A LITTLE LAY SERMON ON GIVING THANKS

By ROBERTUS LOVE.

LET us give thanks! Why not? Who that has life and health is exempt from this universal duty? Ingrate indeed is he who enjoys the manifold blessings which all of us share in common and which cannot be caged or cornered by Plutonian or plutocratic powers, yet fails to feel somehow a sense of thankfulness therefor. The world belongs to every person who occupies it.

Let us give thanks! Let us thank the sun that blossoms daily in the east, a great red rose of dawn, that warms the elsewise icy earth, that dissipates the all engulfing dark, that resurrects the buried seed in the aspiring life of leaf and bud, of flower and fruit.

Let us give thanks! Let us thank the breeze, laden with rose scent and summer balm, that fans our eager faces uplifted to the sun, that makes a siren music in the leaves, that lingers to caress the fever wasted brows of our loved ones and fills the lungs of health with the breath of vigor that makes us bold to dare and do.

Let us give thanks! Let us thank the shimmery moon and the shiny stars that shed a softened radiance upon us after dusk, and let us thank the mantle of night that softly covers us as with a quilt, wooing to silence and repose and conferring the sustenance of sleep.

Let us give thanks! Let us thank the tree that shelters us from excess of rain or shine, that becomes fuel to cheer us with its warmth, paper whereon are printed the poems and songs and histories and happy thoughts, ships in which we voyage the streams and the seas, houses wherein we dwell with those we love.

Let us give thanks! Let us thank the earth and the firmament and the Infinite Artist that paints the sun in the heavens and the rose tint in the doeryard, the Supreme Artificer of use and beauty, the divine purpose that is working behind the veil of our knowledge toward the ultimate perfection of all things whatsoever, nothing ignored, nothing squandered, nothing lost.

Let us give thanks

"That nothing walks with aimless feet,
That not one life shall be destroyed
Or cast as rubbish to the void
When God hath made the pile complete."

THANKSGIVING MASKERS

Many Children and Some Grown-ups Parade In Costume.

By WILTON MARKHAM.

IN addition to eating turkey and incidentally being grateful for past mercies, New York has a Thanksgiving day custom that is observed in few if any other communities in America. It is a masker's parade, indulged in chiefly by the children, but also enjoyed and in many cases participated in by the grownups.

The custom is believed to have been originated by the foreign born population of the big city, who, while they have no Thanksgiving in their own lands, make use of other holidays for carnival masquerades and seized upon

Thanksgiving for that purpose after coming to America. From them it spread to some extent to the native Americans and now is generally observed throughout Greater New York.

On that one day at least the children literally take possession of the streets, ride all over the street cars, even on the fenders; impersonate Uncle Sam, George Washington and other characters that suit their fancy; dress in all sorts of costumes, that of the ragamuffin having the preference; mask, black their faces, parade, blow horns, ride sorry horses, prance astride of broomsticks and generally enjoy themselves to the limit of their temporary liberty.

New York children have something to be thankful for on Thanksgiving day, even though they have not all the rest of the year. They have no limit set on their hilarity short of the actual commission of crime. Thanksgiving thus becomes to New York what New Year's is to Philadelphia, Christmas eve is in southern cities and Hallowe'en is throughout the country.

The human animal takes to revelry as naturally as the sparks fly upward. This is true whether the animal in question is an inhabitant of Japan, Italy or America and whether he belonged to the first century or boasts himself an up to date product of the twentieth.

Above all, however, it is a day of freedom for the children. They are out as gamins and are permitted to play at begging in the streets and at houses. Horns and rattles are worked overtime. The throwing of confetti and even of flour on pedestrians is an allowable pastime. At some of the open squares cakewalks are given by the children in the presence of thousands and usually with a big cake, presented by a baker in the neighborhood, as a prize. Wearing masks or with their faces stained, the youngsters roam through the streets by thousands

No Doubt of It.

Mrs. Turkey (proudly)—I heard the farmer say today that I was to be at their Thanksgiving dinner. Do you think they'll feed me well!

Mrs. Goose—Feed you well? Why, they'll simply stuff you.

UNCLE MOSES' CHOICE

By A. B. LEWIS.

Uncle Moses was on the steps of his cabin with a most mournful look on his face when the colonel came along and asked what the trouble was.

"Why, sah," explained the old darky, "Ah jess bin 'vited up to Lige Thompson's house on Thanksgibin' to help him eat two five poun' chickens."

"Well, that shouldn't make you feel bad," said the colonel.

"No, sah, but Ah also got a invitashun to go ober to Sam Johnsing's on Thanksgibin' to help him wid a ten poun' tuhkey. What kin a man do, sah, in sich a discalamity?"

"Which do you like best, chicken or turkey?"

"Well, sah, when Ah fink erbout a big roasted tuhkey it jess make de shibbers run down my back, an' when Ah fink erbout dem two chickens dat Lige's wife gwine to cook it makes de shibbers run de odder way. If I don't go to Sam's house I'll feel bad all muh life. If I don't go to Lige's den Ah'll feel de same way."

"Couldn't Sam postpone his Thanksgiving dinner until you had finished at Lige's?"

"No, sah. He says he dun can't wait no longah dan 12 o'clock, an' Lige says dat dat's de time to be at his house if Ah wants any chicken."

"Well," said the colonel, "it's a pretty tough matter to decide, especially as I stopped here to tell you of another invitation to a Thanksgiving dinner. As I passed Bill Washington's shanty awhile ago he asked me to stop and tell you to come over and dine with him on Thanksgiving. He wants to know at once if you can come."

"Fo' de Lawd, but what he gwine to hab fo' dinnah?" asked the excited darky.

"Why, he has a couple of fat possums that he caught in the woods last night, and"—

But old Uncle Moses was already through the gate and hurrying up the road in the direction of Bill Washington's house.

THE DEFICIENT TURKEY

By GERTRUDE M'KENZIE.

MISS ELLA WHITE and Cousin Dan,
They dined with us Thanksgiving day.
He is an awful smart young man.
And Ella White—well, I must say
She seemed real tickled to be able
To sit next to him at the table.

"Now, when the turkey's cut," said he,
"I hope the wishbone is our share."
"Yes, I've a wish all made," said she,
"As good as yours is, I declare."
And then she blushed, and he got red,
But what the wish was neither said.

Now, we eat vegetarian food.
Our turkey wasn't really meat.
'Twas made of nuts and bread all screwed
Together from its neck to feet,
With macaroni sticks and things
To imitate the legs and wings.

Then ma said: "Isn't it a shame?
I never put a wishbone in.
You cannot try your wishing game"—
But Brother Jim began to grin.
"I'll bet their wishes coincide,"
Said he, "so let the wishbone slide."

WHEN MOTHER COOKS THE THANKSGIVING TURKEY

FIXIN' THE STUFFIN'

DOIN' THE BASTIN'

HUNTING THE WILD TURKEY FOR THANKSGIVING

IN southern Missouri, Arkansas and other southern states the wild turkey, feathered a beautiful brown, still is numerous despite the encroachments of civilization upon the wildernesses. Years ago there were millions of wild turkeys migrating in great flocks. Nowadays the number of them has diminished, but nevertheless a good hunter who knows the bird and its ways usually can bring down one for his Thanksgiving dinner in any locality that ever has been frequented by the wild turkey. Roasted to a brown, the meat is delicious. As a user of slang would say, the domesticated turkey has nothing on the wild bird.

Pilgrims' Thanksgiving Menu.

Potatoes were not included in the first Thanksgiving menu, as they were considered improper feed because they were not mentioned in the Bible.

Eels were another favorite dish for the pilgrims. They were served roasted, fried or boiled.

"Stuff the eels with nutmeg and cloves," says ye olden cookbook, "stick with cloves and cook in wine; place on a chafing dish and serve up."

Just the Thing.

"Here, Mrs. Closely," said the butcher to the landlady of the boarding house, "is just the turkey you're looking for."

"No; I'm afraid turkeys are too high," she replied.

"But that bird, Mrs. Closely, will keep your boarders so busy trying to get something off it that they'll be too tired to eat any more when it comes time for dessert."

"Send it right around, please."

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