

Turkey 'n Fixin's

By Annie Hamilton Donnell

The Lodge it was so to be then. It was a relief to this fair young Decider of things that that was settled. She went to find Ned.

"We're going out to the Lodge for Thanksgiving, Neddie. My mind is made up."

"Then we're going out to the Lodge for Thanksgiving," nodded the husband of the Decider. He was rather relieved to have it settled, himself. Ned might easily have hatched up a good deal crazier scheme—she and the girls.

"Girls know yet?" he inquired, for Ned might be sole hatcher.

"They will before the clock strikes ten tonight," laughed she. "You and I will tell 'em, Neddie. We'll make the rounds."

The Lodge was, true to name, a lodging-place for the gay little coterie of the Big Four. The Big Four was Ned Winters' pet name for the four young couples who had jointly built and now jointly owned it. Only a matter of twenty odd miles away, it could be reached whenever the fancy of the Big Four demanded a woodsy retreat and all the fresh trout the Big Four husbands could inveigle out of the cool depths of the best trout stream (yes, sir!) anywhere in reach or out. But so far, in its five years of existence, the Lodge had never been put to use as a winter resort.

At dinner Ned waxed eloquent over what she considered her inspiration.

"Huge fire every minute, in the stone fireplace—snapping, roaring! Hear it roar?"

"I do—I hear it!" Small Peter's eyes glistened in their clear blue depths. Peter and Cicily had been allowed as a remarkable concession to come down to dessert because it was ice-cream.

"Don't you hear the fire a-roarin' like ever-thing, Cecie? This way—r-r-r-r-r-r-r!"

"That is enough! You children run up to bed now. You weren't going to talk, you know, if I let Nurse bring you down—"

"That wasn't talkin'. That was roar—"

"His eager little voice pelted on, getting fainter and fainter as Nurse got him farther and farther away.

"Aren't they little nuisances? Well, maybe not nuisances—Of course the children won't go out with us. Not if we want a good time! Ned, we will have a good time, you see! A regular old-fashioned dinner."

"What's that? Say it again! You aren't referring to sage stuffing and the heart and giblets chopped up in the gravy and cranberry sauce and mashed turnip and creamed onions and pumpkin pie and—'fixin's'?"

"Yes, all those grandmotherly things and 'fixin's'—any other fixin's you can think of. To match the big open fire and out-in-the-countryside of it. We'll send the cook out two or three days ahead—"

"but no further did the Decider of things progress.

"If you dare to send our cook! She'd put mayonnaise in the stuffing and something crazy and Frenchy in every other last thing—my aunt! Shades of my aunt! That was where I had real Thanksgiving dinner last, at beloved old Aunt Nancy's. My mouth has watered ten years, Ned—Ned, don't you love me?"

She laughed across the beautiful Frenchy table and nodded her head.

"Enough to give you an Aunt Nancy dinner this time. Watch me!"

"You mean—cook it yourself?"

His voice, if she had noted, was a wistful voice. Of course she didn't mean exactly that, but to see Ned in a blue-checked apron basting a turkey—no, no, it wasn't done.

"It wasn't."

"Ned Winters!" which sufficiently answered the wistful voice.

The plan of the Decider of Things went through with a snap, as of course. Did her plans ever fail? The "girls" who were to be parts and dainty parcels of it all, cheered her on. It was a perfectly lovely plan—good for Ned! The husbands of the girls added their plaudits and offered their services, their cars' services, their servants—plunged eager hands into full pockets to "dig up" their shares of expenses. For four Thanksgivings these friends of the Big Four had had Thanksgiving together, with more—or less—success in the way of a grand good time. But last year—well, last year—

Ellen Winters expressed the Big Four's mind as to last year.

"I must say I don't want another restaurant Thanksgiving! Ugh! The cold things we ate that ought to have been hot, and the side dishes. Think of a Thanksgiving dinner in side dishes! The one year before last, at the Club House, was twenty degrees hotter, anyway! Neddie, wait till you get a taste of this year's!"

"How can I wait?" sighed Neddie. But it was not hotness his mouth watered for, not even sage turkey and cranberry sauce, as the Aunt Nancy of beloved memory. It was the blue gingham apron—on Ned. And all that would have meant. What was the use, anyway! He sighed and let the vision slip. He ordered the two big turkeys and the "fixin's" that were down on Ned's list. He saw to it that plenty of generous logs for the great fireplace were hauled out to the Lodge; that he lights were in order, the place swept, flowers engaged, his full part of the arrangements attended to. But there was something he didn't understand—why in thunder

there. Either was alone and eager to hear the details of the Lodge dinner. Ned was such a dear dear to do all the work, besides having all the inspirations. What was she going to do with Peter and Cicily? The other girls, Meg and Carolyn, were going to send theirs—David and Maggie Two—off to grandmothers.

"No grandmothers here," sighed Ned. "Nurse will have to play be one. We're away so much, anyway. Cecie won't know the difference, and if Peter does, he won't let on. He keeps things to himself, nurse says. I'm not awfully well acquainted with Peter myself."

"They couldn't—you don't think they could go too, Neddie?" This Esther without a Peter or a Cecie was a bit troubled for those of her friend.

"Certainly not," Ned returned firmly. "Not if we want a good quiet time. Much you know about children!"

"I'm acquainted with Peter, anyway!" retorted Esther. "He tells me things. I run in to the nursery often. And Cecie kisses me."

"That's more than she does to me," laughed Ned. And suddenly she heard her own laugh as if someone else had laughed it in her ears. It sounded forced. Why should Cecie be kissing people who were not even mothers? A sudden question leaped up in her mind as if it had been some one else's mind and demanded an answer.

"Are you—a mother?" It asked distinctly, sternly.

Ned was not downstairs when she reached home and she wanted him downstairs to talk to, to get the taste of that question out of her soul.

"Where have you been?" demanded she, as he at length appeared. "What's the use of having a husband if you can't have him when you want him?"

"What's the use of having babies if you can't see 'em when they are asleep?" countered he. He had been taken a little unawares.

"Neddie! You mean to tell me—" "Didn't mean to," he muttered. "—that you—you—"

"That I—I," he confessed, a flushed, found-out Ned. "Well! A bit explosively. 'It isn't a crime to look at your own babies in their sleep, is it? If 'tis, I'm guilty all right. Say, Neddie,' sweeping about toward her suddenly. "Did you know there are dimples in their knees? There are. I—undressed the little buggers one night. Cost me two dollars—bribed the nurse to beat it. That was one. Cecie's are the deepest—Cecie is a little witch! What do you suppose she said? That I could drop a kiss in the deepest dimple—that made two—for a dollar. Most I ever got out of two dollars!" He made a little chuckling noise in his throat but, curiously, it was not really a laugh. Ned, leaning forward on her chair, was not laughing either.

"Go on—and what did you do?"

"I dropped it in."

It was a beautiful room they were sitting in—too beautiful. Too perfect. It needed things—little things, on the floor, over a chair, over a little chair. It needed beautiful sounds, like soft father-mother laughter over a Peter's funny performance that day or how a Cecie had got round the cook for tiny doll-cookies for her party. It was a beautiful, cleared-up room and very silent. A pity, since this was a rare at-home-together evening for Ned and Ellen Winters—when before had they been alone and together here, at nine o'clock? Ned there in his stuffed lounging chair—Ned here on the couch that was so becoming in its pastel shades to the faint pinkness of her cheeks.

"Hark! That's the fire siren again—how I hate it! Why must they have such a shriek, moany thing that sends the creeps up and down your spine? It makes me think of lost souls wailing in the dark. I suppose somebody's house is afire."

"Poor somebody! It must be the most awful death to be burned—"

The Sunday School Lesson

NOVEMBER 4

World-Wide Prohibition — World's Temperance Sunday.
Psalm 101: 1-8; Proverbs 23: 29-35. Golden Text—
I will set no wicked thing before mine eyes. — Psalm 101: 3.

LESSON SETTING—This week we have our quarterly Temperance Lesson. This is not an interruption of a turning aside from the main theme of the lessons. Temperance is a world question just as the missionary movement is. Temperance is a vital part of the missionary movement. Intemperance is waste of life and soul power, just as Christianity is conservation of life and soul power for the highest ends and purposes. We know how intemperance has been one of the great hindrances of the missionary in his work, for where the missionary has blazed the trail, the rum seller has followed. Moreover, the intemperance of so-called Christian nations is a reproach to Christianity in the eyes of many non-Christian peoples. A world that has turned to temperance.

I. THE WISDOM OF THE KING, Ps. 101: 5-8.

Vs. 5, 6. *Whoso slandereth his neighbour.* In the preceding verses of the psalm, the king has been expressing his sense of responsibility as ruler of the kingdom. He promises to use his power temperately by recognizing his duties to God and man. Power, like anything else, can be used intemperately. David says he will remember what he owes to God and to man. Now, in the following verses, he describes his attitude to those who forget the law of temperance in all things. He will destroy the man who is intemperate in speech, who speaks false things against his neighbor without regard to truth. *Him that hath an high look;* "he that is lofty eyed." This is intemperance of pride, and ambition—the sin that magnifies others and belittles others and magnifies self and ignores God. *He that walketh in a perfect way.* This is the man whose life is from day to day regulated by high ideals. He has a standard by which he guides his life. There is a pathway in his life that he seeks to walk in.

Vs. 7, 8. *He that worketh deceit shall not dwell within my house.* The king seeks the company of the faithful, and shuns the companionship of the wicked. The matter of companionship is of the utmost importance. There is a companionship that helps to right thoughts and right actions as well as to wrong thoughts, and to wrong actions. Companionship should not be a matter of chance, but of choice. *He that speaketh falsehood shall not be established.* (Rev. Ver.); shall have no permanent place. The royal favor will not be extended to those who practise deceit. The court will not be the scene of subtlety and craft, but of honesty and faith. The king seeks to order heart, home and court aright.

Cecie home—of course I brang her. I made her wear my coat. An' I said 'run' an' we runned—ranned, I mean. And Nurse toasted us; we're all toasted now. Father, there was a woman all burned up—up! An' her little boy was all burned up. I—I cried, but Cecie didn't. Cecie said if she'd been the mother she'd been glad she'd burned all up, too." Oh, the eternal motherhood of Cecie, little and big!

"Father, are you glad 'twasnt us burned—Mother, would you have run in and bur—"

"Oh, darlings, don't—don't—don't!" And Ellen Winters on her knees before her unharmed darlings felt a great light sweep in on the tide of awful light of truth. She saw herself in the light once more and heard the question.

Half an hour later the children were still downstairs. Mother'd sent Nurse away! Mother'd held 'em both in her arms to once! An' Father'd held 'em. An'—my! Only girls went to sleep those times. Peter stayed broad awake an' had splendid times!

"Peter, how would you like an old-fashioned Thanksgiving right here in our dining-room—and—and kitchen, Peter? And you and Cecie smelling the good smells every time the oven-door opened? No cooks' round, no Nurses, and Mother in a blue-checked apron—"

"What's old-fashioned like, Mother? Is a blue-checked apron nice?"

"Nicest apron in all the world, son!" sang Father. "It is the Badge of Home and Joy."

"Father can wear one, too!" laughed Ned unevenly. "Neddie! Just us four together? Us four, alive and safe!"

"Us four! Us four an' Thanksgiving!" sang Cecie to the world at large. It was a kind of a song. She liked it. So did Father.

"And Thanksgiving," repeated Father. "Thanksgiving, Nell!"

The Decider of Things had it all decided. She slipped away to the telephone and explained to the girls. Back she flew, joyous with her news.

"I got them all three. They are all rather relieved, Ned, and I told them about that flight of little steps, on the edge of the woods, and they all want the little steps to have the dinner! The girls are dears! I told them how that boy Genie said it wasn't the same to smell other folks' smells—now he can smell 'own' smells! I'll send word out to them the first thing Monday. Neddie, Peter, Mother's going to baste the turkey!"

Early on Thanksgiving day Esther Sherman appeared but could not be induced to sit down.

"I've only got a minute, while she's asleep. I came over to tell you—we've got a baby, Nell! Hush, let me talk! Richard chose the very homeliest one, I do believe, but I can make her pretty! I can—love her pretty. I've begun now. I told Richard we'd borrow one for today—when you phoned you were going to have a real home one, too. I sent him to the Baby Home for one. Ned, do you think we'd give that baby up after—after it snuggled its little soft head in our necks! And went to sleep—here!" She laid her hand upon her breast. "And—we'd kissed its little necks—let me go! Don't keep me or I'll cry I am so happy—"

"Neddie," whispered Ned later, when "own smells" like holy incense of Home and Joy floated through the big house, "did you think a Thanksgiving could be so very thankful?"

And Neddie wiped her mother-tender eyes on the corner of the big blue apron.

On Thanksgiving Day give special thanks for the blessings of friendship.

It is reported that since 1914 the horse population of Russia has decreased about one-half. It is said that approximately 16,000,000 of the horses have been eaten by the people.

"Better washers for water faucets can be made of cardboard than of leather," says a plumber, "for the cardboard swells when wet and prevents leakage."

"Give thanks, oh, Heart of mine, with very mirth for meed large. To Him who gave us knowledge of the cunning of the seed, For beauty of the growing and the joy of blossoming And granting of the harvest from the promise of the Spring."

—Theodosia Garrison.

Did you ever try to drive nails into seasoned timber, such as white oak, post oak or hickory? Hard job, wasn't it? I have learned that axle grease or lubricating oil applied freely to the point of the nail will make it drive much easier and the grease also prevents the nail rusting in the timber. Use any grade of oil or grease, just so it is greasy, and be careful to get none on the nail-head, for your hammer will slip off and bend the nail.

Thanksgiving Day—November 12, 1923

"Be Ye Thankful"

Thanksgiving—and for what should we give thanks? For all the brightness, and the joy in life; Freedom, for which our brothers fought and died; Our country, free from tyrants' rule; and free To carve her destinies among the best Of nations, growing better and more wise, More careful of the lives and hopes of all. Thanks do we give for friends who make our lives More pleasant, and more useful to the world. Thanks do we give for books, and for their help, Their pleasant intercourse with noble souls. Thanks for the beautiful sky and blazing sun: For trees and hills: for birds and beasts: for life In all its forms: for Nature everywhere: For all the common blessings that we take Without a thought of care, so common do they seem. Thankful for all of these, and more than these. Thankful for pain and sorrow, weariness: For disappointment, and the kindred things That make us feel, within our inmost soul That life is but a part—a small one too— Of that great universe; and that, some day,— Some great Thanksgiving Day, we shall not fail To understand the mystery of life, And realize how many trials there were Which then seemed crosses, yet were but the cause Of true Thanksgiving—if we had but known. —H. B.

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