A Balky Auto and A Thanksgiving Dinner For Two

By B. WRIGHT

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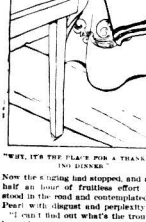
IT had seemed an excellent scheme when Dupponet and Dick's delight Eleanor Hathway had agreed to it enthusiastically. They were to eat their turkey and cranberry sance at the Daltons, and Dick was to take Miss Hathway there in his auto car. A thirty-eight mile run over good hard roads in a crisp autumn morning, with a girl he was rapidly coming to believe was the girl—was it any wonder that Dick was delighted?

"You are sure we can make it?" Miss Hathway had said after her first ecstasy.

"Absolutely. The Pearl will roun the stretch in a canter. The run's a mere bagatelle," explained Hutton.

Now, after having so vaunted the manners of the Black Pearl as Dick called his auto car—it was irritating he have it stop short on a lonely and desolate byroad and refuse absolutely to budge farther.

The morning had been everything a Thanksgiving morning should be up to that time—air like glorified golden wine, a blue sky and hazy smooth, ringing roads. Dick's heart had sung



"WHY, IT'S THE PLACE FOR A THANKSGIVING DINNER."

Now the singing had stopped, and after half an hour of fruitless effort Dick stood in the mud and contemplated the Pearl with disgust and perplexity.

"I can't find out what's the trouble," he said. "She won't go, that's all."

Miss Hathway looked about at the somber stretch of gray woods on either hand. The sun had gone under a cloud, and a chill breeze rustled the dried leaves. "What are we going to do?" she asked.

"Oh, that's all right," Dick replied cheerfully. "We'll get a rig from some of the farmers hereabout and drive on. It's only fifteen miles to the Daltons."

"But we'll be awfully late, won't we?"

Dick glanced at his watch. "Yes, I'm afraid we will, but they'll forgive us. I'm awfully sorry"—

"Oh, I don't mind a bit," protested Eleanor gaily. "It adds, don't you know, it's these little unexpectedness, as that give zest to life. Only—where shall we go? I don't see a house anywhere."

"There's bound to be one somewhere near. Where there's a fence there's a farm," said Dick sagely. "You stay here, and I'll go to the end of the woods."

"There's a house just a little farther on," he reported on his return. "We'll just run the machine to the side of the road and stroll over."

"But will it be safe?"

"It's safe enough," returned the Pearl's owner grimly. "Anyone that gets it to go can have it," he added as he gathered up the wraps and they started off down the road.

"It looks very quiet, doesn't it?" commented Miss Hathway as they neared the place. "I suppose here in New England Thanksgiving is kept almost like a Sunday."

"They are all at dinner probably—the regulation Thanksgiving feed, you know—all the family gathered at the old homestead, the festive board groaning under turkey and fixins's and pie."

"It makes one feel rather homeless and vagrant, don't you think—the picture? I wonder if the ants will give the poor grasshoppers something from their store? I'm getting terribly hungry. It's the early breakfast and the air, I suppose."

Dick laughed. "I am, too," he admitted. "What do you say to joining them, letting the Daltons slide and going on to supper later?"

"But these people—"

"Oh, they can't refuse two cast aways."

The castaways hurried on at the thought, but with increasing uneasiness as they neared the house. No smoke came from the chimneys, no dog barked a welcome, no face appeared at any window, as they opened the gate and went up the gravel walk.

"Do you suppose they're gone away?" whispered Eleanor.

"Looks like it. You sit here, and I'll find out," Dick replied.

BILIOUSNESS AND CONSTIPATION CURED BY THEDFORD'S BLACK DRAUGHT

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"You've guessed it," he said on his return. "I found this note on the kitchen door. 'Gone to Father Ozgo's for dinner. Jim Brown.'"

Miss Hathway rose disconsolately from the steps. "I suppose the well hasn't gone away, too," she said. "At least we ought to be able to get a drink of water."

Alas, the well was inside the wood shed, as they could see by looking in at the window.

"I hate people who are so suspicious," cried Eleanor. "As if any one would steal their old well!"

"There must be some way of getting in," suggested Dick. "I'm going to try anyway."

He returned in a moment to report an unlatched sash, and through it they climbed into the kitchen. It was a pleasant old room, with a bright rag carpet on the floor and a tall clock ticking solemnly in one corner.

"The idea of their leaving this lovely, cheery, homely place to take dinner somewhere else!" said Eleanor after she had had her drink and looked about. "Why, it's the place for a Thanksgiving dinner. It seems rather criminal, though, doesn't it," she continued in a hushed voice, "to break in this way—rather robbery and burglarious? I wonder if they would mind?"

"Surely not. We are castaways, aren't we on a desert island?"

"Like Mrs. Lecks and Mrs. Aleshine."

"Exactly. And there's even the ginger jar on the mantelshelf," said Dick.

A sudden light of inspiration came into his face. "There's a stove," he remarked slowly. "And wood, I believe, and pots and pans and dishes and a pantry. It's a clear case of Providence. Can you—er—cook anything?"

"Oh," gasped Eleanor, "but it's—I can fry chicken if there was one—and cream potatoes and"—

Dick walked to the pantry. Then he called her to look. On a shelf was a raw, deep golden pumpkin pie. "Dessert," he said. "Now for the cellar."

"I've got it!" he called up a moment later as he stood looking eagerly down the stairs. Then he reappeared, a pan of cream one hand, a basket of potatoes in the other and a chicken under his arm.

"Chicken," cried Eleanor ecstatically, "and cream! Oh, you dear, dear boy!"

She plucked an apron off a nail and rolled up her sleeves. "Now, you split some wood," she ordered, "and make the fire, and fill the kettle, and then I'll tell you what else to do. I won't have any lounging or laziness," she ended, with mock severity.

Dick obeyed meekly. Wood was sent on errands to the cellar for butter, and to the pantry for sect (and he did not know what that was, and she had to go herself, which brought him a scold ing, and to the barn for any eggs he could find. Then he stood about in the way watching Eleanor, enveloped in a voluminous check apron, her arms dusty with flour, her eyes sparkling, she scurried about, now peeling the potatoes, now looking wisely into a bubbling saucepan, now beating the chicken, stirring, tasting, seasoning, burning her fingers and holding them up for sympathy. Dick thoughtlessly made toast and set the table and drew a jug of cider and brought impossible articles for her service, and he sat wondered why any one had servants when housekeeping was such a glorious business.

And the dinner—it was a very mirror cle the chicken golden brown, crisp, delicious, the potatoes a creamy dream, the pumpkin pie well. Eleanor had not made the pie, but still it was very good, and, to crown the feast, there was she, just across the narrow table, flushed and radiant with triumph.

"Hasn't it been jolly?" Dick cried at last, when the dinner was eaten.

"It's just been the loveliest adventure that ever was," said Eleanor. "It's like a fairy tale, like the three bears. I believe this is the home of the three bears—they would be Father Brown, you know—and I fear any moment to hear them come in and growl out, 'Who's eaten up my bread and milk?' I'm glad you are along to protect me from their vengeance."

"Yes," said Dick, "so am I."

Eleanor unlocked her arms where on the table. There was such a little space between her hands and his A mere might by leaning—

"Yes, it's been glorious," said Dick slowly—only—can't it last, Eleanor dear?" He leaned across and took her hands in his.

Her face sobered for a moment then she smiled.

"If you are satisfied with my cook ing, I guess the place will suit," she whispered.

* * *

Some hours later the Black Pearl came rolling up to the gate with Dick at the wheel.

"I knew it would go all right now Eleanor said triumphantly. "Next time I hope you'll believe me."

"Well, I had faith enough to try, anyway. It started up as if it never had any other idea. I can't imagine what the trouble was before."

"Do you know what I think, Dick? I believe it was enchanted—just like this house and the chicken and every thing."

"I'm," Dick replied. "I've felt the enchantment myself all day."

Eleanor settled herself amid the cushions, turned and threw a kiss toward the old house, and then the Black Pearl vanished down the road in a blood of dust.

* * * * * *

Mrs. Brown found a note and a bill pinned to the mantel when she returned.

"And we are more obliged than we can say for the use of a deal," she read out to her husband. "Can must have been real ignorant people," she commented. "They can't spell. It was a chicken, not duck, they had."

BIG IRRIGATION SCHEME

Deta is of Reclaiming Nebraska and Wyoming Arid Land.

TRACT OF 300,000 ACRES IN ALL

Pathfinder Irrigation Project Will Cost About $3,500,000—Two Canyon Walls, Sixty Feet Apart at Bottom and One Hundred and Sixty at Top, Will Furnish the Bed For a Giant Reservoir.

From present indications the great Pathfinder irrigation project in eastern Wyoming and western Nebraska, which has engaged the attention of government experts for many months, will be carried out, says a special dispatch from Omaha to the St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

The plans include the construction of a mountain reservoir with a capacity of 1,000,000 acre feet, two diversion dams and two canals each 100 miles in length, the whole tapping 300,000 acres of heretofore arid land adjoining the border line between the two states. The entire project is one of the greatest which the reclamation department now has on its hands, though it is not believed that the expense will be greater than can be comfortably borne by the lands to be benefited.

After a long and trying survey along the North Platte a natural reservoir site was discovered fifty miles below Casper, Wyo. Here between canyon walls six sixty feet apart at the water level and 160 feet apart at the top a 200 foot dam of masonry will be built at a cost of $1,000,000. One hundred and fifty miles down the river and two three miles above Guernsey, Wyo., a ninety foot diversion dam to cost probably $500,000 will be constructed, and from this point it is planned to run a hundred mile canal southeastward through the Goshen Hole region, ending at the Nebraska line.

Nine miles below Guernsey a second diversion dam will be built, and from this point another canal will be run eastwards to a point about midway between Northport and Alliance, Neb. The second diversion dam will be nine feet in height and will cost about $100,000.

"There is no question but that the northern canal is feasible," said United States Reclamation Engineer Smith yesterday. "Though a complete survey of the route is still to be made, on the south side of the canyon there for forty miles of country is rough and mountainous. Six miles of tunnels will have to be built in the longest stretch being three-fourths of a mile. We know nothing about the bedrock at the site of the first diversion dam, and it may cost a million to put in a foundation there that will stay. Borings to determine the foundation rock are now being taken, however, and a survey of the northern canal route is in progress. We hope to have the work complete by Christmas.

"The land owners of the district, who are taking an interest in the work, will have to repay the entire cost of the improvement within ten years, are heartily in its favor. They have formed an association whose representatives are constantly urging irrigation.

"The plan is contemplated to allow the North Platte to run dry below the reservoir during the period of irrigation, the use of water for the farmers thereby being in the ninety foot hole above the first diversion dam and in a smaller pond above the second. Through the reservoir dam water will be drawn at the bottom.

"At the two others the overflow only will be used."

Though the experts are not yet in a position to make a formal report of the work, it is said that the total expense, if both canals are built, will be in the neighborhood of $3,500,000.

Thanksgiving On Board a Man-of-war

THANKSGIVING and Fourth of July are in the same class on United States battleships. Both are holidays for the jackies. Both are celebrated with games and sports. Turkey and cranberry sauce are the only things which differentiate the last Thursday in November from the United States seamen's Fourth of July, when all the men in the navy put on their Sunday clothes, have a big feast and are not compelled to work.

With the dawn of Thanksgiving day on a United States battleship, regardless of whether she be in Mediterranean waters or skirting the coast of the Isthmus of Panama, all colors are thrown to the wind. Great American flags are raised to each of the mastheads and lines of brilliant signal flags extend from the prow and stern to the mast heads. The decks are washed down and made shipshape, flags are draped all over the mess rooms and in every part of the officers' quarters, and at noon the officers—to all parts of the ship is extended to the crew and the real celebration begins.

The government makes no special allowance for a Thanksgiving dinner but the men look after that themselves. Each mess provides a spread which is usually served on tables which are decorated with flowers and plants, which lend the appearance of a New England dinner table, as near as possible in the out of the way corners of the earth where the boys happen to have their Thanksgiving celebration. Plum duff, turkey and mince pie are piled upon to supply a Thanksgiving atmosphere to the greatest feast of the year in the navy.

Even on Thanksgiving day the men on board battleships are not supposed to have any liquor, but skillful smuggling frequently adds the necessary brandy to the sailors' spread. Twenty years ago one of the United States battleships lay in Naples bay on Thanksgiving day. Strict orders had been issued against liquor, and all the men had been warned not to attempt to get any grog aboard. The messes sent representatives ashore to provide the proper

A FRIENDLY SPARKING MATCH.

visions for the dinner and brought back baskets filled with food which passed inspection. Roasted turkeys done to a tempting brown and stuffed with oysters had a prominent place in the baskets.

Before the dinner was ended hilarity greater than turkey is capable of producing attracted the attention of officers and Jimmy Legs, master at arms, was called upon to stop the noise. His efforts were in vain, and officers began a search in the hope of finding the cause of the unusual mirth. A raid was made on the pantries and an examination of several of the well browned turkeys showed that a thin layer of steel dressing concealing skins filled with enough liquor to give seven at ships crew a rousing celebration.

After dinner the men took the free dom of the vessel. Smoking is permitted everywhere and for a few hours the ordinary seaman is allowed a lounge in the best seats the ship afforded and to smoke cigars which would do credit to the wardroom table. If the vessel is near the shore after noon is usually devoted to baseball and football games and football if the battleship happens to be where shore privileges cannot be granted the ships deck becomes the recreation ground, and three legged races, potato races, obstacle races, rope climbing contests, boxing and other athletic events are engaged in.

Boat races are also a popular diversion on Thanksgiving day. Prizes are offered by the officers for the successful crews and individual performers, and the men overcome the inertia of a heavy dinner in their effort to show superior seamanship.

In the days when Tom Sharkey was Jimmy Legs on the Philadelphia boat ing was one of the chief sports with the men. In the last, but now the youngsters who aspire to prize ring honors are discouraged by older men who are given to say "I used to be Sharkey's sparrin' partner"—Washington Times.

Used to Be a Calling Day.

In the middle of last century it was fashionable, and therefore customary to make calls Thanksgiving day instead New Year's day in this respect. Society folk dined at noon and then held receptions.

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