

BOTH VERY WEALTHY.

Edith Rockefeller and Harold McCormick to Wed Tuesday.

GIRL MAY INHERIT \$50,000,000.

Oil Magnate's Daughter to Wed the Reaper King's Son—The Rockefeller Family.

A genuine love match is to be the alliance of Miss Edith Rockefeller and Harold McCormick. The wedding is to take place in New York city on November 26.

In spite of the fact that these two young people are quite as unassuming and modest as any two lovers in all the land, this wedding is one in which the public is bound to be interested.

Miss Rockefeller is the youngest daughter of John D. Rockefeller, who is at the head of the Standard Oil trust.

Harold McCormick, who is to marry one of the richest heiresses in America, is the son of a self-made man. His father, Cyrus McCormick, was known as the "Reaper King."

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To understand what sort of a girl she is it is necessary to know something of her home life. In the Rockefeller mansion on West Fifty-fourth street, New York city, a course of life is followed which is far different from that which is to be found in most of the millionaire houses on Fifth avenue.

Mrs. Rockefeller is also a prominent church member, and the extent of her charities is unknown. She does her work very quietly, distributing thousands of books and keeps track not only of all she gives away, but of every penny which is spent in maintaining her household.

Mrs. Rockefeller is a slight, kindly faced, black haired woman. She dresses very plainly. Her life has been devoted to her home, her family and charity.

Miss Alta Rockefeller is now 26 years old. She is taller than her younger sister and has lighter hair. Her tastes are as quiet as those of Edith. They are John D. Rockefeller, Jr., who is now 23 and is working hard in his father's office.

This comprises the family who have so many friends. Their friends are as numerous as the stars in the sky. They are John D. Rockefeller, Jr., who is now 23 and is working hard in his father's office.

The Rockefeller girls are never seen in an opera box. They go to the opera occasionally, for they are both fine musicians and naturally are lovers of music, but they are contented with a seat in their orchestra circle where they may hear and see without being seen.

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THANKSGIVING BY ELIZABETH ALKENS. In the pleasant days when we wait to school we read, in a well worn history book, How, restless under a despot's rule, A band of pilgrims their land forsook, And, crossing a wide, mysterious main, To a country strange and little known, Began, with hardship and toil and pain, The home and nation we call our own.

For Nature met them with jealous mood, She gave scant welcome to human schemes Which tore the shade from her solitude, And rent the forests, and dammed the streams, Her Indian children had never dared To spoil her shrines and to thwart her will— The red man's life was her own and shared, Without a question, her good and ill.

With few of the helps we know today To yield relief as the seasons rolled, They paid the price that she bade them pay— They gasped with heat, and they shook with cold, The ills she sent them they grimly bore, Yet none the less did that stubborn band Hold fast to the stern, unflinching shore Whereon their vessel had chanced to land.

One summer fiercely and long the sun Had parched their gardens and scorched their grain, And days and weeks had gone on and on With never a sprinkling of saving rain, The heat drank greedily all the springs, And dried the wheat ere the ears were filled; It withered the corn to yellow strings, And all the tender crops were killed.

And strongest spirits grew faint indeed, Foreseeing nothing but want and woe, Wasting hunger, and bitter need, And actual famine with winter's snow, The preachers doubled their sermons' length And droned long chapters and prayed and prayed, Yet, spite of their faith's persistent strength, Was every man of them sore afraid.

But when their courage was almost gone, So dead seemed heaven to their prayers and pain, A cloud arose in the sky at dawn, Dark and heavy with promised rain, And when poured plentifully down at last The crowd blessed and thanked the sky, They changed the day from a gloomy fast Into a service of joy and song.

And ever after their children, too, And their children's children after them, With love and gratitude ever new, Set one day separate, like a gem, Of purer luster than all the rest In the golden round of the year of days, When all might offer, as one, their praise Of true Thanksgiving and humble thank.

So let no spirit, though far apart, From happy fortune its path may stray, Refuse to honor, with voice and heart, The dear tradition we keep today, For never a soul in all the earth, In but or palace, in any clime, But has some blessing or comfort worth The giving thanks at this joyful time.

mer nights of the Southland, are her delight. These she brings to us and forces us to share with her, and sympathetically compels us to comprehend them. To those who rejoice in a clear, strong, human spirit, heaven by a lively humor and spiritualized by a vivid poetic appreciation of all that is great and beautiful, we heartily recommend "Young Greer of Kentucky."

"Politics for Prudent People" by Slack Worthington. (The Arena Publishing Company, Conley square, Boston, Mass.) The chief thesis of his book is that wealth is necessary to progress, and that the condition of any given people as regards individual comfort or poverty depends largely, if not wholly, on the amount of wealth accumulated among them.

"The Kabob" by St. George Rathborne. (Street & Smith, Publishers, New York.) This latest story of Mr. Rathborne gives the reader an interesting glimpse of life and customs in the city of Singapore, in India, whether he has transported his feet to the East or not.

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PAPIER MACHE PRESENTS. Simple Methods of Applying This Ready-Made Carving. Papier mache is a compound of paper and glue worked into a pulp. While soft it is pressed into molds. The molded beads, "pearls," "buds," wreaths, ribbons or flowers are all made in this way.

Having decided on the design and selected the papier mache ornaments, dip into the hot water as many of the "pearls," "buds," or whatever you may be using, as you require or as the pan will conveniently hold. In a few minutes they will become soft and pliable.

sign lightly sketched directly upon the working object, whatever it may be, as the position of the ornaments must be decided before beginning to apply them, to insure the absolute equality of each. They are applied at the same time being careful not to mar or efface the contour or delicate modeling of the ornament.

When the applied ornaments are dry the work may be finished in various ways, if, for instance, you have decorated a glovebox of walnut or oak, the ornaments may be finished with stain to closely imitate the natural wood of the box.

NEW BOOKS. "Young Greer of Kentucky," by Miss Kinkaid, of Lexington, (Grand, McNair & Co., Chicago), is a charming story from the same hand as "Gains Wind and Tide."

MOTOR WAGON RACE.

Trial of Carriages at Chicago on Thanksgiving Day.

PRIZES AMOUNTING TO \$5,000.

Fifty Machines Entered—Some Use Gas, Others Oil, and Still Others Electricity.

H. H. Kohlbas, proprietor of the Chicago Times-Record, offered prizes worth four months ago, to be awarded after open competition, for the best forms of horseless carriages. The trial was to be made on November 23, but as many of the inventors were not then ready the final trial was postponed, until November 28.

There have been over fifty entries for the contest, most of them coming from the West. It is safe to say that some of the vehicles entered will never come to the starting post, because their inventors are so sure of their own power that they proposed to make more than they put into them.

Belonging to the class may be mentioned the machines run by compressed air, which are expected to rewind themselves going down hill, and various types of cylinders, which are expected by their inventors to be cold when Nature prescribes that they shall be hot.

Roughly speaking, the successful machines at the Chicago contest will be operated either by gasoline engines or by the energy derived from storage batteries. In some cases, compressed air will be substituted for liquid gasoline, though no carriage has hitherto been a permanent success which depended on compressed air.

All the gasoline engines are constructed upon the same principle, though they have each a different measure of success in practical working. In either another explosion takes place, with the same result. This is, of course, the principle of an ordinary gas engine using oil as a substitute for gas.

Among the horseless carriages which are entered for competition at Chicago on November 28, is one manufactured by the De La Vergne Refrigerating Company of New York. Its weight is 1,500 pounds of which the motor takes up 450 pounds.

The only other entry from New York is one from Stone & Maynard, Springfield, Mass., and Philadelphia furnish the remainder of the entries from cities in the East.

The Philadelphia entry is by Morris & Salom, who are bringing forward a power-propelled carriage propelled by compressed air. This vehicle will seat two or four persons, and weigh with storage batteries on board only 1,500 pounds.

MY LITTLE GIRL.

My little girl is nestled Within her tiny bed, With amber ringlets crested Around her dainty head, And lies so calm and still, Will soon be minded there, Upon the rocking chair.

A weary little mother, Has come to stumberland, The doves at the portico, Have caught her by the hand, She dreams her broken body Will soon be minded there, Upon the rocking chair.

I kiss you upward tresses, My drowsy little queen, From floating forms unseen, O, angels, let me keep her, Will soon be minded there, Upon the rocking chair.

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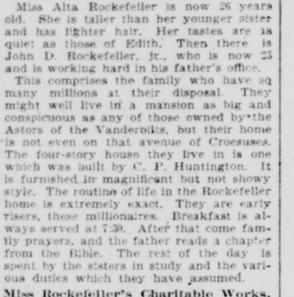
Rockefeller house one evening with a relative who was a friend of the family. It was near the Christmas holidays and there seemed to be a good deal of bustle and confusion about the mansion.

"What's going on?" asked Harold of Miss Alta Rockefeller, Edith's sister. "Oh, Edith is in the midst of her annual Christmas work. These boxes are Mrs. McCormick's proteges," said Miss Alta with a smile.

"How many are there?" asked Harold, as he glanced at the big pile. "Edith is going to send out 1,000 this year," said Miss Alta.

"One thousand Christmas boxes" exclaimed young McCormick. "But how does she do it?" "Oh, she does the shopping and the whole family help her pack them. She's out now buying things."

How He Won the Heiress. Harold did not see Edith that evening, but he learned enough of her good work and her generous heart to want to see her. When he had made her acquaintance and found her a modest, earnest young woman with no society nonsense in her head, he was deeply impressed.



EDITH ROCKEFELLER.

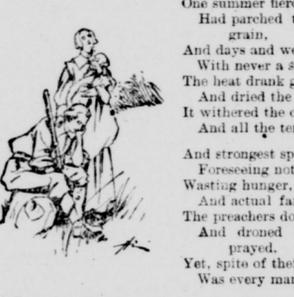
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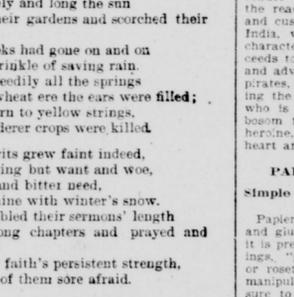
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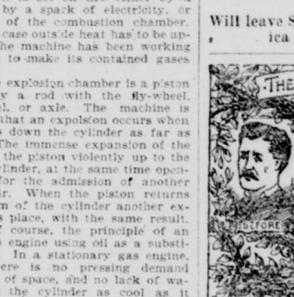
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