



AUCTION SCENE AT CENTRAL HIGH SCHOOL ANNUAL SALE.

Students of Central high school raised \$531.00 at the annual auction held in the auditorium of the school yesterday afternoon. This amount represents donations made by the students at the vaudeville show, which was given prior to the auction, and other contributions of organizations of the school, which conducted special events to raise money.

Instructors at the school stated that this amount was the largest donated by students at any time since the beginning of the annual auctions in 1895. The sum exceeds the senior class donation of last year by \$172.40. The latter class succeeded in raising \$359.50.

Every cent of this money will be used to provide Thanksgiving baskets for the poor of Duluth. These baskets will include many provisions and some families will be given fuel and children's clothing.

A large part of the food contained in the baskets will be what was contributed by the students themselves. Unable to bring candy because of rulings of the conservation of food officials, instructors and students contributed 12 bushels of potatoes, hundreds of jars of jellies, pecks of apples, canned goods and other foods.

For the first time in the history of auctions at the schools, a vaudeville show was presented. A "peanut quartette," composed of two members of the faculty and two students, made a distinct hit. The other numbers represented the best talent in the school, and included dances, singing and "rube stunts."

The energetic and enthusiastic support of Miss Margaret Taylor, and the leadership of the chairmen of the committee, Paul O'Brien and Alice Little, was greatly responsible for the unprecedented success of the auction.

A SOLDIER'S THANKSGIVING

I was sitting down to dinner
In a farmhouse o'er the sea,
To a turkey brown and tender
And a cup of steaming tea.
There were crullers sweating richness
And a row of pumpkin pies,
With the lightest, whitest biscuit
That was ever set to rise.

There my dear old-fashioned mother,
In her purple printed tresses
As she called the blessing down,
She was just about to help me
To the sugar and the cream
When the reveille awoke me,
And I found it all a dream.

Though tomorrow is Thanksgiving
I am miles and miles away
From the farmhouse and the turkey
And the mother old and gray;
Clad in torn and faded khaki
And the raggedest of hate,
In a country where the menu
Runs to fricassee of rats.

It is not the least of hardships
That a soldier has to bear—
Dreams and pleasant recollections
Of the days of better fare.
While the peaceful home folks gather
Round a board with plenty spread,
He is lying in the trenches,
Waiting for a dose of lead.

But, all friends and near relations
Far among the smiling fields,
Who are grateful for the bounty
That a plenteous harvest yields,
Don't forget who guards the glory
Of that golden land for you,
And just spare a thought Thanks-
giving.
To your absent boys in Blue.
—Minna Irving in Leslie's Weekly.
(About seventeen years ago.)