

**POOR PEOPLE WANT CHANGE.**

**Think U. S. Control of Cuba Would Improve Conditions.**

"The feeling in Cuba," said C. C. Gilmore, who is familiar with the island, to an Indianapolis News reporter, "is, perhaps, best shown in an illustration given to me by the Danish consul, who has lived there for twenty-seven years. His place is nine miles out of Havana. I asked him the sentiment of the mass of Cubans as to annexation to the United States. He said: 'There is no doubt that annexation will come in time, though the mass of Cubans are opposed to it. They are like young birds in a nest. They want to make the experiment to try and fly for themselves. They want to try their wings.'"

"Cuba has but a small number of people that we would call the middle class. There are the rich, the very rich, and the very poor, with few between. I am quite familiar with the western part of the island, Pinar del Rio, where Guerra—it is significant that this name means war—has his headquarters."

"My son is in the Isle of Pines, which is likely to continue peaceful. In the Isle of Pines there are twenty-five rural guards. These are the equivalent of soldiers, equipped and dressed as soldiers. Three-fourths of the population of that Isle is American. That Isle belongs to the United States without question. The fact that Cuba offered to trade the permanent title to two coaling stations in Cuba for that Isle shows no title."

"The United States is paying \$2,000 a year rent to Cuba for two coaling stations. These stations have been made in swamps, and when the United States took the location were not worth any more than so much blue sky. The coaling station at Bahia Honda is about thirty miles west from Havana. When this government took it, Bahia Honda was a dreadful miasmatic swamp, but now many thousands of dollars have been spent on it. We have no permanent title to the coaling stations, but they are ours as long as we choose to continue to pay rent for them."

"The Spanish residents and the Cuban descendants of Spaniards are the controlling people in Cuba. Those who are in trade are doing well. They have good laws and are protected in business. I do not see why they should want to belong to the United States."

"The poor people think their condition would be improved under the government of the United States. They understand that we pay our laborers big wages and they think if their island belonged to us they would get these better wages. Labor conditions have improved since the Spanish-American war. Under the Spanish regime the laborer on the sugar or tobacco plantation got 50 centavos—about 35 cents—a day, and usually had to take his wage in trade. Many on those plantations did not receive so much. The wage is now about one peso a day—a Spanish dollar—and it takes a peso and 35 cents besides to make one of our dollars."

"If you buy a 10-cent cigar in Cuba and get change for a \$5 United States bill you will find when you count it that you have \$6.89 in silver."

"Outside of some iron and finest white marble in the world—as fine as Carrara marble—and in unlimited quantity—there is not much mining. On the Isle of Pines Mr. Keenan, of Pittsburg, Pa., a very wealthy man, has bought a mountain of this white marble, for which he paid \$75,000, and is now quarrying it."

"Pinar del Rio, where the rebel Guerra has his stronghold, is, as I said, a mountainous province. Spain was unable to conquer that province in its long years of war."

**THE RED BARN DOOR.**

Close smuggled down in furry robes, mid soapstones' kindly heat,  
We elft the drifts to grandpa's house, our mother's kin to greet.  
All day our jingling sleigh-bells' tune smooze keenly on the air,  
But long ere noon some small voice piped,  
"Pa, aren't we almost there?"  
Then to beguile our restlessness our father told us more,  
How we should know the place afar; the sign, a red barn door.

O'er hill and dale we gaily sped, past farmsteads dull and gray,  
And hailed each snowy hamlet as a milestone on our way.  
No homely roadside object but our eyes were quick to see,  
And muffled voices chattered fast in child-like jubilee.

We eyed in signaling landmarks which familiar aspect bore,  
And longingly we looked ahead for grandpa's red barn door.

Our mother, from the seat in front, held us in joyful thought,  
And stayed our rising hunger with the cookies she had brought.  
'Twas she who chose the friendly house where we should stop to rest,  
And saw us tucked, all warm again, within our sleigh-box nest.

She talked of hames, once common in her childhood's rustic lore,  
And knew each twister and turn that came before the red barn door.

The rein held laxly in his hand, our father, sat serene,  
And hummed quaint melodies that kept his soul sweetly serene.  
The long miles stretched away, and when the lengthened shadows fell,  
No thought of cold or cramping limbs our eagerness could quell.

We scanned each distant looming crest that crested itself before,  
Till all at once somebody cried, "I see the red barn door!"

Now, sometimes when the sleigh-bells ring, and roadways gleam with snow,  
I feel that bounding joyousness that thrilled me long ago.  
I see the smiling faces in the falling winter light,  
The arms that wait in welcome there, to clasp and hold me tight.

And then I pray that heaven's gate such gladness may restore  
As when we came to grandpa's house, beside the red barn door.  
—Alice Crittenden Derby, in Youth's Companion.

**GOOD REASON FOR GIVING THANKS.**

**N**EVER have the people of America come to the season for returning thanks to the Giver of all bounties with more profound cause for rejoicing than in this year of grace one thousand nine hundred and six. We think first, perhaps, of the material benefits the twelve-month has secured to us. The crops in every section of the country have been such as to guard us against want and to enable us to add in the great work of supplying the world's needs. Upon the farm our prosperity in America still chiefly depends. Nor have we forgotten that the institution of Thanksgiving arose through the Providential supplying of hungry mouths. North and south, east and west, the fact of bountiful harvests has guaranteed us prosperity in every walk of life. The busy mills of the manufacturers, the thronging shops of merchants, the enormous business of railways and steamship companies, the sound of hammer and pick in countless mines of every sort, all testify to the material blessings awarded to us, far more according to our necessities than to our just deserts.

We must not forget, either, that we remain at peace with the world. For this blessing we cannot be too thankful. But chiefly let us praise the Almighty for having granted the people of America the final blessing of liberty and independence. When we look upon Russia, storm-tossed and almost wrecked in the mighty travail that may yet bring such liberty as we have always known to every dweller under the flag of the Czar, we realize at last that the air of freedom from tyranny and oppression which has been the breath of our nostrils from birth is the true reason for peace, for our happiness, for our growth and material prosperity, even as the human soul animates the body.

In this year, too, do not let us forget that there has been a tremendous searching of the souls of men in high places, and such a condemnation of evil-doers as strengthens the hands of every good and righteous cause. Dishonesty, self-seeking, lustful greed, false stewardships in private and public life, corruption in high places and low, these have all been condemned with a heartiness that the country has never known in its previous history.

Thanksgiving day itself, too long given over to mere pastime and enjoyment, takes on a newer and more sacred aspect as the years roll on. It is a day for the devout returning of thanks to Almighty God for the countless blessings secured to our fathers and to us, their descendants. It is a day for humble supplication that such liberties and privileges as we ourselves enjoy may be handed down, unimpaired and unblemished, to posterity. So shall we, our families united all over this land of ours, join and be as one with the mighty hosts of the past, the still greater throngs of the future, of those who praise God for America on this national holy day. —Wallace Rice

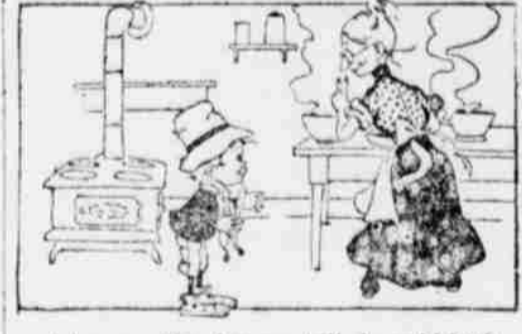
**"OUR BOY."**

Yes, me and ma had turkey in the old Thanksgiving way.  
With all the fixin's proper fer to celebrate the day.  
And I kin taste that turkey yet—'twas sure a sleek old bird;  
I ate so much it was an hour afore I hardly stirred.  
We had some neighbors to the spread, which added to the joy.  
But let me tell ye, Hiram, me and ma we missed our boy.

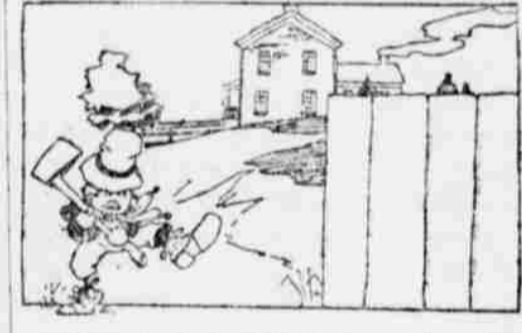
Ye see, he alters fixed with us in our Thanksgiving feast.  
I'm till he took that city job a sellin' goods down East.  
Ma wrote him 'bout two weeks ago, and I stuck on a line;  
I guess he couldn't jus' make out that shabby hand o' mine.  
Leastwise, he didn't line us, as in other years he did;  
I wonder tell ye, Hiram, me and ma we missed that kid.

I reckon folks that's growin' old is apt to figger back.  
We sat our eatin' turkey, but our thoughts was all o' Jack.  
Ma had a chair pulled up fer him, and plate, and fork, and all.  
And on his plate his pater, she had taken from the wall.  
Ye see, Jack was the only one God gave us to enjoy;  
We eried a little, Hiram, me and ma we missed our boy.  
—Milwaukee Sentinel.

**Johnny and the Gobbler.**



Johnny—Ma, let me kill de gobbler?  
Ma—Why, certainly.



"Where's de turk? Just watch me!"



"Gee! Guess I'd better be diggin' 'shin' worms."

**A Thanksgiving Fable.**

A gray young Gobbler, seeing how Melancholy the Turkeys were, propounded A Commandment.

"Why are Turkeys the Drum Corps of the Fowl Creation? Give it up! Because they all carry Drumsticks, O-u-sh!" He doled A blow from the Patriarch of the Flock who Overheard him.

"Spare Me," said the young Fellow, assuming the Defensive. "I can give you A Better one. Why do Turkeys have No Hensafter?"

The Patriarch blundered Around and dragged his Wings, looking very Fierce. He knew he ought to know, but couldn't for the Life of Him remember. So he Glowered at the Outprit and asked Severely:

"Well, Sir, why do Turkeys have No Hensafter?"

"Because they have their Necks Twisted in This."

"Pooh!" said the Patriarch Contemptuously. "That was around on Crutches when Adam wore Kilts. Now, here is Something new that I Caught on the Wing. We are All to be Dry Picked this Year."

"What?" Shrieked A giddy Blond with a pink Crest. "Not on Your Life!"

"No, Silly, but as Soon as it is Over, it is the old Way of Turkey Undertaking and the Only Way. In Philadelphia, where I Chipped into the World, Dry Picking was the Correct Thing. All the old families held to it. That gives Turkey Feathers the chance of their Lives, Turkey Tails for Fans—I am told the Aborigines quite Date on Them."—Chicago Record-Herald.

**No Tabloid Birds.**

"There are only three of us in the family," said the customer, "and a five pound turkey for Thanksgiving would be all we could possibly manage."

"You'll have to take a real turkey," briskly replied the dealer. "We don't keep 'em in tabloid form."—Chicago Tribune.

**A TURKEY HUNT.**  
By Linda Woodruff Beach.

We came very near not being thankful at all this year—for how was it possible to be thankful without turkey? And this desirable bird so pertinaciously dodged our earnest attempts to apply the possessive pronoun that we began to despair of ever owning one, and, unfortunately, we wanted three.

Any one could spend the summer in the country—that was commonplace enough; but Thanksgiving and Christmas would be a new revelation of beauty and comfort to people accustomed to confined views and brick walls. So we stayed and chattered, and gathered stacks of bright-hued maple leaves, and wrote such glowing accounts of the good times we were having to all our friends and relatives that two or three of them, without ceremony, invited themselves to spend Thanksgiving with us. We then concluded that we might as well make a merry party of it, and invited a number more, until about eighteen or twenty people had promised to eat their Thanksgiving dinner at our table.

A lovely day in Indian summer, and with that soft haze over the purple-tipped mountains in the distance, two women of us drove off in a most unromantic expedition after turkeys. We had been furnished with a regular list by the neighbor, and we agreed first to attack a certain Mrs. Simes. A woman in a sun-bonnet issued from the gate as we drove up, and in answer to our inquiry, informed us that "Miss Simes was just settin' to." As it was approaching the hour of noon, this probably meant that Mrs. Simes was on the eve of dining.

The house looked hermetically sealed. The door was opened by the very lady we were in quest of, a motherly-looking personage, who appeared to have been trying to do half a dozen things at once, as her hands were floury, the bosom of her dress was stuck with pins, while the skirt was wet with recent dabbling in the water, and she was hastily disposing of some edible which had evidently been popped into her mouth just as she came to the door.

Having told her where we lived, how long we had lived there, how long we expected to live there, and various other things relating to our domestic matters, we worked our way gradually to the turkeys, and modestly asked her if she could accommodate us with three.

Passing through the doorway that opened into the kitchen, Mrs. Simes threw her voice upstairs, and shrieked:

"Emanueline! Em-mes-tee!"

"How?" was the reply, in a voice that seemed to break the drums of our ears.

"How many turkeys can we spare to sell?"

"Can spare any," said the dreadful voice.  
"She?" returned the old lady as she ended the colloquy; "guess we ken spare one. How'll that do?"

We informed Mrs. Simes that it wouldn't do at all. The offer of one turkey in place of three was a perfect insult, and rather indignant that our time had been wasted for nothing, we left our hostess to finish her "settin' to."

The second one on the list was of the male persuasion, "and as great an old screw as ever lived," we were confidentially informed. We found him at work in the barn, a very hard-looking specimen indeed. When he was made aware of the nature of our errand he eyed us suspiciously. "Seemed to him we were takin' time by the forelock; he wanted three hull weeks to Thanksgiving yet."

We were taking time by the forelock, we admitted, because people made such a rush for turkeys at the last that we were afraid of not getting any then.

"That's jest it," he rejoined, with a shrewd grin, "and I guess I'll keep mine till they go up."

Several people in succession, who had

seen a-fatter 'a-puppos for Thanksgiving, and we could have 'em like as not."

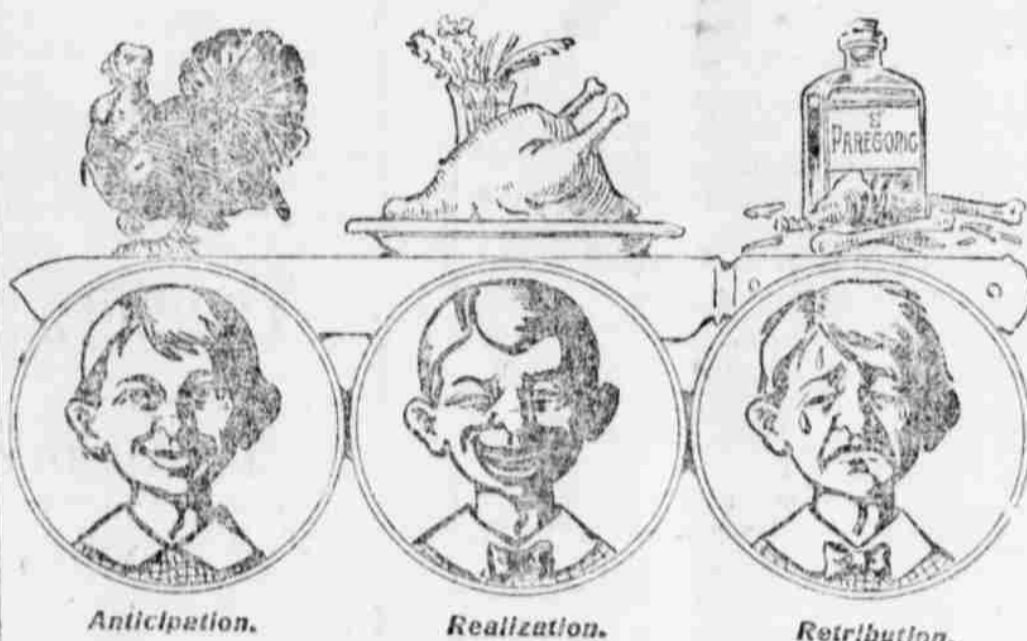
Where did he live? we asked next. The future possible President turned his lumb in the direction of our back premises, and said that his name was Sam Flade.

If he had said it was Norway on the Grandison Hills, we could seaweely have been more surprised. Hadn't those wretched turkeys belonging to our undesirable neighbors, the Flades, been the pest and destruction of our gardening operations all summer? and hadn't pater famulus threatened to shoot them until he was hoarse? And wasn't it rather funny that, after all our toil and tribulation, the coveted turkeys could be found under our very noses, and delicately fattened for us on the best of sweet corn and tomatoes, and other "sass" that turkeys delight in—all from our own garden?

Somebody said the dinner was a poem, and it certainly was a triumphant success.

The company were in raptures; and one guest, who had never lived in the country, said it was so easy for us to get good

**THANKSGIVING.**



refused us their own turkeys strongly advised a visit to "Job Tiller." He had no end of a flock, and maybe we could make a trade.

To Job Tiller we accordingly went. As soon as we had said "turkeys," he led the way to the back yard, where we beheld a pen of turkeys, hens and gobblers, at least fifty all told.

"Shootin' comes off on the 25th," said the proprietor.

We exchanged a look of interrogation. "Shootin'? What shootin'? We wanted to buy turkeys."

"Twenty-five cents a chance," responded Mr. Tiller.

We were turkeyless, and all those expected guests loomed up before us as a hungry multitude clamoring to be fed. We were approaching our cottage in a dispirited frame of mind, when we encountered a small boy, and some happy inspiration prompted us to inquire what he knew about turkeys.

"He'd got three," he said, "that he'd

**What Turkeys Eat.**

Turkeys are the greatest grasshopper exterminators in the world. When very young they must be fed bran, but after that they pick up their own food. For the starchy elements they eat waste wheat from stubble fields; for the vegetable part of their diet they devour several varieties of weed and grass seeds and for meat substance they consume grasshoppers and bugs.

**Turkey Now.**

"I see," remarked the duck, "that chickens are selling in the market at 3 cents a pound."

"Yes," replied the hen, "I never felt as cheap in my life."

