a daily devotion, unmarred by mockery or insincerity. Such devotion was more predominant among our pious New England forebears than with us today. Comparatively scant as were their blessings and grievous as were their privations, they sincerely professed to find much occasion for daily thanksgiving. Even with these devotions a day of special thanksgiving and praise was deemed meet. And thus was born the beautiful custom of our annual Thanksgiving.