

THANKSGIVING DAYS

By ARTHUR J. BURDICK

The road seemed weary and bitter and long
And thorns bent over the way,
But there burst to bloom on the bush the rose.

The day was weary and bitter and black.
The hours were dreary and long.
Till came to the ear on the passing breeze
A snatch of a merry song.

The skies were leaden and heavy and dull.
The wind wailed mournful the while;
The heart was weary and sodden and sad
Till came a friend with a smile.

The year brings its joys and bitterness, too.
But passing we take one day
To mark on our chart, in characters bright,
Where blessings have come our way.

Jerome K. Jerome, a Humorist Turned Novelist

PIGEONHOLED as a humorist... That was Jerome K. Jerome's answer to a friend...

When Jerome made that rather uncomplimentary estimate of his own literary standing, he doubtless stated the facts with an exactitude which would have been impossible had he employed a greater number of words.

The weapon with which I hacked my way into novel writing... Jerome naively puts it, "is Paul Kelter," which some of the critics have been good enough to treat kindly.

Unlike most of the famous writers of novels, Jerome does not wrap the cloak of mystery about him and assume commandingly to have no interest in the world at large...

Gould's Grove, Wallingford, Jerome's home, is a favorite resort of many of the literary lights of England...

much effort in the writing of these delightful little sketches. They are delightful little sketches. They are delightful little sketches...



Mr. Jerome in his Study.

one's affairs than Jerome himself. Certainly he cannot be accused of being lazy, for while he admits a strong predilection for a preponderance of peaceful moments, it is a fact that he has always been a hard worker.

When he was fifteen, it became necessary for him to earn his living. He was not consulted, but was summarily apprenticed to the North Western rail-

way. The boy was not cut out for a clerk, and though he performed satisfactorily the none too light duties assigned him...

While Jerome was waiting for the opportunity to spring his plays upon the public he found it necessary to do something which would yield a little money regularly.

While doing this sort of work Jerome one day presented some notes to an editor who was anything but cordial in his manner.



Playing Croquet with his daughter, Rowena.

Mrs. Fletcher of Glenaros, with whom she was for long a servant. She is feeble, and her hearing which was not good seven years ago, is now completely gone.

matter the young man had submitted, but casually inquired if he thought he could write dramatic criticisms.

His new duties gave the ambitious young man very little time to devote to his playwriting, and he left to accept a position as teacher in a boys' school.

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There are thousands of people who own dogs which they themselves can not attend to for want of time if for no other reason.

For looking after three dogs—brushing them and taking them out in the park—one London woman pays a girl \$2 a week.

SARAH BERNHARDT PADDLES. About ten miles off the coast of Brittany and only approachable by an hour's tossing in the tiny steamer which constitutes its solitary link with the world is Mme. Bernhardt's holiday paradise, the dreary, desolate island of Belle-Ile-en-Mer.



In his Billiard Room.

Mr. Newton certainly makes out a good circumstantial case, for he produces the original draft of the oath of the theosophists signed at his house.

Mrs. Fletcher of Glenaros, with whom she was for long a servant. She is feeble, and her hearing which was not good seven years ago, is now completely gone.

Mrs. Katherine Tingley, the "Purple Mother" of Theosophy



WEBSTER'S DICTIONARY defines theosophy as "any system of philosophy or mysticism which proposes to attain intercourse with God and superior spirits and consequent superhuman knowledge by physical processes, as by the Platonic or by the chemical processes of the German fire philosophers; also a direct, as distinguished from a revealed, knowledge of God, supposed to be attained by extraordinary illumination; especially a direct insight into the processes of the divine mind and the interior relations of the divine nature."

Broadly, then, that is what Katherine Tingley, the high priestess, the "purple mother," of theosophy may be assumed to stand for.

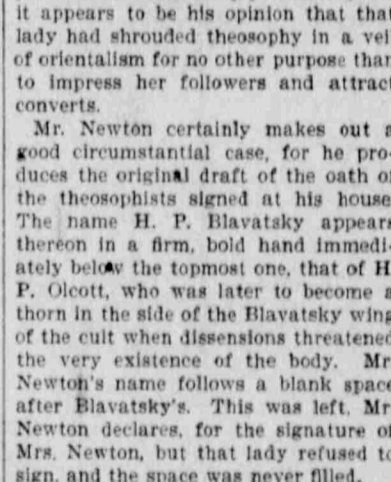
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Mr. Jerome's Country Home.

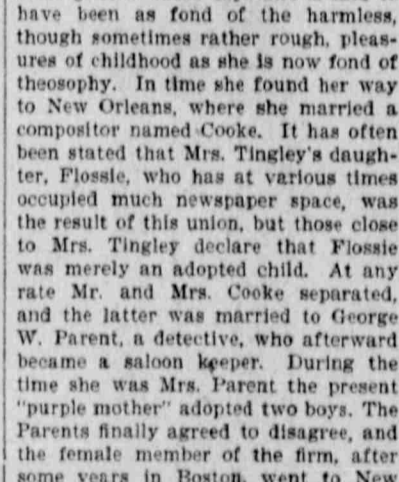
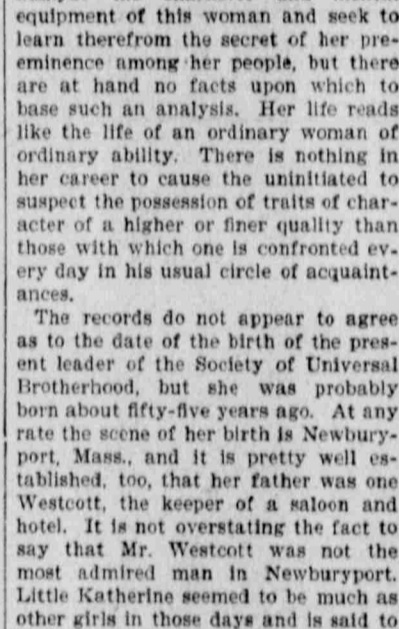
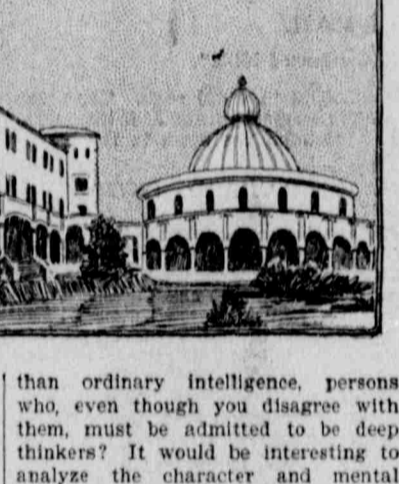
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been named by her, succeeded her as the supreme head of the body. In 1895 Mr. Judge died. He had previously met Mrs. Tingley, and in his writings found after his death she was so unmistakably pointed out as the proper person to succeed him that she was chosen.

It was feared at the time of Mr. Judge's death that the organization would disintegrate, for it was generally recognized that he was a remarkable organizer and that much of whatever success had been won was due to his ability and untiring efforts.

And who is this woman who has succeeded marvelously where concededly able persons have succeeded only measurably? What is the secret of her remarkable power over persons of more



Aryan Temple, Point Loma.

than ordinary intelligence, persons which can so dominate a large number of persons of both sexes is necessarily an interesting study.

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nothing more than a "simple follower" until after her meeting with W. Q. Judge, Mme. Blavatsky's successor as the head of the Theosophical society.

Mr. Judge was greatly impressed with Mrs. Tingley's powers as a hypnotist, and the new pupil progressed rapidly, so that when Mr. Judge died it was no surprise when it was found that Mrs. Tingley had been unmistakably designated as his successor.

Mrs. Tingley has repeatedly denied through her intimates that she had ever claimed to be the reincarnation of Mme. Blavatsky, and it is also not true that she imitates the poses of the Russian woman.

The school at Point Loma, near San Diego, Cal., has long been one of Mrs. Tingley's pet projects. The site was selected, it is claimed, before she had even seen the place, a vision having been the means through which she arrived at the conclusion that it was the proper spot for these ends.

Intuition at the present time appears to be the strong card of the Society of Universal Brotherhood. Through it and its sister, introspection, it is claimed that much may be accomplished which to the ordinary, benighted and unsophisticated individual would appear impossible.

"I doubt," said a well known London photographer, "whether human vanity displays itself anywhere in greater variety than in a photographer's studio, and many of its forms, I can assure you, are very amusing."

"Of course it is a perfectly natural and proper thing that people should want their pictures to do them adequate justice, but it is amazing how few sitters are content with this standard and fall to grumble if their portraits are not much more presentable than their own selves."

"Some subjects, women especially, I am afraid, carry this craving for a flattering picture to a ludicrous extent. For instance, early last spring one of my lady clients, who must certainly have figured in the census of 1841, was photographed as 'queen of the May' in a white muslin frock with a blue sash and wearing a coronet of blossoms. Anything more grotesque you could scarcely conceive than this haggard, wrinkled old lady posturing as a 'maiden of blushing fifteen.' What her object was I cannot imagine, for she would surely never have the courage to present a copy to any of her friends."

"Another good lady called on me one day and announced her intention of being taken in the character of Juliet, a part which it seemed she had played in some historic past. Never I tell you that she would certainly never see her fiftieth birthday again and that her weight was not much less than that of Hans Breitmann's lady who 'weighed zwei hundred pounds,' you can imagine that I had difficulty in keeping my countenance as she gazed tenderly down from my improvised balcony at some imaginary Romeo under the floor."

"Some years ago I had an excellent customer, a lady of middle age and vanished charms, who was convinced that she was the exact physical counterpart of Miss Mary Anderson. Whenever that gifted and beautiful lady appears in a new character my clients invariably was photographed in the same role."

"A lady may always be trusted to know exactly in what aspect she looks her best. One young lady who had a lovely head of dark hair, a fine pair of eyes and a beautiful nose, but whose beauty was completely spoiled by an ugly mouth and a weak, receding chin was always taken with the lower part of her face concealed behind a fan, over which her dark eyes flashed coquettishly. It was a most effective picture and gave one the impression of an exquisitely beautiful Spanish girl."

WORLDLY GOSSIP.

The old First Presbyterian church at Knoxville, Tenn., which had sheltered wounded soldiers of both Union and Confederate armies during the civil war, has been sold and is being torn down. It is one of the interesting landmarks of old Knoxville.

Excavations are to be made at Bury St. Edmunds with the object of discovering the crypt in which the body of St. Edmund was buried by the monks when they were warned of the coming dissolution of the monastery.

Mrs. Macquency, nee Livingstone, a cousin of Dr. David Livingstone, the African explorer, has now reached the age of 101 years. She is living at Fishnish, Isle of Mull, under the care of

participated in many of the bloodiest and the last battle of the civil war, was not off duty a day, did not surrender, returned home without a scar and found his wife and four children well and unharmed.

Henry Sklenkiewicz, the author of "Que Vadis," uses red ink when writing his manuscripts and cannot be induced to use any other color.

The barometer rises higher at Irkutsk, in Siberia, than anywhere else in the world.

On the new English sovereign the king's head is set with the profile to the right as a distinction from the profile of Queen Victoria, which looked to the left.

There is not yet in Portland, Me., any monument to William Pitt Fessenden, long United States senator from Maine and secretary of the treasury under President Lincoln.

C. Lamar, E. C. Walthall, James George, S. S. Prentiss, J. M. Stock, George F. Underhill, William Sharkey, George F. Underhill, J. L. Power.

The one hundred thousand bride elect to get a license from the St. Louis marriage bureau appeared there the other day. She was Miss Jennie Engle Seghers, and her intended husband was James Edward Adamson of Petersen, Ont., a professional wrestler.