



By Will N. Maupin.

SOME POST-THANKSGIVING THOUGHTS

Yesterday's bountiful Thanksgiving dinner is still a most pleasant memory, and the echoes of the happy laughter, the merry jest, the bright quip are yet lingering in your ears.

Of course you have ample reason for being thankful. Everybody has. The well-to-do because of their good fortune, and the unfortunate because they are not worse off. But while you were enjoying your bountiful dinner did you give a thought to the thousands of God's poor who are starving and struggling in this land of abounding plenty? Did you give a thought to the thousands of helpless and hopeless little children doomed to a life of slavery in mill and mine and factory, deprived of the playtime of youth and denied even the joy of dreams of a rosy future? Did you give a thought to the thousands of hopeless and sad-eyed women sewing in the tenements in an almost vain effort to keep body and soul together by honest effort? As you leaned back in your comfortable chair after your hearty dinner did you pause to reflect on the fact that while you were eating, more than two million little children under fourteen years of age were working in gainful occupations in this great country of ours?

"O, my children are in no danger! I can provide for them!"

Perhaps, but it may come to pass that the conditions which forced the children of other men and women into the mills may force even your children, or your children's children, into the same mills.

Or, perhaps, you silenced the voice of conscience by saying to yourself:

"O, as one of the proprietors of the big mill I am entitled to credit for providing a place where the children may earn a livelihood."

Or, perhaps, you lighted your perfect cigar and as the fragrant smoke curled upwards you said:

"O, I am in no wise responsible for those evils, so why should I worry myself about them?"

But are you free from responsibility?

A rich man once visited his magnificent stables and watched an old groom currying a favorite horse.

"You have worked for me a long time, haven't you Sam?" queried the rich man.

"Yes, sir," replied the groom. "Me an' this hoss have worked for you seventeen years."

"Ah, and I hope you have been well treated, Sam," said the employer.

"O, I ain't complain' none," said Same. "But me an' th' hoss was sick at th' same time, an' I noticed that while you hired a doctor for th' hoss you docked my pay for th' time I lost."

Perhaps you followed your Thanksgiving dinner with a drive behind your horse. Did it strike you that perhaps a thousand people within a score of miles of your home envied your horses. Did it strike you that envied their happy lot in having enough to eat?

"What business is that of mine?" you ask.

That is practically the same question that Cain asked, my dear sir.

Honestly, now, do you believe that you have a moral right to hold more than you need while there are thou-

sands who have less than they need? "O, socialism!" you exclaim.

Not at all. Just plain humanity.

Once upon a time a rich man sat at his banquet board, surrounded by obsequious servants, and fronted by the choicest of viands and the rarest of vintages. Suddenly there came a knock at the door.

"Who's there?" queried the rich man.

"This is Care," was the reply.

"Away with you!" shouted the rich man contemptuously, as he continued his feast.

A little later there was another knock at the door.

"Who's there?" queried the rich man.

"This is Want."

"You have no place here!" shouted the rich man. "Away with you!"

Brighter flashed the wines and louder rang the laughter of the rich man. Suddenly there came another knock at the door.

"Who's there?" asked the rich man.

"This is Misery," was the wailing reply.

"Away with you," shouted the rich man. "I never knew you, and I have no place for you!"

Up went the gleaming goblet, and the rich man quaffed the rare wine as he laughed at the idea of Care and Want and Misery invading the portals of his mansion.

But suddenly the door flew open and in stalked a gaunt form, unannounced and unheralded.

"Who are you?" gasped the affrightened rich man, "that dare enter my house without permission?"

"I am Death," was the calm response.

And the rich man made neither motion or reply.

If you have never given a thought to the helpless little children doomed to industrial slavery; if you have never given a thought to the weeping and hopeless women starving in their tenement workshops; if you have never given a thought to the hopeless ones who struggle against unkind fate; if you have never given a thought to these things as you sat at your well laden table and gave perfunctory thanks for the blessings you enjoy—if you have never given a thought to these things, then may your next Thanksgiving dinner stick in your throat.

Thankful

"Well, Marie," remarked Mr. Bildad, looking up from the evening paper.

"Well, Marie; we have something to be thankful for."

"What is it, my dear?" queried Mrs. Bildad, as she leaned over to adjust the shade on the kerosene lamp.

"The Ohio court that found the Standard Oil company guilty of violation of law has inflicted a very light fine—only \$5,000."

"I don't think we ought to be thankful for that," declared Mrs. Bildad. "The horrid old company ought to have been fined ten million dollars—with their bad smelling oil and their outrageous prices!"

"Now, that's just like a woman," said Mr. Bildad, severely. "Just off-handed opinion from a mere cursory glance at the surface facts."

"I don't care a snap, Abinidab Bildad!" exclaimed Mrs. Bildad. "If you

had to clean the stinking old lamps

"Gently, my dear," interrupted Mr. Bildad. "I say we should be thankful that the fine is merely nominal—so small that the company will not give it a second thought. Now, consider, my dear, what would have happened if the court had inflicted a fine of one million dollars, which amount would be none too great in justice and equity. Why, the company would have immediately raised the price of oil two or three cents a gallon and decreased its efficiency twenty or thirty per cent. There, Mrs. Bildad! You see what an advantage it is to investigate all of these things carefully before arriving at a conclusion. I repeat, we should be thankful for the insignificant amount of the fine."

And Mr. Bildad felt so good over the idea of not being gouged a couple of cents on the gallon for his oil that he went down town and lost five straight games of billiards and had to settle a cigar bill of \$2.50.

The New Rules

"Did the new football rules have the effect of lessening the dangers of the game?"

"No. They were not intended for that."

"What were they intended for?"

"O, they were meant to teach us to apologize after batting the other fellow in the eye or caving in his slats with a spiked shoe."

Some New Books

"Booster's Millions."—J. Pierpont Morgan.

"The Light That Paled."—John D. Rockefeller.

"Eben Boldun."—John W. Gates.

"Deep Sea Fish."—E. Harahan.

"To Get and to Keep."—Mrs. Het-tie Green.

Brain Leaks

When in doubt, try something.

When doubt enters hope shivers.

Christianity consists of doing, not saying.

Some men are so insistent on creeds that they forget Christ.

Most women cry at a wedding, and most men look foolish.

The man with principle should take some interest in politics.

Thorough humility is the best preparation for true greatness.

A story unfit for ladies to hear is unfit for a gentleman to tell.

A gift that depends upon its cost for favor is seldom remembered.

A today spent in regretting a yesterday is a poor preparation for a tomorrow.

When a man starts out to look for trouble he doesn't get enough walking to start his blood to going good.

Now that the frost is thick upon his windows the average man is yearning for an opportunity to make garden.

You seldom have any trouble in making yourself at home in a house that is heated by an old-fashioned fireplace.

A man who will listen to the troubles of others is seldom idle; the man who wants to tell his troubles has a busy time finding a listener.

If people who habitually hang around the "bargain counters" could see some of the horrors that exist where the "bargains" are made, they would stop saving money at the expense of childish lives.

Somehow or other we have been impressed with the idea that the severest denunciations of "yellow journalism" come with two classes—those who have been exposed in their meanness, and those who are afraid of being exposed in their meanness.

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