At the Squag House.

Simeon Ford, hotel man and humorist, said in New York the other day:

"New York's hotels are the best in the world. They put even the hotels of London, Paris and Riviera to blush.

"In fact, after a New York hotel, other hotels seem like the Squag house, where a guest rang in the middle of the night and said:

"'Landlord, the roof's leaking. I'm drenched.'

"'Very good, sir.'

"The landlord retired and in a moment was back again with a large washtub.

"'Here you are, sir,' he said. We'll just put this on your chest. When she's full, ring again or yell, and I'll have an empty one ready.'"

Clever Precaution.

Mike—Begorra, an' I had to go through the woods the other night where Casey was murthered last year, an' that they say is haunted, an', be dad, I walked backward the whole way.

Pat—An' what for wuz ye after doin' that?

Mike—Faith, man, so that I could see if anything wuz comin' up behind me.—London Tit-Bits.

Well, What She Buys Is Hers.

Alice—Does Maud's new gown fit her figure,

Marie—It fits what she wants people to think is her figure.

Not for Him.

"Do you believe that Friday is an unlucky day?"

"You bet I don't. I'm a fish dealer."

Natural Expression.

"Some girls chatter incessantly, yet have so little to say."

"That's why they use small talk."

Explained.

Mistress—Are you married?

Applicant—No'm. I bumped into a door!—Scribner's.

WE SHOULD BE THANKFUL, BECAUSE—

TURKEYS are not extinct.

HALF a dollar will buy a table d'hote dinner.

APPLE pie is not all made in factories.

NUTS and raisins can be eaten even when you haven't room for anything else.

KNIVES and forks still have work to do.

SWEET potatoes haven't gone out of fashion.

GRAPE juice has the approval of the department of state.

ICE cream is sometimes made of cream.

VERY little turkey will be left to make hash of.

INDIGESTION comes after dinner—not before.

NEW sweet cider is in season.

GORGONZOLA cheese is not compulsory.

THE great American nation takes a holiday at the bidding of the president every November. Our many states all unite in keeping the beautiful festival of Thanksgiving. Its very name is suggestive because the giving of thanks implies a recognition of One, unseen but ever-living, who sends the world the gifts on which its existence depends. From Almighty God we receive the rain, the sunshine, the summer's heat and the winter's cold, the bread we eat, the fuel that warms us and the clothing we wear. There are few so foolish or so stupid as not to believe in the great Creator and the kind All-Father, from whose hand our daily blessings come. Especially should you and I have a thought of him when the myriad homes of the country are enjoying at this season the gifts that must be traced directly to the kindness of heaven. The great nation keeps Thanksgiving, but the great nation is composed of millions of individual persons, among them you who read and I who write. Suppose we stop and ask ourselves what we like best about this holiday and what spirit we may most fittingly bring to its celebration.

First, I think we like it because it is so genial and jolly, so cheerful and bright, so patriotic and stirring a day. Thousands of families are reunited at the Thanksgiving dinner. The trains that come to New England or Pennsylvania or Illinois, from California, Oregon and Nevada, bring home for Thanksgiving men and women who want to be boys and girls once more under the old roof.

I remember watching from a train as it stopped at a station the delighted greeting of a half-dozen people who seemed to be father, mother, sons and daughters, as they swarmed upon a dear little old lady who was waiting to receive them. Her husband, a white-haired patriarch, who might have sat for the portrait of Santa Claus, was holding his horses while the children and grandchildren thronged into the big four-seated wagon. They had come home for Thanksgiving. Many such scenes will be enacted this year, as they have been every year since our country was settled.

If we have been so unwise as to let a pessimistic spirit weave its evil spell around us, let us break the fetters without delay. Wherever we are, at home or abroad, rich or poor, let us be thankful that we have reached another golden milestone in life. I repeat that Thanksgiving is a genial, cheerful, wholesome and breezy day. Let us make the best out of it, and wherever we are be as jolly as we can.

Much to Be Thankful For.

If ever we are tempted to say that though others have much to be thankful for, our lives are hard and our paths are thorny, let us stop a minute and see by what standard we are measuring our blessings. If we look at a cripple plodding along with crutches we cannot help being thankful that we have feet which serve us well and that we can walk and run without so much as considering the effort. If we see somebody who is barefooted, we may be thankful for shoes. When the rain beats on the roof at night we may be thankful for the house that shelters us. When the doctor calls next door to see an invalid who is tossing with fever we may be thankful that we are well. If there are flowers on the door bell across the street we may be thankful that there are no vacant chairs in our home.

FAVORS TO PREPARE FOR THE GREAT DAY

Not Alone the Children of the Family, but Also the Grownups May Be Furnished Special Trifles to Add Zest to the Thanksgiving Dinner.

FAVORS for the Thanksgiving dinner table may be made of pulled figs, raisins and nuts, held together with toothpicks and topped with marshmallow heads, the features outlined in chocolate. Each of these little figures should be mounted on a flat foundation made of a thick, firm cookie and the toothpick legs made to stand upright by embedding them in a little mound of chocolate frosting which should extend outward to form the feet.

Two large raisins, the stem ends thrust into the toothpicks, form the legs and two small pulled figs serve as a dress, the figs being thrust on the toothpicks so that the tapering stem ends shall meet to form a waist line. Two raisins are used for each arm, ending in a single peanut for a hand.

The marshmallow head is covered with chocolate except on one side where chocolate features are drawn with a toothpick dipped in melted chocolate. A peaked hat made from half a fig should top the grotesque little figure.

For this work pulled figs are absolutely necessary. Ordinary layer figs will not do, as to make the bodies of these figures the figs must be of natural shape. These figs come packed in small baskets and one basket of figs at 25 cents will make six favors.

Another style of favor can be fashioned from short, thick sticks of candy. Top the stick with a marshmallow head, pinching it round, and drawing chocolate features and a little curl down the forehead. Press a couple of figs very thin and curl them around the candy doll, keeping them out from the body by means of toothpicks held to the stick of candy with white frosting. If the stick of candy is plain white, paint chocolate buttons down the front and rest the absurd little favor on a square of sugared popcorn.

If these favors are chosen for the children of the family, the grown persons may have something different. Choose paper lorgnons for the women, the eyeglass portion representing two miniature pumpkins and the long handle simulating their stem. Cut the pattern of a good sized lorgnon from cardboard, covering the handle with dull green crepe paper.

Cut four yellow pumpkins from the crepe paper that comes so decorated and cover the eyeglass portion of the lorgnon on both sides. Cut holes for the eyes so that these favors may be actually used while at the table. A bow of bright yellow ribbon tied half way down the handle of the lorgnon is a pretty addition.

For the men have long rolls of yellow paper tied at each end to simulate snap motto papers. Instead of the usual folded paper cap inside conceal a cigar.

THE THANKSGIVING GIRL

You may boast of the maiden of summer,
And brag of the maiden of June,
Your winter girl may be a hummer
To skate with and lovingly spoon.

You may boast of the lassie bewitchin'
In hobble skirt, store puff and curl,
But give me the maid of the kitchen,
The reliable Thanksgiving girl.

Thanksgiving Prayer.

For days of health, for nights of quiet sleep; for seasons of bounty, for all earth's contributions to our need through this past year: Good Lord, we thank thee. For our country's shelter; for our homes; for the joy of faces, and the joy of hearts that love; for the power of great examples; for holy ones who lead us in the ways of life and love; for our powers of growth; for longings to be better and do more; for ideals that ever rise above our real; for opportunities well used, good Lord, we humbly thank thee! For our temptations, and for any victory over sins that close beset us; for the gladness that abides with loyalty; for the blessedness of service and the power to fit ourselves to others' needs; for our necessities to work; for burdens, pain and disappointments, means of growth; for sorrow; for death; for all that brings us nearer to each other nearer to ourselves, near to thee; for life: We thank thee, O our Father!—W. C. Gannett.

ILLUSTRATING THE REAL JOY OF THE DAY

Lord, we, thy children, small and great,
Beneath thy care, where'er it be,
The while thy grace we supplicate,
Give thanks to thee.
—Clinton Scollard.

Mrs Wood B. Highbrow on Thanksgiving

YES, yes, indeed! We would have had a perfectly lovely time at our house on Thanksgiving if it hadn't been for an accident that happened at the dinner table. At the time I felt terribly misanthropic about it and really had a very bad movay quart dour for a minute, but I soon consoled myself by recalling dear Robert Burns' precious words, "The best laid plans of mice and men gang bide awee."

We only had a small dinner party, just the Bolivards and Wood's sister and her husband and their little boy, Harold. Did you ever meet Wood's sister? My dear, between you and I—remember this is strictly sotto voce—she is very ignorant and snobbish, and such a talker! Wood himself acknowledges that she would surely explode if she ever got tetanus, and ever since she went abroad she holds her head as high as Marie Antoinette going to the Moulin Rouge and talks nothing but Paris—a perfect parricide, I call her!

And ignorant! Why, do you know, she brought me back a little, statuesque of Venus from Italy and apologized for its broken arms, by telling me it was that way the diagonal was found! Ha, ha, ha! I could scarcely retain my specific gravity, I was so amused. She didn't know that Mickey Angelo had carved it that way on purpose to make it look old and debilitated because the Romans dearly loved antique things. I don't blame them either, I do myself, don't you? I have a colonial monogamy antimacassar 500 years old with all the knobs broken off.

I had a high noon dinner at one o'clock—"when jocund day stands tipsy on the misty mountain top," you know, as dear old Will would say. It was a strict New England dinner, of course, in honor of the day and Wood's ancestors—I am an F. F. V., myself—and before it was served we each agreed to tell the one thing we were most thankful for.

Wood was first. He said words couldn't express his gratefultude because he didn't have to pay an income tax. Poor Wood! He staid up all the night before, figuring out what he would have to pay at the source. He was terribly puzzled at first and wanted me to help him, but I was too busy assisting Nora to make the stuffing.

He didn't know whether to multiply the least common multiple by the fourth dimension and add 1 per cent of the remainder, or extricate the cuberoot of the net proceeds and square the result. One thing, he said, was certain. He'd just like to get square once with the Democrats! My, but he was tickled when he came upstairs the next morning to tell me he had escaped after all, but, he said, it was a very close shave.

I don't know whether to tell I was thankful because I had been elected president of my suffrage club, or because I had such a wonderful child as Gwendolyn, but I finally decided to intimate Cordelia, the mother of the Gratchy, and display my jewel child. Besides, I am far too modest to boast of myself.

So I had Gwendolyn read a composition on "The First Thanksgiving," in which she told all about the hardships of the poor Pilgrims who came over in the Maybell with Lord Baltimore to Plymouth, and how they sat down to their first Thanksgiving dinner of hominy and codfish balls, and gave thanks because they hadn't been scalped or burned as witches.

Then Wood had her bind every state in the Union and tell what time it is in the Scandalous peninsula when it is six o'clock here. Then she showed all of her beautiful sketches and played several duets on the piano. She is Mr. Boguslatchkey's favorite pupil, and he often tells me that she will be a perfect tyro when she grows up. Just then, the "tocsin of the soul, the dinner bell," rang and we had to evade the rest of the program. I was glad, too, because the Bolivards looked awfully bored when Wood's sister asked Harold to recite—my, my, how she does love to show him off!

We had a lovely meal. Nora certainly is a fine cook, even if she is Irish. I had her mix the mincemeat with strong tea and cane pepper instead of wicked things like cider and brandy, and the pies were delicious. Everything was. Nora hasn't quit talking about her fine cooking that day yet. That's one trouble with the Irish, they are so boastful! I firmly believe it is the reason that Julius Caesar, when he conquered Ireland, christened it "Erin-go-Brag," don't you?

Beg pardon? Well, the dinner had passed off beautifully. Wood had kept the table in a roar—you know what a delightful bon mot he is!—and had carved the turkey just like a surgeon. But first I must tell you about Harold. The little wretch, instead of peeling his banana into strips and laying them carefully on the table like Gwendolyn, turned his skin back and, after eating the fruit out of it in two bites, threw it under the table. He said afterwards it slipped off his plate. At any rate it fell right at Wood's feet.

Poor Wood! He had on some new shoes without any heels—he didn't want to buy them in the first place, but I begged him to, because I love him to be the observed of all observers and have a moldy form, as my beloved Shakespeare would say—and he wasn't used to them, so that when he got up to leave the table he slipped on the peel.

Ours is an extension table with ball gearing rollers, and when he grasped the edge of it to save himself from falling, alas, alas, it parted in the middle and all the combustibles of the dinner were participated onto the floor and Wood fell backwards on top of his chair with the most violent emphasis.

Poor boy! He had been telling a baseball story and had been using such shocking paraphrases as "jammed the cushion," "swatted the sphere," "clattered across the pan" and "dented the platter." Don't you think it was a dreadful coincidence that just as he said "platter," down went the turkey? Oh, dear! I just can't help but feel someway that perhaps the whole thing was a nemesis on him for using such dreadful, undefiled slang.

Well, he paid dearly for it, poor fellow! I'm afraid it will be weeks before his solar system will be entirely renovated. When we disinterred him that day we found that his parallax was dreadfully bruised, and that he had a severe attack of nostalgia—I declare I thought his dear nose would never, never stop bleeding!

Yes, we all partook of some injury—Mrs. Bolivard hasn't spoken to me since because her new scrape-de-shin skirt was ruined; that is, all but Harold and his mother. It seems like the very ironing of fate that they were the only ones present who escaped from damage, don't you think so?

Real Cause for Thanksgiving.

On every side there is cause for thanksgiving. We are at peace with all, even our enemies, if there be such. Our past achievements stimulate to further efforts, and our present difficulties breed fresh determination to overcome them.

CAR GOES 28.7 MILES ON GALLON OF GASOLINE

Red Crown Shows Remarkable Test.

Judged by C. A. C. Committee.

Surprising results were obtained Tuesday in Chicago, when, in a distance test on the boulevards, a 1915 big six went 28.7 miles on a gallon of Red Crown gasoline. The test was made to demonstrate the fuel economy of high test gasoline, by the technical committee of the Chicago Automobile Club.

Red Crown gasoline, 58 test, was decided upon by the judges and drivers as the best gasoline to be used. All through the trip the clutch was not slipped, except when traffic congestion made it necessary. The dash adjustment on the carburetor was disconnected, and in order that the test be a fair one, the fan was in operation throughout the run.

Next came the acceleration test. With the carburetor adjustment the same as during the economy run, the car was driven from standing start to thirty miles an hour in 12 4-5 seconds. The flexibility test saw the car run at four miles an hour, then speeded up to forty-four.

The test proves that the six is not an excessive fuel consumer, where the best gasoline is used.

Lots of people are criticized because they don't love their neighbors as the neighbors love them.