



ELLI, my children, here's 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 up the former one. It is a fast age, and your Uncle Sam will no sooner get up 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 longing for turkey, and the holy 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! 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!

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.

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HER HEART'S DESIRE.

He 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, successful 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 on 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.

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 desire."

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The earth, the air and the water had yielded of their bountiful supplies, and the good dames had done honor to their skill and ingenuity by setting before their hungry guests and companions a repast as sumptuous and tempting as it was varied and delightful. Foremost of all there was roast turkey, dressed with bescinnets; then came rare venison pasties, savory meat stews with dumplings of barley flour; delicious oysters (the gift of the Indians, and the first ever tasted by the white men); great bowls of clam chowder with sea biscuit floating on the steaming broth; roasts of all kinds, broiled fish, salads, cakes and plum porridge; while the center of each of the long tables was adorned with a large basket overflowing with wild grapes and plums and nuts of every variety.

"It was the time of the Indian summer. The soft, mellow sunlight shone warmly through the drooping haze, illumining the somber woodland with a rich golden light, while the gentle winds of the south, laden with the sweet perfumes of the forest, came as a lingering dream of summer to add to the joy and brightness of this Thanksgiving feast. Upon the balmy air arose the hum of many voices and the merry music of laughter, as the pilgrims, with their Indian guests, partook of the feast that the Provider of all things had given them."

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

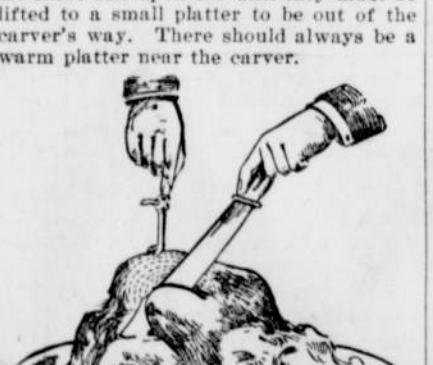


of separating the joints of the bird down to such an exact science that in one minute they can cut the most gigantic turkey into pieces each a good size for a plate.

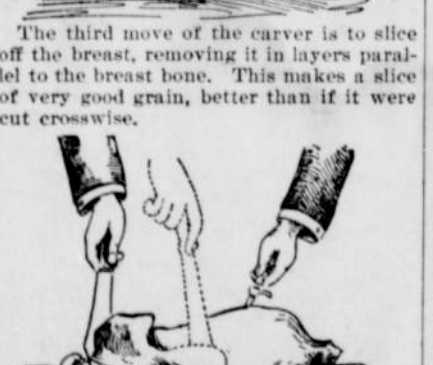
Plant the fork into the turkey's breast, and cut off the left wing. This is done with a downward swing that catches the joint. The fork meanwhile, with a prong on each side of the breastbone, is held stiff and firm in the left hand.



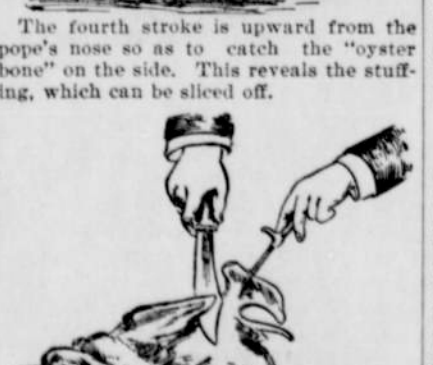
Now press the blade of the knife downward, and remove the leg and second joint. As these fall upon the dish they may be lifted to a small platter to be out of the carver's way. There should always be a warm platter near the carver.



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 success;
For life, for death, and Death's great daughter—Peace—
We thank Thee, Lord!
—Chicago Times Herald.

AMERICA ALONE CAN PREVENT THE WORLD FROM STARVING.



pancakes. The exact amount of these various grains used directly for human food cannot be determined, but probably another 6,000,000 pounds must be added to the wheat flour, making a total of 20,000,000,000 pounds used each year as food. Large as this seems in the aggregate, it is less than three-quarters of a pound a day to each person—not a very ample meal in itself, but quite sufficient when taken with the abundant varieties of other foods.

Look at the enormous quantity of other

pounds of the food consumed by the nation is impressive, but far less so than if one could actually see these enormous quantities. As an aid in measuring one day's food of the American people, imagine that a giant 2,000 feet tall were to land on this continent from a distant planet. Larger by far than the most famous giants found by Gulliver in the land of the Brobdingnag, this monster would tower four times as high as the Washington monument.

Taking a seat on the Chicago Masonic



AMERICA'S FOOD-SUPPLY WILL FEED A GIANT THIS SIZE

If the strength of a country be measured by the abundance and nutritive value of its food, then the United States stands easily at the head of the dominant nations of the world. Not only can the farmers, the meadows and the orchards supply the needs of our own citizens, but there is left an immense surplus to be shipped to other countries.

Take wheat, for example, one of the leading staples. During the past ten years the nation's wheat crop has averaged about 465,000,000 bushels, ranging from less than 400,000,000 bushels in 1893 to over 600,000,000 two years earlier. The average yearly exports of this wheat for the same decade were 140,000,000 bushels, leaving 325,000,000 for home consumption. Excluding the wheat used for seed and for purposes other than human food, the present consumption is estimated to be a little less than one barrel of flour per capita, or 70,000,000 barrels for the nearly 75,000,000 population. That means an annual consumption of 14,000,000,000 pounds of flour—a bulk which, put into a single receptacle, would require a barrel twice the height of Washington monument and correspondingly big in circumference. Were all this flour made into bread it would yield 20,000,000,000 pound loaves. Reversing the metaphor of the sermon on the mount and "giving bread for a stone," these loaves would pave a roadway 36 feet wide and extending around the world. If bakery wagons were loaded each with 1,000 of the loaves, 20,000,000 would be needed to move the bread. They would make a procession over 60,000 miles long of 18 abreast from ocean to ocean. Of course, not all the flour is made into bread, since millions of pies, cakes and other products of the cook's art come from these 70,000,000 flour barrels.

Last year the farms of the country raised wheat sufficient to supply this enormous demand at home, besides sending 143,000,000 bushels to other countries. Of this export two-thirds went to Great Britain and less than a tenth to the rest of Europe. Six bushels in 100 went to our neighbor on the north and nine more to the other American countries. Australia and Asia took 10,000,000 bushels and Africa 4,000,000 bushels. But unless the nation's farms yield a larger wheat crop less will be exported in the future. At the present rate of consumption the increased population will demand the entire product in another decade.

The American Corn Crop. But, while wheat is the staple, Americans do not live by bread alone. The corn crop is about four times as large as that of wheat, and about 1,700,000,000 bushels remain for consumption in our own country. But only a fraction of this reaches the stomach of man direct. For the most part it is taken in the form of pork, beef, milk, butter, eggs and other products of animals that fatten on its substance. In recent years, apparently, the direct use of corn for man's food is increasing in the form of "mixed" flour, patent food preparations, brown bread, corn dodgers and like cookery. Whole regions of the South use corn almost exclusively in preference to wheat flour.

Of the other grains which are partly used for food there is the oat crop, averaging 700,000,000 bushels, most of which remains in this country. Then there is the barley crop of some 70,000,000 bushels. And the usual yield of rye yearly is 8,000,000 bushels, very little of which is exported. But barley and rye are largely reduced to fluid form before the American consents to take them into his stomach. Some 15,000,000 bushels of buckwheat enter each year into the composition of American

favorite American food products. The average potato crop in recent years has been about 225,000,000 bushels. Some 45,000,000 bushels of sweet potatoes are raised for the annual consumption. The yield of peas is 6,000,000 bushels, of beans 8,000,000, and of onions 2,500,000. More than 500,000 bushels of Spanish and Bermuda onions are imported each year. Half of the 300,000,000 pounds of rice used during the year comes from other countries.

The consumption of sugar reaches the astonishing total of 5,500,000,000 pounds, but only one-eighth of this is raised at home. Dairy products play a most important part in the food supply. To spread the bread, make the pies and concoct other appetizing dainties requires an annual supply of not less than 1,350,000,000 pounds of butter. Cheese is used to the extent of 230,000,000 pounds yearly. Made into one gigantic cheese it would measure 450 feet in diameter and half as many feet in height. The milk supply amounts to no less than 7,000,000,000 quarts annually, yet this is only half a pint a day to each person. Of this supply of milk Chicago takes 46,000,000 quarts and greater New York 634,000,000 quarts. Then there are the eggs, of which 850,000,000 dozen are used each year. Placed end to end they would girdle the world twelve times at the equator. But the egg supply is not excessive, since it allows less than three eggs a week to each person.

No people in the world eat as much meat as the Americans. The Secretary of Agriculture places the annual meat bill at \$900,000,000. Figures can only be approximate, yet a fair estimate places the beef consumed at 5,000,000,000 pounds, pork at 4,000,000,000 and mutton at 800,000,000 pounds. With poultry and game the total meat eaten annually cannot be less than 10,000,000,000 pounds, which is nearly two pounds a day for each family of five persons. The exports of meat products are enormous.

Then there is the drink question. Last year Americans drank 1,200,000,000 gallons of coffee and 1,100,000,000 gallons of tea. To these must be added beer, 1,200,000,000 gallons, wines 25,000,000, and distilled spirits, such as whisky, brandy and rum, 90,000,000 gallons. This gives a grand total of over 3,000,000,000 gallons, or about forty-eight gallons for each man, woman and child. If you add the cocoa, "soft" drinks, mineral waters, etc., the total, not including plain water used for drinking purposes, is easily swelled to 4,000,000,000 gallons, or more than a gallon a person per week of liquids other than clear water. On the average a person drinks his own weight of these drinks every three months.

Vast Food Consumption. All told, the consumption of solid food by this one nation during the year amounts in its raw state to some 90,000,000,000 pounds, or a little more than three pounds a day for each person. This means that the people eat their own weight of food about once in each month. The total cost must be placed at not less than \$3,500,000,000 a year, to which must be added another \$1,000,000,000 for drinks, making the total for food and drink more than could be purchased by the entire gold supply of the world. Of this expenditure, roughly, \$1,000,000,000 goes for meat and fish, \$700,000,000 for eggs and dairy products, \$500,000,000 for wheat and other grains, an equal amount for fruits and sugar, and \$300,000,000 for vegetables.

The 90,000,000,000 pounds of food consumed is about 1,200 pounds a year for each person. On a fair average the Americans may be considered a well-fed people. The statement in billions of

Temple roof, suppose he were to call upon the nations to supply him with food. He would need an amount equal to that consumed by 75,000,000 people. Set his daily supply before him and see what it would be. On a bread plate half as big as a city block would rest a loaf of bread 300 feet long and half as broad. Beside it would stand a pie as large as a gas house. From a saucer the size of a tugboat he would sip his oatmeal, with a spoon whose bowl would hold a trolley car. A smoking piece of beefsteak would be twenty-five feet thick and extend over an area equal to ten city lots; a covered dish contains three mammoth white potatoes and a sweet potato, each 100 feet long. His pat of butter would measure 100 feet in diameter. By his side is a glass of milk as large as the tower of the North Side water works, an egg 100 feet long, an apple of equal height and a 600-foot cube of sugar, making up most of the day's food.

But this giant does not forget to ask for drink. Besides two or three glasses of water, each the height of a tall office building, he drinks half the beer from a bottle which towers above a twenty-story structure, takes a sip of wine and two (giant) fingers of whisky. A mammoth cup of coffee and another nearly as large of tea are disposed of during the day. Yet all this food and drink represents only the quantities of these articles that disappear down the throats of the American people every twenty-four hours.

WEST POINT OF MEXICO.

One of the Most Picturesque Military Academies in the World.

Mexico has a West Point, which is one of the most picturesque as well as best military academies in the world. One of the sights of the capital city is the cadet in his neat, tasty uniform, with his erect military bearing and gen-

eral air of superiority. The academy is in the ancient castle of Chapultepec, where Mexico's young men are indoctrinated in the art of war. All but the north end of the castle, facing the city, is devoted to the school. The north wing is the summer home of the President.

The cadets receive frequent leaves of absence from school duties, a favor which they accept with eagerness. They usually go to the city in pairs and pose in little groups about the streets and pases. Their uniforms are attractive, as all uniforms are, and the young fellows are as well versed in the cognate arts of war and flirtation as are the young men who attend the academy on the banks of the Hudson.

The castle makes an ideal, healthful place for the school. The view from the broad court in front is magnificent, covering the entire valley and including the two great snow-capped mountains to the east. The school buildings are being added to and improved.

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

THE WEST POINT OF MEXICO.



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