

THANKSGIVING

(Associated Newspapers.)
WNU Service.

AN OLD-FASHIONED Thanksgiving dinner?" said Ma Hubbell doubtfully. "I—don't know. Do you think we'd better, pa?"

"I ain't sure's we had or not," candidly, "but it's been on my mind consider'ble the last few weeks, an'—an' I guess mebbe I'd like it; we'd both like it. Ye see, ma, I'm over 70 now, an' there can't be many more times. We've been down here to Florida twelve years, an' never a Thanksgiving dinner in all the time."

"I know, pa," huskily, "but it—it never seemed like I could. An' I kind o' felt you wouldn't like it, either. We've never spoke of it together—but you remember the last time."

"Fifteen years ago," trying to keep his own voice firm and steady, but turning his face away from her. "Sometimes I've tried to think mebbe I was too harsh with him, an' too hasty; but when I've studied it all over, fair as could be, I've felt I'd have to do just the same thing, the same way. There never was a black sheep in the Hubbell family from the time Great-Grandfather Hubbell's brother ran off to be a sailor, till—till our Enos—"

Ma Hubbell did not speak. Tears were twinkling silently down her cheeks.

"I've tried to think I was ha'ah," the old farmer repeated, "but couldn't. I tried to train Enos up to be a good farmer, to know the best way to grow things, an' the best way to sell 'em. An' Enos learned it all, too," with reminiscent gratification in his voice, "an' we were both proud of him. He was a good boy an' a good, sensible grower an' seller. Then all at once he commenced growin' wild, an' then he learned to play tricks so he could join the circus. Said he was tired of diggin' dirt an' wanted to see the world."

Ma Hubbell nodded. It was all just as fresh in her mind as in his, though neither of them had spoken of it in the long fifteen years.

"Then he came home for that Thanksgiving day," the old man went on, after a long silence, his face growing a little harder, "an' we killed the biggest turkey, an' after dinner I talked with 'im 'bout what we hoped an' the Hubbell family, an' what chances the world offered to strong young men. An'—an' he laughed in my face, an' used some pretty strong language. An' that night he went off an' got so drunk we had to bring him home. The next day I told him to go an' not come back any more. Then we sold the farm an' came down here. Seems as if neither of us could live on the old place after that."

Pa Hubbell walked heavily to a window, repeating to himself as he did so: "Mebbe I was too ha'ah with him, mebbe I was, though it never seemed so."

A slight drizzle was beginning to fall already the ground was wet. Many turkeys and other poultry were pecking in a desultory manner about the kitchen door and between there and the barn, and out under the long shed the hired man was preparing some of the fowls for market. The farmer looked at him with unseeing eyes. At length he turned back into the room.

"I'm over seventy," he repeated, "an' you're pretty close to me, ma. We can't reasonably count for much longer. An' I've been thinkin' a lot about New England an' Thanksgiving dinners lately. I don't want to go back, but seems like I could relish a real old-timey dinner once more. Enos is likely dead long ago. Circus folks don't live long, they say. We—we can imagine him sittin' at the table with us, jest a little boy, like he used to be."

Ma Hubbell's lips quivered, but by a strong effort she stilled the quiver and turned to him what seemed a calm face.

"All right, pa," she agreed. "I'll start in at once, an' with the whole day before us I think Betsy an' me can get pretty much everything cooked up. The turkey we'll leave till mornin', for it'll taste better fresh-baked. But you'll have to buy me some cran'ries in town, an' some raisins an' other things. I'll set 'em down. We can stew cran'ries, an' mix an' bake some mince pies this evenin' after you get back. An' say, pa, if you should see anybody on the road, you'd specially like, you might ask 'em to dinner. 'Twould make it more sociable for you."

Pa Hubbell nodded and glanced through the window. He didn't see anything in particular because his thoughts were far away.

"Get your list ready," he said, "an' I'll go an' be gettin' the big farm truck ready. It's goin' to be a regular rain by an' by. Up on the farm it would be snow now, an' the truck would be a sleigh. Well, I want to be gettin' back if it's goin' to be an all night's rain. I guess there's enough poultry dressed for a nice truck-load by now, for Bill an' I picked forty turkeys an' an' many hens last night. This lot I think I'd better take to the fashionable street, which has nice stores an' high-priced trade. Such turkeys as ours ought to sell well, bein' the day before Thanksgiving. An' I'll keep my eyes open for anybody I

think will make good Thanksgiving company."

It was a full fifteen miles to the stores at Clearwater that Pa Hubbell had in mind, and though he started fairly early, and had a good truck, it was well toward noon when he slowed up and began to study the store fronts he was passing. At length he stopped before one.

"Fine big show of everything except turkeys," he thought, "an' they seem sca'ce. Guess mebbe the owner will be glad to buy mine."

He swung his truck to the curb, clambered to the sidewalk and went inside. The store was well filled with customers and he went forward and began to look over some boxes of oranges and grapefruit marked "From Owner's Fruit."

"Fine's I ever seen," he thought admiringly. "That owner must have grown up a farmer an' fruit-grower, sure. Must take home a dozen of these for ma."

The talk of the customers was coming to him from all sides and he listened interestedly.

"Why, you seem to know all about turkeys, sir," he heard one woman say.

"I ought to," laughed a voice which made Pa Hubbell start and crane his neck. "I was brought up on a farm and learned to know turkeys from the egg to the Thanksgiving table. Why, I almost believe I could look at a turkey and tell just how long it took to grow and what it fed on. But I'm sorry I've such a poor stock to show you, madam, I wish I had one of the birds my old father used to—"

A shaggy gray head suddenly loomed up beside the customer.

"I've brought a flock of 'em, son," Pa Hubbell announced grimly. "Just tell the lady to wait till I bring 'em in."

He started toward the door, but before he reached it a hand was on his shoulder.

"Father," a voice said huskily. "I—I didn't know—I thought—I went back to the place and—is mother—"

"We sold an' moved down here," briefly, "and your ma is alive an' well. No, you needn't say a word, son. Tomorrow's Thanksgiving an' we don't want any old sores opened. Your ma told me to bring out somebody to eat with us an' I'll take you. Now help me with the turkeys an' then ask your boss to let you off till day after tomorrow, when I'll bring you back."

The son laughed shakily, his hand slipping caressingly across the other's shoulder.

"I have no boss," he said. "You don't understand, father. I'm not dancing clogs now, nor drinking. I quit that more than ten years ago. I just couldn't keep it up, remembering all you and mother had taught me. Then I tried half a dozen other things and went broke on them all. At last I settled down to something I knew—something you had taught me—eggs, poultry, beef, mutton, farm produce, fruits and the like, and I've made good."

Pa Hubbell's mouth opened and shut and a great light came into his eyes. But all he said was, "Ma'll be glad. Of course you'll go right off?"

"Of course. I'll speak to the chief clerk about a few minutes, and then—"

"But I'm glad you have a truck, father, large enough to hold the whole bunch."

"The what?" looking bewildered.

"All of us. But I forgot. I suppose you don't know there are seven of us, wife, children and myself. The oldest boy is twelve, and named after you. Then there are girls of eleven and ten, and the younger boys. We live in rooms over the store."

Pa Hubbell lost command of himself.

"I have no children—for Thanksgiving!" he shouted. "An' one of 'em a boy twelve years old!"

Then he whirled to the wagon.

"Come, help me out with these, quick!" he cried. "Then take me right upstairs to see 'em. Fivel! What will ma say?"

Imitation of Weathered Pine Produced by Stain

A country house of the English type near Philadelphia holds a new pine woodwork finished in exact imitation of weathered pine. The stain used to produce the effect was made by mixing one pound of raw sienna with one pound of burnt umber and an even teaspoonful of burnt sienna. All of these were oil colors. A half gallon each of turpentine and bodied linseed oil was added very gradually to thin the mixture thoroughly. The stain was then applied and immediately wiped away again with rags or waste. Each door or window was completely finished before leaving it. The following day, when the stain had dried, a small dab of quick drying black ground in coach japan, was applied with the thumb for irregularity in each panel and blended with a dry rag or blender. When the entire finish became hard, another coating was added—this time of white lead barely tinted gray and thinned with turpentine and each unit of door or window was entirely completed and rubbed before leaving it. The next day three coats of wax were applied, with polishing between coats. The floor was finished with the ground stain, applied evenly without lapping, and waxed. No wipe-off coats or daubs of black were used on the floor. It is possible to create the same effect by applying crude bichromate of potassium dissolved in water for a ground stain instead of the sienna-umber mixture.

Spanish Prisoner Swindle Ring Is Smashed by G-Men

Racketeers Make Mistake Of Picking Congressman As Prospective Victim.

WASHINGTON.—By carelessly picking a United States congressman as one of their prospective victims, "Spanish prisoner" racketeers have brought upon themselves a sweeping federal investigation of a swindle that, over the course of years, is estimated to have cost credulous Americans millions of dollars.

Using a hidden fortune and a beautiful French or Spanish girl as bait, the racketeers prey exclusively on wealthy American businessmen—calculating rightly, apparently, that they are hungry for romance, especially when it entails the additional possibility of profiting to the extent of \$100,000 or more.

Hit Hornet's Nest.

The racketeers ran into a hornet's nest, however, when they addressed one of their "come-on" letters to "Mr. Bertrand F. Gearhart" of Fresno, Calif. For Gearhart is also a California congressman. He turned the letter over to J. Edgar Hoover, chief of criminal division of the Federal Bureau of Investigation.

Crack G-men and postal inspectors were assigned to run down the swindlers and, after a far-reaching inquiry, obtained evidence that resulted in the indictment of five men and four women by a federal grand jury in San Francisco.

Warrants were sent to Mexico, the favorite operating headquarters of the racket and, recently, three of the plotters were taken into custody. They will be extradited and brought back to this country for trial.

By such drastic measures the department of justice believes it has at last struck a vital blow to one of the most profitable and colorful international rackets of all time.

Nationality Changes.

"The Spanish prisoner" sometimes is a "French prisoner" and, in recent years, as a result of the European situation, frequently a "German prisoner."

But one thing is invariable—he is either in prison himself or is trying to rescue his beautiful young daughter from similar duration vile. Usually, he is the man behind the bars. In that case, the daughter is at liberty, and will reward with ardent affection any knight errant who rescues her father. And there is the \$100,000!

All preliminaries are conducted through the mails, making the racketeers liable to prosecution under the postal laws.

Gold Lode Rediscovered After 45 Years' Idleness

BAKERSFIELD, CALIF.—A ledge of gold-bearing ore, originally discovered 45 years ago and lost when the prospector left the claim, has been rediscovered and is being worked.

A prospector named Clark made the discovery in 1895. The ore ran \$60 a ton. Clark abandoned the diggings when his mother in the East became ill. Later he followed the gold rush to the Yukon.

The ore vein is in Sand canyon, tributary of Golter gulch in the Kandersberg region on the Mojave desert. The owners are Bruce Carroll and Ernest Larkin.

Patient's Hip Replaced With Joint Made of Metal

COLUMBIA, S. C.—Two surgeons removed the entire hip joint and upper part of the thigh from a 224-pound Negro here and replaced the bone with a metallic hip.

It took the surgeons three hours to perform the unusual operation recently. Today the patient's condition was described as "satisfactory."

Hole on Rim of Volcano Yields Buried Treasure

SAN SALVADOR, EL SALVADOR.—When Juan Ernesto Castillo and two other students climbed a volcano in San Salvador they were not searching for buried treasure. While walking along the edge of a crater Juan stepped into a hole, and when he investigated he found a small box closed with an ancient lock. Inside the box he found 20 gold pieces and a quantity of jewelry of antique design. Juan shared some of the gold with his friends, but will use the rest of the treasury to complete his education.

Science Deadens Thrill For Firemen With Axes

BOSTON.—Science is taking the fun out of fires for the firemen.

Once it was the rookie's delight to smash windows and hack roof and wall in search of a stubborn but smoldering blaze.

Now Fire Commissioner Arthur Reilly is experimenting with a sensitive heat detector that looks like a camera but is able to uncover flames in walls through an electric eye mechanism.

Kathleen Norris Says:

Don't Marry at Seventeen!

(Bell Syndicate—WNU Service.)



She won't listen and she won't talk; she merely laughs and looks bored, and is off with him for hours of giggling and confidences, telling him, I suppose, just what old-fashioned idiots her father and mother are.

By KATHLEEN NORRIS

MOST girls are in love when they're seventeen. But fortunately the boys to whom they lose their hearts are about seventeen, too. Quite unable to face the responsibilities of home and bills and family. Neither boys nor girls take these affairs too seriously, and presently their school days are over, and they are dancing and working and going to movies and planning more seriously, as they leave the teens behind them.

When the girl is seventeen, however, and the man ten years older, the situation is not so simple. She is an innocent, giddy, curious young thing who is merely in love with love; he is more calculating, ready to settle down, and more than ready to take advantage of her inexperience. It is a safe rule that when a young girl wants to marry a man some years older, one who has no job, who has already had one unfortunate marital experience, and whom her family dislikes, she is heading for a wreck.

Stubbarn Seventeen.

Yet girls can be stubborn, at 17; they do this over and over again, and from one girl's bitter experience and costly mistakes no other girl seems able to learn.

Witness Joan, whose mother's letter lies on my desk this morning.

"Our girl has been raised on your advice, printed in the Sunday paper," writes the mother, from Knoxville. "For years I've quoted you, and twice I've written you direct. Joan was our only child until she was 10, then a son came to share honors. We've always treated her reasonably; she's had her share of household duties, alternate Sundays we have had open house for her friends. It has been as normal and sweet a childhood as any girl in the land could have."

He's 35 and No Good.

"What could we have done that we didn't do, to save her from what has happened now? To make the story short, a man came to town three months ago, and was suddenly included in all the plans of Joan's little set. Nobody seems to know quite how or why. He is about 35, slightly bald, small, fair, talkative, and thoroughly no good. He has had two jobs in this time, held neither one. He has never explained, even to Joan, what the trouble was between his wife and himself, or what were the circumstances of their divorce."

Joan is madly in love with him, she will be of age on December 3, and they plan to be married that day. She won't listen and she won't talk; she merely laughs and looks bored, and is off with him for hours of giggling and confidences, telling him, I suppose, just what old-fashioned idiots her father and mother are.

Joan's Mind Set.

"My husband insisted on a talk with him; he said he could not pin this Roy Jones down to anything. Roy kept saying that his one thought was Joan's happiness, and that he loved her. We talked to Joan; no use. She is like a girl under a spell. Can't you—won't you help us bring her back to sanity? Is there a cure?"

No, there's no sure cure. When the bewitchment of so-called first love falls upon a girl's young heart, words mean nothing to her, home ties mean nothing, common sense—the little she ever had!—is gone,

FOOLISH LOVE

Frantic parents tell Kathleen Norris that their 17-year-old daughter is madly in love with a worthless man of 35. They come to her for advice, asking what they can do to bring their daughter to her senses before it is too late. Miss Norris regrets to admit there is no sure cure, because the power of a girl's first love overcomes all sense of reason.

and she is moving in a dream for the time being.

Her father and mother are heart-broken because all their years of love and confidence seem lost. She herself will look back aghast at what she is doing in a few years. She will look at the Joan of today in the same puzzled despair that her parents are feeling now.

Nature Against Parents.

But Nature is exerting her strongest poisons, her strongest witcheries, at the moment, and no one of us is as strong as Mother Nature. Every fiber of Joan's being is crying out for this man's mastery, and unless she wakes up in time—and she may—she is going to break her heart; perhaps wreck a child's life.

Caroline Brown did what Joan is planning to do, 17 years ago. Her letter arrived in the same mail as did that of Joan's mother. This is part of it.

"I ran away with a man of 34, when I was just 18," writes Caroline. "First Don rented an unfurnished shack for \$7 a month, and we went to a chain store and bought two bags of groceries, and to the five and dime for plates and pans. We had no bed, no blankets, no mirror or soap or towels. I pretended that I thought all this was fun. We had less than \$11, but his talk was always big and I had believed it."

Four Years of Poverty.

"We lived in that shack four years, and my two daughters were born there. I could have gone to the free ward of the hospital, but it was miles away across town, and we had no car. After my father's death my mother joined us and paid me \$7 a week. Often it was all I had. Mother got \$40 a month; she couldn't do more than she did."

"Those were years of such suffering as I hope few women in America know. Never enough to eat; every scrap of bacon fat and potato skin saved. Never enough diapers or blankets, or fresh curtains or coal. A broken stove propped on blocks; broken windows mended with tape. Four babies, strong beautiful babies if they'd had a chance, but always with colds and chapped hands and prickly heat. And I did it, I did it!"

Convincing Talker.

"Don drank, gambled, quarrelled, whipped my children. But he could put up a story that investigators believed, as I had believed it, and I got no promise of release or relief. In our state you don't get divorces easily."

"I went out to day's work, leaving Ma with the children. My employer sent me to secretarial school. God bless her. Four years ago I was made assistant superintendent in the school; last month superintendent. My oldest girl is a pupil here, the second will shortly enter. And now Don, who deserted us eight years ago, has come back, and wants to be taken back into the family. Wants to be accepted, respected by his son and daughters. Wants me to support him while he looks up 'prospects.'"

Well, that's all of the letter that will interest Joan. But I want her to read it. I ask her then to pray for guidance, and ask herself seriously why—when every other woman who ever took this path has failed she thinks she can succeed?

Woman 'Sees' Ghosts And Summons Police

ANNISTON, ALA.—Anniston police have a new one.

On receipt of an urgent call they rushed to a residence in this north Alabama industrial center, to find a frantic woman screaming for help.

She reported that the house was "full of ghosts."

A thorough search disclosed nothing, not even mice.

River Sailors Owe Safety to Woman

'Miss Annie' Likes Her Job On the Mississippi.

VICKSBURG, MISS.—A 38 caliber pistol and a sense of humor are all that Mrs. Annie Lineback needs to work in harmony with "Ol' Man River."

"Miss Annie," as the river folk call her, has had charge of two blinker lights and seven brass oil-burners belonging to the United States lighthouse service for seven years. And she likes the job.

She lives in a neat, trim little houseboat at the foot of the levee near Vicksburg. She keeps a small garden and cans her own vegetables and preserves.

At 4 a. m. she's up and about getting ready to make the run either above or below Vicksburg. It's a 12-mile strip of mean Mississippi river that she travels in her motorboat, Sweetheart. Usually her dog, Tweet Tweet, goes along for company.

The blinker lights are powered by batteries, which have to be replaced. They mark the entrance to the canal connecting the Mississippi and Yazoo rivers. The other lights are bank lights, big brass oil-burners. "Miss Annie" keeps them shined, their wicks trimmed and their tanks full of oil. She keeps surrounding weeds cut, too.

Except for a few incidents, "Miss Annie" says her life on the big river has been uneventful. Those few incidents include the time she routed a band of bushwhackers with her pistol.

Then there was the time the ferry-boat plying between Vicksburg and Delta Point almost ran her down. Another close one was the time a bank caved in on her, burying her waist deep.

Platinum Bolt Repairs Dancer's Injured Knee

PITTSBURGH.—A small platinum bolt, hinging a broken kneecap, makes possible the continuation of the dancing career of Berenice Holmes.

Here to attend sessions of the Dancing Masters fifty-seventh annual convention, Miss Holmes described her comeback after a fall eight years ago in Chicago.

"Everyone, doctors included, told me my dancing career was over," she said.

But a Chicago surgeon designed a platinum bolt which was fitted into her kneecap, and, after three years of practice, she regained her former skill.

Miss Holmes began her dancing career at the age of five. She has danced before the late Queen Marie of Rumania, has been prima ballerina of the Adolph Bolm ballet and a member of the Chicago Opera ballet.

Supposed Pauper Dies, Aged 78; Leaves \$25,810

NEWARK, N. J.—Detective Benjamin Birch was just looking for clues to possible survivors when he visited the \$2-a-week room of an apparently penniless man who was found dead of heart attack on a bench in Military park. He found the clues and discovered that the dead man had \$25,810 in five savings banks.

The man was Edward Murphy, 78 years old, who had lived for four years in a room at 162 Plane street, where the landlady knew him as "a quiet but friendly man who always paid his bills."

Has Her Own Son Booked By Police—For Sentiment

BOSTON.—Robert Hadden Jr.'s fingerprints were taken by the Boston police although he hadn't done anything wrong. It was at his mother's request.

His fingerprints were taken, too, and they were placed on file—in his baby book.

Mrs. Hadden brought her 11-week-old son to headquarters and asked Patrolman Arthur M. Lawrence if he would make the record for Robert's book. Lawrence complied, while other policemen flocked to the fingerprint department to watch.

Rival Towcars Reach Wreck Together—Wow!

SAN FRANCISCO.—The police have an answer to the question, what happens when rival tow-car drivers reach an automobile wreck simultaneously.

One driver went to a hospital for repair of a split scalp, and the other went to jail on a charge of assault with a deadly weapon.

The police reported the drivers got into a fight over which one would haul the damaged car away.

Patterns SEWING CIRCLE



two, send for design No. 8797, and make yourself this perfectly charming style at practically no expense. It's de-vinely flattering to your figure, with soft front fullness in a skirt that sways and ripples gracefully with your every step, and a corselet waistline, topped by gathers.

The wide straps button across in the back, you see, making it stay put securely on the shoulders. Make the jumper of plaid wool, corduroy, jersey or velveteen; the blouse of flat crepe, challis or jersey. Detailed sew chart included.

Pattern No. 8797 is designed for sizes 11, 13, 15, 17 and 19. Size 13 requires 2 3/4 yards of 64-inch material for jumper; 1 1/2 yards 39-inch material for short-sleeved blouse; 2 yards for long-sleeved. Send order to:

SEWING CIRCLE PATTERN DEPT., 119 New Montgomery Ave., San Francisco Calif. Enclose 15 cents in coins for Pattern No. Size Name Address

Speed of Torpedoes

Most modern type torpedoes can be adjusted before being launched, making their speed vary according to the distance they are to travel. For instance, the most powerful types—about 21 inches in diameter and more than 20 feet long—can travel through water for approximately six miles at a maximum speed of 30 miles an hour before their power is spent. If adjusted for a shorter distance, however, the same torpedo will travel for one, two or three miles at a speed of 40 miles or better an hour.—Pathfinder.

Salt Lake's NEWEST HOTEL



Hotel TEMPLE SQUARE

Opposite Mormon Temple HIGHLY RECOMMENDED Rates \$1.50 to \$3.00 It's a mark of distinction to stop at this beautiful hotel! ERNEST C. ROSSITER, Mgr.

Suffer for Others Alas! we see that the small have always suffered for the follies of the great.—La Fontaine.

EXTRA MILDNESS

EXTRA COOLNESS

EXTRA FLAVOR

WITH SLOWER-BURNING CAMELS