

A Thanksgiving Sermon.

BY NEWELL DWIGHT HILLS,
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Now that 222 years have passed, Thanksgiving has become our first American holiday. It is essentially the feast of the family. It celebrates the home and sings the fireside joys. The day really celebrates a deliverance from danger. The summer of 1623 was unfriendly and the harvests failed. The Indian hunters retreated into the forest, food and game were scarce, and with terror the Pilgrim fathers looked forward to the winter and possible starvation and death. In their hour of extremity the minister announced that on the last Thursday of November there would be a day of fasting and prayer on which they would commend themselves and their enterprise unto God. But scarcely had they reached the cabin where the service was to be held than the sentinel shouted the announcement that a ship with weather-beaten sails and blackened sides was entering the harbor. The good ship brought food against the winter, seed against the spring, friends and helpers against the enemy. Delirious with joy, the Pilgrims came together a second time for thanksgiving, and so this day was born—this day celebrating the festival of the family. Ours is the only nation in the world that by a happy holiday glorifies the home as the first of America's institutions.

It other years have furnished grounds for gratitude, this year gives them by way of pre-eminence. Let us be thankful. For four bins stretching across the continent from ocean to ocean filled with wheat, corn, oats, barley, rye, timothy, clover, alfalfa, cotton-seeds ripened for the hunger of

the fire of Prometheus down from heaven and given warmth for cold and comfort for distress. For stoves and coal, instead of the house blackened with soot, and a meal cooked with freshly cut chips from the tree. For the cable, that has brought foreign capitals near, anchoring London just outside Sandy Hook, and making Bombay the second turn on the left, just around the corner. For these steel tracks, that have



brought us fruits from the sunny South, furs from the frozen North, with rice and sugar and coal, and made the people of the snow and the winter to enjoy the fruits of the tropics. For the reaper, instead of the sickle, furnishing bread to the world. For the looms, that enable one man in one year to clothe a thousand men against the rains of summer and the snows of winter. For the trip hammer, that has multiplied the stroke of man's arm; and

and of the family ties, and the increasing movement against easy divorce. For the increasing honor and dignity that attaches to the Republic. For the press, sowing the whole land with the good seed of wisdom and knowledge; for books and magazines, that have exalted the imagination while they have inspired the intellect. For the return of the tides of faith in the church and the decline of infidelity. For the fact that the whole trend is up grade instead of down grade; that the gains are universal and immeasurable. Never were the reasons for Thanksgiving so many or so weighty. Our people are justified in looking forward to a golden era, when all young hearts shall be turned toward school and church, when all feet will

THANKSGIVING DAY.



—From the Youth's Companion.

herd and flock, and above all, food for man. For one bin stretching three thousand miles long filled with barrels of apples, Jonathan and Spitzenberg and golden pippin; with pear and plum and peach, with grapes and nuts, with all the preserved richness of raspberry and strawberry, and the ruddy vegetables—potato and beet, carrot, celery and turnip; the pumpkin and the squash.



For abundant rains, that have filled the rivers, fed the water springs and reservoirs, and rejoiced the cattle upon a thousand hills. For the comforts and conveniences for the home and fireside that have brought universal happiness to cottage and hamlet and mansion. For the match, that has brought

the locomotive, that has lengthened the stride of his foot; and the tools, that have hastened the movement of his fingers. For the spectroscopic, that has made us at home in foreign planets. For the telephone, that has halved man's labor and brought distant acquaintances near. For the increasing interest in fine arts. For the X-ray, that has made the body transparent to surgeons and physicians. For anaesthetics, that have lessened pain, robbed surgery of its terrors and relieved sufferers of their agonies. For photography, that preserves for us the faces of our departed dead. For the lessening of class hatred, and the return of the spirit of good will. For the announcement that never have there been so few children working in store and shop, or so large a proportion in the school-room. For the fact that all the paths that lead to office and honor and wealth are now open to all poor boys. That to the four desirable vocations called the professions have now been added forty more that offer splendid prizes to young men who are fitted for the task. For the lessening of drunkenness in our country. For the new enthusiasm in municipal reform. For the enormous gifts this year poured out for college, library and church and social reform. For the strengthening of the home

who, having redeemed the world from sin and vice, goes on to plant a great, sweet hope within the heart and points all those who on Thanksgiving Day front an empty chair—points them, I say, upward, where there are other mansions and the Father's House, and where, on a new Thanksgiving Day, the family circle shall be reunited amidst scenes of unthought joy.—New York World.

The Home Festival. Thanksgiving Day is one of those home festivals whose popularity will never wane while American women love their homes. It is the great family festival of the year. It bears no resemblance to the Harvest Home festivals of England, which were celebrated with rout and riot and in public places. While Thanksgiving Day is recognized and appointed by public proclamation, it is in no sense a public day. It is never celebrated by public processions like the Fourth of July. There is nothing to break the Sabbath-like peace of the day except the occasional parties of juvenile merrymen in some cities.

THANKSGIVING DINNER.
Oyster Soup
Celery Pickled Peaches, Mint, Grape Jelly
Roast Turkey
Chestnut Stuffing, Giblet Gravy
Cranberry Sauce
Mayfield Potatoes, Hubbard Squash
Cream Onions, Succotash
Cabbage Salad, Crackers and Cheese
Pumpkin Pie, Mince Pie
Butternut Ice Cream, Apples, Nuts
Home made Candies
Coffee

FIRE AND THE WINDOW PROTECT.

How San Francisco Might Have Avoided Most of Her Loss.

Seventy-three per cent. of all the damage done by fire to buildings other than the one in which the origin of the fire was located, is attributable to the window route, writes Commissioner Fitzpatrick, in Insurance Engineering. More than that, forty-eight per cent. of the entire fire loss of the country in normal years is traceable to lack of window protection.

In extraordinary conflagrations the percentage increases at a frightful ratio. It is fairly established, for instance, that at San Francisco fire actually originated at eleven different points in comparatively insignificant buildings.

Had the windows in adjacent buildings been protected those eleven fires would have been confined to those eleven buildings; and the value of those eleven buildings was certainly not more than \$100,000.

The folly of unprotected windows has therefore cost San Francisco more than 11,000 buildings instead of the original eleven, and something like \$1,000,000,000 of property and business loss! Had the windows of the big so-called fireproof buildings been protected, at a cost of possibly \$60,000, the contents of those buildings would be intact to-day, and just that one item means nearly \$9,000,000 lost.

Many protections have been devised and tested; many of them work well, but in most of them, particularly where anything automatic is depended upon, there is liable to be a slipup at the wrong moment. Of course almost anything is better than nothing. Iron or other metallic shutters are, at least, fire retardants, though they ultimately bulge and warp and twist and frequently yield to the persistence of fire.

The one thing that stand pre-eminently above everything else, considered from every point of view, appearance, certainty of protection, availability and everything else, is wireglass. Where even the glass melts it is still held in place by the wire and bars the passage of flame.

I know of but one case where it failed. The victim made a great hubbub about it and I was rather surprised to hear his story. Upon investigation I did find the wireglass neatly rolled up lying on the window sill. The intelligent fellow had used wireglass, but had fastened it in wood sash!

To sum up, put me down as a staunch believer in wireglass in metallic or asbestos sash for ordinary window protection, and where the danger is great double glazed sash and wireglass.

Wages of Russian Farm Laborers.

The extreme poverty and the low standard of living of peasants from whom the agricultural laborers are recruited assure a low level of wages for agricultural labor. The average wages will appear almost incredibly low from an American point of view, notwithstanding the general complaints of the estate holders concerning the unreasonable demands of the laborers.

According to an official investigation embracing the decade of 1882-1891, the average annual wages for a male agricultural worker in Russia were less than \$32 and for a female worker less than \$18. To this must be added the cost of subsistence, which is equally low, being on an average \$24 for a male and \$22 for a female worker for a whole year; so that the average cost of employing a laborer for the entire year is equal to only \$55 for the male and \$40 for the female.

The wages for the summer season of five months are almost equal to the annual wages, being \$22 for the male and \$13 for the female laborer.—Bureau of Statistics Bulletin.

The Tobacco Factories.

While no doubt in many of the factories the conditions of cleanliness and health of the employees are all that could be desired, it is certain that there is an urgent need for reform in this field. A majority of the male population are tobacco users, and should be safeguarded not only by regulations forbidding the sale of scrap tobacco under the present conditions, but also providing for the supervision of the health of the tobacco workers and controlling the sanitation of the workrooms. In the eyes of the law the tobacco user should be regarded as deserving of as much protection as the consumer of food stuffs; and since it is certain that vast quantities of tobacco will always be consumed, it is the part of the authorities to see to it that whatever detriment to health attends its use is not added to by improper conditions of manufacture.—Medical Record.

Departmental Style.

In one of the lesser Indian cities the clerk in charge of the official documents is a Hindu with a peculiar knowledge of English. As he did much damage to his papers he obtained permission to keep two cats, the larger of them receiving rather better rations. A few weeks later the head office at Calcutta received this dispatch: "I have the honor to inform you that the senior cat is about without leave. What shall I do?" To this telegram there was vouchsafed no answer. After waiting a few days the Hindu sent off a proposal: "In re absentee cat, I propose to promote the junior cat, and in the meantime to take into Government service a probationer cat on full rations."—Tid Bits.

The Air Route.

But we overlook the air. As a means of communication between men we have seen some beginnings made. But as an avenue by which they may pass from one part of the world to another and come into actual, tangible contact with their fellow men have hardly begun to explore it. And if from one part of this world to another, why not from this world itself to other worlds?—New York American.

LADIES IN WAITING.

Attending Upon Royalty is Not Without Its Drawbacks.

There are two qualifications without which no woman need hope to become a lady in waiting, writes one who has herself attended upon royalty. The first is to make herself agreeable at all times, both to her employer and to the royal household.

The second qualification, the possession of strong legs, may appear a silly matter at first sight, but, according to this confession in the Ladies' Realm, when carried into practice it is very trying. The woman who has been accustomed to seat herself whenever she feels tired of standing is apt to become nervous and strained when she knows that she may not, except under the plea of illness, seat herself for at least a couple of hours to come. When royalty braces her muscles subjects must not dream of relaxing theirs.

Some women can stand; there are others who cannot. Among the former is Queen Alexandra. At the giving away of war medals two years ago she was observed and timed by an onlooker.

Without showing the faintest sign of fatigue she stood, with practically no change of position, for two hours and twenty-five minutes. Though Her Majesty now sits during a portion of the time a court is being held the ladies in waiting remain standing, and this function lasts at least two hours.

The writer once asked a lady of the bedchamber who was never robust how she had managed the standing during the late Queen's drawing rooms. Queen Victoria in her latter years always used a small chair, which supported her, yet was practically invisible to those who passed before her. The lady of the bedchamber's reply was:

"Old and roomy slippers. I always kept an old pair, two sizes too large, which did duty year after year, and were useless for anything else."

While on duty the lady in waiting has to be always with her mistress, unless the latter desires to be alone, which is very rare. Royalties are apt to feel dull when left to the monotony of their own thoughts and get accustomed to constant companionship.

She must not leave the precincts of the palace, as at any moment she may be summoned. Yet that summons may not come for many hours—nay, many days, if the court happens to be sojourning in the country.

There is no possibility of mapping out her day and settling to her own occupations, and no matter what the news may be from home, no matter how alarming or saddening, she must never appear ruffled or unhappy in the royal presence. It is treason to disturb the equanimity of queen or princess.

There are a variety of duties which fall to the lot of the lady in waiting. There are many letters to be answered, sometimes of a begging character, or sometimes accepting or rejecting appeals to open hospital wards, lay foundation stones, to open bazaars and charity fetes.

Sometimes the royal lady desires to offer a visit to one of her subjects, or to accept their invitation to honor them with her presence. In such cases the lady in waiting has to write to the intended hostess, stating any little desires for her comfort and happiness her royal highness is known to possess, the names of certain friends whom she desires to meet, which are added to the list of guests submitted for the royal approval.

Queen Victoria often disliked fire in her bedroom, and in warm weather had blocks of ice placed in her apartments. All such little personal fancies must be stated by the lady in waiting to the hostess, that life may, for the time being, be made as agreeable as possible to a honored guest.

Sometimes the lady in waiting has to do some shopping of too delicate a nature to be entrusted to one of lesser standing; sometimes there are private charities to be inquired into.

Then there is frequently the dressing of the stall which her highness has signified her intention to sell at, and the remaining on after the royal patroness has left, to see that all the goods are disposed of and the profits safely transferred to the proper quarter. She must also finish any articles of needlework which her mistress has begun and tired of. She must be able to play, if not sing, and be competent to touch up any painting or drawing, possibly half executed both, abandoned by her employer.

Many royal ladies are inveterate and unwearied sightseers. Some are confirmed burners of the midnight oil. They keep their attendants with them till the early hours of the morning, either playing cards, listening to music, or playing the needle, but no fatigue must be exhibited.

Dress forms an important part in the life of the lady in waiting. She must be provided against all emergencies. Mourning she must always have ready to don at any moment. She requires a couple of court trains, which can be worn over different dresses. Some ladies in waiting, like their private sisters, borrow a court train from a friend. The writer once possessed a court train that passed through eight different hands in two years; it attended nearly every drawing room during that period.

The pay is small, but with a strict regard to economy it covers personal expenses. It is a servile position, morally considered. Still, after the glamor and gloss of court life has worn off the groan of slavery is succeeded by a hugging of the chains.

There is a morbid taste in the whole matter—a glamor which enthralls at first, satiates later, and which in time comes to be the most binding tie which can be forged.

Asylum Inmates Start a Newspaper.

The inmates of the new insane asylum at Mauersdorf, Austria, the largest madhouse in the world, have started a newspaper. The first number proudly declares that it is published "by the mad for the mad." Nevertheless the contents are astonishingly sane.

WILD GEESSE AS DECOYS.

Kansas's Scheme to Attract the Flocks That Pass Over His Place.

Dick and William Frakes, living at Rushville, have thirty-five tame wild geese which they use as decoys in hunting. Twenty of these geese they bought up North when the birds were young, paying \$7 a pair. They crippled thirteen of the others and raised two; one old wild goose "set" and hatched out five goslings, but three of them died. All the geese are clipped—that is, their wings are cut off at the first joint.

Wild geese frequently hear the Frakes' geese and light in the Frakes' yard. One night Dick Frakes heard wild geese flying around his house, in answer to the calls of his trained decoys. He went to the door in his night clothes and killed five. On another occasion a lot of wild geese lit in the yard with his decoys. He hastily rigged up a fish net, drove them all into it and captured three wild ones.

The Frakes boys make a specialty of hunting wild geese and like the sport. They take ten of their decoys to the river, tie them on a sandbar, and then wait in a blind until the wild geese appear. As soon as wild geese appear the decoys set up a great cry, and the wild geese always sail around.

In April, three years ago, Dick and Mace Frakes killed seventeen geese in one day, eighteen the next and thirteen the next. That was the best record they ever made. In addition to the thirty-five decoys owned by Dick and William Frakes, Mrs. Mace Frakes owns twenty-eight, and one of her old ones set and hatched out six goslings, all of which lived.—Atchison Globe.

Newspapers Vs. Dodgers.

A new and interesting objection to an ordinance forbidding the distribution of dodgers in the streets comes from Poughkeepsie. A shopkeeper there, arrested for violating such a law, contended that it is unconstitutional, inasmuch as it tends to create a trust among the newspapers. This was the shopkeeper's argument:

In order to make money a merchant must advertise. Two courses are open to him; either he must use newspapers or he must distribute printed matter directly among consumers of his wares. Of these methods newspaper advertising is the more expensive, and an ordinance forbidding the distribution of handbills and thereby virtually driving advertisers into the newspapers is nothing more nor less than a help to a crushing monopoly.

This ingenious view would be sustained by any judge in whom dry studies had not extinguished a sense of humor is doubtful. If the contention of the Poughkeepsie shopkeeper were gravely advanced in court the reply would doubtless be that the ordinance prohibiting the scattering of dodgers in the street is an entirely proper exercise of police power.

But all legal technicalities aside it is surprising to hear any man, with intelligence enough to run a store, assert that newspaper advertising costs more than handbill advertising. A newspaper is not shoved upon the reader's attention against his will. He buys it knowing that much of its space is given over to advertisements. Whether they appear in position alongside of reading matter or are arranged on pages by themselves they are certain not to be overlooked. In fact, readers, women especially, search for them.

Was anybody ever known to seek out a distributor of handbills? Is not a dodger poked into a citizen's hand, tossed over his fence or pushed under his front door always and everywhere a nuisance? And being regarded as a nuisance, can it be a desirable form of advertisement? Finally, merchants whose advertising appropriation would pay all the running expenses of a town like Poughkeepsie spend their money in newspapers and would no more think of circulating dodgers than of making themselves known by means of sandwich men and megaphones. And these merchants scrutinize every item of expenditure as closely as any country storekeeper does. Would they stick to the newspapers if they could find a cheaper medium?—The Fourth Estate.

What We Owe to Insects.

Professor Darwin said that if it had not been for insects we should never have had any more imposing or attractive flowers than those of the elm, the hop and the nettle. Lord Avebury compares the work of the insect to that of the florist. He considers that just as the florist has by selection produced the elegant blossoms of the garden, so the insects, by selecting the largest and brightest blossoms for fertilization, have produced the gay flowers of the field. Professor Plateau, of Ghent, has carried out a series of remarkable experiments on the ways of insects visiting flowers. He considers that they are guided by scent rather than by color, and in this connection he is at variance with certain British naturalists. Whatever may be the attraction in flowers to insects—as yet it appears undefined—it is certain that the latter visit freely all blossoms alike, making no distinction between the large, bright colored ones and the less conspicuous bloom, like those of the currants, the lime, the planetree, the nettle and the willow.—Dundee Advertiser.

Only Too Well Satisfied.

The husband who is always growling over everything from his meals to his laundry looked up from his paper and remarked suitably:

"Madam, I see where a Chicago man went from home, remained thirty years and then returned and gave his wife \$5000. If you don't do better you may find me doing the same trick some day."

The patient little wife looked up from her sewing and replied sweetly: "All right, James, but if you will only remain away thirty years you needn't trouble yourself about the \$5000." And after that he stopped growling.—Chicago Daily News.



How He Proposed.
They dined all alone at 8.30. On oysters they dined and at 8.30 And he asked his dear K3 To tell him his 18 When they 8 18-18 at 8.30.—Houston Post.

The Office Boy's Excuse.
"How is it you get back so late from your grandmother's funeral?" "It was a ten-inning game!"—New York Press.

A Difference.
"She's awfully skinny, isn't she?" "I should say not! She's willowy; that girl's dad has got money!"—Houston Post.

Provocation.
Mrs. Knicker—"Does your husband say things behind your back?" Mrs. Bocker—"Only when he buttons my waist."—New York Sun.

Brought to Book.
Green—"What's become of that fine library you used to have?" Brown—"Disposed of it. Circumstances alter book-cases, you know."—Boston Transcript.

Not in His Line.
Lawyer—"You should learn shorthand and typewriting, Billy." The Office Boy—"Aw g'wan! I never cared fer flowers an' candy!"—Puck.

Swells.
She (sentimentally)—"How like life are the waves of the sea?" He—"You bet. Come to the shore in great style and go away broke."—Detroit News.

Danger No Name For It.
"So you think yachting a dangerous game?" "Dreadfully so. Why, no less than five of our commodores have died of delirium tremens."—Life.

Sad to Contemplate.
She—"He married her for her money. Wasn't that awful?" He—"Did he get it?" She—"No." He—"It was."—Judge.

Letter of Stress.
Knicker—"Is the 'I' in golf silent?" Bocker—"No, on the contrary, there are a great many of them sounded."—New York Sun.

The Divisions.
Knicker—"The world is divided into two classes." Bocker—"Yes; those who trace their descent to William the Conqueror or drink."—New York Sun.

Ineffectual.
"Why don't you try the faith cure for the discomforts of warm weather?" "I have tried it. The thermometer doesn't pay the slightest attention to it."—Washington Star.

Accounting For It.
"It's had enough for you to come home intoxicated," said Mrs. Lushman, "but why so late?" "Well, you see, my dear, my friend's foolishly sent me home by messenger boy."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Effect on the Appetite.
"George," asked Mrs. Ferguson, "did you read what the morning paper said this morning about—?" "No," interrupted Mr. Ferguson, "and I don't want to read it till after I've had my breakfast."—Chicago Tribune.

Not the Same Gag.
"Yes," admitted the returned vacationist, "the days were hot, but the nights—?" "Were cool, eh? Same old gag." "I was about to remark that the nights were even hotter than the days."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

His Trouble.
"Your friend Lamb doesn't look well at all. What's the matter with him? Dyspepsia?" "Well, you might call it 'financial dyspepsia.' I believe he went in for pork on Wall street and took too much."—Philadelphia Press.

Not Scientific.
"George, dear, what is the scientific name for the mosquito?" "I don't know." "Why, what did I hear you calling it the other evening?" "Eh! That was something that won't bear repeating."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Two Qualities.
Gelsomina was searching for a wife and said to his friend Barbetta that he wanted one rich and stupid. "And Why?" "Because if she is not rich, I will not marry her, and if she is not stupid she will not marry me."—Il Motto per Ridere.

Already Invented.
"I see they've invented another automatic machine that takes the place of a man," remarked Miss Pappery. "But they'll never invent a machine that could take the place of a woman." "Oh, I don't know," replied Knox, "there's the phonograph."—Philadelphia Press.

The Commandment He Knew.
The rich hostess, on the lawn of her beautiful farm, was catechizing the little country weekers from the stumps. "And now," she said, "who knows the shortest commandment?" "I do," piped a lad in wooden-soled shoes. "Repeat it, please." "Keep off the grass!" shouted the archbishop confidently.—New York Press.