THE CAUCASIAN

Page Light.

The ~ Home~ Corner

THANKSGIVING.

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 K's for the kitchen where the good things that we looked for father back she 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 raisins, you know. G's for the gratitude we all should show. C. B. Jordan.

THANKSGIVING. DAY.

Over the river and through the wood. To grandfather's house we'll go; The horse knows the way To carry the sleigh Through the white and drifted snow.

Over the river and through the wood-Oh, how the wind does blow! It stings the toes, And bites the nose, As over the ground we go.

Over the river and through the wood, To have a first-rate play, Hear the bells ring. "Ting-a-ling!" Hurrah for Thanksgiving Day!

Over the river and through the wood, Trot fast, my dapple gray! . Spring over the ground Like a hunting hound! For this is Thanksgiving Day.

Over the river and through the wood, And straight through the barnyard gate; We seem to go Extremely slow: It is so hard to wait!

Over the river and through the wood, Now grandmother's cap I spy! Hurrah for the fun! Is the pudding done? Hurrah for the pumpkin pie!

was cross and fretful. She had 2 cold, but we hadn't thought much those berries." about it, but all that day an dthe next N's for the noise of the children knee-high, she kept growing worse, and the day said Jimmy.

> hard. All day we watched for him, you see folks want big ones." the window straining our eyes for the while. Suddenly Janey said: "Let's here, there, and everywhere. sight of Baldy's white nose, but he sell our berries to the next person didn't come. I stayed up nearly all that comes." night and helped mother put hot "Why, Janey Morris!"

poultices on Mary, for I was too "Oh, I mean instead of Granny's; case." You see, the new teacher was of the world and of life. frightened to sleep.

"Well, one day, two days, three and we can take her's instead." father, and Mary grew no better. Jimmy. nothing but milk and potatoes. Moth- for a cobbler-they are sweet." er had me parch some corn and punch Jimmy remembered how good talking very fast. had to doctor her the best she could right. There is a lady coming now." lots of freckles."

had begun to believe something ter- bottom." rible had happened to him, when we She measured the berries, and new girl.

ever spent."

flector.

ried one arm in a sling.

there until his head got better.

been a little thankfuller?"

"No," said grandma. "I felt so

home again safe, and made Mary bet-

ter, and felt that it was good in Him

Thanksgiving Day."-Bible and Re-

STORE.

"I'll hurry, children, all that I ance to her. Her eyes lighted with Wasn't Julie a nice little teacher?- ence which it has been gathering to

Granny had been gone but a short correct, and when they were wrong World. time when a woman came in to buy her disappointment was quite delettuce. When she had measured it cided.

and put the money on the counter, "Well, well," said Miss Field to she looked at the blackberries. "They herself, "that child is as interested in are too small," she said, and did not each recitation as if it were her own. What an unselfish litle creature she buy any.

Presently another woman came in. must be!" She, too, bought lettuce, and looked After this speceh you may be sure at the berries, but she, also, found that Julie's success as a teacher was them too small. Then there were sev- assured.

eral other customers. They all look- At recess time Miss Field went ed at the berries, but said they were down in the yard to watch the chil- in the universe about us or above us dren play, and there everybody was too small. "I guess poor Granny won't sell inquiring for Julie.

Flumpy?"

"Come play with me. Julie."

"Well, they are dreadful small,"

"But they are sweet," said Janey, had a high fever and was breathing as she tasted one of the berries. "But and long after dark John and I sat at No more customers came in for a these on every gide, and Julie was human experience which has register-

can."

we'll give her the money, of course, progressing.

it, and we ate that, for she couldn't Granny always was to the children. "I don't want to play with Julie," signifies until our working days are leave Mary a moment. We had no She always put in extra pieces when Miss Field heard her say, "I don't past; many a man fails to realize doctor, you know, and mother just they bought candy. So he said: "All like her. She wears glasses and has what it means to be a father until his

herself, and she couldn't send for any The lady wanted blackberries. "We "There!" said Miss Field to her- unaware of the stupendous meaning God. of our neighbors, for they were all have some here," said Janey, uncov- self, "now, here's trouble for Julie; too far away for John and myself to ering the two pails. "They were she's got to reckon with her freckles. walk, and father had both horses. gathered this morning," she said in It's just as I said this morning-the days of youth and strength we simply good to work as it is to-day; the ne "At last, the day before Thanks- quite a business-like manner. world has no use for plain people."

dow, in the place we never left when sweet! I'll take them all. Here, I play the game without Julie," said how many of us ever stop to consider mother didn't need us, watching for can put them in this basket I have. Mary McPherson.

father, though by this time mother Just put a few sheets of paper in the "I don't care! I wouldn't be seen

"Nor I."

"Nor I."

saw a speck moving across the there were just nine quarts. She put "She is homely," acknowledged gifts thronging in, with its countless to wither and dry up as surely as the prairie. We never took our eyes off forty-five cents on the counter, and Jane Butler.

ance to her. Her eyes lighted with than to congregationalist and Christian countless ages; to have the freeden of its fields of thought the freeden

MY THANKSGIVING.

My first reason for being thankful songs of trust and triumph. is Thanksgiving Day. Thanksgiving More than this, it is for most of m Day is a fact. It signifies something, to know something of the joys of because we must. There is something that calls forth this feeling of thankfulness. Thanksgiving Day is itself an evidence of the existence of a good God. It is a proof that the good God "Julie, isn't this the way to play has so made Himslef known to men "Julie, I want to tell you a secret." that they want to set apart a day ev-

"Julie, want a piece of my apple?" ery year in which they may bear witness to His goodness. That fact of Miss Field heard remarks like ed itself in the institution of Thanks-"Dear me," said Miss Field to her- giving Day is a solid and a significant fact. So far as it goes, and I think it self, "how the children do like Julie! Seems to me looks don't count in her goes far, it justifies an optimistic view

I am thankful for life. How much At noon, when Miss Field was put- that means I am just beginning to undays, passed, and still no signs of "But we want a cobbler!" objected ting on her things to go home, she derstand. Strange and melancholy it saw there was trouble on the play- is that so few of us ever grasp the Then our meal gave out and we had "Granny's berries are just as good ground. The children were gathered meaning of the great gifts of God unround the pretty new girl, who was til they pass beyond our reach. Few of us comprehend what citizenship children are grown, and most of us are

of life until our days are passing into giving, John and I were at the win- "Why, how fine they are-and so "I don't think we know how to parting with it may disturb us, but sweet.-Washington Gladden.

> what it means to live? To live! It is to stand at the cen-

invitations and opportunities mo- blazing sun will destroy the tender

of its fields of thought; to be a part. ner in its struggles and a partaker at its hopes; to listen to "the still, sad music of humanity" and to sing ha

It is the fruit of human experience, home and love, of childhood and pa It testifies that the feeling of grati- renthood; of the blessedness of wad tude is an abiding sentiment in hu- lock; of the dear human friendships man hearts. We give thanks to God that complete and crown our live. Above all, it is to become more and more aware, as the days go on, of a Eternal Love, at the heart of all this good, which is "mightily and sweet. ly ordering all things," and which a ways waits on the threshold of aplives, to "show us the way of under standing."

> It is all this-and how much more -to live. Thank God for life!

For my heritage also I give thanks Not only for country and ancestry. but most of all for the spiritual in heritance which has come to me to consciously. For the sentiments and

impulses and aspirations that are part of my life, because I have limit in a Christian home and in a Caria tian land; for the instinctive faith in democracy, which is my native breath; for the influences which have made it easy and natural for me to believe in God and in goodness and to find my joy in service, I am profoundly thankful. This is no achieve ment of mine; it is the good sift at

For the privilege of work, also, my the sere and yellow leaf. In all our gratitude is growing. It was never a take life for granted; the thought of ward was never so abundant and -

Spirituality, like a plant, grown playing with her," declared the pretty ter of this mighty universe, the bene- only when the roots are in the dark ficiary of all its bounty, with its great The glare of publicity will cause then

[Thursday, November 28, 1912

GRANDMA'S "THANKFULLEST" THANKSGIVING DAY.

"Oh, deary me," sighed Teddy. It was Thanksgiving Day, and all of the family had gone to church except grandma and Teddy, and they had stayed at home to take care of time flattening his nose against the window-pane, watching for them to come home from church, and grandma was spending hers reading her big print Testament.

"Oh, deary me," he sighed again. "What's the matter, Teddy?" asked grandma.

"I don't believe dinner time will ever come," he answered, mournfully. "Tell me a story, grandma an' then, maybe it won't seem so long."

Grandma laid her book down. "What kind of a story do you want?" she asked.

"Tell me 'bout Thanksgiving Day when you were little."

Grandma thought a moment. "What is Thanksgiving Day for, Teddy?" she asked again.

"To eat turkey, an' dressin', an cranberry sauce, an' lots of good things," he answered promptly.

"Well, that's about the idea a good many people have of it," said grandma, "but, Ted, the best Thanksgiving Day I ever had in my life we didn't have anything but mush and milk and baked potatoes for dinner."

"Why, grandma!" said Ted.

"Now, Teddy, when we thank a person for anything, what do we mean? If I were to give you an orange, what would you mean when you said, "Thank you?"

Teddy drew his brows together and thought for fully two minutes.

"I'd mean," he said, slowly, "I'd it was mighty good of you to give it way home, each with a large tin use for plain people like me." to me."

Thanksgiving Day is a day when we They were so sweet, too. are to think about the things God has understand?"

"Yes'm," answered Teddy; "now didn't have much to eat."

it, you may be sure, and it grew left. The children filled their bucklarger, and finally became two specks, ets with Granny's berries. This left Bessie Conant.

and then came closer and closer un- but a quart or two of hers. til we saw it was father and he car-In a short time after Granny re-

turned. "I am sure I am much oblig-"Well, when he had gotten there ed to you," she said. Then, as she It seemed as if everybody was turn- sun-risings, of snowflakes and flow- Justice Eli Cherry, of Gillis Mila and had come in, and we all stopped glanced around: "You sold nearly ing against Julie. Miss Field was ers. It is to be breathed upon by the Tenn., was plainly worried. A had rying long enough, he told us what all the berries. I am glad of that. I just going to take her part when she soft winds and sung to by the birds. sore on his leg had baffled serend had kept him. On the way there old was afraid, after I'd taken them this saw her bounding across the yard. It is to have a world for a chariot and doctors and long resisted all reseach other. Teddy was spending his Baldy had suddenly gotten his foot in morning from Joe Wilson that they "Come," cried Julie, "we'll play the go swinging through the fields of dies. "I thought it was a cancer." a hole and stumbled, throwing father were too small to sell well, and I new game. It's lots of fun." over his head. He never knew how hadn't the time to preserve them for The children made no move to be- the stars.

long he lay there, but when he came myself."

by him ,and somehow, although his from the glass case took out several eagerly. wrist was sprained and he had hurt chocolate stars. "Eat these on the The children looked at the pretty his head, he managed to get on and way home," she said. "You are fine new girl. "She doesn't want to play ride to town. But he had to stay store-keepers."

word she had said for days. And, bler."

although we had only mush and milk And when the cobbler was made equal to the occasion. and potatoes for dinner, that was the Jimmy thought he had never tasted a 'thankullest' Thanksgiving Day I better one, and he felt glad to think "Grandma," said Teddy, laying his of berries she could not sell.-Emily pretty new girl, "what do you care hand on hers, "don't you b'lieve if S. Windsor, in Pittsburg Christian you'd had turkey you might have Advocate.

glad that God had brought father WHAT JULIE TAUGHT THE NEW

TEACHER.

If anyone had told Julie that the to do it, there wasn't any room in new teacher was going to learn more my heart for a bit more of thankful- of her than Julie was of the new ness; for, Teddy boy, it isn't what we teacher, wouldn't she have opened have on our table, but what we have her eyes! It was true all the same, in our hearts that makes a real and this is the way it happened.

When Miss Field tied on her veil just before starting for school that first morning, she said to herself:

WHEN JANEY AND JIMMEY KEPT "What's the use of trying to be Janey and Jimmy had been black- face is sallow and these glasses are the game." She greeted all the guests mean I was glad to get it, an' thought berry-picking. They were on their so unbecoming. This world has no

bucket filled to the brim with the "That's it," said grandma, "and biggest, fattest and juiciest berries. that morning, and if it hadn't been Julie, although of course, she didn't given us, and to tell him we are glad ever," exclaimed Janey, as for the have become of her. I wonder!

> Field's, and she wore glasses, too, "I guess mother will think so, too," and although her face wasn't sallow,

> > Of course, neither Julie nor Miss

very important lesson that day; nev-

tell me 'bout that thankfullest said Jimmy, and he also stopped and it was dreadfully freckled. When she Thanksgivin' Day you had when you peeped at his berries. "Won't they came tripping into the school-house make a splendid cobbler!" And his after the gong struck, Miss Field

"It was when I was ten years old." mouth watered as he thought of it- thought she was as homely a child as said grandma. "Your Uncle John Jimmy was very fond of blackberry she had ever seen.

"I never saw such freckles," said mently pressing upon us. It is to be rootlets of an herb that has been term

gin. Julie stopped short.

with you," spoke up Jane Butler.

When the children got home and "Why not?" inquired Julie. "That night he and mother took told their mother all about it, she Before Miss Field could speak turns sitting up with Mary, and the said: "I am glad you did it. Granny some child blurted out the truth. first thing I heard when I woke the is always good to you children, you "For shame!" cried Miss Field, startnext morning was Mary saying, 'Pap- ought to do something for her. And ing toward the group of girls; but py,' in a weak little voice-the first these berries will make a fine cob- she stopped before she had taken two steps, for she saw that Julie was

> "Dear me!" cried Julie, "I thought something awful had happened. that Granny had not on hand a lot Why!" she exclaimed, turning to the for freckles and glasses and things, lon's I know how to play the game? Come on."

> > Julie laughed and danced away, and the children followed, every one of them, even to the pretty new girl! Miss Field stood a moment and watched the children. A big tear had, gathered in each one of her eyes, yet her face was beaming. "Dear little teacher!" said she, soflty, "she knows how to play the game, and so her looks don't count. Now I'm going to try Julie's way; indeed I will."

When the new teacher got back to anybody? My hair is coarse and my her boarding-place she began to "play with the pleasantest smile. She took an interest in everything they said Poor Miss Field was discouraged and did, and she told them about

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for Julie she might have kept on be- mention any names. Happy tears came "They're the splendidest berries ing discouraged, and then what would into her eyes as she talked, and after she had gone back to school the

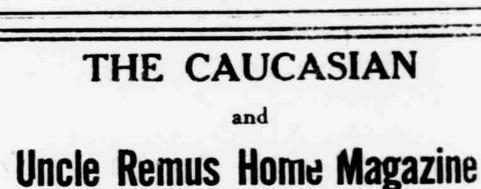
to get them, and think it is good in hundredth time she stopped and lift- Now Julie was a very plain little boarders got together and decided Him to give them to us. Now, do you ed the covering of green leaves to girl. Her hair was coarse like Miss that the new teacher was "lovely."

"Nor I," agreed Nellie Davis.

earth, and warmed and lighted by its sunshine, and fed upon the beauty of vale and mountains, of clouds and

space. It is to have the usufruct of he wrote. "At last I used Buckless

More than this, it is to have a vital cured." Cures burns, boils, ulcen to himself both horses were standing She went behind the counter, and "What's the matter?" she added, relation to the mighty human race; cuts, bruises and piles. 25 cents a to share in the treasures of experi- al druggists.



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A MODERN' ATLAS FREE!

nourished by the fruits of this prolific from its place in the soil .- Anon

Helps a Judge in Bad Fix.

Arnica Salve and was completely

was seven and your Aunt Mary three, and we lived in a little house just on the edge of the prairie. It had only been two years since we came from the East, and that summer had been much but potatoes. But we had a cow and plenty of corn left over from village. the year before, and father could shoot prairie chickens sometimes, so we didn't expect to starve.

house. He was one of our nearest gave me the other day." neighbors, although his house was several miles away. After he and father-your great-grandfather, Tedstand, so I won't try to tell you about | the people keep it for me a while?" that. The town was miles and miles away, so the next morning he started like all the children of the village, she was very fond of Granny. off at daybreak. He rode one horse, with a sack of corn behind him, and fixed sacks of corn on a pack-saddle care of it." on the other, to have it ground at the I'll be gone for an hour. If they mill, for our meal was nearly out. He said he would be back the fourth day, and I remember how we all three stood and watched him ride off across ries five cents a quart." the prairie. But mother wasn't afraid, and neither were we, so we didn't mind staying alone.

"The day after he left, baby Mary | right by the door."

cobblers. "Say, let's go home by the Branch Field knew that Julie was to teach a road-it's shorter."

peep at the fruit.

"Well, let's sit down a while and ertheless Julie started right in on the rest." So in turns walking a while lesson just as if she knew she was to very dry-so dry we hadn't raised and resting a while in the shade, they do it, and Miss Field began at once to finally came to the main street of the learn it.

First when Julie came in the room "Let's cross over and look in Gran- she began to show a great interest in

ny Miles's window and see if she has everything around her. Her jolly any of those chocolate stars. If she little round eyes behind the glasses "One day, about ten days before has, we'll come this afternoon, and darted hither and thither, taking in Thanksgiving, a man rode up to our buy some; I have the nickel grandpa the new teacher, the little gifts the children had brought her, the new Just as they reached the shop win- globe on the platform, Mary McPherdow Granny Miles came to the door. son's new dress which was piped with "Oh!" she cried, ."I am so glad to see red, the new scholar-a pretty little dy-had talked a while, we learned you children! I've just got to go to girl whose looks seemed to delight that father would have to go to the the station to see about some goods Julie very much. Many other things town on business. It was something that's come for me. I don't like to interested her, and every once in a about land that you wouldn't under- leave the shop alone. Could you lit- while Miss Field's eyes would rove round to where Julie sat, and she "Oh, yes," said Janey eagerly; for couldn't help smiling at her.

> "That child isn't troubling herself about her plain face," said Miss Field "Yes," added Jimmy, "we'll take to herself. You see, the new teacher had already begun on the lesson Julie "Just tell any one that comes that had set her.

By and by Miss Field began to exwant lettuce or blackberries they can amine her pupils on their last term's measure for themselves. The lettuce work. Julie took the liveliest interis five cents a measure, and the ber- est in the recitations. She watched the children's faces while they were "All right," said Janey, "we'll take reciting and listened to every word good care of everything; we'll just sit they said, just as if their success or failure was a matter of vital import-

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