



Whether Common or Not

By Will N. Maupin.

Some Thoughts For Thanksgiving Day

There is great joy in being thankful because you have given others a reason for thanksgiving.

Selfish indeed in the man who finds in Thanksgiving nothing but an opportunity to be thankful that he has had an unusually good dinner.

There are three hundred and sixty-four other days in the year on which the really thoughtful man feels thankful.

The thankful heart never keeps its thanks to itself.

How miserable a man must be when he can find no cause for thanksgiving—and how selfish.

Cheer up and be thankful—it could easily be worse.

Thanksgiving morning in the grand mansion. On every hand are the evidences of great wealth—costly paintings, rare tapestries, velvet carpets, Louis Quinze furniture. Sitting dejectedly before the fire in the open grate is the owner of it all, moody, silent and alone.

Rich viands await him, but he has no appetite. The great corridors are silent, for the happy laughter of children is never heard therein. Trained servants answer his every beck and nod, but their ministrations are measured by their monthly wage.

In a lovely boudoir up the polished stairway sits a wife whose every thought is on fashion's follies. She sits and dreams of society's conquests, of rout and ball and cotillion. The man below is but a machine whose wheels and cogs and cams and levers move but for the purpose of grinding out money.

Thanksgiving in the cottage. On every hand are the evidences of comfort secured through honest toil and sweat. A few pictures upon the walls, neat curtains, ingrain carpets, simple furniture. Sitting before the cheery blaze of the stove is a man, happiness shining upon his face, for it is a day of rest whereon he may sit amidst his loved ones and listen to the prattle of happy childhood.

Singing away in the plain but spotlessly clean kitchen is the wife, joyfully preparing the mid-day Thanksgiving feast, her little flock gathering around her and watching with kindling eyes the preparations for the coming festival. Ever and anon loving glances are directed at the stalwart man in the next room whose broad shoulders have bent to the task of giving shelter and food to his dear ones.

Not uncommon pictures, these. And yet have you ever asked yourself which is the prettiest? O, ye who toil! Think ye ever of the blessings of health and strength and loved ones ever near? Would you trade them off for the mansion grand, the tapestries, the velvet carpets, the magnificent paintings and the cares of the man in the mansion?

And yet, if he only knew it the brooding and lonely man in the mansion has cause for great thanksgiving. How thankful he might be, if he would, that he has the opportunity to make hundreds thankful that he lives, has a heart, and feels for the sorrows of his fellows.

The man who gives thanks only for what he has gained in a material way is too selfish. The man who gives thanks because he has been permitted to bestow upon others that which gives rise to thankfulness in their hearts knows what true reason for thankful-

Thanksgiving—1904

Through all the days, come good, come ill,
The Lord has been our shield and guide;
Through storm and stress, through shine and calm,
His hand stretched out whate'er betide.
And well we know as seasons go
The Lord in wisdom will provide.
For all the blessings of the year—
For garnered grain, for health and cheer—
We gather now, dear Lord, to pay
Our homage this Thanksgiving Day.

For harvests rich that pay rewards
To those who toiled in sun and rain;
For loved ones gathered heart to heart
Around the fireside again;
For loving smiles that care beguiles
And solace gives for every pain;
For all the hope and joy and cheer
In bounty given through the year,
Before Thy throne, dear Lord, we lay
Our off'rings this Thanksgiving Day.

Though oft-times in Thy wisdom, Lord,
Thy chastening hand upon us fell,
Yet still we know within our hearts
Thou ever doest all things well,
And looked to Thee, content to be
Thy children, and near Thee to dwell.
For chastening hand that spared us not
And called us back when we forgot—
For all Thy love along life's way
We bless Thee this Thanksgiving Day.

For paths that lead to perfect peace,
For ways made plain to stumbling feet;
For hope whose shining beacon light
The weary travelers eye doth greet;
For handclaps warm amidst life's storm
When loved ones with their loved ones meet—
For all the blessings, one by one,
Upon us heaped from sun to sun,
We gather, Lord, and sing the praise
Of all Thy blest Thanksgiving Days.

ness is. A little story told before, perhaps, will illustrate:

A young newspaper man who will be called Smith because that is not his name, was working on an eastern daily newspaper several years ago. He had always eaten his Thanksgiving dinner at his mother's table, and doing so was a matter of principle with him. By some misunderstanding he was unable to get leave of absence one Thanksgiving day, although he had made all arrangements for going home. He was compelled to work at a desk all day Thanksgiving, and thoughts of breaking a long record made him angry with all the world. It was a

most dreary day. At noon he started for his dreary hotel for his thankless dinner, and on the way passed a restaurant whose display window was filled with a tempting display of edibles. Standing before the window were two children, a boy and a girl, the boy about seven years old and the girl possibly two or three years older. The day was bitter cold and the children were thinly clad. Hunger had pinched their cheeks and the cold had benumbed them. Smith noted their longing looks at the viands and a thought struck him:

"Why eat alone?"

He invited the children to eat with him, and after some persuasion they accompanied him to the hotel. Smith

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thought, too, of the dinner at the hotel, and the sorrow for the one missed was outweighed by the joy of the one he provided.

Stuffing one's self full of turkey and cranberry sauce is not giving thanks. But some people think that is the chief end of Thanksgiving day.

Have you no cause for thanksgiving? Look at your two stout arms, and then look at the unfortunate cripple. Look at your healthy little ones and then think of the thousands of puny babies scattered all over the country. Listen to the happy laughter of your children, and then think of the homes where childish laughter has been stilled by the icy hand of death.

Then, giving thanks for your blessings, start right out and try to give cause for thankfulness to those who have less cause for it than yourself. That is the best possible way to observe Thanksgiving day.

The enjoyment of Thanksgiving day rests entirely with yourself. You can make it a day of happiness, or your can make it a day of gloom. And the cost of making it a day of happiness is so small that good business sense demands that you make the investment.

Seasonable

Better warm yourself by wo'kin'
An' watch what you're erbout,
Er de coal man's gwine ter git you

If
you
don't
watch
out.

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are cheap, convenient, certain and harmless. Cheap, as one dose is usually sufficient to relieve the pain. Convenient, being little tablets, that you can always carry, and take as you would a lozenge. Certain, because they cure by soothing the irritated nerves. Harmless, as they contain no harmful drugs; 25 doses, 25 cents. Never sold in bulk.

kept their plates piled up with food and watched them eat with ravenous appetites. He forgot about the dinner he was missing, and thought only of the pleasure of the little folks. He filled their pockets with fruit when dinner was over and escorted them to the door. The little people left him inside, but they stood outside for a few minutes in earnest conversation. Then the door opened and the little boy stuck his head inside long enough to exclaim:

"We're much obliged, mister." !

The rest of the day was thoroughly enjoyed by Smith, for every time he thought of the dinner at home he