

THE TRAMP'S THANKSGIVING

BY JOE LINCOLN



Good Farmer Jones was one who loved to help his fellow man; His heart was ever set upon some philanthropic plan. He loved to drop his quarter in the contribution box To buy the infant heathen pretty little shoes and socks, Or help to purchase hymn-books for the cannibals so wild, Or send a lovely necktie to some dusky Zulu child; In fact the worthy creature was delighted if he could But find some new invention in the way of doing good.

Now Farmer Jones had often read those tales of kindness done On holidays to needy folks by some large-hearted one— How Trapper Norton kept so well the jolly Christmas tide By dining till the lonely men who roamed the woodland wide, And other stories much the same which here and there he found; So when November came to hint "Thanksgiving's coming" round, He wished that he might do some deed that bore the Norton stamp, And inspiration said: "Then feed the suffering, homeless tramp."

Now tramps were plentiful about the home of Farmer Jones, And mainly, when they asked for bread the trowsfolk gave them stones. Or if they pleaded for a "bite" the dog supplied the same— Even Jones himself, in times gone by, had taught his cur that game; But now, as inspiration spoke, his being felt a thrill: "I'll feed them tramps Thanksgiving Day," he said, "O' gosh I will! I'll be a second Norton, and invite them wanderers here, And fill their hungry stomachs full of good old country cheer."

Now Mrs. Jones, our hero's wife, was practical and plain, And did not take to doing good in just her husband's vein; She "had no love for dirty tramps," she emphatically said, And hinted that her better half was "going off his head;" "If them low critters air ter come 'round here Thanksgiving Day," She said, "I'll board ter brother Ote's until they've gone away." "Board where yer please!" her husband cried, "But mine's a sacred trust Philanthropy!" roared Jones, inspired, "Philanthropy or bust!"

So when the next stray vagrant called the good man saw his chance, And after he detached his dog from the newcomer's pants, He told the latter of the feast which he was asked to share, And bade him to bring all his friends to taste the sumptuous fare, He told him of the turkeys plump which were to grace the board, He spoke of puddings round and rich with luscious raisins stored, He spoke of cider and of nuts, of apples and of pies, Until the happy vagrant left with watery mouth and eyes.

Thanksgiving morn dawned clear and bright, and Farmer Jones arose And donned in honor of the day his Sunday suit of clothes, And, after driving Mrs. Jones to "brother Ote's," returned To meet the humble friends for whom his generous spirit yearned. The dog, securely muzzled, was within its kennel chained, And of the servants 'round the place there not a one remained; Our hero's his goodness was a true friend, we own, And wished all praises from his guests should be for him alone.

Beneath its piteous array the table seemed to bend, With dainties heaped in luscious piles it shone from end to end, Four mighty gobblers lay in state all ready for the fork, With roasts of beef and legs of lambs and rounded ribs of pork; Potato mountains frowned above the crimson cranberry lakes, And puddings crowded pumpkin pies, and doughnuts elbowed cakes, Said Farmer Jones: "I calculate that feed'll strike 'em dumb; Why, Norton, he wa'n't in my class now in the comp'nny come."

And come they did, by twos and threes, from east, west, north and south, With smiles of joy a-dancing 'round each rough-be whiskered mouth; And there were tramps who begged and stole, and tramps who bathing shirked, And tramps who sang and tramps who sighed, but ne'er a tramp who worked.

And there was "Weary Raggles," "Dusty Rhodes" and "Sandy Pike," "Frayed Fagin," "Tired Thomas," "Walker Lott" and "High-toned Ike," And many another favorite with delighted grin Heard Farmer Jones cry: "Welcome all! Now, gentlemen, pitch in!"

Pitch in they did! With shouts and cheers and merry jokes and laughs, The turkeys soon were made to look like x-ray photographs, The puddings lost their rounded shapes, the pies in wedges flew, The mountains of potatoes were by earthquakes rent in two, And when of food on all that board no scrap was to be found, Then Farmer Jones with cider filled the glasses all around, And told them now they'd feasted well on sweets and fruits and roasts, He'd like their kind attention while he ventured on a toast.

They greeted him with hearty cheers when he arose to speak; His heart was touched and grateful tears stood on his sunburnt cheek; "My friends," he said, "I hope yer've tried yer appetites ter stay, (Cries of "you bet we have!") And now on this Thanksgiving Day, I wish ter state that doing good ter others is true bliss; ("That's so! Hear, hear!") And so my toast, my friends, is simply this: 'Thanksgiving,' tempered with—ahem—real, true philanthropy." They drank it twice, then once for luck, and gave him three times three.

Then "High-toned Ike" rose to reply and said: "Gents all, I claim That this ere grand Thanksgiving Day is worthy of the name. And when I think of all we owe our entertainer here, I wish I owned a handkercher in which ter drop a tear; I long to have a hog'shead nigh ter weep in, as my mind Recalls the fact that we must go and leave this friend behind; But, brothers all, we must not leave this sweet and lovely scene Without some little souvenirs ter keep his memory green."

"Fer instance," Ike continued, "I will take these silver spoons, They'll bring ter mind that cran-b'ry sass and them delicious prunes; And likewise I will pocket this ere silver ladle, fer 'Twill make me think of Jones, the first in peace and also war; And, Mr. Raggles, I've no doubt that teapot there would be A pretty good spoke-like fer you! I though you ain't fond of tea; I know that Mr. Jones is pleased, I see it in his eye, To think we'll all have somethin' ter remember of him by."

The wrathful Jones sprang up amazed, but swiftly, then and there, With his own clothes line he was bound securely in his chair; "Blessed be the tie that binds," said Ike. "Now, friends, excuse these tears, But tempus is a fugitin'; collect yer souvenirs."

And, at the word, that motley crowd, with whoop and joyous shout, Began with business-like dispatch to clean their patron out, Appropriating everything of value on the place, Regardless of the horror shown upon their victim's face.

They rummaged through the closets and tried on his other suits, While "Weary Raggles" took his watch, and "Dusty Rhodes" his boots; They stole the chickens from his coops, the jellies from his shelves, Whenever they saw a thing they liked they calmly helped themselves; But, just before they left, each stood with eager glances in, while "High-toned Ike" gave out this toast, "Ter Jones, philanthropist May he live on, a shinin' light among his fellow men, And give another feed when next Thanksgiving comes again."

Thanksgiving dino is here once more and Farmer Jones still lives, But, though kind hearted yet, he takes more care to whom he gives, And while this year he feeds again the needy and the poor, His guests are people round about with whom he feels secure; "Philanthropy, though fine for some," he says, "fer some is not, And don't do half the good that does a double charge 'er shot;" So tramps who chance to read this rhyme should take this hint and stay Far, far from Farmer Jones's house upon Thanksgiving Day.

A Successful Test. Milwaukee, Wis., Nov. 23.—A successful test of wireless telegraphy under the Johnson-Fortier system was given last night. Messages were sent 150 feet and through half a dozen partitions in a leading hotel. The apparatus used in the sending and receiving of messages consists of the ordinary key and sounder in connection with an induction or spark coil. The system is altogether different from Marconi's invention.

Reserved a Life Interest. Washington, Nov. 23.—The deed transferring the Dewey home from Admiral and Mrs. Dewey to the admiral's son George was recorded yesterday in the office of the recorder of deeds. A life interest in the property is reserved by Admiral Dewey and his wife.

A Loving Cup for Schley. New York, Nov. 23.—A solid silver loving cup was received Wednesday at Tompkinsville, Staten Island, for Rear Admiral Schley. It came from the citizens of St. Louis and was sent to the admiral's flagship, the Chicago.

HOBART IS DEAD.

The Vice President Succumbs to a Lingering Illness.

The Funeral Will Take Place at Paterson, N. J., on Saturday. Senator Frye, of Maine, Will Preside Over the Senate Until March 4, 1901.

Paterson, N. J., Nov. 23.—Vice President Hobart died at 8:30 a. m. Tuesday. The family and physicians were at Mr. Hobart's bedside when he expired. The vice president had been failing since late Monday afternoon, although the reports given out at the house were that he was holding his own.

Soon after midnight he became unconscious and remained in that condition until his death. Before Mr. Hobart became unconscious he was able to converse with Mrs. Hobart about some private affairs. He was very patient and showed his remarkable will power up to the last.



VICE PRESIDENT GARRET A. HOBART.

Mr. Hobart was born in Monmouth county, N. J., June 2, 1844. He entered Rutgers college in 1860 and graduated in 1863. Thereafter he taught school until he entered the law office of Socrates Tuttle, of Paterson, N. J. He was admitted to the bar in 1869 and began the practice of law with Mr. Tuttle. He became the clerk of the grand jury in 1865 and was appointed city counsel of Paterson in 1871. He was elected counsel for the board of chosen freeholders in 1872 and was elected to the legislature in 1873. He was re-elected to the assembly in 1874 and was made speaker in 1876. He entered the senate of New Jersey in 1879 and in 1881 was elected speaker of that body. In 1876 New Jersey sent him as a delegate-at-large to the national republican convention and again in 1880 the same honor was bestowed upon him. He was elected a member of the national republican committee in 1884 and served continuously upon that body until 1896, when he was nominated for the vice presidency of the United States.

By the death of Mr. Hobart Senator William P. Frye, of Maine, becomes president pro tem of the senate and will discharge all the duties of the vice president as presiding officer of that body. The senate rules provide that no election is necessary at the beginning of the session. Senator Frye accordingly will continue as presiding officer till the end of President McKinley's administration, unless he chooses to resign, or the senate wishes to elect another senator to the office.

A curious coincidence of the death of Vice President Hobart is found in the fact that of the six vice-presidents who have died in office, four died within a few days of the same day of the month, the death of Mr. Hobart being the 21st of November, 1899; that of Mr. Wilson the 22d of November, 1875; that of Elbridge Gerry, November 23, 1814, and that of Mr. Hendricks November 25, 1855. The other two vice-presidents who died in office were Clinton and King. The former died April 29, 1812, and the latter April 17, 1853.

By law the succession to the presidency of the United States in the event of vacancy falls upon the vice president, and in the event of the latter's death, to the secretary of state, the next in line being the secretary of the treasury, then the secretary of war, and down through the list of cabinet officers in order of precedent fixed by act of congress when the death of Vice President Hendricks disclosed the necessity of such a provision.

New York, Nov. 23.—The funeral of the late Garret A. Hobart will take place on Saturday. The morning services at the residence will be attended by only the members of Mr. Hobart's family, President McKinley and his cabinet and Mr. Hobart's most intimate friends. At the church of the Redeemer in Paterson the public service will be held at 2:30 p. m. The body will not lie in state in the city hall, as was desired by the city authorities, but on Friday afternoon the casket will be opened in the library of his home and for three hours the public may view the face of the late vice president.

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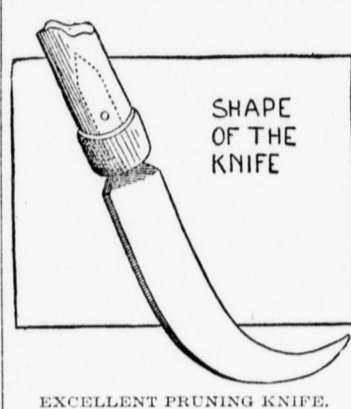


HANDY PRUNING KNIFE.

Especially Adapted for Cutting out the Old Wood of Strawberry and Raspberry Plants.

Anyone having tried to cut out the old wood of raspberries and blackberries without a proper tool knows that the job is anything but a pleasant one. Various-shaped knives are in use. I have seen more hook-shaped and V-shaped knives than any other kind. But such knives cut hard. The force necessary to cut an old woody cane is sometimes quite enough to pull up a whole raspberry plant. To make cutting easy one should draw the knife across the object to be cut. A slice of beefsteak may be shaved off much easier by a drawing cut than by pressure squarely against it with the knife, however sharp it may be. If the same principle could be applied to the old wood of our berry plantations something would be gained.

I have lately come across a knife that works well. I have tested it, and find



EXCELLENT PRUNING KNIFE.

it superior to anything else I have seen. Looking at the accompanying illustration one might suppose a knife of such shape would slip off instead of cutting. But that is not so. In testing it one will be surprised how nicely it will do the cutting. It will slip just enough to give the drawing motion, and thus it will sever the hard cane from the stub with the least outlay of strength.

The illustration represents the shape of the knife exactly as it should be. A good blacksmith should be able to make one out of a worn-out flat file. It should be inserted in an old hoe-handle, or something of that order, and be keyed on as shown. A leather loop may be nailed to the wooden handle about half-way up to prevent the hand from slipping on the handle, but this is not essential.

Gathering up the old wood and the trimmings is another unpleasant feature of berry culture. Here, also, the right tool will facilitate the work. The best thing I know of is a rake made out of a worn-out wheelcrake, such an implement many a farm. An enterprising farmer's boy of mechanical turn will be able to construct one without much trouble. It should be made narrow enough to work easily between the rows, and the two straight handles should be bolted on and left sticking out behind to guide and lift the tool by. A ten-acre field may be gone over with such a rake in one day, leaving all the brush at the ends of the rows. It is pretty hard work to run the tool.—F. Greiner, in Farm and Fireside.

BACTERIA AND FLAVOR.

Useful and Practical Information Placed in the Possession of Dairywomen by Science.

Probably in no department of research is a greater amount of investigation going forward and valuable data and actual discovery being made than in dairy science; and while some of the discoveries have been of little or no value, a wonderful amount of useful and practical material has been placed in the hands of the dairywomen, says Mark Lane Express. Among the new things announced, since it has been shown how nearly ferments and flavors in butter are associated, is that if certain acids are added to sweet cream it is not necessary to wait for the development of lactic acid bacteria in the cream, but that it could be churned at once, and churned quite readily, and the true flavor secured. Investigators have been at work on this problem, and an announcement of the results has been made. The most satisfactory result came from using hydrochloric acid diluted in twice its bulk of water, and adding this in small quantities to the sweet cream. Everything was satisfactory, except that the butter had no aroma, though it was pronounced fair and good by the judges. The butter kept well, and had a water content of 12½ per cent.; but the low flavor was against it, though not a trace of acid was to be detected, or found by analysis. About the most important thing brought out was that butter seems to be fully dependent upon bacteria for true flavor, rather than the food, provided that the latter is wholesome and not of a character to impart obnoxious flavors to the milk, which after all could not be called butter flavor in any sense of the word.

The cow that is kindly treated and quietly handled gains what is known in human society as an "elegant repose of manner," that, in her, tends to a good flow of wholesome milk.

The cleaner and neater the appearance of the package and fruit the quicker it will catch the eyes of the buyer.

THE ICE MACHINE'S PART.

At Last There Has Been a New Feature Introduced into Uncle Tom's Cabin.

There is a new wrinkle in "Uncle Tom's Cabin" theatrical companies. One of them, which is ransacking the state of New Jersey for audiences, has hit upon the device of buying a refrigerating machine and using real blocks of ice in the scene in which Eliza, pursued by a pack of barking mongrels, crosses the river carrying in her arms a stuffed doll.

The ice-making machine has proved an enormous success. At the Ridgewood opera house, where the ice machine played a few evenings ago, a frantic crowd fought its way through the doors. At the first performance the ice machine was kept in the background. Several cakes were manufactured before the performance and placed on the green baize river. They were carefully sand-d on the surface, so that when Eliza made her grand dash for liberty she would not turn undignified somersaults. The ice machine, however, had been so largely advertised that gossips wanted to see it. They sat in their places after the curtain descended upon the solemn death of Little Eva and howled for the ice machine to come out and show itself. The stage manager and a couple of deck hands had to carry it to the front of the stage. Then they turned the handle and, amid uproarious applause, the machine produced a cake of real ice. Since then a part has been written in the play for the ice machine. When the river scene opens a couple of southern speculators are discovered experimenting with the machine. They produce their ice, and not having any immediate use for it turn it into the river, and it sits upon the river surface at proper intervals to accommodate Eliza's footsteps. A colored man comes out and sprinkles sand over the ice in full view of the audience.—Chicago Chronicle.

DRAMATIC CRITICISM.

"East Lynne" as Reviewed by a Wild and Woolly Topeka Reporter.

The reports from those who attended the production of "East Lynne" in all its gorgeous misconception the other night unite in pronouncing it a little the worst show that has ever cracked 14 square yards of plastering off the ceiling of the opera house in this city. Lady Isabel was about as bewitching as a sun-kissed maiden of Senegambia, and a man who would fall in love with her would fall into a coal pit through a two-inch gauge rail. When she returned from the mountains of Germany as Miss Vango to play the nursery maid to her son she looked as though she had played hockey from a smallpox graveyard. The special scenery where she met Sir Francis Levison and made a post-mortem contract to run away with him looked like a cross between the malaria-smeared hills of Arkansas and a diseased vermiform appendix.

Mr. Carlyle had a voice which had to be raised with a derrick in order for the people in the back part of the audience to hear it. When it was at its highest pitch the tackle would break or some one would knock the blocking from under it and it would fall like the price of steers during a democratic administration. Barbara Hare looked as though she had been left over from a bargain sale and didn't care much whether her insurance ran out or not. Aunt Cornelia had a voice that sounded like a cross between an army mule with a ringworm and a cross-cut saw, and was built a good deal like an Oklahoma cyclone on stilts. The one good thing about the entire show that a good deal of it was left out and it could have been improved upon by taking a meat ax and cutting out the rest of it and turning the actors into the cornfields and kitchens where they belong.—Topeka Journal.

The Life Saver of Children.

is Hoxsie's Croup Cure. It is the only safe and sure cure for croup and pneumonia, and opium to stupify. No speac to nauseate. 50 cents. A. P. Hoxsie, Buffalo, N. Y.

He who builds according to every man's advice will have a queer structure.—Chicago Daily News.

To Cure a Cold in One Day. Take Loxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund money if it fails to cure. 25c.

Some people say a great deal, but talk very little.—Chicago Daily News.

A Mann Revenge. "What did Dobbie do with that portrait of you he painted?"

"The one I declined to take?"

"Yes."

"The brute sent it to the exhibition as the 'Portrait of a Gent.'"—Harlem Life.

His Experience. "Have you ever played football?" she asked.

"No," he replied, "but when I was a cowboy I was once run over by a herd of stamped steers."—Chicago Times-Herald.

Coffee for Breakfast.

Doctor—Dyspepsia, eh? You want to drink a cup of hot water first thing every morning.

Patient—I always do. My boarding mistress invariably serves coffee for breakfast.—Philadelphia Record.

Better Than Love Drops.

Miss Long—In this cold and practical age nobody seems to have the least confidence in love potions.

Mr. Quin—No; diamonds have been found infinitely more potent.—Jewelers' Weekly.

On the Boulevard.

First Bicyclist—Mamma says I must not get engaged to every Tom, Dick and Harry I meet.

Second Bicyclist—Oh, that's all right. My name is Bob, you know.—Judge.

A Slow Process.

Todd—Has your boy got over his college course yet?

Todd—Not yet. I imagine it will be some years before he learns to treat me as an equal.—Brooklyn Life.

Look at your tongue! If it's coated, your stomach is bad, your liver out of order. Ayer's Pills will clean your tongue, cure your dyspepsia, make your liver right. Easy to take, easy to operate. 25c. All druggists.

Want your mustache or beard a beautiful brown or rich black? Then use BUCKINGHAM'S DYE for the Whiskers.

A Most Extraordinary Club.

Mrs. Ada Brown Talbot, of New York, editor of the Clubwoman, says that the most extraordinary club she ever ran across is conducted by a demure and dignified little woman of seven, the daughter of a club president. The editor called one day, and was received by her little friend with open arms.

"At last I've got a chair," she said. "I am very glad, my dear," said the editor. "I hope it is comfortable and pretty." "Oh, it is not for me; it is for my club." "I didn't know you had a club." "Of course I have—just like mamma. My dolly is president, and I got the chair for her. You see," she explained, in a whisper, "there's only dolly in it, and the dolly that makes the most noise is president, just like mamma's club. That's my dolly. She talks when you push her back. Broke the spring, and now she talks till she is runned down. So she's president. Don't you think that's nice?"

And Mrs. Talbot said she did.—Philadelphia Saturday Evening Post.

Palace on Wheels.

is a somewhat hackneyed term as applied to railroad trains, but it accurately describes the Alton Limited, the newly equipped day train of the Chicago & Alton R. R. Co. which was placed in daily service between Chicago and St. Louis, November 16, 1899. The equipment consists of standard Chicago & Alton passenger locomotive; United States postal car, sixty-six feet length; combination passenger and baggage car, combination parlor chair car and coach; Chicago & Alton parlor chair car; cafe and buffet smoking car and Pullman parlor observation car, each of which is seventy-two feet six inches in length. The framing of all these cars is Pullman standard with Empire decks, wide vestibules, standard steel platforms and anti-telescoping device. All of the cars are lighted with electric lights except the mail car which is lighted with gas. Each car is equipped with electric lights and baggage car, which are lighted with Pintsch gas. The windows throughout the entire train are of uniform width, the Gothic lights above being of the new Pullman standard. The ornamentation is of special design, the color scheme being maroon. Great care has been used in the selection of plushes and woods for the interior, and the lamps, metal furnishings, etc., are of special design. It is claimed that there has never been built in America a train which has received as much attention as to constructive details as has The Alton Limited. An examination of this superb train certainly bears out this claim.

"Oh, yes, he hates all women." "I wonder what particular woman he began with?"—Indianapolis Journal.

Many People Cannot Drink.

coffee at night. It spoils their sleep. You can drink Grain-O when you please and sleep like a top. For a reliable coffee substitute, nourishes, cheers and feeds. Yet it looks and tastes like the best coffee. For nervous persons, young people and children Grain-O is the perfect drink. Made from pure grains. Get a package from your grocer to-day. Try it in place of coffee. 15c and 25c.

The great trouble seems to be that bad luck is natural, while people are compelled to work for good luck.—Atchison Globe.

Reliable information concerning the climate, farming, trucking, fruit, mineral and timbered lands in North Carolina will be furnished to those applying to W. Thompson, Assistant Commissioner, Raleigh, N. C. With its unsurpassed climate and its undeveloped resources, North Carolina is to be the bonanza of the future. It presents many attractions to home seekers.

For real genuine sarcastic comment, you are referred to the tombstones in the cemetery.—Atchison Globe.

Lane's Family Medicine. Moves the bowels each day. In order to be healthy this is necessary. Acts gently on the liver and kidneys. Cures sick head-ache. Price 25 and 50c.

It is only in accord with the eternal fitness of things that the crook should always be on mischief bent.—Chicago Daily News.

Mrs. Pinkham's Medicine Made a New Woman of Mrs. Kuhn. (LETTER TO MRS. PINKHAM No. 64,492)

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM—I think it is my duty to write to you expressing my sincere gratitude for the wonderful relief I have experienced by the use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I tried different doctors, also different kinds of medicine. I would feel better at times, then would be as bad as ever. "For eight years I was a great sufferer. I had falling of the womb and was in such misery at my monthly periods I could not work but a little before I would have to lie down. Your medicine has made a new woman of me. I can now work all day and not get tired. I thank you for what you have done for me. I shall always praise your medicine to all suffering women."—MRS. E. E. KUHN, GERMANO, OHIO.

"I have taken eight bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and used two packages of your Sanative Wash, also some of the Liver Pills, and I can say that your remedies will do all that I claim for them. Before taking your remedies I was very bad with lab trouble, was nervous, had no ambition, could not sleep, and my food seemed to do me no good. Now I am well, and your medicine has cured me. I will gladly recommend your medicine to every one wherever I go."—MRS. M. L. SHEARS, GUN MARSH, MICH.

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