

The Rights of Country Cousins

By Kate Thorn.

CITY people always remember their country relatives when hot weather comes, if never at any other time. When the mercury gets into the nineties, one who swelters in a brick block, in some of our swarming cities, is pretty sure to think of Aunt Polly and Cousin Maria. Green fields, running brooks, cows, especially if they give milk, fresh vegetables, fruit and pure air possess untold charms, and we doubt if the fashion of Aunt Polly's bonnet, or the cut of Cousin Maria's gown, would for a moment interpose a barrier to the mind of the city relative when she has concluded to go into the country.

Not at all. City people like country customs in the country; but when our rural cousins bring their fashions to the city, that seems to be another thing altogether.

City cousins go into the country in the hottest weather, when country people have the most work to do, right in haying time generally—and every country housewife knows what "haying" means—and they enjoy themselves after their own bent, and they eat, and they sleep, and they make work, and they expect the horses to drive, whether the farmer is working them or not, and they expect everything to be contrived so as to suit their convenience.

All this is very well, if they are ready to make due returns when winter comes, and the country cousins, having got over their busy spell, come to pay them a visit in their city homes.

Aunt Polly may come in a gown of a fashion ten years ago, and her hat may be of quite as ancient a date, and "country" may be written all over her so that he who runs may read, but in spite of that, it is the duty of those who have eaten her doughnuts and drank her new milk, and slept in her spare bed during the summer, to receive her with kindness and courtesy.

It is no disgrace to have country relatives. It is no disgrace to admit into your household a respectable woman, whether her dress be silk or calico; whether her "wrap" be cut by guess, or by one of the most fashionable patterns.

But don't put her in the back attic to sleep. Don't keep her out of sight when your genteel friends call. If they can't stand the sight of an honest old rural aunt, let them collapse. It is no disgrace to have been born in the country. She has a glorious galaxy of earth's best and most gifted to keep her company.

Show the old aunt around the city. Take her out as if she were a lady and not a wild beast. Make her feel that you are not ashamed of her. Don't put off having a party because she has come. Don't have the Sunday headache, as an excuse for not taking her to church.

Don't tell the DeJoneses and the Van Smiths that she is an old party whom you used to know in his boyhood. Come out bravely with the relation, and no decent person will think the less of you.

Don't, for Heaven's sake, make a fool of yourself, and try to make people believe that all your relatives belong to the fashionable world, and are never guilty of mistaking their words, and running wild on their adjectives!

Everybody cannot live in a city, and thank God, everybody does not want to, for if they did, then there would be no country cousins to visit, and half the delights of life would be fed.

Let us all be good to Aunt Betsy, and Aunt Polly and Cousin Maria, and all the other rural cousins; and when they come to the city show them the sights with a good grace, and not pull down the blinds, and send the servant to the door with the lie: "Not at home."—New York Weekly.

How to Stop Poverty

By J. G. Phelps Stokes.

THE human organism, like every other, grows by the exercise of inherent creative faculties, but the direction of the growth, and whether for better or worse, often depends largely upon the nature and character of outside influences in the environment in which the growth takes place. The underlying creative activity never remains long uninfluenced by its environment. There is constant development in one direction or another; in the case of the human being, the development is toward health or ill-health, toward morality and social usefulness, or toward selfishness and wrongdoing. It is possible to determine under what general conditions of environment the development of the individual shall proceed.

With the wider awakening of the social conscience the conditions which lead to poverty are being lessened and removed. Beneficial changes in Federal and state laws and in municipal and other ordinances, resulting from the wider apprehension of social and industrial evils, are being made on every side. Factories and workshops are being better planned, better constructed, better ventilated and better equipped with regard to the welfare of the employees; sweatshops are disappearing, hours of labor are being reduced, the purchasing power of the average wage is increasing (despite occasional statements to the contrary), tenement homes are being freed from many unsanitary and demoralizing features, child labor and its attendant evils are rapidly diminishing, better and broader educational facilities are being provided, and far better opportunities for healthful and wholesome recreation. The bearing of these improvements upon the social welfare, considered as a whole, is too often underestimated. Usually the end sought in any work of betterment has been the advantage of those most immediately concerned, but a far larger result is accomplished. Not merely is the lot of the present day worker improving, but standards are being so raised that future generations will enter life under conditions less prejudicial to health and character.

With the disappearance of so much poverty as is due to needless and remediable causes, such as have been suggested, but little will remain. In the last analysis nearly all poverty is due to the ignorance, indifference, weakness or neglect of those in whose power it is to better the conditions underlying it. Proper education, intellectual, physical and moral, and wider development of the social nature and of the spirit of justice and fairness, will lead to unwillingness on the part of the people to permit the continuance of needlessly bad conditions prejudicial to the welfare of others. It is often considered that the highest welfare of the individual should be the goal for which individuals should strive, but it is as often overlooked that neither spiritual welfare nor material happiness can be secured by selfishly seeking it. The highest welfare possible to the individual, like the greatest happiness, can only be attained through unselfish, useful service. The more unselfish and useful the service the higher the motive which prompts it, the higher is the welfare and the more enduring the happiness that results. In proportion as individuals become unwilling to advance personal or group ends by means destructive or preventive of the welfare of others, and in proportion as they seek, as a common goal, the welfare of society as a whole, the greatest of all obstacles to the attainment of universal individual welfare will be removed, and in the same proportion, poverty will vanish.—The Independent.

A Legitimate Get-Rich-Quick Scheme

By Harry Bolce.

SEDENTARY or sedentary gold mining has a serious rival. The latest gold mining is done by means of a dredger that sails over the land like a ship on sea. The total expense in a day in the operation of one of the great gold mining vessels is sometimes less than \$30. The ships cost from \$50,000 to \$95,000, according to size. The first year's cruise will pay for the monster itself, will pay the cost of the land even at \$5000 the acre; will meet all expenses, including repairs and depreciation of machinery, and still net the owner more than \$100,000. These are figures of actual operations, and regarding land carrying a low proportion of gold. It is little wonder that the men who own these mining fleets do not advertise. Many of them are reaping a profit of more than 600 percent on their investment. The industry is, of course legitimate in every sense, but it has all get-rich-quick schemes absolutely eclipsed.

One of the gold ships will devour an acre of earth every month. As there are now one hundred vessels in the United States Pacific Coast fleet, one hundred agricultural acres are being permanently destroyed every thirty days. In the valleys thus far prospected and purchased by the operators there is an assurance of at least fifty years of mining activity, so that at the end of that period, even if no additional boats were launched in new sections, sixty thousand fertile acres will have been deducted from the tillable areas of western America.—The Booklovers' Magazine.

A THANKSGIVING INSPIRATION

HOW A PASTOR AND HIS YOUNG PEOPLE MADE TWO HUNDRED SOULS HAPPY

By Rev. Amos Kaylor



It was in the early winter of '90. I had undertaken the pastorate of a small church in a country town in central New York, and was desirous of reviving the interest of a young people's club. Thanksgiving was approaching, and I was anxious that the society should undertake something which would promote the spirit of the day. The country house, containing about 200 of the poor and insane, was located two miles from the town, and I conceived the plan of having our society give them a genuine Thanksgiving treat. At the first meeting of the society I made the suggestion. Of course, it interested the young people, but—then there came the difficulties. How could twelve or fifteen young people, poor ones at that, with a burden already too heavy to bear, contribute to the happiness of 200? Expense, labor, time—all the costly factors in such undertakings, loomed up, and though bright eyes sparkled and cheeks glowed at the thought, the young people sadly shook their heads, fearing the undertaking beyond their ability. I had, however, planned the matter in my own mind, and having faith that we would not be left to our own resources in the matter, I laid bare my plans, and finally, by vote, committed the society to the undertaking.

The first thing we did was to delegate a person to go to the village miller to secure 200 eight-pound paper bags, instructing him to make known to him, in detail our plans and purpose. The miller became interested immediately, and when the pay for the bags was tendered, he refused to accept it, saying: "No! no! I want a share in your work, and if I were a young person I think I would want to associate myself with a society such as yours." Next I went to the publisher of the village newspaper and asked him to print for us 200 slips of paper like this:

The Young People's Society

—OF THE—
Helping Hand Church

IS desirous of giving the poor and unfortunate in our County Alms House and Asylum a Thanksgiving treat, and to that end are willing to be the almoners of the gifts of generously disposed persons. If you will kindly fill this bag with confectionery, nuts, foreign and domestic fruit or candies, we will see that they are conveyed to them. The bags and contents will be called for on the evening before Thanksgiving Day.

"Blessed is he that considereth the poor. The Lord will deliver him in time of trouble. The Lord will keep him alive and he shall be blessed upon the earth. The Lord will strengthen him upon the bed of languishing. That wilt make all his bed in his sickness." —Ps. 41:1-3.

Of course, the newspaper man was deeply interested and glad to contribute the slips as his share toward the benefaction. The slips were then pasted upon the bags, and by the committee appointed for the distribution, left at the homes of those who had been selected. No consideration was given to either the denominational or the religious character of those solicited. Roman Catholics, Jews and infidels were asked, and responded generously. The entire population of the village felt the generous thrill and the happy glow. Two hundred households were made happy for days in discussing their contributions. When the bags were gathered together it was found that we had nearly half a ton of goodies for the poor people, and not one of the bags was found missing or returned empty. And what a revelation of the generosity and kindly sympathy of the people those bags were. Some of them were estimated as worth not less than \$3. In them were oranges, bananas, apples, malaga grapes, figs, nuts, cakes, boxes of candies,



"THIS WAS A SAD THANKSGIVING FOR ME, BUT THIS BRIGHT RAY OF SUNSHINE MAKES IT LESS DREARY."

cakes of chocolates, cough drops, chewing gum, booklets, fancy pictures and other articles. These bags were carefully carried to the country house by a committee on Thanksgiving morning, and with the aid of the keeper, his wife, and the domestics, assorted and distributed. First, the bags were placed upon a

large table and the contents assorted into baskets, pails and tubs. There were bushels of oranges and apples, more than a bushel of bananas, pairs of grapes, nuts and candies and other things. Then 200 plates were spread along the sides of the long corridor of the hall, and one article from each was placed upon each plate, till the plates were heaping high and lusciously beautiful. Yet one-third only of the contribution had found place.

One hundred of these plates were taken into the dining hall of the institution, placed upon the tables, and then the aged inmates to the same number were invited to be seated. The members of the committee were then invited in and introduced by the keeper and given the opportunity to convey to them the greetings of the loving hearts which had inspired the kindly remembrance. After a few words by the pastor the responses began. One by one, beginning at the head of the table, and passing around it, the whole 100 gave oral testimony to their gratitude for the kindly consideration.

We sometimes say we cannot pray and speak in prayer meeting. If we were incarcerated in the poor house



Sonnet—Thanksgiving Day.

Thanksgiving Day! The memory of our sires Comes o'er us at the murmur of thy name; And once again we see them as they came

A Thanksgiving Acrostic.

T's for the turkey so toothsome and good.
H is for holiday, well understood.
A's for the apples which make sauce and pie,
N's for the noise of the children knee-high,
K's for the kitchen where good things are made,
S is for spices and sweet marmalade.
G's for the games which we play until night,
I's for the ices so cold and so white.
V's for the vines which encircle each plate,
I's for the illness which comes to us late,
N's for the nuts, and the raisins, you know,
G's for the gratitude we all should show.
—C. B. Jordan.

The Day, the Diet, the Decorations.

The American with "a soul so dead" that he does not feel his patriotism stirred by the memory of Thanksgiving dinners that have "gone before" is a poor sort of an individual.

Indulge in "snacks and bites" as he may and distress his digestion by the torturing process of swallowing his average midday meal in five minutes, there is one day in the year at least when he becomes passive, quiescent and calmly amenable to the seductive effects of a really attractive and properly built up meal.

An essay on the delights of eating, therefore, which would only merit his cynicism or contempt at any other time becomes an attractive subject now, and the idea of festooning his stomach with a melange of succulent dainties become a subtle and tenderly fantastic suggestion as Thanksgiving day approaches.

It depends very much upon the exuberance of the fancy, the training of the palate or the depth of the pocket-book how far the course can be stretched out to suit the taste of any particular individual.

But as a sage once said, "Catch your bird first and then eat him." So with your turkey. Get him by all means before anything else, and get the right kind of a bird, if you would have him tender and tasty as he should be if young and properly fed. The best kind of a turkey to buy is a short breasted, plump bird, with a clear skin and short pin feathers, giving the preference to a fowl that is not over large. Long hairs and sharp scales on the legs betray old birds.

The clever housewife needs no telling how to cook the turkey when a nice bird has once been secured and how to garnish the centre piece with appropriate fixings.

One hint only, therefore, to her in regard to the dining-room and table, which may be given a touch of color befitting the occasion without much extra trouble.

The mantel can be very prettily decorated by means of a bank formed of various kinds of fruits and vegetables appropriately mingled with green leaves.

The chandelier can be draped with ropes of moss intermingled with sprays of bitter sweets.

Be sure not to bring out the ordinary every day dinner service, for this is the one occasion when all the oldest fashioned things should be brought out, the oldest china, the most revered antiques and family heirlooms, not forgetting the oil-fashioned brass candlesticks for lighting the dinner table with candles.

For a centerpiece a jardiniere may be made out of half a pumpkin or a cabbage. The pumpkin should be hollowed out and cut into points at the edge, or the cabbage be stripped of its outer leaves and the centre hollowed out. Into this natural jardiniere the richest of apples and the finest grapes and pears should be piled.

A Time For General Rejoicing.

Thanksgiving is a time when the preacher gets into print far and wide, and the sermons of the day often have a strong political flavor. It is related of a staunch Federalist pastor of Connecticut, who included this prayerful sentence in his Thanksgiving invocation: "And oh, Lord, endow the President (Jefferson) with a goodly portion of Thy grace, for Thou, O Lord, knowest that he needs it."

In those old days secular antipathies and political prejudices were forgotten in the general rejoicing. It was an occasion when old enemies made friends, and rich and poor indulged in cider, mince pie and a fowl of some kind. No tramp went unfed, and even the town poorhouse had its turkey. In the middle of the century it was customary and fashionable to make calls after the manner of the once popular New Year's observance, and as recently as 1835 New Yorkers celebrated the Thanksgiving occasion by parading the streets arrayed in all sorts of fantastic costumes.

Correct.

Bread and sage and pepper.
Chestnut, thyme and oyster.
Mingled with some sausage balls.
Just to make it moister.

Browned till crisp and fragrant.
Then you strike the grade of
Stuffing that's the stuffing that
Turkey dreams are made of.

—Judge.



Their First Thanksgiving.



—From Harper's Bazar.

and some kindly friend remembered us, we would speak. Our tongues would not be tied. "God bless you, sir, the longest day you live for your thoughtfulness." "Say thank you for one to your young people, sir. I never seed such a spread in my life before." "I thank you, and our Heavenly Father for you." "This is a sad Thanksgiving to me, but this bright ray of sunshine makes it less dreary. I thank you." Such were the expressions of gratitude we heard. Some of them seemed like the wailing up of the great frozen depths—the melting again into emotion of hearts that had become

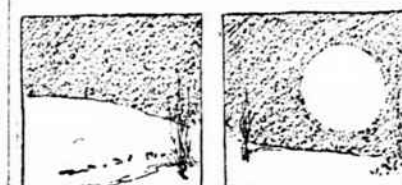
Weary and heartsick, hushing their desires For homes and kindred far across the sea, That, without fear or hindrance, they might raise Daily to God their prayers and hymns of praise. And walk His paths in all humility. We knew their first in sixteen twenty-one: The shores of bleak New England claim thy birth; And though thy cradle buried was in snow, And chill November winds, with icy tone, Hushed thee to sleep, yet now with joy and mirth We celebrate that day of long ago. —Louise Boyd.

SEASON OF GOOD CHEER.

Thanksgiving Day an Occasion For General Rejoicing.

Next Thursday, by proclamation provided, every civilized corner of this country will throbb with the thanksgiving spirit and resound with hymns of praise for the bountiful blessings of the year. The most sober celebration on the American calendar, Thanksgiving is yet an occasion for general rejoicing and feasting, and it is always heralded with joyous anticipations. And this year's observance promises to be most heartily enjoyed by the great mass of people throughout the land.

It is an occasion that opens the great, broad heart of the country to the distress of the unfortunate, when the millionaire is (sometimes) thankful he has purse strings to unloosen, when the financially comfortable indulge in unusual luxuries, when one struggling tradesman is satisfied with a medium sized turkey, when the ragged child of poverty gets only a smell of the savory dishes of the day and philosophically murmurs that he is thankful to be alive. However, there are few unfortunates unprovided for on this festive anniversary. The inmates of hospitals, jails, poorhouses and other public institutions all fare generously, and even the homeless outcast renews acquaintance with edibles that have long been strangers to his stomach. Thanksgiving is a day for pleasant family reunions, when the widely scattered members of a once united household gather at bountiful dinners of roast turkey, plum pudding, mince and pumpkin pies, etc.



The meat received into Smithfield market every year for the feeding of London exceeds four hundred and three thousand tons.