

OUR COUNTRY'S THANKSGIVING



Losing No Time.

Guttersnipe—Please, muvver wants sixpence on this 'ere fryin' pan.
Pawnbroker—Hallo! It's hot!
Guttersnipe—Yus, muvver's just cooked the sossifges an' wants the money for the beer!—London Punch.

He Paid the Freight.

Wife (at breakfast)—Here's a letter for you, dear.
Husband—But it's addressed to you.
Wife—Yes, but it's for you, just the same. It's from my dressmaker.

Keeps it at Home.

"Do you believe that army officers ought to marry none but rich girls?"
"Well," said Mrs. Cumrox, thoughtfully, "I don't see why we might not as well let our money go to the army as to the foreign nobility."

At It Again.

Maude—You say, Clara, you paid only a quarter for having your tan shoes dyed. Why, they charged me 50 cents.
Clara—Did they? Well, I suppose they charge according to the size.

Received with Fitting Honors.

Mrs. Suburb—Dora! Dora!
Daughter—Yes, ma.
Mrs. Suburb—Run to the piano and play "Hail to the Chief." Here comes the new girl!—New York Weekly.

An Insinuation.

"Yaws," said Sapleigh, "I—aw—had typhoid fever when I was a boy and they were—aw—afraid I would lose me mind, doncher know."
"And did you lose it, then?" asked Miss Caustique, innocently.

The Fat Year

There's a wizard at work on the hilltops,
there's a vanishing ghost in the vale,
And red is the floor of the forest, and loud is the pipe of the quail;
There's a desolate waste in the wheat field, a whispering tone in the corn;
But here by the barn, lo! the full year has emptied its plenteous horn;
And the faces of children are glad some, and mothers sit long at the feast,
For God in his justice and mercy has given good gifts to his least.

There's a presage abroad on the prairies—a triumph of fatuous fear—
The sadness and sorcery smiling from out the dead face of the year—
There's a moan-wind awake in the night time, a blight from invisible hand,
A doom written large on man's power all over the bountiful land—
But the granaries are filled unto bursting, the cattle are sleek in their stalls,
And only the mem'ry of famine the heart of the farmer appals.

And so, ere the winter shall whiten the wide-rolling plain with its shroud
From out the glad thought of the favored true thanks shall cry upward and loud,
To the Giver of rain and of sunshine, the Giver of life to the seed,
The Infinite Father who never forsakes where there's ultimate need;
And with faith and a loving obeisance, with praise and a worshipful mind,
The toiler vows deep unto suffering, he, too, will be tender and kind.

Thus, thus, shall the years pass to darkness, in glory and stately array,
One bringing its measure of famine, another its Thanksgiving day,
And the soul that looks out on the passage shall learn to be patient and wait,
Well knowing the law is eternal, though sometimes the harvest is late;
And the lean and the fat years shall perish and man shall go back unto dust,
But the Giver forever and ever will keep to his care and his trust.

ALL KNOW THANKSGIVING DAY.

Spirit of Festival Quickly Caught by Immigrants.

Go into the foreign quarter of any American city and ask an Italian or a Slav, or any other immigrant, whether he celebrates the Fourth of July, and he is likely to shrug his shoulders as he professes ignorance of the day, or answers:

"No; it's nothing to me."

Ask him if he grows enthusiastic over Memorial day and you will find that it leaves him cold. But just mention Thanksgiving day and his face will light up at once.

"Yes," he will tell you, "we eat our Thanksgiving dinner like any other Americans, and go to church and give thanks and have a good time with the youngsters in the evening. Thanksgiving day means a lot to us, for we have much to be thankful for."

The immigrants catch the spirit of Thanksgiving day more quickly than that of any other American institution. The new Americans show this by their deeds and words, and the story of an immigrant who caught the spirit the first day he landed is typical, even if in the majority of cases it is not imparted so quickly.

On a bleak November morning an old Roumanian Hebrew landed in New York from Ellis island with his wife and three children. The harbor was wrapped in a mantle of fog, which hid from their eyes the promise of the Statue of Liberty.

It was a depressing scene. The old man's spirits sank and the bustle and hustle of the Americans frightened him after his quiet life in a Roumanian village. But his eldest son, who had preceded his father to America and who had sent the money to bring the family over, met him at the pier with a warm welcome.

"Come right along, father," he cried. "We shall have to hurry to get home in time for dinner."

And he rushed the old man and the children into a trolley car and took them over to the East Side with all possible speed.

When they entered the house, cold, tired, wet and hungry, an inspiring scene met their eyes. A roaring fire blazed in the grate, the American flag was draped above the mantel, and a good, old fashioned Thanksgiving feast was spread out upon the table.

The turkey was there in all its glory, browned to a turn and stuffed to the bursting point with chestnut flavored dressing. Big glass dishes full of cranberry sauce and celery flanked it at each corner, and two bottles of claret stood sentinel at either end of the table.

Vegetable dishes, cakes, sauces and gravy bowls filled up the vacant spaces on the board, while on a side table the pumpkin pie held sway, surrounded by a court of jellies, blanc-manges and tarts.

The son laughed at his father's surprise.

"Sit down, father," he said. "You must be hungry, and this is a day when nobody is supposed to go hungry in America. It is Thanksgiving day."

"Every man who, by the sweat of his brow, has earned a Thanksgiving dinner for himself and his family is in duty bound to eat and drink and be merry and give thanks for the blessings he enjoys in this rich land of freedom."

"Verily," responded the old man, "you have much to be thankful for when you can spread such a feast as this, which is only enjoyed by the richest of the people in the land of our birth."

And he and all his family feasted and made merry and rejoiced that

they had come to a land where such things were possible.—New York Sun.

SHORT SERMON FOR THE DAY.

Debt That Is Owing to the Pilgrims and the Pioneers.

Prov. xxix:18—"Where there is no vision, the people perish."

Thanksgiving day reminds us, year by year, to look backward, count our blessings and, with gratitude to the Giver of every good gift, to look forward with faith and courage to a still better future, for the years are surely bringing with them better things.

We think to-day not only of present prosperity, but of the men who laid the foundation for the great structure of our national life. The Pilgrim Fathers of New England and the Pioneer Fathers of California, different as they were in character, had many common traits, such as love of liberty, dauntless determination and especially the faculty of looking forward with faith and hopefulness. They were not satisfied with the condition of affairs and they longed for a larger life. As a result of that dissatisfaction, coupled with a capacity for work and the power to see great possibilities in the future, we inherit the glorious realities of our present-day lives.

Every people that emerges from barbarism has before it a vision of better things. A vision of better things came to the founders of our nation and state. We are grateful to God for the vision of our fathers that has been so largely realized in the magnificent achievements of our nation and in the glorious growth of our state.

Has this vision of better things ceased? If better things are possible, we must make them ours. This vision also will be realized. The church shares this optimism. Her eyes see the great work that is hers and her hands are ready and her heart glad; and the vision of righteousness which alone truly and permanently exalts a nation is urging her to larger efforts, for well she knows there are no "better things" without religion, which is itself a vision of God and duty and an enlistment in his service.

GAME OF TURKEY QUESTIONS.

Pastime That Will Help to Round Out Pleasant Day.

For the game of turkey questions, get together twice as many blank cards, carte de visite size, as you have players. We will say that the number of the company is twenty persons. In this case you will need forty cards. On twenty of them write questions relating to Turkey and the Turks. On the other remaining twenty write answers to these questions. The questions can be taken from any good book on the subject, but care should be used in selecting such as the average American could be required to know.

When the forty cards have been written, put the questions in one bowl and the answers in another. The question bowl is passed, and each player in turn takes a card from it. The answers bowl follows, and all players dip into this also. If a player thinks he has received from the answers bowl an answer to his question he retains the cards in hand and ceases to play. But if he considers that the answer he holds belongs to some other question he returns the card to the bowl it came from and draws again. No consultation with regard to cards is allowed. Question cards cannot be returned. All players who succeed in answering their questions correctly draw among themselves for a nicely illustrated book of travels in Turkey.

A Similarity.

"A good many people lock the stable after the horse is stolen."

"That is like putting your hand over your mouth after you have finished yawning."

Comfort in Cold Winter.

"I don't keer fer no coal trust now."

"How come?"
"Well, de new preacher say he gwine preach 'bout hell fire all de winter."—Atlanta Constitution.