

# AROUND THE PIE.



Do you remember, Dick, old boy,  
When we were chums, so long ago,  
Our dinner one Thanksgiving Day?  
The dinner with the pie, you know—  
For at our college boarding house  
The grub was rather stale and dry.  
But oh! the dinner we built up  
Around sweet Grandma Howard's pie.

You know she used the dear mince tart  
"Just for a little homelike treat,"  
And how we shouted when it came!  
For grandma's pies were hard to beat.  
And then such plans as we did lay—  
Ah, we were happy, you and I,  
For we would have a little spread  
And build it around the pie.

Our college mates across the hall  
Should buy some bread and other stuff,  
And with a roasted fowl from "Brown's"  
We'd have a feast—that is, enough.  
And so we had it—such a lark!  
Old Barlow, Marks and you and I,  
For we built up a lot of fun  
Around that country-made mince pie.

The roasted fowl was quite antique  
And taxed our boasted muscle well;  
The jokes we made were just as old  
And some would hardly do to tell.  
But we enjoyed it heartily  
And soon our merriest ran high,  
When you, with solemn mien, declared  
"We'll now proceed to carve the pie."

No need of muscle had you then,  
For never was a crust more light,  
And as you cut the four great arcs  
We gazed at you with awed delight.  
Then for a moment no one spoke,  
I think you will remember why—  
Our talk machines were occupied  
They were built up—around the pie.

And as I ate, I seemed to see  
Dear granny's face, so fair and kind,  
And gentle home thoughts took the place  
Of sport within my boyish mind.  
And we all felt the spell, I think,  
Without exactly knowing why,  
And loving, manly thoughts were built  
Around that dear Thanksgiving pie.  
—Myrtle Koon Cherrymann.

deformity, so like her own, appealed to her strangely. He followed her in and stood warming his blue little hands, while she went on knitting. He looked around with delight at the jars of candy on the shelves, the slate pencils, paper, toys and other fascinating things, and then he was struck with an idea.

"Ef I sing fer yer, will yer gimme a stick of that yer red candy?" he asked shyly, shuffling his feet on the floor and looking up at her.

"Yes; let's hear you."

"Miss Jocelyn laid down her knitting. He clasped his hands behind him, tossed back his mass of bright, golden hair, which hung in close curls to his face, and began to sing.

He was not a pretty child. His face was rather old and elfish; but he had beautiful hair and gleaming blue eyes. As he sang, he seemed almost angelic.

The melody, sweet and clear and loud, came evenly through his parted lips and drew Miss Jocelyn's heart to him. It was an old street song that he sang, but he made it beautiful. When the last note died away he looked at her, half eagerly, half-questioningly. She rose and, climbing the ladder, lifted the jar down with trembling fingers and poured the contents into his hands. He looked up, with sparkling eyes, and began to suck a stick with an ecstatic expression.

"What's your name?" said Miss Jocelyn.

"Billy Blair," replied he with his mouth full.

"Where's your mother?"

"Ain't got none," he answered carelessly, lifting up a stick and looking at it fondly, with one eye shut.

"Where's your father?" continued Miss Jocelyn nervously.

"Ain't got none," said he, jauntily biting off a big piece of the sweet stick in his hand.

"Ain't you had any Thanksgiving dinner to-day?"

"Nope—only but this." He pointed to the candy.

A red spot came on each of Miss Jocelyn's cheeks. She rubbed her hands together and began to talk. In his astonishment he forgot to eat the candy—forgot everything but what she was saying.

To live in that bewitching shop, with the little bell over the door, which tinkled when any one came in; with the window full of such interesting things, and the crowded shelves! Never to have to go tired, hungry and cold through the streets singing, or selling newspapers for a living! He could not believe it.

"Oh, yer foolin' me!" he said incredulously, but when she assured him again, with tears in her eyes, that she meant every word, his face



**THE DAY OF THE FEAST.**  
She murmurs a song of joy,  
She carefully stuffs the fowl—and then  
She recklessly stuffs her boy.  
—Chicago Tribune.

**In the Bath Yard.**  
First Turkey—"How common-looking that turkey over there is. He hasn't the least notion of style."  
Second Turkey—"Don't bother about that. Thanksgiving is soon here. Then he'll be well dressed."

**A Lesson For Our Young Readers.**



Johnny ate at dinner-time more than was good for him, and when he went to bed at night he had a most terrible dream about himself. Good children always get up from the table with an appetite.—Judge.

**A Mercenary Satisfaction.**  
"I suppose you will enjoy your Thanksgiving dinner."  
"I'll enjoy several of 'em," answered the complacent citizen.  
"Not all at once?"  
"Yes. I run a poultry farm."

**Repatee in the Kitchen.**  
"Hello, Impudence," said the Turkey to the Cranberry.  
"Why do you call me that?" demanded the Cranberry, flushing up.  
"Because you are sauce," retorted the Turkey, and the Pumpkin Pie laughed so hard he broke his crust.—Harper's Bazar.

**The Happy Medium.**  
Seek quality, not quantity;  
Again we have the warning:  
We must enjoy the fowl that's small—  
Just large enough, with none at all—  
Left over for next morning.

**Foresight.**  
"Tommy," said the teacher, "do you know what the word foresight means?"  
"Yes'm."  
"Can you give me an illustration?"  
"Yes'm."  
"You may do so."  
"Last night my mamma told the doctor he might as well call around and see me Thanksgiving night."—Washington Star.

**A Youthful Pessimist.**  
"I don't see," grumbled Bobby, "how any one can expect a little boy to be thankful on Thanksgiving Day, with lots of good things to eat, and all his front teeth out."

**A Doubtful Question.**  
"Well, Billy, what are you the most thankful for to-day?"  
"Billy—"I don't know if I'm the thankfullest 'cos I ain't a girl or 'cos I ain't a turkey."

**An Elaborate Occasion.**  
"How fragrant the atmosphere is!" exclaimed the young woman.  
"Yes," replied Mrs. Cumrox; "a friend suggested that it would be nice to have a colonial Thanksgiving, so I sent right down town for a gallon of cologne and some atomizers."

**Irredeemably Unpleasant.**  
"There is no man alive," said the off-hand moralist, "who can't find something to be thankful for."  
"Yes," replied the confirmed cynic, "I suppose that as a sharer in the common destiny of the human race I ought to be thankful to see so many other people thankful."

**Another Cause For Thanks.**  
"Are you going to have Aunt Peevish for Thanksgiving, mamma?" asked little Ruth, who was laboriously jotting down the things for which she thought she should be thankful.  
"Not this year, dear," and the young hopeful joyfully made another entry.

**An Ax to Grind.**  
All the fall they feed the turkey,  
Till he's almost had enough,  
But he learns their motive only  
When they cry, "You're just the stuff!"

**A Few Thanksgiving Bonnets.**

Our talented and genial friend, Henry M. Field, in one of his matched books, travels a long way to prove that the slight ruins of that city are really worth visiting. Carthage buried in the cemetery of dead nations. Not one altar to the true God did she rear. Not one of the Ten Commandments but she conspicuously violated. Her doom was settled in heaven when it was decided far back in the eternities that the nation and kingdom that will not serve God shall perish.

Walk on in the cemetery of nations and see the long lines of tombs—Thebes and Tyre and Egypt and Babylon and Median and Persian and Macedonian and Roman and Saxon heptarchy, great nations, small nations, nations that lived a year and nations that lived 500 years.

Our own nation will be judged by the same moral laws by which all other nations have been judged. The judgment day for individuals will probably come far on in the future. Judgment day for nations is every day, every day weighed, every day approved or every day condemned. Never before in the history of this country has the American nation been more surely in the balance than it is this minute. Do right, and we go up. Do wrong, and we go down.

Are you not so anxious to know what this statesman or that warrior thinks we had better do with Cuba and Porto Rico and the Philippines as I am anxious to know what God thinks we had better do. The destiny of this nation will not be decided on yonder capitoline hill or at Manila or at the presidential ballot box, for it will be settled in heaven.

Another thing decided in the same high place is that happiness is the result of spiritual condition and not of earthly wealth. If we who may sometimes have a thousand dollars to invest find it such a perplexity to know what to do with it and soon after find that we invested it where principal and interest were taken down through roguery or panic, what must be the worryment of those having millions to invest and whose losses correspond in magnitude with their resources! People who have their three or four millions of dollars wages are just as happy as those who have an income of \$500,000 a year.

Sometimes happiness is seated on a footstool and sometimes misery on the throne. All the gold in earth in the bank cannot purchase five minutes of complete satisfaction. Worldly success is an atmosphere that breeds the maggots of envy and jealousy and hate. There are those who will never forget you if you have done them a good turn or honor more than they have done to you. To take you down is the dominant wish of most of those who are not as high as you are. They will spend hours and days and years to entrap you. They will lower the newspaper editor's pen to get on the line printed depreciating you. Your heaven is their hell.

## DR. TALMAGE'S SERMON.

**SUNDAY'S DISCOURSE BY THE NOTED DIVINE.**

**Subject: Settled in Heaven—The Fate of Nations as Well as of Individuals in God's Hand—The World Not Governed in a Haphazard Way.**  
(Copyright, Louis Klopsch, 1899.)

WASHINGTON, D. C.—The idea that things in this world are in loose ends and going at haphazard is in the discourse combated by Dr. Talmage. The text is Psalm 104, 8: "Forever, O Lord, thy word is settled in heaven."

This world has been in process of change ever since it was created—mountains born, mountains dying, and they have both cradled and grave. Once this planet was all wild, and no being such as you or I have ever seen could have lived on it a minute. Our hemisphere turns its face to the sun and then turns its back. The axis of the earth's revolution has shifted. The center of gravity is changed. Once flowers grew in the arctic and there was snow in the tropic. There has been a redistribution of land and sea, the land crumbling into the sea, the sea swallowing the land. Ice and fire have fought for the possession of this planet. The chemical composition of it is different now from what it once was. Volcanoes once terribly alive are dead, not one throb of fiery pulse, not one breath of vapor—the ocean changing its amount of saline qualities. The internal fires of the earth are gradually eating their way to the surface—upheaval and subsidence of vast realms of continent.

Moravians in Greenland have removed their boat because the advancing sea submerged them. Linnæus records that in eighty-seven years a great stone was 100 feet nearer the water than when he wrote. Forests have been buried by the sea, and land that was cultivated by farmer's hoe can be reached only by sailor's tub.

Loch Nevis of Scotland and Dingle by of Ireland and the fjords of Norway, where pleasure boats now float, were once valleys and glens. Many of the islands of the sea are the tops of sunken mountains. Six thousand miles of the Pacific Ocean are sinking. The diameter of the earth, according to scientific announcement, is 139 miles less than it was. The entire configuration of the earth is altered. Hills are eroded and their forests, the forests at the waters and the air bombard the earth till it surrenders to the assault.

The so-called "everlasting hills" do not last. Many railroad companies cease to build iron bridges because the iron has a life of its own, not a profitable life or an animal life, but a metallic life, and when that life dies the bridge goes down. Oxidation of minerals is only another term for describing their death. Mosses and seaweeds help destroy the rocks they decorate.

The changes of the inanimate earth only symbolize the moral changes. Society ever becomes different for better or worse. Boundary lines between nations are settled until the next war unsettles them. Uncertainty strikes through laws and customs and legislation. The character of this world is that nothing in it is settled.

At a time when we hoped that the arbitration planned last Summer at The Hague, Holland, would forever sheathe the sword and spike the lance and smantle the fortress the world has seen the old wars which are digging graves for the flower of English and American soldiery. From the presence of such geological and social and national and international unrest we turn with thanksgiving and exultation to my text and find that there are things forever settled, but in higher latitudes than we have ever trod. "Forever, O Lord, Thy word is settled in heaven."

High up in the palace of the sun at least five things are settled—first, truth; second, goodness; third, justice; fourth, right; fifth, peace. These things are settled and persistently wrong perish; that happiness is the result of spiritual condition and not of earthly environment; that this world is a schoolhouse for splendid and disgraceful graduation.

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A dying President of the United States said many years ago in regard to his lifetime of experience, "It doesn't pay." The leading statesmen of America in letters of their weary young men to keep out of politics. Many of the most successful have tried in vain to drown their trouble in strong drink. On the other hand, there are millions of people who on departing this life will be in the next world with a good name and a life insurance whose illuminated faces are indices of illumined souls. They wish everybody well. When the fire bell rings, they do not go to the window at midnight to see if it is their store, and when the September equinox is abroad they do not worry lest their ships founder in a gale, for they never owned a ship, and when the nominations are made for high political offices they are not fearful their high name will be overlooked, for they never applied for office.

There is so much heartiness and freedom from care in their laughter that when you hear it you are compelled to laugh in sympathy, although you know not what they are laughing about.

When the children of that family assemble in the sitting room of the old home-stand to hear the father's will read, they are not fearful of being cut off with a million and a half dollars, for the old man never owned anything more than the farm of seventy-five acres, which yielded only enough plainly to support the household. They have more happiness in one month than many have in a whole year.

Would to God I had the capacity to explain to you on how little a man can be happy and on how much he may be wretched! Get your heart right and all is right. Keep your heart wrong and all is wrong. That is a principle settled in heaven.

Another thing decided in that high place is that this world is a schoolhouse or college for splendid or disgraceful graduation. We begin in the freshman class of good or evil and then pass into the sophomore and then into the junior and then into the senior, and from that we graduate angels or devils. In many colleges there is an "elective course," where the student selects what he will study—mathematics or the languages or chemistry or philosophy—and it is an elective course. We all take in the schoolhouse or university of this world.

We may study sin until we are saturated with it or righteousness until we are exemplifications of it. Graduate we all must, but we decide for ourselves the style of graduation. It is an elective course. We can study generosity until our every word and every act and every contribution of money or time will make the world better, or we may study meanness until our soul shall shrink up to a smallness unimaginable.

We may, under God, educate ourselves into a self control that nothing can anger or into an irascibility that will ever and anon keep our face flushed with wrath and every nerve a quiver. Great old schoolhouses of a world in which we are all being educated for glory or perdition!

Some have wondered why graduation day in college is called "commencement day" when it is the last day of college exercises, but graduation days are properly called commencement days, for all the graduates it is the commencement of active life, and our graduation day from earth will be to us commencement of our chief life, our larger life, our more tremendous life, our eternal life. But what a commencement day on earth is, the student never sees any day like it. At any rate, I never did.

When Pompey landed at Brindisi, Italy, returned from his victories, he disbanded the brave men who had fought under him and sent them rejoicing to their homes, and, entering Rome, his enlarged chariot was followed by princes in chains from kingdoms he had conquered, and flowers such as only grew under those Italian skies strewed the way, and he came under a canopy, inserted with the names of battlefields on which he had triumphed and rode by columns which told of the 1500 cities he had destroyed and the 12,000,000 people he had conquered or slain. Then the banquet was spread, and out of the chalice of the conqueror, he drank to the health of the conqueror. Belisarius, the great soldier, returned from his military achievements and was robbed in purple, and in the procession were brought golden crowns and pillars of precious stones and the splendors of royal feasts, and amid the splendors of kingdoms overcome he was hailed to the hippodrome by shouts such as had seldom rang through the capital. Then also came the convicts of the world, and Aurelianus made his entrance to Rome in triumphal car, in which he stood while a winged figure of Victory held a wreath above his head. Zenobia, captive queen of Palmyra, walked behind his chariot, her person encircled with fetters of gold, under the weight of which she nearly fainted, but still a captive. And there were in the procession 200 lions and tigers and beasts of many lands and 1600 gladiators excused from the cruel amphitheater that they might decorate the day, and Persian and Arabian and Ethiopian ambassadors were in the procession and the long lines of captives, Egyptians, Syrians, Gauls, Gotths and Vandals.

It was to such scenes that the New Testament refers when it spoke of Christ having despoiled principalities and powers. He made a show of them, openly triumphing. But, oh, the difference in those triumphs! The Roman triumph represented arrogance, cruelty, oppression and wrong, but Christ's triumph meant emancipation and holiness and joy. The former was a procession of groans accompanied by a clank of chains, the other a procession of hosannas by millions set forever free. The only shackled ones of Christ's triumph will be Satan and his cohorts tied to our Lord's chariot wheel, with all the abominations of the earth bound for an eternal captivity. They will come a feast in which the chalices will be filled "with the new wine of the kingdom." Under arches commemorative of all the battles in which the bannered armies of the church militant through thousands of years of struggle have at last won the day Jesus will ride. The conqueror of earth and hell and heaven, the conqueror, disbanding, will take palaces and thrones. "And they shall come from the East and the West and the North and the South and sit down in the kingdom of God." And may you and I, throbbing with glorious sanctifying grace of Christ, be guests at that royal banquet!

## MISS JOCELYN'S THANKSGIVING

TIRED after an exhausting day, Miss Jocelyn sighed wearily, and ceased the steady click, click of her knitting needles for a few minutes. It had been Thanksgiving Day, but Thanksgiving Day, but Thanksgiving Days were never happy ones to her. She had, to be sure, cooked cranberry sauce. She had even had a piece of pumpkin pie. But all this argued nothing except that Miss Jocelyn had a conventional streak in her nature and wanted to be "like folks." She rose from her rocking chair and went into the back room to put the kettle on the fire. As she paused beside the stove, she glanced up for a minute at the gaudy calendar hanging over the little table and realized with a start that Thanksgiving Day this year was her birthday.

She was thirty-eight years old, and as she looked back over her past—lonely, miserable and weary—and looking into the future, all was as desolate.

She had been born with a beautiful straight body. She thought of this now with a pang of deep self-pity, for when a child of five years she had been dropped by her mother, in some way injuring her spine. Thus she had been deformed and crippled for life.

How like a bad dream had been her girlhood! Crushed and beaten, she grew up bitter, silent and morose, with nothing ever to give her any joy, no bright spot in all her weary days. Then her mother, to whom she had always been a grief and mortification, and died, and Miss Jocelyn could still feel the thrill of relief which shot through her when she realized it. After that she had been enabled to set up this little shop. Then she had been only twenty, but old and careworn.

What, indeed, had she to be thankful for? Then the little bell jingled. A fat, rosy-cheeked boy entered and demanded a stick of lemon candy. Miss Jocelyn's spirit died out, and his lip quivered pitifully.

"Well, let's leave him alone then. But lemme just tell yer, young man, yer needn't be buyin' any more papers in this part of the town," and, after a few more words which fell heedlessly on the boy's ears, the crowd left.

He stood up a moment after they had gone and called bravely, "Herald, Journal! All about the murder!" in a voice which quavered pitifully. No one heeded the small, misshapen figure, shivering in its thin jacket. The lights were beginning to burn one by one, and everybody was hurrying home.

Billy gave a sharp sob of despair, and seated himself on the platform again, hugging his useless papers. He leaned his tired head against the wooden Indian, and clasped one little thin arm around that worthy's legs.

Suddenly the proprietor of the store appeared in the doorway, and, fearing to be sent off, Billy raised himself and moved on. He paused in front of Miss Jocelyn's window and pressed his face against the pane.

Miss Jocelyn moved to the window to look out, and saw the pale face, with the bright eyes, peering in. She opened the door, drawing her little black worsted shawl closer about her thin shoulders.

"Do you want to buy anything?" she said. He slowly shook his head.

"Are you cold?"

He nodded.

"Come in, then, and get warm by the stove."

She was surprised at herself, but his wistful face touched her, and his

Jocelyn took down the glass jar and satisfied his desire.

After he left she drew her wooden rocking-chair, with its worn straw seat and lace tidy, nearer the stove and continued her knitting.

On the corner by the old cigar store the newsboys gathered. It was their regular place of meeting, where they settled their little disputes and discussed business and the events of the day. Now they were talking very earnestly and loud about what ap-

peared to be a most important question. This question, in the person of a pinched little hunchback, was sitting wearily on the platform which supported a fierce Indian brandishing aloft a tomahawk. He was huddled up together, clutching his newspapers.

The matter stood thus: The newsboy had formed a union, and no one outside was allowed to sell papers in that part of the city, so they were trying to keep the poor little hunchback from disposing of his stock.

"No, it ain't no use talkin'. Gin us yer papers," said Mike Flynn, advancing threateningly.

"You leave me alone!"—fiercely—"I ain't doin' no harm—!" Then



worked pitifully, and with shining eyes he said fervently, "You bet, I'll stay."

Then Miss Jocelyn remembered that neither she nor Billy had eaten a Thanksgiving dinner. So she invited in several of the neighboring shopkeepers and spread in her back room such a feast as her young protegee had never seen before.

That night Miss Jocelyn stole into the next room, and, carefully shading the candle, looked down upon the little figure lying on the mattress. His eyes were closed. His mass of tangled golden hair lay on the pillow, and one dirty little hand was still clutching a peppermint stick.

She lifted a curl with awe, and then half-shamefacedly kissed it. Here was something at last to love and to keep and to caress and to be thankful for. Her heart almost burst with happiness, and kept for once a glorious Thanksgiving Day.

**A Beautiful Design.**  
A circular dinner-board of a recent Thanksgiving was decorated with golden-brown chrysanthemums. These were tied together in rope-fashion, and wandered over the table, wreathing the largest dishes and the centre piece of luscious fruits.

**A Juvenile Philanthropist.**  
Mother—"No, Tommy, you mustn't have any more turkey. I'm afraid it might make you sick."  
Tommy—"Well, if folks didn't get sick the doctors couldn't have any Thanksgiving."—Judge.

the hunchback's spirit died out, and his lip quivered pitifully.

"Well, let's leave him alone then. But lemme just tell yer, young man, yer needn't be buyin' any more papers in this part of the town," and, after a few more words which fell heedlessly on the boy's ears, the crowd left.

He stood up a moment after they had gone and called bravely, "Herald, Journal! All about the murder!" in a voice which quavered pitifully. No one heeded the small, misshapen figure, shivering in its thin jacket. The lights were beginning to burn one by one, and everybody was hurrying home.

Billy gave a sharp sob of despair, and seated himself on the platform again, hugging his useless papers. He leaned his tired head against the wooden Indian, and clasped one little thin arm around that worthy's legs.

Suddenly the proprietor of the store appeared in the doorway, and, fearing to be sent off, Billy raised himself and moved on. He paused in front of Miss Jocelyn's window and pressed his face against the pane.

Miss Jocelyn moved to the window to look out, and saw the pale face, with the bright eyes, peering in. She opened the door, drawing her little black worsted shawl closer about her thin shoulders.

"Do you want to buy anything?" she said. He slowly shook his head.

"Are you cold?"

He nodded.

"Come in, then, and get warm by the stove."

She was surprised at herself, but his wistful face touched her, and his

Jocelyn took down the glass jar and satisfied his desire.

After he left she drew her wooden rocking-chair, with its worn straw seat and lace tidy, nearer the stove and continued her knitting.

On the corner by the old cigar store the newsboys gathered. It was their regular place of meeting, where they settled their little disputes and discussed business and the events of the day. Now they were talking very earnestly and loud about what ap-

peared to be a most important question. This question, in the person of a pinched little hunchback, was sitting wearily on the platform which supported a fierce Indian brandishing aloft a tomahawk. He was huddled up together, clutching his newspapers.

The matter stood thus: The newsboy had formed a union, and no one outside was allowed to sell papers in that part of the city, so they were trying to keep the poor little hunchback from disposing of his stock.

"No, it ain't no use talkin'. Gin us yer papers," said Mike Flynn, advancing threateningly.

"You leave me alone!"—fiercely—"I ain't doin' no harm—!" Then

worked pitifully, and with shining eyes he said fervently, "You bet, I'll stay."

Then Miss Jocelyn remembered that neither she nor Billy had eaten a Thanksgiving dinner. So she invited in several of the neighboring shopkeepers and spread in her back room such a feast as her young protegee had never seen before.

That night Miss Jocelyn stole into the next room, and, carefully shading the candle, looked down upon the little figure lying on the mattress. His eyes were closed. His mass of tangled golden hair lay on the pillow, and one dirty little hand was still clutching a peppermint stick.

She lifted a curl with awe, and then half-shamefacedly kissed it. Here was something at last to love and to keep and to caress and to be thankful for. Her heart almost burst with happiness, and kept for once a glorious Thanksgiving Day.

**A Beautiful Design.**  
A circular dinner-board of a recent Thanksgiving was decorated with golden-brown chrysanthemums. These were tied together in rope-fashion, and wandered over the table, wreathing the largest dishes and the centre piece of luscious fruits.