



ELL, my children, here is Thanksgiving time again, and we turn to our turkeys with a pretty joyful and a pretty hopeful heart. Bless you, though, one holiday treads so quickly upon another's heels in this country that the last celebration is in danger of tripping over the former one. It is a fast age, and your Uncle Sam will no sooner get out his memorandum book to sum up his causes for gratitude than December shoots out "Merry Christmas!" and the whole string of celebrations seems to break loose. It is, indeed, a fast age, my children, a fast age. Why, time was when it took three whole days to make a feast; one to prepare for it, one to get over it, and one to enjoy it leisurely. We rested from Christmas to Washington's birthday, and then had nothing to do but get ready for the Fourth. Then, Thanksgiving found us with longings for turkey, and the holly season sharpened our appetites with its savory odor of plum pudding.

But, bless you, my children, those good old days are past and gone, along with last year's fashions. We rush and hurry from one festival to another, and fill up the spaces with flag days, and arbor days, and memorial days, and world's fairs, and soldiers' monuments, until your Uncle Sam is on a dash from one end of the country to the other, trying to fulfill his state and national engagements. And, whenever he hopes to snatch an hour's rest, bless you! some invitation arrives, and he has to scamper off to lay a corner stone, or crown an arch, or fire a salute, or respond to a toast, until his very last suit is in imminent danger of losing its buttons and fraying at the seams!

But to return to our turkey and the list in the memorandum book. Thanksgiving is here, and the earth is rejoicing! The peace jubilee is over, things fixed for comfort, and calmness and happiness, and the football player is now monarch of the day. During his temporary sovereignty, let Uncle Sam recount the blessings of the year that has run its course through ways of peril and hardship, but, withal, of blessings.

Your Uncle Sam is grateful that the war is over, and Cuba can sit down at the November table with a Thanksgiving all her own. Spain must not complain of her "cooked goose!" Time is when your Uncle Sam, getting riled, acts quicker'n a wink. It took some vessels, some guns,

some of his own sure boys, to teach those dons how to run, but it had to be did! The scrimmage had to be short, for all hands were due back at the home table this blessed Thanksgiving day, and, the ball set rolling, it was hustled along fast. We are thankful that the world knows how prompt we can act for right against oppression, how sure we are of our mettle, and maybe before many more Thanksgiving days—if things don't go a little more civilized in the far East—there's a Turkey's head we'll have to chop off before we can sit down to our plum pudding table quite easy and satisfied.

Your Uncle Sam is especially grateful for the pretty girls that remain in the country. This international matrimonial market business has been giving the lords and dukes and earls a chance to rob us right and left. We must put a stop to this, boys! The table don't look right with so many pretty faces gone. We need all the beauty and smiles and winsomeness we can find, and if those titled foreigners must have a live, bouncing American girl, let them come over here and be Americanized and naturalized, and sit down at the table and learn our ways.

We have had some glorious shows the last year—flower shows, county fairs, a big Western exposition. We have had conventions, and the chance to view in public the men and women of the epoch, with an extra gathering to press down good measure. We have had baseball and tennis and golf, and yacht races and rowing. And in them all American muscle and American brains have topped the bargain and capped the climax! Let us give thanks for all these amusements and pleasures, thanks for our blessings, thanks for our hopes.

And a special hurrah for our farmers, amid all this joy of health and vigor! Think of the bountiful reward for the labor of the husbandman! We have been preserved as a nation, and our glory shines afar before all peoples. We have welcomed the oppressed, we have given a shelter to the homeless. We have aided suffering, and borne the Stars and Stripes where they were needed the most.

Once more, children, all together! waving an encouraging flag over to Hawaii and Cuba and the Philippines, a cheer for them, a cheer for America, yourselves and Uncle Sam:

My country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing,
Land where my fathers died,
Land of the pilgrims' pride,
From every mountain side
Let Freedom ring!

HER HEART'S DESIRE.



"H E shall give thee thy heart's desire." The choir of the little country church did not sing the beautiful words very well. The soprano's voice was unmistakably "cracked," and the tenor displayed surprising disregard of time and tune.

But then, there were no musical critics in the small congregation scattered throughout this quiet little country church that Thanksgiving morning. And the beauty of the words and the promise contained in them touched the hearts of many.

"Wait patiently upon the Lord and he shall give thee thy heart's desire," repeated the choir.

"It is not true!"

The words were not spoken, but they were in the thought and heart of one old woman sitting far back near the door. She sat alone, for she was alone in the world. Those who had once peopled the old pew with her—father, mother, husband, brothers and sisters, and the child of her love and care, all were gone. The quiet peaceful beauty of that Thanksgiving morning and the spiritual atmosphere of the church had quite failed to appeal to old Margaret Hudson. Never had she felt in a more rebellious mood. It would have dazed and pained the white-haired old elder in the pulpit had he known the thoughts that were uppermost in the mind of the small, dark, keen-eyed little old woman whose head gave a little defiant toss when he rose and said:

"Let us bow our heads in prayer." Margaret Hudson did not bow her head, and her heart did not respond to the simple, fervent prayer of Elder Norris.

"What's the use?" she was saying angrily to herself. "Haven't I been bowing my head and my knees in prayer for years and years—in one prayer for one thing, for my heart's desire, and has it been granted to me? No, it hasn't! I have 'waited patiently upon the Lord' and He has not given me the desire of my heart. I don't believe that He ever will give it to me. I've lost faith and hope. I can't help it. My 'heart's desire' has been denied me so long and the promise has not come true for me. I can't believe that it is true."

There were educated, polished and brilliant ministers in beautiful city churches who preached with less simple and tender beauty than that old elder preached that morning about the joy of gratitude and praise-giving for the blessings of God, but

Margaret Hudson was not touched by the words. Her faith had lost its olive and her love its gallies.

"When He gives me my heart's desire," she said stubbornly. "When He sends my boy, my Jim, back to me, I will believe that His promises are true. I can't trust Him any more until He does."

She did not tarry at the close of the service for her usual greeting of old friends, but stole out alone and hurried toward her lonely home, the homeliness and desolation of which were never so hard to bear as now.

"If He'd hear my prayer and send Jim back to me it would be so," she said. Jim! Her heart's desire! Where was he at that moment?

"God only knows!" his mother said between her broken sobs as she went slowly along over the country road, the bright sunlight of a glorious November day lending a radiance to the brown leaves still remaining on the trees. It had been twenty years since she had seen Jim. He was then a handsome, headstrong boy of 18, and the only child that had come to her. She had lavished upon him the warmest, tenderest affections of her life, and yet she never knew just why Jim had run away from home in his 18th year and she had never seen him nor heard from him since that day.

She knew that he had gone "out West," and she was too poor to follow him, had she known where he was.

There had been vague and unfounded rumors that he had "got into trouble," but proof of this was lacking, and her neighbors had long ago ceased to speak of Jim to Margaret Hudson. But not for one day nor for one hour had she ceased to think of him—her heart's desire.

Twenty years of unanswered prayer had ended in this spirit of depression and rebellion, and there was no love nor gratitude in Margaret Hudson's heart that Thanksgiving morning.

Presently she came to the bars in a fence by the roadside through which she must pass on her homeward way. She leaned heavily on the bars, and then dropped slowly to her knees with her head resting on one gaunt arm stretched out upon one of the bars. Her lips moved slowly in prayer:

"Oh, God," she said, "I have been so sinful, so wicked. Forgive me and let the desire of heart be for perfect trust in Thee no matter what Thy will may be concerning me. Make this my heart's desire."

There was a smile on her brown and wrinkled old face when she rose to her feet and went on her homeward way. All trace of rebellion had fled from her face, and her eyes shone through a mist of tears.

She pushed open the gate before her tiny brown house and when old Hero, the dog,

came bounding forward with noisy greeting she patted him kindly and said cheerily:

"Good old dog! Glad to see me, aren't you, old fellow?"

She looked up to see a tall, broad-shouldered, brown-bearded man coming rapidly down the path toward her with outstretched arms and twinkling brown eyes.

"Mother!" he said.

"Why, Jim!"

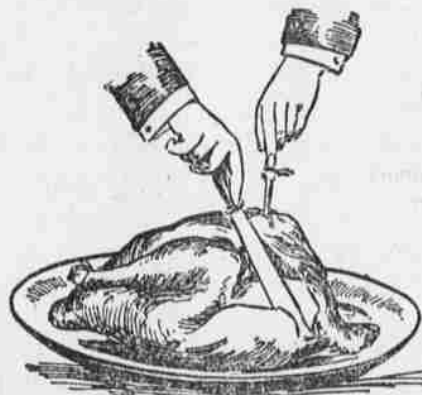
And they walked up the path with their arms around each other.

And later Margaret Hudson went softly about her tidy, sunny dining room setting her tables for dinner and singing softly, "Wait patiently upon the Lord and He shall give thee thy heart's desires."

CARVING THE TURKEY.

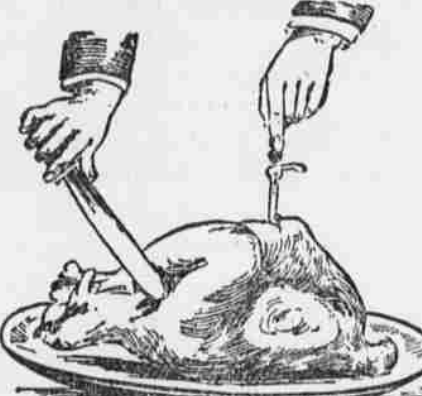
Adepts Have Reduced the Art to an Exact Science.

Something more than a sharp knife and a tender turkey is necessary to be master of the situation, when a turkey is placed before you. The adept carver has the art

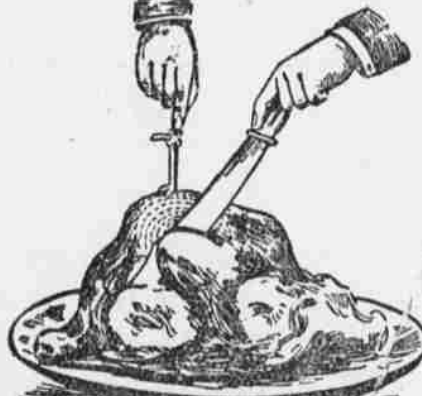


of separating the joints of the bird down to such an exact science that in one minute they can cut the most gigantic turkey into pieces each a good size for a plate.

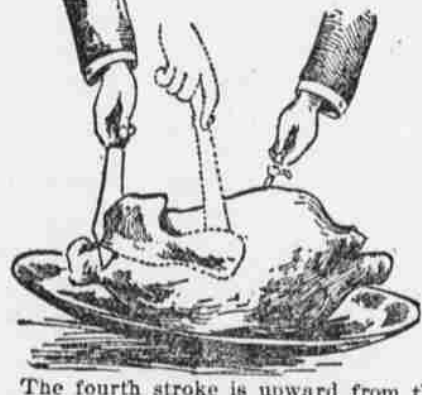
Plant the fork into the turkey's breast, and cut off the left wing. This is done with a downward swing that catches the joint. The fork meanwhile, with a prong on each side of the breastbone, is held stiff and firm in the left hand.



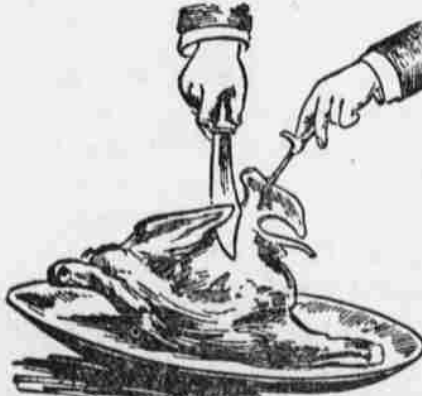
Now press the blade of the knife downward, and remove the leg and second joint. As these fall upon the dish they must be lifted to a small platter to be out of the carver's way. There should always be a warm platter near the carver.



The third move of the carver is to slice off the breast, removing it in layers parallel to the breast bone. This makes a slice of very good grain, better than if it were cut crosswise.



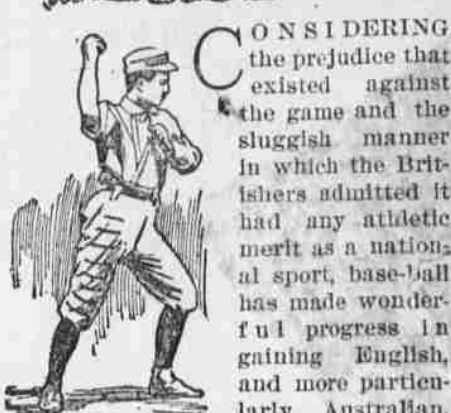
The fourth stroke is upward from the pope's nose so as to catch the "oyster bone" on the side. This reveals the stuffing, which can be sliced off.



The wishbone is next removed. This is done by slipping the knife under the point of the bone, after the breast is sliced off, and sweeping it downward toward the neck. A very nice portion of the meat comes with it. Follow these directions and carving a fowl will not be difficult.

We Thank Thee, Lord.

For evil things which make us love the good;
For all temptations which we have withstood;
For sins abhorred;
For bitter pains that gave us sweet surcease;
For life, for death, and Death's great daughter—Peace—
We thank Thee, Lord!
—Chicago Times-Herald.



CONSIDERING the prejudice that existed against the game and the sluggish manner in which the British admitted it had any athletic merit as a national sport, base-ball has made wonderful progress in gaining English, and more particularly Australian, adherents since the first exhibition trials were given abroad in 1874 by the Boston and Philadelphia Athletics. It is rather surprising to learn, indeed, that during the past season the crack base-ball club of Australia visited England and defeated the champions of that country. While the best clubs of the old country and her biggest colony are not up to the American standard of skill and training, it is certain that within a very few years England, Australia, Canada and the United States will be playing international championship series.

Base-ball interest can scarcely be said to have been aroused in England until the Chicago round-the-world "twirlers" exhibited their skill at the historic Kensington oval, in 1889. Five thousand persons attended the initial game, to which the presence of the Prince of Wales gave eclat. He enjoyed the contest immensely, applauded the finer points of the play, and finally approved the game. This set the ball rolling. American residents of London taught the game to a few English friends, and soon it came to be played by nines of mixed nationalities.

One of the games which attracted much notice was that played between a team of Buffalo Bill's cowboys and a team of enthusiasts who had until then been playing on the commons and in the parks of the great metropolises. Despite the torrents of rain the match was a well-attended one, and was of a much more interesting character than any previous public game. The audience was large and fashionable in the grand stand and in the bleachers included a motley crowd of Cossacks, Hungarians, South Americans, cowboys, Indians, Frenchmen, Spaniards, Americans and English, the cowboys eventually winning by 13 to 5.

The game made steady progress in the north of England and in the midland counties, but in the south, strangely enough, where the first exhibition game was given, it languished. Any game which is worth while playing always finds a welcome among the hardy miners and workers in the great manufacturing towns of the north, and it very soon became popular there.

In 1893 the National Base-ball Association of England was started, and in the following year the London Base-ball Association was formally incorporated. A ground was taken at Balham, a suburb of London. This year five clubs were formed in London.

A team of cricketers, watching a game at the Crystal Palace grounds, were somewhat amused at what seemed to them the extreme simplicity of it all, and consequently, as a means of showing what a superior game cricket was, declared they could play base-ball far better than any base-baller could play cricket. A match was arranged, and the cricketers were allowed to play seventeen men against their opponents' nine. In addition to this, they were given the advantage of five "put-outs" per inning, but in the end only managed to secure six runs to forty-seven. As might have been expected, their scoffing was changed to admiration;



ENGLISH TEAM "THE PIANS."

they immediately showed an inclination to learn the game thoroughly, and many of them are now among the leading English exponents of it.

One thing in connection with the game the public have not tackled, and that is the score card. Most of the spectators refuse to trouble about it. They like the excitement and fun, and the little intricacies of the score card are ignored for the time.

The game in England commences a month later than it does in the United States, but ends about the same time. While it is on the sporting press, as well as the ordinary daily and weekly papers, take an interest in it. In the most important matches devoting nearly half a column to it, which, when it is taken into consideration that cycling, rowing, tennis, hockey, etc., have to be

satisfied with half a dozen lines something worth mentioning. Curious comments are made by the English spectators on the costumes worn by the players. The masks worn by the umpire and catcher and the each pad worn by the latter, especially tickle their fancy.

The English game is in all respects identical with the American. As regards the players, there are no professionals. The forty-five or fifty in England are composed of amateurs



VICTORIOUS AUSTRALIAN TEAM.

The Australian nine that played against them for cups and various kinds of prizes the past season were uniformly victorious, because of finer training and longer experience in the game.

IN HIS FATHER'S FOOTSTEPS.

Young James May Be Following the Track of the Famous Outlaw.

The curse of heredity seems to be stamped upon Jesse James, son of the notorious outlaw who terrorized the West for many years, and nephew of Frank James, the pal of the elder Jesse in most of his crimes. The younger Jesse James was recently arrested in Kansas City for alleged participation in the hold-up and robbery of a Missouri Pacific express train, on the night of September 21, just outside the city limits. Young James, who has borne a pretty good reputation, protests his innocence and there are any number of



JESSE JAMES JR.

attorneys who have expressed their willingness to defend him. Frank James is also helping his nephew to gain his freedom.

Jesse James, the elder, was born in 1847 to Miss Zerelda Lincoln, cousin. The present Jesse James is the fruit of this union. When Ford cut short the career of his father, Mrs. James, with her son, Jesse, then a boy of 7, and a daughter married to Kansas City, where the elder had formerly been a school teacher. Young Jesse attended school until he was 15, when he accepted a position at Armour's packing house in Kansas City. He remained there until two months ago, when he established a cigar stand in the county court house. His reputation was always good until he met "Jack" Kennedy, a man who believed to have been implicated in half a dozen train robberies around Kansas City and is now under indictment for murder.

Young Jesse never knew that he was the son of Jesse James, the outlaw, until after the latter was shot by Sheriff Ford at St. Joseph, Mo., in 1881. He used to listen to his father reading out of the papers everything he could find about the James boys and became deeply interested in the deeds of the gang. It would not be strange, then, if the young man were found guilty of having had a hand in the train robbery.

No Occasion to Take a Bath.

A foreigner who was brought before a San Francisco magistrate the other day was found to be so uncleanly that the police were ordered to give him a bath. "Vat! Go in de vater?" he asked. "Yes, you must take a bath; you need it. How long is it since you had one?" The foreigner shrugged his shoulders and replied: "I never was arrested before."

The records do not show that any one was ever sensible enough to give a bride a cook book for a wedding present.