

Steen's Canadian Thanksgiving

BY EVELYN STANTON

Steen looked out of the window as she heard the sound of carriage wheels and her heart gave a sudden jump when she saw that it was Mrs. Kerry driving the black mare. Her quick blue eyes travelled over her blue house frock and white apron. Her hand travelled to her blonde hair, and felt for stray locks. There were none, so she hurried, almost ran, out to the horse block.

"Mornin', Mrs. Kerry! I hope you can well!" She smiled, speaking slowly, for she hurried her speech it was sure to be laughably ungrammatical and plentifully mixed with idioms of her native Sweden.

"Yes, I'm well," Mrs. Kerry's manner, always positive and abrupt, was this morning more so than ever.

"I should tie him the horse and you get out?" suggested the girl.

"No, I've got something to say to you and I can say it right here. It's about my boy, George."

Steen's face lightened at the mention of George's name. Her smile was illuminating and revealing. She waited for Mrs. Kerry to speak.

"Do you love him?" Mrs. Kerry asked quickly. "That is, is there anything between you two? I'm his mother, you know, and I have to protect him."

The girl was puzzled but the smile did not fade.

"I sure well, I'm what you call crazy over him!" She tried to be gay. "He don't talk marriage with me yet, but I know—know," and she laughed.

"But you can't marry him," Mrs. Kerry fairly exploded. "He must have a wife whom he'd never be ashamed of. It isn't now that counts in life. At your age, one tumbles into love and out again, with no harm done. Later, when you get—"

"You mean—I'm no good for George?" the girl broke in, a slight catch in her voice.

For the fraction of a second Mrs. Kerry hesitated. Then she spoke slowly.

"I guess that's what I mean. You see, George will be a rich man some day. He's well educated and he's going to be great. I hope, and he can't even speak the English language, who doesn't know anything about Canadian ways. You're very pretty, Steen, but—"

"Then, after a minute of painful silence, she said, 'Surely, you understand that you're not the type of woman that George should marry?'"

The color slowly had left Steen's cheeks and she was standing erect, motionless like the figure of a martyr awaiting sentence. What thought might be evolving in her brain found no outward revelation in her face. Mrs. Kerry saw the lack of emotion and was secretly relieved, for she thought that it meant that Steen did not love George to such an extent that she would not be willing to give him up.

"I—I guess I got broad in the oven," Steen said finally and without comment, walked quickly towards the house. Mrs. Kerry watched her until she disappeared through the kitchen door and then turned her horse toward home.

Alone in the big white kitchen the girl did not weep. She was far too deeply wounded for that. Instead, she went to the oven, glanced at the baking bread, and seeing it would be several minutes before the big fragrant loaves could be taken from their pans, she dropped to a chair by the window.

One of her first thoughts was that she was glad to be alone. Cousin Anna, a distant relative of her father's, who was really the housekeeper, had gone to town for supplies. Her father and brother were in the fields helping the farm hands gather the largest wheat crop in the history of their ownership of the farm. Yes, she was glad to be alone, for that meant that her slow-thinking but by no means stupid brain could thoroughly consider the situation that faced her.

For minutes she sat there, thinking, thinking. Then, mechanically she removed the bread from the oven and as mechanically she went back to the window and reviewed Mrs. Kerry's words. And the tragedy, which grew in magnitude as she pondered, was that Mrs. Kerry was right. She was not good enough for George!

Ten years before, when Steen was barely twelve, she had stood on the deck of an ocean liner and watched the bewildering sky line of the land that was to be hers by adoption. Her mother had been dead for several months and her father, a tall raven-haired man, unhappy from the loss of the woman who had been the love of his life, had decided that in Canada lay solace. Steen's brother Ole, then a sturdy lad of sixteen, and Anna, the distant cousin who had taken her place as housekeeper to the motherless brood, had accompanied them.

Steen liked the new land. So had they all. And they had prospered. Back in Sweden Steen's father had been a mechanic by trade but he had owned a little patch of land outside the city and had tilled the earth as a physical relaxation from his work. So he was land-wise.

The family made at once for the great wide West. While Steen's father was learning something of the country of his adoption, they lived in Calgary, but with the coming of

spring there were frequent excursions into the country and finally they moved onto a farm in the heart of the wheat country. At first, Ole Briby served as a "hand" but before long was promoted to position akin to that of superintendent. A year later he paid the first installment on the farm of his own.

Steen loved the place from her first glimpse of the long low farmhouse and the big barns beyond. On the way down the road from the small town where they had left the train, she had seen a dozen large farmsteads which showed care and comfort even approaching to luxury. The girl had dreamt that their home would not be so vastly different and, to her delight, thanks to industry and native refinement, her dream had almost become a reality.

Even now, in her moment of anguish, she felt a thrill of pride that while she herself might not be all that was desirable, her home was not a place of which anyone might be ashamed. It was small compared with the big Kerry farmhouse half a mile up the road, but it was well kept, there was a generous lawn and trim hedges of flowers and shrubbery. She rose from her painful brooding and walked to the door and out, across the grass, turning to look back at the house and the outbuildings beyond. The picture was complete. Inside and out, Ole Briby had made his home comfortable, modern, handsome. It was a splendid example of a Canadian farm homestead!

Canadian farm homestead! The phrase came to Steen's mind, because she had heard the women mention it. A thought flashed to her: the Briby household had not kept pace with the Briby home! They had built up a fine type of Canadian farm homestead but what poor examples of Canadians they were! She pondered over this for many minutes, and when she started to the kitchen, her face wore a smile as when the sun peers through the clouds.

That night, when George Kerry drove his car up to the horse block in the Briby garden, Steen went quickly to meet him.

"Hello, peaches and cream!" He had nicknamed Steen after her complexion. "Let's go to town and get some new clothes."

"No—I no go to-night," she said gravely. "Good-night!" and she walked away.

It was the same the next night and for many nights. She would not get into the car with him, would not explain, so presently he stopped calling, a fact which his mother noted with satisfaction. But down in his heart of hearts he did not stop caring.

Autumn came and winter. At Christmas time, Mrs. Kerry suggested to her son that they take a trip South. She had heard and read much of Florida and wished to see it. The trip held little of keen enjoyment. George watched the gayeties but refused to take any part, and in a month they were home again. The first day Mrs. Maguire, the Kerry's hired helper, told her mistress that Steen Briby and her brother were away—in Calgary, she thought, or possibly Winnipeg. Mrs. Kerry acknowledged the news with a nod, but made no comment. She was not entirely satisfied with her action in separating the lovers, but, after all, she argued, the girl most certainly was not the right type of wife for George.

Spring came again and with it the heavy routine of out-of-door work. Ole Briby came back, but it was summer before his sister appeared again about the grounds of the low white farmhouse. Mrs. Kerry saw her one afternoon as she drove by and bowed and smiled. Steen's greeting was quietly cordial and Mrs. Kerry thought what a fine figure of a girl she was and how becoming was the simple dress she wore.

Mrs. Kerry watched her son very carefully the first few weeks but there was no sign that the old friendship was renewed. So the months wore on. Gradually, the spirit of summer lifted her flowery skirts and departed, allowing vividly dressed autumn to stalk across the fields.

In October, Mrs. Kerry told her son that they had been invited to attend Thanksgiving with cousins in Winnipeg. It was to be more or less of a family reunion. George agreed mechanically and a week before the holiday they departed. Steen saw them go and the little set smile, that she had worn when Mrs. Kerry told her she was not "good enough," still lingered on her lips.

On the morning that the Kerrys reached Winnipeg a telegram was waiting for them and George read it before his mother had removed her hat. It was from Mrs. Maguire:

"Pire in hen and tool house, barns scorched—not much damage."

He handed the telegram to his mother. She had managed the farm since the death of his father twelve years before, and was quite capable of rising to the present climax. She read it carefully twice, and without comment, removed her hat and turned to greet waiting friends.

After luncheon, however, her composure seemed less secure. She began to wonder just how badly the barns were "scorched" and if there had been any real damage to the stored crops. George had been secretly wondering the same thing for hours but had watched his mother's silence. When she spoke, however, he said fluster that he would be a lot happier if he were home.

The night train bore them back and on Thanksgiving day, a dull heavy morning with a lowering sky that

threatened snow, they were motoring farmward to hear Mrs. Maguire's story.

"I wasn't here when none of it happened," she explained. "It was towards night and the chores was done and so was supper. I went to town, to the movies, with my cousin Emma's girl. It seems like that the first person who noticed the smoke or the fire or anything was the Briby girl. She came running over and into the kitchen where Jim and Larry was settin' and she told them that the place was afire. It was the tool house that took first and then the hen house caught, and the sparks were like to get the rest of the outbuildings, only Briby's girl, she runs to the phone and in less than no time, I guess the whole countryside must have been here and she a-tellin' them what to do."

"Do you mean Steen Briby?" George asked quickly. Briby's girl might have meant Cousin Anna.

"Yes, her."

Mrs. Kerry looked sharply at her son. The radiant light that flashed over his features told her that a year of separation had accomplished no thing and her heart gave a quick bound that was almost a stab of self-reproach. She hardly heard the rest of Mrs. Maguire's rambling narrative of how Steen had saved the barns, how she had worked with the men, directing, inspiring them, hair and face covered with soot, her eyes red, her throat choked. Vaguely she heard one of the hired men say that Steen was a "hero," and "ought to get a medal or somethin'."

What filled her mind was the fact that George loved Steen and she understood if the girl really loved him. If only she had been lost of the "immigrant type," if only she had been a more fitting wife for George. Well, at any rate, she must go over and thank her for her splendid service. Perhaps on the way an inspiration would come to her.

George and the hired man had made for the barns. Mrs. Maguire was busily scolding over the fact that she had not received Mrs. Kerry's telegram until so late that it was impossible to do even a tenth of the usual amount of Thanksgiving cooking.

"No turkey killed, no mince meat made, no decent crust rolled up for a pumpkin pie, not a cranberry in the house, no—," she went on, but Mrs. Kerry did not even hear. She put on her hat and coat and started out for the Briby house, walked down the driveway to the kitchen door and knocked. Cousin Anna answered.

"I've come to see Steen," she said softly.

"Yeh, Steen she only go upstairs a minute ago to get changed from her work dress. I call her. Come in," and she led the way past the roomy dining room with its fine old furniture and its homely displays of china and glass, into the living room. There Mrs. Kerry waited.

She was rather surprised as she looked around the room. It was so comfortable, so tasteful. There was an air of home about it that she had not thought to find in the parlor of a "foreigner." She had been under the impression that the "parlor" was a place opened only on state occasions but this room evidently was used constantly.

She was still wondering when a quick step sounded in the hall and Steen entered. She seemed taller or was it the fit of her tailor-made dress? Certainly, she was better looking than ever with a new note of refinement. Mrs. Kerry noted the fact before the girl had really entered the room.

"How do you do, Mrs. Kerry?" The younger woman's greeting was gentle and respectful.

"I'm quite well, thank you, Steen—Miss Briby," Mrs. Kerry had risen and taken the girl's hand. "I've come to thank you for what you did the other night. I really feel that it is to you we owe our home—our barns. It was a narrow escape. But for you—"

"I'm glad to have done it," the girl said simply. "We are all neighbors, friends and we must help each other always."

"Yes! And—Steen, there is some-

thing else about which I wished to speak to you." Then the words failed. She had been so full of what she meant to say, so excited, that for a minute she was not impressed with something that she should have noticed at once. Steen's English! It was perfect! There was none of the odd, broken phrases, nothing ungrammatical. She looked intently at the girl as if to be sure that this was really Steen.

"I—I wanted to tell you," Mrs. Kerry hurried, "that—I am sure—my boy—still cares for you. I did not know it. I did not think that you even thought seriously of one another, until this morning. His joy when he heard that it was you who had saved the barns, well, it told me the truth. And—as for your being good enough—why—," she stopped, confused, then, suddenly cried, "Steen! you've changed—how you've changed!"

The girl's musical laugh rippled through the room. It was the laugh of one who "laughs last"—a happy laugh of some unspoken victory.

"Yes, I have changed—all of us have changed, dear Mrs. Kerry. And I know what you came to tell me this morning; that you are sorry you spoke—that you did not mean to be unfair, unkind, that you were protecting your son. I know, Mrs. Kerry, and you were right. I was not good enough then."

Mrs. Kerry did not know what to say, but she took the girl's hand in both of hers.

"I told you that morning that I would think it over and talk with you again," Steen continued, lovingly in her happy calm. "I did think of all you had said and what it meant and there was nothing to say to you—then, I sent George away each time he called. That morning after you left, I said to myself that I would be good enough for him. I saw that while my people and I had come to this country, found happiness, comfort and almost riches, we had not become a part of the country. We could not speak its language properly. But we could learn, my brother Ole, my father and I. We all talked it over and started at once. We went to the county town and took out our first naturalization papers. We studied, we even went down to Winnipeg to take a short course. We read. Every day we were better Canadians. You see, some day I wanted to be good enough."

"Steen!" Mrs. Kerry's eyes filled with tears and she put her hands in a caress on the girl's shoulders. "Steen, you're wonderful! And I—I was very cruel. I should have thought of that—I should have helped you. You must have been very unhappy."

"Unhappy? No. Lonely sometimes but not unhappy. I was doing right! I sent him away—I was best but I knew that the hour would come when I would have him back. When I was most lonely, I worked harder."

"I shall have to tell him the whole story, even though he hates me afterwards," Mrs. Kerry said softly.

"No, that is my privilege. I will tell. She stopped suddenly, her eyes knocked. Cousin Anna answered.

"I know what you can do. It is Thanksgiving! You stay here. It will soon be time for dinner, a Canadian Thanksgiving dinner. I will go and get George, and work dress. I call her. Come in," and she led the way past the roomy dining room with its fine old furniture and its homely displays of china and glass, into the living room. There Mrs. Kerry waited.

She was rather surprised as she looked around the room. It was so comfortable, so tasteful. There was an air of home about it that she had not thought to find in the parlor of a "foreigner." She had been under the impression that the "parlor" was a place opened only on state occasions but this room evidently was used constantly.

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"I'm glad to have done it," the girl said simply. "We are all neighbors, friends and we must help each other always."

"Yes! And—Steen, there is some-

SMOKE OLD CHUM

The Tobacco of Quality
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Our Thanksgiving

Some things we may not understand but we can always pray
The Lord of Harvest whose great sun shineth from day to day.

Sometimes by drought and hail and rain our work is swept aside,
Sometimes the fields of golden grain fill every thought with pride;
Sometimes our neighbors' hearts are sore with pain and loss and grief,
Sometimes they're glad while we, alas! of sorrowers are chief;
Sometimes for one, success and joy—another walks bereft,
One half the world in sunshine steeped—the rest in darkness left.

These things we may not understand but we can always pray
To Him whose love no surcease knows from day to endless day.

We must keep faith whatever comes: hail, rain or withering drought,
Full bins or empty, wealth or want; the serpent-head of doubt
Can not disturb the peace of souls stayed steadfastly on Him
Whose radiant Presence deep enshrined makes all the world-lights dim.

Some day shall come the end of sin and pain and accident,
Some day we'll read the story through and why these things were sent;
Some day the meaning of it all to all eyes shall be clear,
Some day the glorious fruitage of all dawn-sprung hope appear;

So we have thanks at Thanksgiving whatever may befall,
Resting our faith and hope and love upon the God of all.

—Ada Melville Shaw.

Thanksgiving.
Now gracious plenty rules the board,
And in the purse is gold;
By multitudes, in glad accord,
Thy giving is extolled.
Ah, suffer me to thank Thee, Lord,
For what Thou dost withhold!

I thank Thee that how'er we climb
There yet is something higher;
That though through all our reach of time
We to the stars aspire,
Still, still, beyond us burns sublime
The pure sidereal fire!

I thank Thee for the unexplained,
The hope that lies before,
The victory that is not gained—
O Father, more and more
I thank Thee for the unattained—
The good we hunger for!

I thank Thee for the voice that sings
To inner depths of being;
For all the upward spread of wings,
From early bondage freeing;
For mystery—the dream of things
Beyond our power of seeing!

—Florence Earle Coates.

Every abuse of victory in the end
profits the vanquished.

For Your Thanksgiving Dinner

Take a chicken which weighs 2½ or 3 pounds, split down the back as for broiling, lay it in a dripping pan, skin side up, and surround it with six parsnips which have been peeled, parboiled, and split lengthwise. Sprinkle with one and one-half teaspoons of salt. Bake until the chicken and parsnips are tender and brown, remove chicken to platter, garnish with parsnips, and then add two cups of rich milk or thin cream to the liquor in the dripping pan. Thicken this gravy with two tablespoons flour and season with one teaspoon salt. Serve with baked potato.

Mock Oyster Stew.
Three cups milk, 2 cups cabbage, ¼ teaspoon pepper, 1 teaspoon salt, 2 tablespoons butter.
Chop the cabbage, cook in clear water until tender. Add salt, butter, pepper, and the heated milk. Serve with crackers same as oyster stew. Cauliflower may be substituted for the cabbage.

Shell Beans in Winter.
Two cups red beans, 1 teaspoon salt, ¼ teaspoon pepper, 1 cup milk, 2 tablespoons butter.
Pick over and wash beans. Let soak overnight, and stew them in the morning for two or three hours. Add the milk, salt, and pepper, and finish cooking. It will take from half an hour to an hour to finish cooking the

beans after adding the milk, according to the amount of water left in them at that time. Just before serving add the butter.

Apple Butter and Nut Pudding.
Three-quarter cup apple butter, 2 tablespoons melted butter, 1 small egg (beaten), 3 tablespoons nut meats, ¼ cup milk, 1¼ cups flour, 1½ teaspoons baking powder, 4 tablespoons sugar, ¼ teaspoon salt.
Mix in the order listed, and bake in a moderate oven about half an hour. Serve with cream and sugar.

Steamed Berry Pudding.
One and one-half cups flour, 1½ cups canned blueberries or blackberries, ¼ cup molasses, ¼ teaspoon soda, ¼ teaspoon salt.
Beat soda in molasses until it froths. Add to other ingredients, and steam in a greased pan three hours. Serve with cream or hard sauce.

Indian Pudding With Apples.
Three cups milk, 3 tablespoons corn meal, 4½ tablespoons molasses, ¼ teaspoon salt, ¼ teaspoon each cinnamon and ginger, 4 apples.
Cook corn meal in milk for ten minutes, stirring frequently. Add molasses, spices, and salt, and bake in a slow oven two hours. Stir two or three times during the first hour of baking. Put in the pared and quartered apples when the pudding has baked one and one-fourth hours.

A National Anthem

Maker of earth and sea,
What shall we render Thee?
All things are Thine;
Ours but from day to day,
Still with one heart to pray
"God bless our land alway,
This land of Thine!"

Mighty in brotherhood,
Mighty for God and good,
Let us be Thine.
Here let the nations see
Toll from the curse set free,
Labor and liberty.
One cause—and Thine.

Here let glad plenty reign;
Here let none seek in vain,
Our help and Thine—
No heart for want of friend
Fail ere the timely end,
But love for ever blend
Man's cause and Thine.

Here let Thy peace abide;
Never may strife divide
This land of Thine.
Let us united stand,
One great devoted band,
Heart to heart, hand in hand,
Heart and hand Thine.

Strong to defend our right,
Proud in all nations' sight,
Lowly in Thine—
One in all noble fame,
Still be our path the same,
Onward in Freedom's name,
Upward in Thine.

—J. Brunton Stevens.

Usefulness of Music.

The value of education in music must be estimated by its usefulness in after life. The musical opportunities coincident with school life, from the lowest primary grade where the seeds of harmony are sown up through the academic and high school, forecast precisely the kind and degree of interests students will manifest after graduation. An obstacle which seems insurmountable, because of its prevalence, is the tendency among boys and girls of certain ages to frequent cheap vaudeville and movie shows. Because of small admission prices, high-class music is not provided in these theatres. What is offered by jazz piano players and noisy organ performances of the clap-trap order is vitiating to a wholesome musical taste. In many cases there is a little attempt to assist in the interpretation of what is shown on the screen.

Public school orchestras, choruses, glee clubs, can, if under proper supervision and financial support, help to develop a love for the true and the beautiful. This would mean the young people away from cheap and trashy entertainment which is vicious and degrading and which mitigates against the much-needed uplift in our national musical life.

Music is happily becoming more and more an integral factor for our social life. A knowledge of what constitutes good music should be as widespread as possible during the formative period of character. In view of this, vocal music at least should be developed to a greater extent in the schools.

The Fly Industry.

Down in the region of San Vincente (Mexico) lives a community whose sole means of support is the fly. Men and women, old and young, spend their lives fly-catching. They are the champion "swatters."

But the supply is inexhaustible; the industry will never be stopped from shortage of materials. The fly is not of our common house fly kind, but a species resembling the Finnish bluebottle, and swarms rise in such dense clouds that the closely-packed mass rising in the air actually obscures the sun. And they are easily caught by the operatives of the local industry. Nothing is easier.

Armed with large nets and copious box receptacles, the natives gather flies by the million at a cast. Into the boxes the nettles go, and are rammed down tight to suffocation.

When sufficient have been obtained the flies are pressed into blocks and dried. The product is ready for market.

It is a regular trade with a demand equal to the supply, for the dead flies are sold to the poultry-breeders, and go to nourish hens and other domestic birds.

Doors That Wind a Clock.

Quite a useful little invention is one that is made by a Continental firm for winding up the clock. This is done merely by the opening and shutting of the door of the room.

The clock—a large one for hanging on the wall—is hung just above the door. When this is opened the movement is transmitted by means of a Bowden cable to the mechanism of the clock.

Precautions are taken to prevent too much winding if the door is very frequently opened, and on the other hand that it is sufficiently wound if the door is not opened more than three or four times during the day. This is done by the use of a spiral device.

It is quite a useful and clever invention, for how many of us, with the best intentions in the world, have a way of forgetting to wind our timepieces. The clocks usually stop at the most inconvenient times. With a contrivance like this, we can be sure that at least one clock in the house can always be relied upon to be doing its duty.

One contract in your pocket is better than thirteen promises.



PRACTISING OLD-FASHIONED ARTS
The picture shows Mrs. Paulsen, of Winnipeg, who has passed her ninth year, and who still keeps herself actively engaged in spinning on the old wheel which she brought with her from Ireland twenty years ago, or in knitting and sewing.

Responsible man wanted to represent news gathering organization. Duties to report on proposed new construction work, new businesses, business changes, business news, etc. etc. could be easily handled by one in connection with his regular business. Particulars and conditions supplied on request. MacLean Building, Toronto, Ontario.