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The Empress Dowager of China has demonstrated that the woman in politics can command unlimited consideration under certain conditions.

Six of the foremost colleges report that their freshmen classes this term are the largest they have ever received. There is undoubtedly a boom in education as well as in business.

Thirty-three schools have been opened in Santiago De Cuba and these are to be conducted on American lines. The pupils will be instructed in the English language and American history.

Broadminded educators are striving to establish special classes for deficient children. The idea deserves careful consideration. The pitiful sight is often witnessed in our public schools of the teacher who never looks below the surface of things holding up to admiration the bright pupil at the expense of the child whose dormant faculties, if properly developed, might in the end win the race of life.

Means taken by the Maryland Board of Health to insure a good water supply at places of public resort in that State would be very efficient if the majority of people had learned to take seriously the warnings of sanitary science in this respect. It has ordered that examinations be made from time to time by the chemist and the biologist of the Board of the water supplies of such resorts, and that the results be reported to the owners of the resorts and be made public. This is not altogether a new line of sanitary work in Maryland. The Health Board has the power to inspect water sources, and has done so, reporting the condition to the owner, and if the source was found to be faulty has suggested that it be abandoned. It has no further power in the matter, however, except in the presence of epidemic disease, and as its suggestions have been disregarded in some instances, it has adopted the plan of publicity. This may influence the proprietors of public resorts, and thus the people may be protected against the consequences of their own carelessness.

Manchester, England, is now confronted with a serious problem in connection with its ship canal, says Bradstreet's. When that undertaking was begun, twelve or fifteen years ago, provision was made in the construction of the canal for steamships drawing about twenty-two feet of water and of a capacity of not over 3000 tons. Since then there has been a steady increase in the capacity and draught of ocean-going steamers, and the canal, owing to the lack of foresight of its projectors, is unable to accommodate the new class of ocean tramps, to say nothing of the liners which the sanguine do not despair of seeing setting forth from Manchester on transatlantic voyages. It is also pointed out that if Manchester is to succeed in building up a direct trade in cotton with American ports there must be more dock and warehouse accommodations. It cannot supersede Liverpool as a cotton port when there is no adequate provision for storing the staple as it arrives. It would seem that this lack of capacity in the canal itself and the want of warehouse facilities are affecting the growth of the canal business. In the first half of 1898 its revenues increased about \$45,000, but in the corresponding half year of 1897 the increase was \$80,000, and, in 1906, \$90,000.

What is probably the most radical departure from the old system of trial by jury is under test in Louisiana. The change is by authority of the recent Constitutional Convention in the State. That body, in addition to other remarkable acts, provided that in criminal cases where the punishment may not be imprisonment at hard labor the trial may be by the judge, without a jury; if the punishment may be imprisonment at hard labor, the case must be tried by a jury of five; and if the punishment must be hard labor, then the jury shall consist of twelve, the concurrence of nine of whom is sufficient for a verdict. As explained by a Louisiana paper, the purpose of the enactment was to get rid of the delay and expense of long jury trials and of disagreeing juries. In this respect it is a success. The courts have been able to dispose of much more business, and at lessened cost, the reduction in expense at a single term of one court being \$2000. It remains to be seen, however, how the change will affect the prisoner. On this point the framers of the constitutional clause appeared to entertain doubts. They made its place in the constitution tentative, by a provision that the Legislature may change it after 1904, and return to the old system if the new one is found not to work well.



OM MATTHEWS and his sister Josie were walking leisurely along the lane which led from the lower pasture, up through the cornfield, to the house. They were walking slowly and talking. Tom was sixteen years old—a slim, light-haired boy, with an interesting face. Josie was two years younger, and being much like Tom, and a girl, was of course, pretty. It was Tom who was talking. "I am going away," he was saying, "and I am going to be extinguished. I am not going to stay on a farm all my life. I can draw letters now as good as those on some of the signs in town, and I am going to be an artist, and extinguished."

nice dresses and presents, and everything, like those New York ladies wear. Josie's eyes brightened, and then grew dreamy. She wished almost that she might go with Tom. How nice it was to be a boy. Then she walked around to see what it was that Tom was doing so industriously. With a final flourish at the end he stood, standing side by side in the October afternoon sunlight, read: "I Will be Extinguished." Tom landed in New York about the middle of October. I am quite sure there were tears in his eyes, however, when he at last said good-bye to his mother and sister; and Josie, I know, wept bitterly, though perhaps her grief was not altogether hopeless as she remembered the silk dresses that Tom was to send. Mrs. Mathews kissed him tenderly, though she said but little—she had grown accustomed to parting. Tom's first day or two in the city were spent in looking about. As a matter of fact he did get lost a good many times, as Josie had prophesied, and would probably never had reached his boarding house the first day at all,



God's oak of plenty overflows With gracious gifts for men; His loving bounty He bestows In ways beyond our ken, And so beyond our ken, To His great throne above, The thanks of grateful millions rise For His unchanging love.

City, some eighty miles away. The Mathews place was famous for its big pumpkins, and the amount received each year for this crop was no small addition to the income of the little Connecticut farm. Sometimes during corn cutting Tom had amused himself by scratching sentences on the big yellow rinds with his thumb nail, giving play both to his imagination and talent for lettering, besides feeling that these words would go soon to the great city and be read by people there who were really a part of its bustle, and who saw every day the wonderful sights of which he had only read and dreamed. These letters, etched lightly on the ripening pumpkins, hardened over with a white crust in a few days, and became very distinct and easily read. On one he had inscribed, "What Do You Think of Me?" on another, "This is My First Visit," and so on. Finally, the desire to behold for himself the sights of New York, and to seek his fortune like Dick Whittington, and others of whom he had read, had become a resolve. He had resolved his plan over in his mind until it seemed perfect, and fame and fortune already within his grasp.



He had spoken of it to Josie now for the first time, and charged her to say nothing as yet to their mother, who was a widow, and who, with the help of Tom and the hired man, ran the place. Josie felt the weight of the secret, but she believed in her brother. She leaned her elbows now on one of the big pumpkins half as tall as herself, resting her chin on her hands thoughtfully. Tom, meanwhile was laboring at something on the other side. "It's a good time to go," he was saying to her, "the fall work will soon be done, and by spring I will be making enough to pay for the extra help mother will need, and I will send you

without the aid of numerous policemen. The address of this boarding house had been given him by a neighbor who had once visited the city, and Tom found, by counting the money, and making a mental calculation, that he had barely enough to keep him there three weeks. He must therefore set about securing a position at once. Artists and their studios were quite different from what he had imagined, and no one seemed anxious to engage an assistant. One man with a French accent offered to take him as a pupil at a rate of tuition that would have used up Tom's capital in a few days, to say nothing of board. Most of them hardly noticed him at all. At the end of a week he grew disheartened by his unsuccessful efforts to become an artist and had modified his plans. He would be a sign painter. But somehow his efforts in this direction were equally disheartening, and three days later he descended still further the sliding scale of art. He could make letters so well, he would secure a place as box-marker in some mercantile house. "Let's see how you can mark," said one man in the shipping room of a big house on Pearl street. Eager to try, Tom took the brush and dipped it into the marking-pot. Then he made a few letters on the smooth board placed before him. The brush was big and mushy, and different from any he had used. He was not anxious to succeed. His letters were ragged and stiff. The man beside him took the brush. "This is the way to mark," he said. As Tom watched the ease and rapidity with which the graceful letters seemed to fairly flow from the soft brush, he turned sick.

"You will make a marker some time, but you need practice." His artistic dreams had vanished. He simply wanted work—any kind that would bring money. The next morning he got his breakfast at a cheap little place on Fulton street, where there were always a lot of big yellow pumpkins out in front to serve as a sign. He came here as often as he could, because the pumpkins reminded him of home. It was on the following Saturday that he earned his first money. A snow had fallen during the night, and a saloon-keeper gave him twenty-five cents to shovel away the slush from the pavement in front of his door. The next week he earned fifty cents in a

similar manner. His capital was reduced to two dollars now, and he was eating barely enough to keep him alive. He continued to go to the sign of the big pumpkins for his meagre lunches, as being the one place in all the vast city that had for him a flavor of his home.

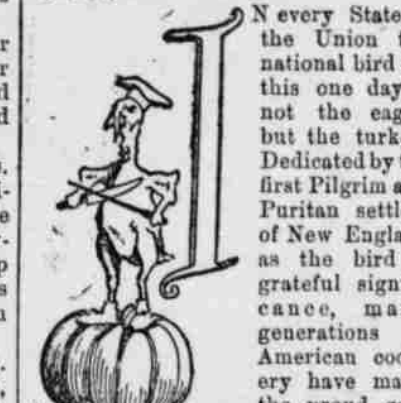
Finally, when he had but a dollar left, he spent more than half of it for a shoe blacking outfit, and mingled with the throng of street boys around Printing House Square. This was a sad end to his dreams. Instead of painting pictures or beautiful signs, or even marking boxes, he was painting boots. He was able, however, to earn enough to pay for a cheap lodging, and be able to eat as high as three ten cent meals a day at the sign of the big pumpkins.

Thanksgiving came late that year. The day before was cold and sloppy, and no one wanted a shine. Tom crept disconsolately down Fulton street to his supper. He had a little money. By dint of economy he had accumulated nearly two dollars as a sinking fund. Perhaps unconsciously he had saved it for a purpose which he did not confess even to himself. As he drew near the cheap little eating-house with the big golden pumpkins in front, his eyes suddenly grew dim and he trembled all over. The light streamed out on the pavement, and in its radiance, he read on one of the great yellow rinds the fatal words he had himself wrought three months before on that beautiful October afternoon, with sweet sister Josie looking on. "I Will be Extinguished."

He had learned long since his wrong use of the word. In fact he had misgivings and looked it up before he left home. But it did not seem to him

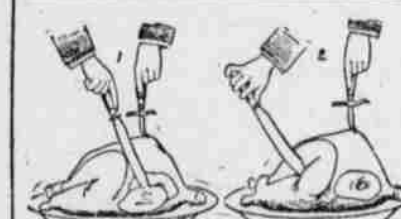
CARVING A TURKEY.

DIRECTIONS FOR THE ONLY PERFECT AND PROPER WAY TO DO IT.



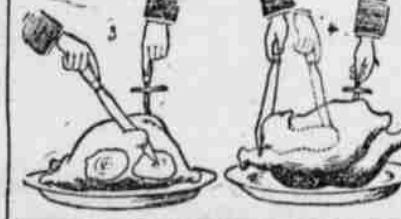
N every State in the Union the national bird for this one day is not the eagle, but the turkey. Dedicated by the first Pilgrim and Puritan settlers of New England as the bird of grateful significance, many generations of American cookery have made the proud gobble the symbol of what has become a thorough national festival, proclaimed by the President and all the Governors of the States. The long sermons and the long faces of the colonial days have disappeared. But the turkey remains—a toothsome and triumphant survival, full of a savory satisfaction and a juicy joy, whereof the popular palate promises never to grow tired. Next to the art of cooking this glorious bird stands the art of carving it, and the amateur who is this year called upon for the first time to officiate over the Thanksgiving piece of resistance may do so with great success if he follows the directions as given here:

NO. 1.—REMOVING THE LEFT WING. Place the fork in the breast of the turkey as shown in cut, having one prong on each side of the breast bone. Grasp the handle of the fork in the left hand and, laying the flat of the knife parallel with and close to the neck, just above where the left wing joins the body, cut downward, catching the cartilage, and a single sweep of the knife removes the wing.



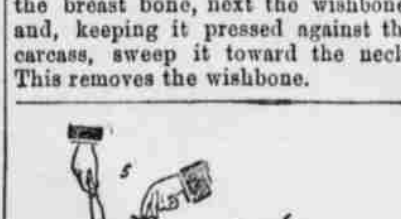
NO. 2.—REMOVING LEG AND SECOND JOINT. Put the point of the knife into the flesh which holds the second joint to the carcass, and cut downward to where the second joint's bone joins with the carcass.

NO. 3.—SLICING OFF THE BREAST. The breast may be sliced off in two ways. That shown in the illustration removes it in slices parallel to the breast bone, as indicated by the dotted lines. It may also be removed in slices by cutting crossways.

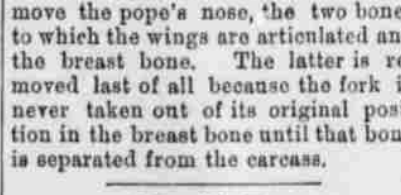


NO. 4.—REMOVING THE OYSTER BONE. Place the flat of the knife against the vertebrae connecting the oyster's nose with the carcass and press the edge in the direction of the neck of the bird. When the knife reaches the place indicated by the dotted line turn the blade, and the leverage causes the oyster bone to fall into the plate. After removing the oyster bone turn the platter and remove from the right side the wing, the leg, the breast and the oyster bone in the same manner as on the left side.

NO. 5.—REMOVING THE WISHBONE. Place the flat of the knife against the breast bone, next the wishbone, and, keeping it pressed against the carcass, sweep it toward the neck. This removes the wishbone.



NO. 6.—SEPARATING THE OTHER BONES. The dotted lines show how to remove the oyster's nose, the two bones to which the wings are articulated and the breast bone. The latter is removed last of all because the fork is never taken out of its original position in the breast bone until that bone is separated from the carcass.



A Terrible Blow. Just as J. Turk and family are about to leave for Canada to escape the annual slaughter of their race Papa Turk picks up a paper and reads that the Canadian Government has issued a proclamation calling upon its subjects to observe Thanksgiving Day in the American way.

The man who wants the earth probably never stopped to think what the taxes would be.—Puck.

THE MERRY SIDE OF LIFE.

STORIES THAT ARE TOLD BY THE FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

The Sea of Finance—Financial Item—A Place to Visit—A Great Discovery—A Noble Success—Reminiscences—Mr. Quiverful's Positive Statement, Etc. "Oh, never plunge, for you could not do worse." The youth exclaimed with an impressive fervor. "Unless your family has an ample purse to throw you when you need a life preserver." —Washington Star.

A Place to Visit. "Doesn't Miss Plimham make delicious sandwiches?" "By George! yes; I wish she would marry some other man and go to housekeeping." Financial Item. Short—"I say, Long, lend me ten dollars until the fifteenth, will you?" Long—"Sorry, old man, but I've got some heavy bills to meet on the sixteenth." —Life.

A Great Discovery. Mrs. Read—"Isn't it strange?" Mr. Read—"What, my dear?" Mrs. Read—"There never yet has been a strike in an alarm clock factory." —The Jewelers' Weekly.

Mr. Quiverful's Positive Statement. Mr. Quiverful—"Do you know, dear, that I think the baby sometimes cries in her sleep." Mr. Quiverful (stily)—"I don't know about that, but I know she often cries in mine."

Wanted Plenty of Room.



Passenger—"I'm not a bad fellow, but you want to give me a wide berth." —Judge.

Reminiscences. "I gave my husband a dose of sulphur and molasses for his blood." "Was he willing to take it?" "Yes; but he said it wasn't half as good as that his mother used to make." —Chicago Record.

A Notable Success. Footlight—"How did your friend play the part of Julius Caesar?" Sue Brett—"Great! I really thought the audience would assassinate him before Marc Anthony had a chance." —Yonkers Statesman.

Rough on De Dude. De Dude (who does not like a very high collar)—"These collars are very high. Show me something lower." Salesgirl (with dignity)—"These are the cheapest we have, sir. We don't keep slop-shop goods."

In Forgiving Mood. "Do you recognize me, sir?" "I do not." "I expected as much. I am the wretched man who eloped with your daughter five years ago. Take her back, sir, and all will be forgiven." —Life.

Base Ingratitude. Parrot (scornfully)—"Aw—what a hat! What a hat! What a hat!" Old Lady (indignantly)—"The ungrateful beast! I'll resign from the Audubon Society at once and trim my bonnet with parrot wings." —Harper's Bazar.

Strong Healing Power. "Did that stuff revive you?" asked the attending physician of his impatient patient. "Revive me, Doc? Good heavens! Three doses of that medicine would resuscitate the dead languages." —Detroit Free Press.

Had His Own Troubles. His Confidential Man—"The missionary says he is ready to be a martyr."

The Cannibal Chief—"Oh! it's easy enough for him to talk. Look at me! I am a martyr—have been for years—to dyspepsia." —Puck.

Her Wonderful Powers. "My wife," said the tall man, "is as womanly a woman as you could find, but she can hammer nails like lightning."

"Wonderful!" sang the chorus. "Lightning," the tall man continued, "seldom strikes twice in the same place."

Too Heavy For Comfort. McDermott—"Sure it's a heavy man ye are. How much do ye weigh?" Fatman—"I suppose you'd like to see me weighed?" McDermott—"Yes, I'd like to see ye wade ashore." —The King's Jester.

A MURMUR FROM MUDVILLE.

There's been the dingiest earthquake in what's called our social status. All the gals we called "our earnest" now they seem to look at us! We have plenty faith in beauty, but we have no place to pin it. For the gals make us concealment of the fact that we ain't it. Since them volunteers came home From Santiago!

Through the spring and through the summer days, we scarcely need to mention, we took these gals to picnics, and we showed 'em much attention. And they cheerfully attended every dance held in their honor. But there's something seems to whisper to us each, "Oh! you're a goner!" Since them volunteers came home From Santiago!

Of course we don't little all the yaras them lads are tellin'. How they stormed the hills of Cuba with the Spaniards round their yella; but what hurts us is to notice all Jane and Sue and others and a bunchin' them, doggone it! just the same as they were brothers. Since them volunteers came home From Santiago!

Course, our motives they is honest, and you mustn't misconstrue 'em; Let them fighters have the glory, let them have all that is due 'em— and it makes our voices husky. When we think the gals that loved us last should throw us down McClusky. Since them volunteers came home From Santiago!

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

N. Peck—"My wife hasn't spoken a word to me for two weeks." Getsharsh—"When is she coming back?"

"How well you look, Dibbs! When did you get back?" "Get back? It was my wife who went away." —Chicago Record.

Professor—"What happens to gold when it is exposed to the air?" Student (after long reflection)—"It's stolen." —Tit-Bits.

She—"You never see my husband laugh at his own jokes." He—"No; but you can't blame him for that." —Yonkers Statesman.

"Ma, is there any pie left in the pantry?" "There is one piece, but you can't have it." "Ma, I've had it." —Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Bowles—"Did you climb the Alps while you were abroad?" Cupps—"No. Just ran up a bill, that was all." —Indianapolis Sentinel.

"Do you have to treat your maid as if she were a member of the family?" "Mercy, no! We have to be very kind and polite to her." —Tit-Bits.

"To snuff a candle out accidentally is a sign of marriage." "Yes, and to turn down a lamp intentionally is a sign of courtship." —Chicago Record.

It's the maid with ten diplomas. And the quite superior carriage. Who's not smart enough to capture a One certificate of marriage. —Life.

"Don't you think a nice tramp gives me a good appetite?" "Well, I can't say that I think tramps are nice; but I never saw one without the appetite." —Yonkers Statesman.

R. E. Morse—"Oh, you got a jewel when you married me!" Mrs. R. E. Morse—"Did I? Well, I'm sure I never got one afterwards." —Jewelers' Weekly.

Barnes Turner—"I moved the audience to tears in my death scene." Knight Stands—"Yes, they knew you weren't really dead." —Philadelphia Inquirer.

The man who persistently takes no thought for to-morrow will awake some morning and find it is yesterday, and he won't be able to get over it. —West Union Gazette.

"The light was all over in a minute," said the witness. "Why, it was all done as quick as a ole married man kissin' his wife good-bye." —Indianapolis Journal.

Old Lady—"Where will the next car take me, sir?" Conductor—"It's likely to take you none anywhere if you stand there in the middle of the track." —Boston Courier.

Proprietor (to editor)—"Well, the first number of our new paper looks well, but here is one thing I don't like." "What?" "Why, this communication signed 'An Old Subscriber.'" —Tit-Bits.

Mrs. Vanderbeek—"This dress cost me many sleepless nights." Mrs. Dyer—"How was that?" Mrs. Vanderbeek—"I had to wait until Henry was asleep before I could go through his pockets." —Town Topics.

Bikins—"Who was it wrote 'Actions speak louder than words'?" Harper—"I don't know, but I'll bet the thought occurred to him while he was trying to sneak upstairs at 3 o'clock in the morning." —Chicago Daily News.

The Coming Battleship. The achievement of the Oregon did ring the record upon our battleships and cruisers was many rays for our offensive and defensive conduct on the high seas. The Oregon and Brooklyn have proven themselves ideas-defenders. The little converted yacht the Clouster made short work of the Buzz and Pluton, which ranked among the very best of the destroyers. There was a great hue and cry about torpedo boats, destroyers and rams when the war began and everybody was on the qui vive to know just exactly what was likely to happen when this flotilla got in line of battle. But for some reason or other they came to grief quite early in the action, and the smaller craft steamed about among them with as little fear for them as they had respect for the power that owned them. That they came to grief and struck a heavy blow at the future of such craft will be the verdict of history.