

THANKSGIVING IN FIELD AND HOME.



IN THE FIELD.
WAS EVER A NIGHT MORE FAIR TO SEE?
THE LATE CROP STANDS IN THE SHELTERED FIELD,
THE SHOCKS OF CORN WITH THEIR BOUNTIFUL YIELD,
HOLD UP AT THE TREES RIGHT FAIRLY
THE ENVOUS MOON CONTRARILY
STARES AT THE PUMPKINS SHINING THERE,
AND THE RABBIT WHISPERS: "I DECLARE,
HERE'S A FINE THANKSGIVING FEAST FOR ME!"

IN THE HOME.
OVER THE HILL, WHERE THE STRAWSTACKS LOOM
STANDS THE FARMER'S COTTAGE ALL ALOW,
THEY'RE EATING ROAST TURKEY THERE, YOU KNOW,
AND LOOKING FOR HOT APPLE PIE TO COME.
"DON'T YOU WISH THEY'D GIVE YOU SOME?"
"OH, IT'S FINE WHEN THE FROST AND FRUIT ARE HERE
AND THE TABLE SHINES WITH A WEALTH OF CHEER,
TO SIT IN THE FARMER'S FEASTING ROOM."

JAMIE'S DINNER.

BY COFFIN MOODY.



IN sore perplexity Jamie Dugan stood on the platform of a little railroad station far out in the farming regions of New Jersey. He was a pale, thin little fellow of fourteen years, although he looked much younger than that. And he had come from New York in order to buy a turkey for Thanksgiving Day. Of course he could have purchased one in New York, but he had very little money—less than a dollar—and a big policeman had told him he could get a turkey very much cheaper on a farm than in a great city market.

Jamie tried with his mother and his sister Mary, and the baby Sunshine, in one of the great, high tenements on the East Side, where poor people have their homes, and where they crowd in such great numbers that they never yet have been counted. His father had been drowned at sea two years previous, and to make matters worse his mother was sick in a hospital, and there was nobody to take care of the little girls but himself. There was nobody else at the railroad station, but the conductor of the train had told him that a man named Peter kept a farm down the road, and that he sold turkeys and chickens.

It was a long walk, a very long walk, to Peter's farm, where the turkeys were kept, and Jamie's feet were blistered and sore by the time he arrived. Hardly had he walked in the front gate, however, when a great black dog, growling and snapping and showing his teeth, came bounding across the doorway. Of course Jamie was frightened, and he climbed into the branches of an apple tree as quickly as if he were a monkey. The little boy, trembling with terror above in the branches, was so intently watching the dog that he did not notice the approach of a short, heavily built man with bushy hair and a thick, red beard, who kicked the dog until the poor animal howled with pain and slunk away. When the dog really had gone, however, Jamie was not so frightened, and he called out:

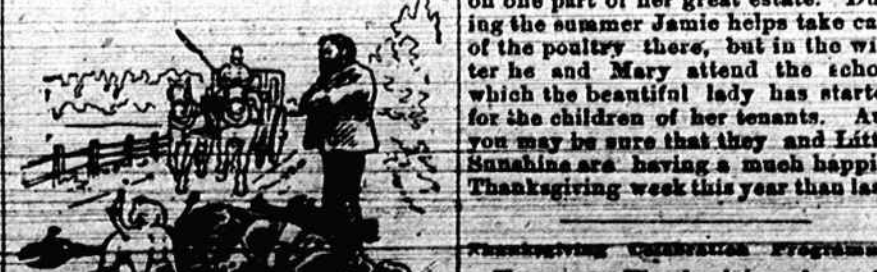
"Are you Mister Peter?"
"Yes, I am," the red-bearded man answered, looking up in the tree. "But he caught sight of the boy's storm clothing and old shoes, and he flew into a passion, shouting:
"Come out of that, you young tramp! Git down here quick, or I'll tear the tree up by the roots and slay ye down!"
"Is—is this the way you treat all of your customers?"
"What's that?" said Peter.
"Is this the way you treat all of your customers? I came here to buy a turkey."
"Oh, you did?"
"Yes."
"More like to sneak in the house and steal something, you young villain. Anyhow, there ain't no turkeys for sale."
"Can't you let me have one?" asked the boy.
"No," said Peter.
Jamie slid down to the ground and stood silent for a moment, thinking deeply. Then he spoke again:
"Does that lak out there in the big field back of the trees belong to you?"
"Yes," said Peter, "but it ain't no lak—'it's a duck pond."
"Well, if I can't buy a turkey, can I go fishin' there?"
"Fishin'?" roared Peter, throwing back his head and laughing until his face was redder than his beard. "Fishin' in the duck pond! Oh, dear, yes! You're welcome to all the fish you catch there, and to all the turkeys that bite your bait, too!"
"Can I, really?" the boy asked again, and Peter replied:
"Yes, indeed!"



PREPARING THE FIRST PURITAN FEAST.

hair and blue eyes—had been laid to rest the day before Thanksgiving of the preceding year.

Suddenly her carriage stopped with such force that the horses reared, and she heard her coachman cry out:
"Quit, Peter! Leave him alone!"
The lady hurriedly looked out of her carriage and saw the chickens and turkeys lying near the wheels. "Fouled a red-bearded man—his face bloodshot with rage, his lips moving involuntarily, his great hands working nervously—stooped toward the road, where lay a thin, pale, little lad, ragged, dirty, motionless; his eyes were closed, his face was white, and above his left temple was a mark getting more and more purplish.
All this the lady saw in a single instant. Then she sprang from her carriage, and with one bound was by the boy's side. Her hand quickly tore open his coat and shirt and felt his heart beating.
"He's alive," she said quietly, looking up into the man's face, as he straightened and trembled under her steady gaze. "So it's probably a long



Jamie went from the farm straight to Peter's house, where he bought six turkeys and a long line of chickens. He had purchased them for a very low price, and he was very happy. He went home and told his mother and sister about it. They were very glad, and they prepared to have a very special Thanksgiving dinner. Jamie was very proud of his purchase, and he showed the turkeys to his friends. They were all very happy, and they had a very good time. Jamie was very happy, and he was very proud of his purchase. They were all very happy, and they had a very good time. Jamie was very happy, and he was very proud of his purchase. They were all very happy, and they had a very good time.

Roast Turkey of Auld Lang Syne.

In the early days, when the "great stor" of wild fowls" was the Indian contribution to the festival of Thanksgiving, roasting was not baking, as it is now. Over a big fireplace, such as the first settlers built to accommodate the huge logs the virgin forest supplied, was driven a great nail, or spike, from which the turkey was suspended by a string. A stick with a notched end was placed against the mantel front and the string held in the notch. Careful adjustment of stick and string kept the turkey at the proper distance from the fire. Underneath was placed a great iron pan to catch the juicy fat that dripped during the roasting. An occasional twist of the string kept the turkey slowly spinning, so that all parts received equal heat. Slices of salt pork slowly frizzling below in the dripping pan furnished a rich fluid for the basting, which was a constant process. In the general rejoicings where so many whites and Indians indulged in prolonged Thanksgiving feasting the venison and turkeys were roasted in the open at temporary fireplaces built of massive logs.



After Thanksgiving.
To what spirit do we take up the activities of life after Thanksgiving Day, so widely observed throughout the nation? Have our minds been awakened to a new sense of obligation to the giver of all blessings? Has this new experience resulted in a more complete surrender of self to Him? Has it induced a full recognition of His innumerable gifts? Is the determination greater than ever before to honor Him with our lips and in the use of all our powers? In a word, do we cater upon our lifework with higher aims and with a deeper conviction that all we now are or ever expect to be is through the infinite love of Him "with whom there is no variableness, neither shadow of turning?"

A Patriotic Observance.
This season the national colors will be abundantly used on Thanksgiving Day. A caterer says that all his war-motifs for ices will be in demand on Thanksgiving Day, particularly the American eagle rampant. This seems to be a favorite device, and the frozen cream in this form with a tiny flag thrust into the head of the eagle, is invariably greeted with enthusiasm. It must not be forgotten, however, that the waving of the stars and stripes this autumn means anguish to some bereft hearts. If any such are to gather with the family about the Thanksgiving board, it will be a kindly forethought to omit the warlike decorations.

A Thanksgiving Pumpkin Pie.
Cut a slice off the top of a large pumpkin, scrape out the inside, and when dry fill the pumpkin shell with bran or fine sawdust. Wrap in paper a number of trifling gifts, as many as there are children to be entertained. Tie each packet with yellow ribbon, having one long end terminated in a bow. Bury the packages in the bran, arranging the bows on the surface. Each child or person present chooses a bow and draws out the gift attached to it.

Artistic Decorations.
A judicious use of the homely vegetables is admissible in decorating the Thanksgiving board, and can often be made artistic. Golden ears of corn, small squashes, carrots, and other vegetables may be levied upon to supplement the centre-piece of fruits and jellies.



A Young Possibility.
"I wish you saw you would try to be a better child." "What's the use? We're all got to meet, say, December 31, 1899."

HOBART IS DEAD.

The Vice-President Passed Quietly Away After A Long Illness.

THE END CAME TUESDAY MORNING.

Peaceful Termination of a Brilliant Social and Political Career—A Proclamation.

New York, Special. Garrett A. Hobart, Vice-President of the United States, died at his home in Patterson, N. J., at 8:30 Tuesday morning. At his bedside were Mrs. Hobart and his son, Garrett A. Hobart, Jr., together with Dr. William K. Newton and his wife and Private Secretary Evans. Mr. Hobart's death had been expected for some hours. The beginning of the end came Monday afternoon, when there was a sudden failure of the heart; and from this attack Mr. Hobart never rallied. He had been sick for a long time and had suffered frequently from heart failure, and his strength had been undermined. Gradually the

States Senator Sewell, of New Jersey; Senator Hanna, of Ohio; General A. Alger, Senator Parker, Senator Fairbanks, General Cassill, civil governor of Santiago, and Assistant Secretary of War Melick.

The News in Washington.
Washington, D. C., Special. All the flags in Washington were half-masted out of respect to the memory of Vice-President Hobart. The announcement of the Vice-President's death, while not unexpected, came as a distinct shock, and cast a deep gloom over the city where he was loved and honored. The news was first received at the White House 10 minutes before 9 o'clock, in a private message from Patterson. The flag over the Executive Mansion was immediately hauled down to half-mast and the doors of the mansion closed to the public.

The President was deeply affected by the telegram announcing his colleague's death, and at once dispatched a telegram conveying the sympathy and consolation of himself and Mrs. McKinley to Mrs. Hobart. By the death of Mr. Hobart, Senator William P. Frye, of Maine, becomes President pro tempore of the Senate, and will discharge all the duties of the Vice-President as presiding officer of that body. The Senate rules specifically provide that no election is necessary at the beginning of the session. Senator Frye accordingly will continue as presiding officer till the end of



THE LATE VICE-PRESIDENT, GARRETT A. HOBART.

failure of the heart's action became more apparent and soon after midnight Monday night Mr. Hobart became unconscious. He remained in that condition until his death. Mr. Hobart's death was due directly to angina pectoris, complicating myocarditis. The funeral services will be held at the Church of the Redeemer, at Patterson, and the interment at the family plot at Cedar Lawn, where the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Hobart was buried six years ago. Rev. Mr. Magee will preach the sermon. The church can accommodate no more than 800 persons, and as thousands will be eager to attend the services, it was suggested they be held in the armory, which will accommodate 10,000 persons. It is known, however, that Mr. Hobart wishes the funeral to be as quiet as possible and there is little likelihood that the programme will be changed. The mayor and aldermen of Patterson have suggested that the body lie in state at the city hall on Friday, and this suggestion will probably be carried out.

President McKinley's administration, unless he chooses to resign or the Senate wishes to elect another Senator to the office.

After the cabinet meeting the President issued the following proclamation:

"By the President of the United States:
"To the People of the United States:
"Garrett Augustus Hobart, Vice-President of the United States, died at his home in Patterson, N. J., at 8:30 o'clock Tuesday morning. In him the nation has lost one of its most illustrious citizens, and one of its most faithful servants. His participation in the business life and the law making body of his native State was marked by unswerving fidelity and by a high order of talents and attainments. In his too brief career as Vice-President of the United States and President of the Senate, he exhibited the loftiest qualities of upright and sagacious statesmanship. In the world of affairs he had few equals among his contemporaries. His private character was gentle and noble. He will long be remembered and mourned by his friends as a man of singular purity and attractiveness, whose earnestness of disposition won all hearts, while his elevated purposes his unending integrity and wholehearted devotion to the public good deserved and acquired universal respect and esteem.

"In sorrowing testimony of the loss which has fallen upon the country, I direct that on the day of the funeral the executive offices of the United States shall be closed and all posts and stations of the army and navy shall display the national flag at half mast, and that the representatives of the United States in foreign countries shall pay appropriate tribute to the illustrious dead for a period of 30 days.

"In witness whereof I have set my hand and caused the seal of the United States to be affixed.

"Done at the City of Washington, this 21st day of November, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and ninety-nine, and of the independence of the United States one hundred and twenty-fourth.

"WILLIAM MCKINLEY,
By the President:
"JOHN HAY, Sec. of State."

Among others who sent messages of condolence were Sir Julian Pauncefox, the British ambassador; Count G. de Licherfeld, envoy extraordinary of Belgium; Count Cassini, Russian ambassador; former Vice-President Stevenson; Admiral Schley, Governor Voorhees, of New Jersey; United

SKETCH OF HOBART'S LIFE.

He Began a Poor Boy, and Worked His Way to the Top.

Garrett A. Hobart was eminently successful both in business and politics. His reputation as a man of affairs and one of the ablest business men in the country was perhaps greater than his reputation as a political leader and statesman, until his election to the vice-presidency, three years ago. Mr. Hobart was born in 1814, at Long Beach, N. J. His ancestors on his father's side were English and on his mother's side Dutch. Thirty-three years ago he was graduated from Rutgers College, and began teaching school. Three months later he entered upon the study of law with Socrates Tuttle, a prominent lawyer in Passaic county, and who was at that time mayor of Patterson.

Young Hobart is said to have arrived at Patterson with but \$1.50 in his pocket and from this small beginning made his way unaided to wealth and prominence. In 1839, he was admitted to the bar, and the same year he married the daughter of Mr. Tuttle. Mr. Hobart made his way rapidly to the bar of his native State, and his bent led him early into politics. In 1871 he was made counsel of Patterson, and in 1872 was elected to the State Assembly, of which body he was chosen Speaker in the following year. Even during these early years he displayed that accurate knowledge of men and exhibited that wonderful executive ability which were the key of his later success, both in business and politics. At the end of his second year in the Assembly, he retired to devote himself to the law and to the numerous business interests with which he had become identified. But the demands of his party would not admit of his remaining long in private life, and in 1876 he was elected to the State Senate, of which body he was chosen President in 1881. During his service in the Senate he was chairman of the judiciary committee, and was the author of many measures of importance which are now on the statute books of the State of New Jersey. His party became more and more exacting in its demands upon him. He was recognized as a safe and guiding hand, and from 1880 to 1891 he was at the head of the State Republican organization of New Jersey, and as such planned some of the most brilliant campaigns conducted by his party in the State. From 1884 to 1896 he was a member of the national Republican legislative committee, and had much to do with the management of the national campaign during those twelve years.

During all these years his business connections became broader and broader. His keen insight into affairs made his advice and counsel of such value that he was sought after by the largest corporations in the country, and a prominent time of his life was spent as Vice-President of a number of the most important corporations. Through his business connections and his law practice he built up a large fortune.

After his nomination and election to the vice-presidency on the ticket headed by Mr. McKinley, he came to Washington and took up his residence at the old Cameron place adjoining the site of the historic old Seaward house on Lafayette square, where Blaine died. Mr. Hobart's residence during the past two years has been the scene of many delightful social affairs. Socially the Vice-President and his charming wife divided the honors with the President and Mrs. McKinley. Vice-President Hobart's genial temperament and charming personality made him very popular, not only in the Senate, over which he presided with dignity and ability, but with all who came in contact with him. Mr. Hobart, Jr., a boy of 14, Panny, a girl of 22, died in 1895 in Italy, while there with her parents.

Mr. Hobart was a popular presiding officer, and a good parliamentarian. It had been the habit of most Vice-Presidents to refer closely disputed points to the Senate for decision. Mr. Hobart, however, usually decided all such questions himself, especially if they involved parliamentary law, and the rule did not provide for decision by the Senate. He was quick in disposing of business at his desk, and proceedings were never delayed through any inconsideration on his part. His firm and impartial manner won the respect of all Senators, while his genial and pleasant disposition made him one of the most popular men who ever filled the high office which his death leaves vacant.

Telegraphic Briefs.

It is reported that the famine area in British India and in the native States this year amounts to 250,000 square miles, with a population of over 30,000,000. Under the system of famine relief which has been evolved at Simla, during the terrible famines of the past, the whole of the affected area has been covered with a network of relief stations. While it will be impossible to overcome the famine, aid is given in all the States such good use has been made by the administrators of the time when it became certain that a famine was inevitable that it will not be necessary to call for outside help. Lord Curzon's relief work could hardly be more successful.

Some have been elected to the New York Commission on the subject of the 1899 election. The commission will be composed of 100 representatives of business and New York's voters were the first to be called upon to elect the commission.

It is announced that the Union Block Yard, a big new Richmond, Va. enterprise, will be ready by summer. The yard will be built on the site of the old Union Block Yard, and will be the largest of its kind in the South. It will be a big enterprise, and will be a great benefit to the city.

Revolution Gaining Headway.

Kingston, Ja., By Cable.—The British steamer Alrato from Barranquilla Tuesday and Colon Friday, reports a widespread revolutionary movement in Colombia and a grave outlook. Her cargo she landed with difficulty and she was unable to escape a narrow escape owing to the suspension of a land transportation. The government is recruiting an army by impressing every man in

Briefs.

Mrs. Stuart, of Richmond, Va., has been elected recording secretary of the international board of Women's and Young Women's Christian Association of Richmond. Mrs. W. A. Mason, of Memphis, was elected one of the officers. Mrs. W. A. Mason, of Memphis, was elected one of the officers. Mrs. W. A. Mason, of Memphis, was elected one of the officers.