

GRANDPA'S THANKSGIVING.

While the Autumn days are calling,
 Calling, calling, sad and drear;
 From the trees the leaves are falling,
 Falling, falling, brown and sear;
 Other days I can recall—
 Many a bright and happy Fall—
 But as Memory brings them back again with
 soft and hallowed charm,
 There's perhaps no thought so dear
 At this season of the year
 As the thought of old Thanksgiving days at
 Grandpa's on the farm.

Even tho' it might be snowing,
 Snowing, snowing, fast and long,
 And November winds be blowing,
 Blowing, blowing—wildsome song—
 Safe, at Grandpa's—from the storm,
 All was pleasant, bright and warm,
 Oh, how much there was for dinner; more
 to eat when we were through;
 And so good—such chicken pies!
 Lips are moist, as well as eyes,
 As I think of old Thanksgiving days with
 Grandpa and Aunt Lou.

And the songs we then were singing,
 Singing, singing, long and true,
 Through the wind and past coming ringings,
 Ringings, ringings, sweet and low;
 These with legends that were told
 On Thanksgiving days of old,
 As we gathered 'round together by love's
 sweet and magic charm—
 These the heart shall still hold dear,
 For the heart can't be so near,
 Who so speedily forgot Thanksgiving day at
 Grandpa's on the farm.
 —Twentieth Century Farmer.

Her Neighbors' Blessings

BY HOPE DARING.

"Why, Edith?"

"What is it?" Mrs. Matthews asked as she resumed the catmeal of Maude, the larger one of the twins.

"The day after tomorrow is Thanksgiving. Had you forgotten it?"

Edith Matthews paused before replying to her husband's question. The pause might have been accounted for by the fact that Mabel, the other twin, insisted that her oatmeal should likewise be resigned.

After attending to this Mrs. Matthews said hastily, "No, I had not forgotten it. But it doesn't make any difference anyway."

"What, Thanksgiving not make any difference? Why, Edith, what is the matter?" and Hiram Matthews set down his coffee cup and stared at his wife.

She shrugged her shoulders. "Is it the dinner you mean? Well, send up whatever you like. As to the real spirit of

THANKSGIVING DAY.



THANKSGIVING DAY is peculiarly American, peculiarly our own. No other nation on earth has a holiday like it, probably no other nation would have ever conceived such a holiday. It is American all the way through—in spirit, and in the chief item of the bill of fare, to-wit: the noble American turkey.

Thanksgiving day was originally an agricultural festival and its celebration was confined to the particular locality in which it originated. But to-day it is national. Every true American man, woman or child, loves this glad day, in which a people pours out its thanks to the Almighty for the bounteous blessings vouchsafed during the preceding twelve-month.

To-day our thanks are not merely for good crops, but for the peace of our country among the nations of the world, for the prosperity of every line of business and industry, for the freedom from pestilence, and the various and sundry other blessings which a generous Providence has poured upon us.

It is an inspiring thought, that of a great people, with common accord, offering prayers of thanks to the Giver of All Things. It is not a matter of creed, not a matter of faith, but a universal ground upon which all can meet and participate, no matter what the form of worship may be. Christian, Jew, Mohammedan, whatsoever creed a man holds to, he acknowledges the sovereignty of a Supreme Being, and on this, our Thanksgiving day, he utters his gratitude for all that which the Omnipotent has done for him and his fellows in this great, glorious land of ours.

History records nothing so august among the institutions of men as this festival. It is as though the people, with one impulse, sought communion with the Divine at least once in each year, that the whole nation may "walk with God" and not forget that there is One mightier than President and political parties to whom thanks are due and from whom all things spring.

And, surely, there have been few Thanksgivings days in our history when the universal heart had more to inspire it with gratitude than this one which is upon us. Let us, then, observe the day in its proper spirit and show our appreciation of the infinite good things that the Author of All has permitted us to enjoy. Let us make it, from one end of the country to the other, a real day of thanksgiving.—The Sunny South.

ting room window with Faye in her arms and looking at the house across the way.

"The nurse is dressing little Bernice Ashley," she thought. "I can see her. And there is the cook at the door giving the grocer boy his orders. Mrs. Ashley was at a ball last night. She is sleeping this morning, undisturbed by work or children. Plenty of money, three servants, the entrance into cultivated society, yes, I'm sure Mrs. Ashley can truly observe Thanksgiving."

"Oh, I fear I'm wicked," she went on

on a spree! The mistress was watching for him, too, but he must caught her."

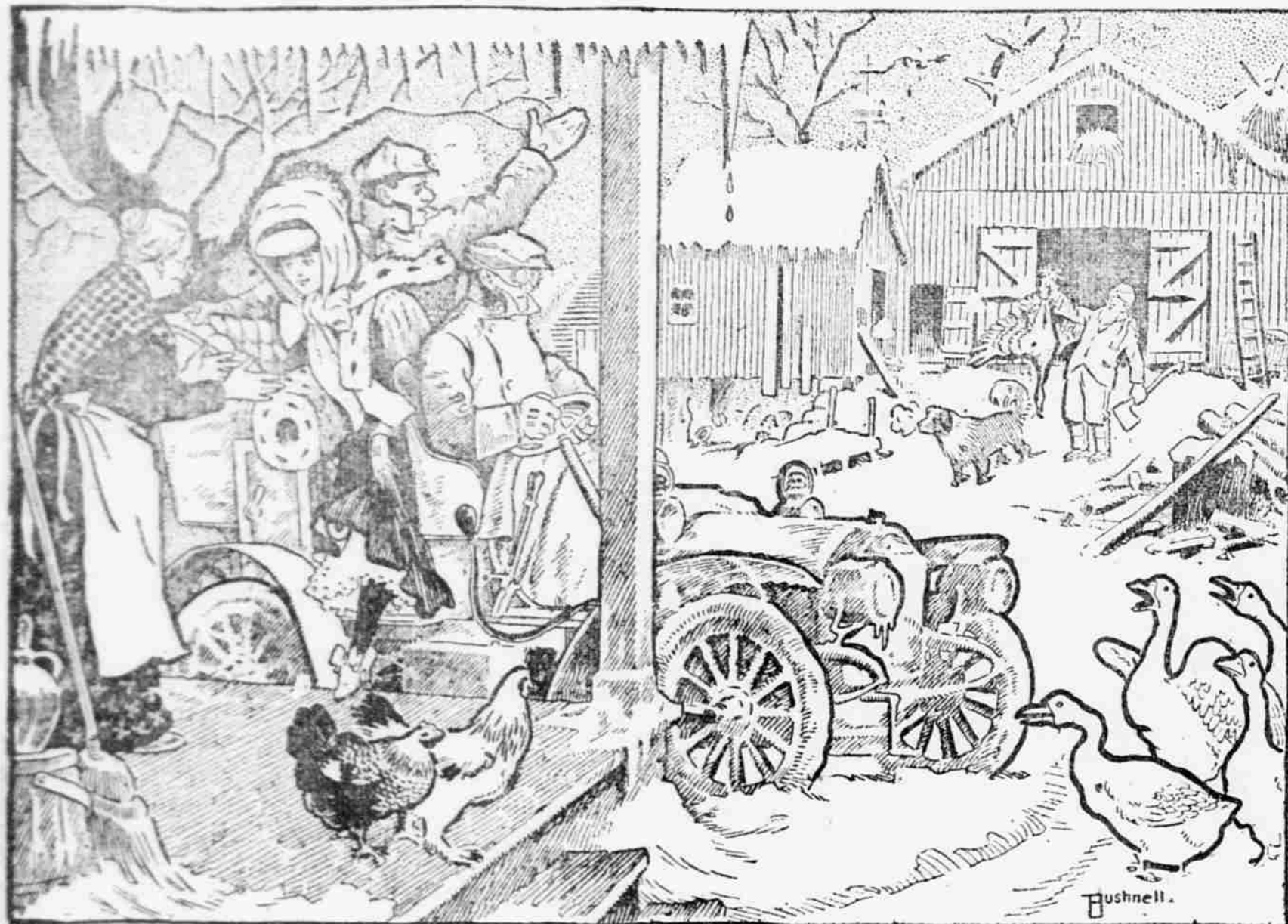
"Oh, how terrible," Edith cried. "He might have killed her."

"He came precious near it when this baby was three months old. He knocked her downstairs. There, there, dear," for little Bernice was crying.

"Let me get her a glass of warm milk," and Edith hurried away.

When she returned she had regained her composure. She noticed Norah's tenderness with the child and also noticed what a wan little face it was that turned

THANKSGIVING MORNING AT THE OLD HOMESTEAD.



Cincinnati Post.

Thanksgiving, I've nothing to be especially thankful for. Oh, dear! The baby's crying," and leaving her breakfast, Mrs. Matthews hurried away.

"Poor little woman," thought her husband. "She has to work too hard. I wish I could afford to keep a girl for her. But nothing to be thankful for, that doesn't sound like Edith."

When baby Faye had been hushed to sleep it was time for Hiram to start for the store. He had lifted the twins from their high chairs and untied their bibs. He had also thoughtfully put the coffee pot on the stove and the steak in the oven that Edith might not find her breakfast cold when she had time to finish it.

"Good-by, little wife," he said, drawing her to him. "I'll send up something for Thanksgiving and see Mrs. Murphy about coming to help you to-morrow. Don't do much extra work, for there will be just ourselves. How I wish we could have gone to the old home. Still I feel like giving thanks, Edith, for my home, my babies, and you."

Words like these are usually sweet to a wife. But Edith had been kept awake the greater part of the night by a teething baby, so she replied wearily, "Get whatever you like. Perhaps I should feel thankful if we were rich."

"I hope we may be some day," Hiram began, but she interrupted him impatiently.

"Some day! When I am old and gray. It is now I want the things money can buy, luxuries for my babies, leisure for you and me, time to develop my nature. Well, I'll postpone my thanksgiving till I have something to give thanks for."

In spite of her flippant words, Edith clung for a moment to her husband. His face was grave, but he whispered tenderly, "My darling," and going out attempted to close the door softly behind him.

But the sharp November wind caught it from his hand and it slammed so loudly that Faye started up with a fretful cry. At the same moment Maude managed to upset a glass of water for which she had been reaching and adied her cries to Faye's.

"Thankful, indeed!" Edith said, as after a few moments of alternate soothing and scolding she succeeded in quieting both children. She sat down at the sit-

as Faye nestled her curly head on her mother's shoulder. "But I'm so tired of being poor. Of course, I appreciate my husband, my babies, and my cozy home. These are just common blessings, though, every one has them and some so many others."

The next day Edith was sitting by the window waiting for her husband's coming. Mrs. Murphy had just gone home, and in the pantry was the turkey all ready for the oven, mince and pumpkin pies, cranberry tarts, and a dainty rose cake.

The table was laid for tea in the dining room. When Hiram came there would be only the oysters to cook. Little Faye was asleep, while Maude and Mabel were building an imposing block house on the rug in front of the open fire.

"How happy they are," the young mother thought. "If I could have a nurse to care for them and leisure to teach them! As it is I've hardly time to listen to their prayers."

Just then a loud cry reached her. The hall door of the house opposite was dashed open and a woman came flying down the steps shrieking for help. It was Mrs. Ashley, and close behind her came the half-clad figure of a man. Edith could see his clenched fist uplifted while dreadful oaths reached her ears.

In a moment the scene was one of confusion. The servants rushed out screaming. Edith hurried to the door in time to see a policeman trip up the frantic man and to hear the nurse girl, who had the Ashley child in her arms, say:

"Oh, he'll be all right in the morning. I wish they'd hurry up and get things quiet. This baby is shivering with the cold."

"Will you bring the little girl in by my fire?" Edith asked.

"I'll be glad to, ma'am; for a minute. Was you scared, or did you know?" the girl continued, as she followed Mrs. Matthews into the sitting room.

"Know what?" Edith asked, lighting a lamp. "Who was that man?"

"Land! It was the master, Mr. Ashley, and Norah proceeded to rub little Bernice's hands in hers. "I don't believe you understand," she went on. "Is it possible we have lived so near for three months and you never know that Mr. Ashley had them times whenever he went

away from the milk to watch Maude and Mabel.

The child was dressed in a pink cashmere trimmed with costly lace. There were a couple of rings on her tiny hand. But Edith turned from these details to study the peculiar look in the dull blue eyes.

"Is she ill?" she asked gently. "Her eyes are so heavy."

"They're always so," Nora answered with a sigh. "I've nursed her since she was born and I love her better than the mother who bore her does. But, ma'am, it's easy to see Bernice isn't just right. The doctor says she can't live long. There were two babies before her and they both went sudden like. No constitutions, you see."

An exclamation of horror broke from Mrs. Matthews' lips. "The poor mother! How can she bear it?"

Norah shrugged her shoulders and rose. "I must be going. You've been very kind, ma'am. As to the mistress, she has society and fine clothes. Don't blame her too much. I think that brute killed her woman's soul years ago. We give a big dinner to-morrow night. The master will be sobered by that time. Giving thanks, you know. Now, Bernice, pet, Norah will take you home and put you to bed."

Edith accompanied her caller to the door. As she stood watching her cross the street, a brisk step came up the walk.

"I'm late, little wife," and Hiram Matthews stooped for the kiss which he never forgot. "Why, Edith, you are crying."

"Oh, Hiram, I am so glad to-morrow is Thanksgiving, so glad. May the dear Father in Heaven forgive me for my wicked words and thoughts. I've so much to be thankful for. Come in by the fire and I'll tell you all about it!"—Womankind.

Old Reliable.

Mrs. Oatbin—How'd them turkeys ye was raisin' fur Thanksgiving' turn out, Si?

Mr. Cornerib—Wall, the last one we had died in July, but we're goin' t' hev some prime pork sausage.—Puck.

MEN CONNECTED WITH THE WALSH TRIAL IN CHICAGO.



EMERGENCY CHECKS ARE AUTHORIZED BY BANKS.

Clearing House Decides Issuance of Scrip Will Help Local Financial Situation.

At a meeting of the Chicago Clearing House Association, which was attended by representatives of the nineteen member banks, it was decided, upon recommendation of the Clearing House committee, to issue checks of small denominations, to be used as a medium of exchange in lieu of currency until such time as local banks shall see fit to resume specie payments. The new checks will be in denominations of \$1, \$2, \$5 and \$10, and will be issued by the Chicago Clearing House Association in payment of clearing house certificates of large denominations, which have been previously issued to the banks.

It was decided, for the convenience of handling them, that the checks will be drawn on only four member banks of the association. These banks are the First National, the Corn Exchange National, the Continental National and the Commercial National. When any bank in the Clearing House Association desires a supply of the checks it must present to the manager of that organization clearing house certificates of the larger denominations for the amount of small checks it applies for. The checks of small denominations, which are guaranteed by the clearing house, will then be drawn, based on one of the banks designated, in payment of the clearing house certificates to the association, and the checks will be made payable to the bank which applied for them, or bearer, and will, therefore, be transferable from one holder to another without indorsement.

Banks receiving the checks will pay them out to customers for pay roll purposes and they will pass into the hands of employees, from them into the hands of merchants and others, and from the latter back into the banks, which will accept them as deposits.

The United States mint in Philadelphia Tuesday delivered \$1,000,000 in gold double eagles to the subtreasury there. It is stated that within the next three months the mint will coin \$52,000,000 in double eagles. This enormous amount of gold will be distributed among the subtreasuries and will be employed to relieve the money stringency.

The movement of gold from the vaults of European banks to the United States, which has been in progress for several weeks, in which the unprecedented total of nearly \$90,000,000 has been engaged abroad for import, still continues.

Dark Spell in Pittsburgh.

Within the period of five minutes Pittsburgh was plunged into semi-darkness from bright morning sunlight shortly after 8 o'clock Wednesday, due to the over-spreading of a heavy cloud laden with particles of dust.

Gen. Booth Returns Home.

The venerable head of the Salvation army, Gen. William Booth, sailed from New York for England Friday, having completed an extensive farewell tour of this country.

Universalists Adopt Resolutions.

The Universalists at their general convention recently held in Philadelphia, placed themselves on record as favoring: All movements tending to universal peace; precaution by ministers in performing marriage ceremonies, and a uniform divorce law throughout the United States; better legislation and enforcement of child labor laws; enactment and rigid enforcement of such laws as will exterminate intemperance. The convention opposed woman's suffrage and capital punishment.

SCHOOLS AND COLLEGES

From Maine and Missouri come complaints of low wages paid to teachers in the public schools. A committee of the Maine Teachers' Association has investigated conditions in that State, and reports that the average monthly salary of men teachers is \$11.51 below the average for the nation, and \$21.27 below the average for New England. For women teachers the average monthly salary is \$12.91 lower than that for the entire country, and \$11.50 below the New England average. The majority of women teachers in the State work for from six to nine dollars a week. About one-eighth are paid more than ten dollars. Over 2,000 elementary and high school teachers board at home, and this explains how it is possible for many teachers to sustain themselves on their small salaries. Maine has good teachers, and 1,876 of them have taken partial or complete normal training courses. The committee finds that 6,530 women working in the Maine cotton mills get an average weekly wage of \$5.90, while the average pay of women school teachers is \$6.90 a week. The average weekly pay of men in the cotton mills is \$8.01, according to this report, and the men teachers receive \$9.18. The committee says that the only other occupation in Maine for which figures are available is that included in the woolen industry, where the annual wages run from \$327 to \$500. The average pay of school teachers, including principals and superintendents, is \$421.

In an address before the National Educational Association at Los Angeles recently, President Benjamin Ide Wheeler of the University of California criticized the prevailing custom of prescribing a college education for all mental ills and condemning when the portion failed to cure. He said the public school must be made and kept the school for all, without recognition of classes or conditions, and that it must shape its work and plan so as to close no door, but rather open the freest opportunity for the best achievement and the highest advance. He thought, however, that the present rigid system of the grades, whose chief excuse has been economic necessity, must yield to permit the more rapid advance of gifted and diligent pupils, and that it should be borne in mind that the school exists for the child and not for the grade.

Supt. Maxwell of New York has urged principals to give the group system of teaching and grading a trial. The general principle is to so arrange the progress of pupils that each may have individual attention. Classes are separated into divisions and definite times are fixed for study. This allows bright pupils to do more advanced work by going from one division to another as fast as they are able.

It now appears that Lord Curzon, who recently was appointed chancellor of the University of Oxford, is to take up residence there and devote much of his time to injecting new life into the old institution. From this vantage ground he will push his public appeal for funds and carry out a scheme for modernizing the course of study.

The New York Board of Education has decided to restrict the use of feather dusters and to introduce the vacuum-cleaning process in one of the new school houses as a trial.

President Schneider of the Chicago School Board is advocating the Japanese imperial rescript on education as the standard of ethical and moral teaching in the Chicago public schools. A copy of this rescript, which recently has been translated, shows it to be a sort of educational creed, issued some thirty years ago by the Emperor of Japan. It includes such injunctions as devotion to parents and family, modesty, moderation, benevolence, pursuit of learning, cultivation of arts, advancement of the public good, respect for law and loyalty to the State.

WALSH TRIAL OPENS.

Chicago Millionaire Charged with Defalcation of a Large Sum.

John R. Walsh, the Chicago railroad magnate and millionaire, intimate friend of Senators, Congressmen and Kings of finance, faced the federal court Tuesday to answer charges of defalcation of \$15,000,000. Because of former associations with the banker, Judge Landis, of Standard Oil fame, refused to hear the case, and Judge Anderson of Indianapolis presided in his stead. Walsh has an array of counsel, whose fees are said to aggregate \$250,000. John S. Miller, "the \$100,000 Standard Oil lawyer," Attorney Hynes and other legal stars are among them.

Among the witnesses ordered to appear for the government are the directors and officers of the defunct Chicago National bank, Home Savings bank and Equitable Trust Company, three institutions wrecked by Walsh methods; National Bank Examiner Moxey, Etta McLean, the federal attorney's former stenographer, who was arrested for the theft of papers from his office, and the "dummy" signers of notes. Miss McLean was released later.

Walsh is under two indictments of more than 150 counts for the alleged looting of the banks. The funds were used in 1905, it is charged, for building his railroads in southern Indiana. Walsh began business life as a newsboy. Walsh was considered the financial king of Chicago.

COST OF THANKSGIVING DINNER.

Comparison Shows at Least 40 Per Cent Advance in Ten Years.

Thanksgiving is a heritage from our Puritan forefathers, and those Americans who are true to their traditions always do their best, of course. But this year the American father will find himself against a proposition which differs a little from that of his progenitors who provided the feast of thankfulness for the hungry youngsters of a century or two ago. Then the head of the household would shoulder his rifle and go out to knock over a couple of wild turkeys while his good wife was busy getting out from the cellar the vegetables and fruits to complete the feast. Nowadays father will have to hand out an unusual sum if the good wife is to feed everybody turkey with cranberry sauce, pumpkin pie, and other Thanksgiving fixings which have come to be necessary to the celebration of the day. It costs much more now to feed a family than it did at Thanksgiving time ten years ago. Here are the figures for 1907 and 1897:

	1907.	1897.
Turkeys, per pound.....	\$ 25	\$ 18
Chickens, per pound.....	20	15
Geese, per pound.....	15	11
Ducks, per pound.....	20	15
Cranberries, quart.....	12½	07
Sweet potatoes, per pound..	05	05
Butter, per pound.....	35	28
Celery, bunch.....	50	30
Pumpkins, each.....	20	15
Apples, peck.....	60	50
Eggs, dozen.....	29	20
Oysters, quart.....	40	25

Meat Prices Advance.

Despite the fact that there has recently been a material falling off in the price of hogs and beef cattle in the Texas markets, the Fort Worth retailers say that the packing houses have advanced the price of pork loins a half cent and other cuts 1½ cents, and a still further advance is looked for.

At Morristown, N. J., thieves discovered by telephone that A. R. Whitney was away from home and robbed his house.