



The Small boy's Thanks giving.
I know it's right to be thankful
On Thanksgiving Day, on farm,
I'm thankful for turkey an' cranberry sauce
An' cake an' plum puddin' an' jam.
But when I think about eatin'
(Cause that's what Thanksgiving days for)
I know I could feel still thankfuler yet
If my stomach wd hold only more.

UNCLE JERRY'S THANKSGIVING.

By Marie Allen Kimball.

UNCLE JERRY WILSON opened the gate and the milch cows straggled out into the lane.

The old man went into the barn, and taking down a saddle, tried to lift it to the back of a pony. A sudden rheumatic twinge struck through his back and arms, and it fell short, grazing the horse's rough side and dropping to the straw-littered ground.

He tried again and again, but with no better success. "It's no use," he groaned; "the misery has got me again, and this is the end."

He leaned his head against the horse's warm shoulder and something like a dry sob came.

The pony rubbed his nose against the man's down-hanging hand.

"You know, Dick, don't you? I can't get on the saddle, boy. Old Jerry's working days are done."

He dragged the saddle out of the way, and followed the line of cows about down the lane.

"Well, I declare," said Martha Simmons, looking out of the kitchen window. "If there don't go Uncle Jerry limping down the road after them cows, and a saddle horse in the barn eating his head off; I wonder if he wants to get sick again, and me with all that company coming for Thanksgiving! I've no time to be beating flannels and fussing with him. It seems as if the older men grow the less sense they get."

The cows were cropping the scanty grass along the roadside and wondering in a slow bovine way why the gate to the tulle pasture was so long in opening.

Uncle Jerry leaned against the fence and watched them feeding. He knew every cow in the herd; they had all fed from his hand.

He loved the long stretch of tulle, the farms among the oak trees; he could tell when every one was settled, and the mark of each year's back water.

He knew where the ducks liked to feed, and the geese came swooping on the sprouting grain.

As he stood there he thought of the long summer days when he watched the sheep feeding far out on the tulle, of the mirage low in the sky, the scurrying of rabbits and the flight of blackbirds. Then of winter nights, when the green tulle was a raging sea, and the safety of the crops of the year hung on the strength of the levee and the vigilance of the watchers. This had been his life, and now he had come to the end of the lane.

As he toiled painfully back a team



And Carried His Possessions Out Into the Ditch by the Roadside.

"Going to town, Henry?"

"Why, yes, Uncle Jerry, in an hour or so."

"Going to have a load?"

"Nothing at all—going to fetch out fence wire."

"Then I'll speak for a ride."

"All right; watch out for me."

The old man turned into the house yard. Martha was going down cellar with a big tray of unworked butter in her hands. Uncle Jerry went into his room, a small place off the woodshed. He looked around the meagre space as he had looked at the tulle.

There were the walls covered with pictures cut from papers. He and Johnny had fixed them, one rainy day, when the lad was ten years old. There was his comfortable bed, his table and chair, the one place he could call his own.

He drew out his old leather trunk

and put his clothes into it; then he painfully did up his feather bed and made his blankets into a bundle. He stole out and peered down the cellar way. Martha was still mauling butter.

He hurried back and stealthily carried his possessions out into the ditch by the roadside. The neighbor came by and they started for town.

"You may let me out at the county hospital."

"Whew, Uncle Jerry! how's that?"

"Rheumatiz, Henry; it's come again. I can't bother Martha, so I'm coming up here and doctor a spell."

The warden showed him into a long, low room, full of beds. It

The old man was clinging to the lad's hand, his face shining with joy. "I say, Uncle Jerry," the other went on, "I've rented the Bruce place and you are going to live with me. It's first-rate quarters—big fireplace to keep you warm and nothing to do but company me, for I've got a China cook. The man that nursed me through the smallpox sha'n't stay in such a hole as this," and he looked scornfully around.

"You're real kind, Johnny, and I'd like to bide with you; but I shouldn't be no 'count to you, laddie, just setting round, though I know I'd be welcome to my bite and sup. But, boy, there's something I can do here—these poor fellows don't have anybody that knows how to look after them. I can remember medicines and fix them comfortable, and now and then say a word that helps 'em to die easier. It's a great comfort to be of some use, even if I am all crippled up. The pain isn't so bad, for it's warm here, and I get plenty to eat—plenty, boy. Don't you see, Johnny, boy, I'm having a Thanksgiving all the time?"

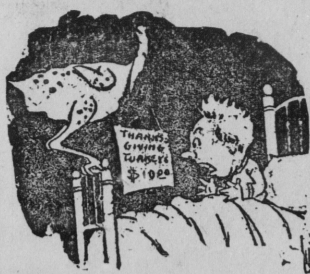
"O, Uncle Jerry," cried the young man, "I want to do something for you."

"You can, Johnny, boy; you can do lots for me here. I'd like some papers to read and a bit of a duck or a chicken now and then to fix up for a poor appetite. Then I'd like just to see you, when you come up to town, and know about your work. O, there's lots you can do; but, boy, I want to keep my Thanksgiving here, doing some good in God's world."—Christian Advocate.

A SONG OF THANKSGIVING.

I'm thankful that the years are long—
However long they be,
They still are laborers glad and strong
That ever work for me.
This rose I cut with careless shears
And wear and cast away—
The cosmos wrought a million years
To make it mine a day.
This lily by the pasture bars
Beneath the walnut tree,
Long ere the fire-mist formed in stars,
Was on its way to me.
The laws of property are lax—

A November Nightmare.



THANKSGIVING ANTICIPATIONS.

Of course we'll have a turkey,
A great, big, husky feller,
'N' vegetable of every kind—
Potatoes, white and yeller;
Turnips, 'n' squash, 'n' onions, too—
Um! Um! 'N' celery,
'N' stuffin', that the best of all,
Fixed up with savory;

'N' pies! Well, I'm prepared to say
All other kinds is fakes
'N' candy with the rest,
I bet I'll feel like lettin' out
The buttons on my vest!
'N' walkin' round the block is good
For appetites like mine;
Then afterwards I'll feel like "more"—
Geel! ain't Thanksgiving fine!
—Mazie V. Caruthers, in Lippincott's.

But after eatin' fruit 'n' nuts
'N' candy with the rest,
I bet I'll feel like lettin' out
The buttons on my vest!
'N' walkin' round the block is good
For appetites like mine;
Then afterwards I'll feel like "more"—
Geel! ain't Thanksgiving fine!
—Mazie V. Caruthers, in Lippincott's.

NOVEMBER.

Don't talk to me of solemn days
In autumn's time of splendor,
Because the sun shows fewer rays,
And these grow slant and slender.
Why, it's the climax of the year,
The highest time of living!
Till, naturally its burning cheer
Just melts into Thanksgiving.
—Paul Lawrence Dunbar.



THE FIRST THANKSGIVING DINNER.
(Reproduced From an Old and Rare Print.)

seemed to be the sitting room, too. Half a dozen convalescents were huddled round the stove, and from a distant corner distressed breathing told of a very sick man.

It was a poor place; there were no nurses; old men loafing there through the winter on pleas of illness helped wait on the helpless patients; the others did for one another.

Uncle Jerry was very homesick. He was seldom out of pain, and it hurt him to see how little chance to get well, the poor fellows had. The doctor's orders were often disregarded, or carelessly fulfilled.

One young boy was very sick with the pneumonia in the bed next to him. Uncle Jerry took to nursing him.

"The poor lad," he thought; "he's too young to lose his chance of life."

He began to do things for the others, to keep account of the hours for medicine, and pin it to each rough headboard. He made gruel, heated milk and fixed the fire. The doctor began to depend on him. "I'm good for something, after all," the old man would say, "and perhaps the Lord sent the rheumatiz to just get me here."

The day before Thanksgiving there was a sound of strong steps on the porch, and the door flew breezily open. A big six-footer stood there, his presence seeming to fill the dingy space.

"Here you are, Uncle Jerry," he called, "but you needn't think Johnny Simmons is going to let you stay in an old place like this. I've just got home, and I tell you I made things hot on the ranch. Where's your traps? I'm going to take you home for Thanksgiving."

A THANKSGIVING.

"So many gifts to thank Him for," I said,
"His life and His arising from the dead.
The days of sun and calm accorded me,
And, best of all, the hope of life to be,
So fair and smooth the way that I have come,
I fain would thank Him, but my lips are dumb."
Then all at once the outdoor stillness
Broke,
A childish voice beneath my window
Spoke:
I saw November snowflakes flash and shine
Upon a small, wan face upturned to mine.

THANKSGIVING.

I drew the little stranger in to rest,
And smoothed her tumbled hair upon my breast;
"Dear child," I said, "God's kingdom is of such
And then I heard a whisper—"Inasmuch
As thou hast made this little child to be
Less sad and wayworn thou hast gladdened
Me!"
The evening shades grew long and deepened,
But I held her fast and sung her eyelids shut.
Within my arms she nestled close and warm,
And as I closer clasped her sleeping form
I knew the little child of God became
The thankful prayer my lips had tried to frame.
—Bertha Greneaux Davis, in Home Magazine.

I'm thankful for this mighty age,
And winsome beauty of the Near,
The greatness of the Commonplace,
The glory of the Here.
I'm thankful for man's high emprise,
His stalwart sturdiness of soul,
The long look of his skyward eyes
That sights a far-off goal.
And so I feel to thank and bless
Both things unknown and understood—
And thank the stubborn thankfulness
That maketh all things good.
—Sam Walter Foss, in Success Magazine.

I'm thankful for this mighty age,
And winsome beauty of the Near,
The greatness of the Commonplace,
The glory of the Here.
I'm thankful for man's high emprise,
His stalwart sturdiness of soul,
The long look of his skyward eyes
That sights a far-off goal.
And so I feel to thank and bless
Both things unknown and understood—
And thank the stubborn thankfulness
That maketh all things good.
—Sam Walter Foss, in Success Magazine.

THANKSGIVING.

Thank the Lord, sing His praises,
Bow in adoration;
We are blest, we are favored,
As no other nation.

Ope the heart, raise the spirit,
Pray with earnest feeling;
Show the wounds, tell the sorrows—
He will do the healing.

Thank Him now, thank Him ever,
While on earth abiding;
Be it much, be it little,
All is His providing.
—M. J. Adams.



PENNSYLVANIA

Interesting Items from All Sections of the Keystone State.

EMINENT EDUCATOR DEAD

Prof. Hammers, Teacher and Lecturer, Succumbs to Effects of Operation.

Punxsutawney.—Prof. A. M. Hammers, a well known lecturer and instructor, and superintendent of the Punxsutawney schools, died here following an operation. He was born in Indiana and was the son of Prof. George Hammers, at one time principal of the Indiana public schools. When 14 years old the deceased was a teacher in the Indiana schools. In 1890 he was elected superintendent of Indiana county public schools, serving three terms. He later became a member of the Indiana Normal school faculty. Two years ago Prof. Hammers was elected superintendent of the Punxsutawney schools. In connection with his school work he was a lecturer for the Ripdaph bureau and during the last two years had been in charge of lecture courses at Atlantic City.

FIEND IS CONVICTED

Campbell, Who Attacked Little Florence Shira, Found Guilty.

Oil City.—Fred Campbell, aged 26, twice married, was found guilty of shooting with intent to kill and another crime by a Venango county jury at Franklin. Several weeks ago Campbell attacked Florence Shira, aged 14 years, in the woods near Monarch Park. He shot her with a revolver. She lost consciousness and Campbell, believing her dead, went home. The child recovered and found her way to the home of the superintendent of the Monarch Park. Campbell, whose home is about seven miles from Oil City, was arrested the same night.

BUY LARGE COAL TRACT

Edward Emery, One of Purchasers of West Virginia Land.

Connellsville.—By a deal closed November 17 J. W. McClaren, J. A. DeMuth and W. D. McGinnis of Connellsville; Robert Emery, Charleston, W. Va., and Edward Emery of Pittsburgh, became owners of 640 acres of coal land near Lumberport, W. Va., which they will begin developing at once. The coal is of the Pittsburgh seam and is midway between Fairmont and Clarksburg. The price paid was \$34,500. The purchase was made from F. R. Robinson, R. Y. Fortney, Dr. L. C. Oyster and Dr. A. H. Amos, all of West Virginia.

FOOLS WITH GUNS

One Killed and Another Wounded While Hunting.

Greensburg.—Allen Hauger, aged 50, of Donegal township, was accidentally shot and killed by John Pyle of Saltsburg while the two men were hunting. Hauger was walking six feet in front of Pyle when the latter's shotgun was discharged.

Altoona.—Charles MacFarland, aged 32, an Altoona mail carrier, was accidentally shot while hunting wild turkeys on Jacks mountains, 12 miles east of Huntingdon. A companion was loading his gun when it exploded, the shot entering MacFarland's leg. He will recover.

Young Man Disappears Unaccountably

Warren.—Lovell S. Plank, 24 years old, a bookkeeper at Glade Run, disappeared leaving his wife and 18-month-old boy. After going to his office Monday, Plank left, saying he was going to see a doctor regarding his wife's health. Later he went to Warren and had a check cashed. That was the last seen of him. Later in the day a note from Plank was received by his wife, saying he hoped they would never find his body. His accounts are correct and no cause for his disappearance is known.

Protest License Transfer

Kittanning.—Wolf, Seisel & Co., of Pittsburgh, and the Publishers' Clearing House have filed remonstrances in court here against the proposed transfer of the wholesale liquor license held by Anton Pater in Ford City to George Szafnan, on the ground that Pater is indebted to the remonstrants. Wolf, Seisel & Co. claim a debt of \$690, while the Publishers' Clearing House claims \$58.

Philadelphia "City Party"

Harrisburg.—The name of the "City Party" was taken for next year through pre-emption papers filed at the court house by five citizens of Philadelphia. They especially take the right to use the name "City Party" at the elections in February. George Wentworth Carr, Ray Edelman, Andrew R. Wright and Clayton M. Hunsicker.

Westminster Wants Mr. Bryan

New Castle.—William Jennings Bryan may deliver the commencement address at Westminster college next June. The members of the senior class of Westminster, when asked by the faculty their preference, decided upon Mr. Bryan.

School Burns

Reynoldsville.—West Reynoldsville's public school building was totally destroyed by fire resulting from a defective flue, causing \$5,000 loss with insurance of \$2,000. Pupils marched out quietly.

Oil City.—Adelbert E. Rose, aged 16, was accidentally killed by Harry Corder, a companion, while hunting near Kinzua. Both boys shot at a grouse at the same time, the discharge from Corder's gun striking Rose in the head.

KENSINGTON BANK TO REOPEN

Meanwhile Lying Up of Depositors Seriously Embarrasses Business.

New Kensington.—Depositors, including several local corporations and many business men, are awaiting the report of Receiver George J. Ball of Washington, of the First National bank, which was closed a week ago. Business is temporarily crippled by the tying up of large sums. Lucien Clawson, one of the directors, said that all profits of the last year have been turned into a fund to make good deficiencies rising from ill-advised loans, no dividends being declared. Mr. Clawson said he and the other directors stand ready to give further financial aid.

Receiver Gall thinks there is little doubt that the institution will resume.

OPPOSITION TO PENROSE

Washington County Movement to Petition the Legislature.

Washington.—A movement has been started in the Twenty-fourth district to prevent Bolise Penrose from succeeding himself in the senate. In the three counties of the district petitions are being circulated which demand the defeat of Penrose. They will be presented to the next legislature. The signatures of none but voters are solicited.

Attached to the first petition is a second one asking for the legislature to pass a measure putting the question of electing United States Senators by direct vote up to the people.

Flipped Coin to Settle Suit

Butler.—The suit of J. W. Emerick against John W. Walker to recover \$600, which has been pending in the local court for years, was settled by the tossing of a coin. Both parties agreed to the head or tail method as good a way to get justice as a jury trial, after they had settled many of the disputed points between themselves.

Advocates State Highway

Philadelphia.—Governor Stuart will recommend that the Legislature, which convenes in January, appropriate \$6,000,000 for the construction of a State highway from Philadelphia to Pittsburgh. This will be the leading feature of the governor's message to the Legislature, the preparation of which he now has in hand.

Sharon Mill Resumes

Sharon.—Five hundred men returned to work at the wire and wire mill department of the American Steel & Wire Company, which resumed operations after several month's idleness. The company states steady employment will be furnished all winter. It is said part of the Carnegie steel mill will start inside of two weeks.

Seven Below Zero

Bellefonte.—Following the six-inch snowfall of Saturday night the weather grew cold Sunday night, and Monday morning was the coldest ever known in Center county at this time of year. In this place the thermometer registered two degrees below zero. At Snow Shoe it was seven degrees below. It moderated considerably today.

Student Commits Suicide

Beaver Falls.—Despondent over prolonged illness, John Crosier, 24 years old, son of Rev. J. S. Crosier, a retired minister of the Reformed Presbyterian church, committed suicide at his home, on Geneva hill, near here. Young Crosier was formerly a student at Geneva college, but was forced to leave school on account of illness.

Fine New U. B. Church

Greensburg.—The cornerstone of the new United Brethren church was laid here with Rev. Dr. W. R. Funk of Dayton, O., presiding. The pastor, Rev. F. P. Rossett, was assisted in the service by many ministers of other denominations. The new church will cost \$75,000.

Mr. Akens Campaign Expenses

New Castle.—Attorney C. H. Akens, Democratic candidate for Congress in the Twenty-fourth district against John K. Tener, filed his statement of election expenses. He spent \$458.17, of which \$234 was for a pamphlet edition of his acceptance speech.

By the terms of the will of Mrs. Sarah Greer of Medford, Mass., the Reformed Presbyterian Theological seminary at Allegheny, received \$1,000. Various Presbyterian churches and missions also are beneficiaries.

Altoona.—James B. Reed, aged 70, a constable and merchant of Frankstown township, dropped dead while hunting near his home. Mr. Reed was a veteran of the Civil War and Captain of the Sons of Veterans Camp at Hollidaysburg.

Greensburg.—Samuel Rigley, aged 24, and unmarried, of Smithton, walking on the Pennsylvania railroad tracks east of Seward, was killed by a passenger train. Rigley several weeks ago went to Bedford county to seek employment. He was returning home afoot.

Kittanning.—Suits were filed by Susan D. Hanna for \$20,000 and by Mrs. Annie E. Hanna, her mother, for \$10,000 against the Borough of Freeport for injuries sustained by the daughter during the Fourth of July celebration at Freeport in 1907.