

THANKSGIVING



Buying the Thanksgiving Turkey. A Picture of Puritan Days, Drawn by Lynn B. Hunt.

THANKSGIVING STORY OF YE OLDEN TIMES IN THE LAND WHERE THE PILGRIMS DWELT

By Flossie Featherbrain

LONG ago, there was a man who was very rich. He had a house with a garden and a pond. He had a large family and he was very kind to his people...

Then the Young Wives and the little children, even some strong men, and the gentle Governor Carver ate less and less each day. Often not at all. But the less they ate the more they prayed. Singing weakly, "I'm a Pilgrim, I'm a Stranger, I can't carry, I can't carry but a Night, and One by one they set off on a longer journey alone.

A SERMON FOR SUNDAY

A STRONG DISCOURSE ENTITLED, "MAN'S CONDITION; GOD'S REMEDY."

An Address Delivered at the Midway Conference by the Rev. Dr. Anderson, K. C. B. L. L. D. The Spiritual Helplessness and Helplessness of Man.

LONDON, ENGLAND.—The following address, entitled, "Man's Condition; God's Remedy," was delivered at the Midway Conference by Sir Robert Anderson, K. C. B. L. L. D.

The special subject assigned to me is "The Spiritual Helplessness and Helplessness of Man, and the New Birth From Above." I am not here to defend the dogmas that theologians have been wont to teach. What concerns us is the truth itself. I say this with emphasis, because of what is passing around us.

And this should be our position in regard to all the great doctrines of faith. The age of creeds is passed. In days of chivalry, when men had respect for truth and honor, creeds shut out those who could not honestly accept them. But now they avail nothing to protect the honest man against "deceit and robbers." Men will publicly, and in the most solemn way, pledge their belief in every Christian truth, and when in the presence of our churches, and as soon as they secure the prestige and pay which office affords, they will to ignorantly to deny every truth they are pledged and subsidized to defend. This being so, let us abandon the outward form of our creeds, and falling back upon the Bible, stand foursquare in its defense.

In this spirit I approach my subject. I am not ignorant what the great nations of the world have done, and how they have done it. I am not ignorant that the nations of the world are in a state of transition, and that the old order is passing away. I am not ignorant that the new order is being established, and that the old order is being replaced by a new order.

The first three chapters of Romans claim notice here. The first chapter describes the condition of the heathen world, and the second and third chapters describe the condition of the heathen world in relation to God. The first chapter describes the condition of the heathen world, and the second and third chapters describe the condition of the heathen world in relation to God.

There are two great standards or principles of divine judgment. With those who hear the Gospel, the consequences of their own sins will be made manifest to them. As for the rest, men will be judged by the law of their own hearts, whether they are ignorant of or conscious of its formal provisions. The first chapter of Romans describes the condition of the heathen world, and the second and third chapters describe the condition of the heathen world in relation to God.

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A BIRD WARDEN'S LIFE

DANGERS OF THE MEN WHO GUARD THE BREEDING PLACES.

The Hunters for Plumage Mate Them, and Their Lives are in Danger.—Bird Species That Are Now Almost Extinct—Colonies of Rare Birds.

"That man Bradley is going to be killed some time," said Frank M. Chapman, the ornithologist of the American Museum of Natural History.

Mr. Chapman had just returned from a trip to Florida, and the Bradley he meant is G. M. Bradley, the warden of the American Ornithological Union in Monroe county, of that state.

"Bradley has been shot at more than once, and some day they will get him," added Mr. Chapman.

"Monroe county stretches along the southwestern side of Florida from Whitewater Bay and the Everglades southwestward to the coast and on the mangrove keys from Cape Sable to Indian Key and Cape Sable. It is a wild country of mangrove islands, impenetrable jungles of saw grass, treacherous mudflats, apparently bottomless creeks of soft mud, and almost impassable morasses. One would think that in this sort of country the bird would be safe.

"But as a matter of fact this whole region is infested with outlaws, white and black. They make their living hunting and fishing and selling plumage to millinery dealers. There are excellent laws in Florida for the protection of birds, but laws are obeyed only when there is a warden on hand. Bradley has been a most active and efficient warden, and that's the reason I'm afraid they're going to kill him some time. They have sent him word that they will.

The plumage hunters are, of course, the worst depredators. There are laws against them, but they are not obeyed. They make their living hunting and fishing and selling plumage to millinery dealers. There are excellent laws in Florida for the protection of birds, but laws are obeyed only when there is a warden on hand.

"I traversed the entire Kissimmee river region and camped seven days on the edge of the Okechobee swamp and saw but twelve of the birds. From talk with residents I found that the bird is practically extinct. No one in the world has ever seen its nest, so far as I know. I did not find one, and when I found how scarce the bird was I made no attempt to get specimens.

The birds have towns and cities of their own throughout Monroe county, where they collect at nesting season. The warden makes special efforts to protect these rookeries. Just before Mr. Chapman's visit a white heron rookery which had been guarded with care was invaded and every bird killed.

Some of these rookeries are exceedingly remote. There is one of the wood huts two miles inland on Bear Lake. To reach this the warden has to pack his canoe on his back for two miles through a thick tangle of mangrove swamp. There are only about twenty nests in this rookery. To visit the big rookery at Cuthbert Lake, seven miles inland, one has to wade through a thicket of mangrove. The area was too vast and travel too difficult to permit the taking of a census.

The American egret and snowy heron, both of them "birds of the bonnet," are almost exterminated. The white ibis and roseate spoonbill, sought for food and sport, are rapidly decreasing. Other birds, like the Louisiana and little blue herons, the plumage of which are not fashionable, still exist in great numbers.

On Pelican Island, in Indian River, Warden Paul Kroegel watches over the welfare of the young pelican. This interesting infant is one of the characters of the bird world. He begins to talk before he leaves the egg, in a tone resembling that of an intelligent puppy, and keeps it up incessantly until he begins to learn to fly. He fights from the first time he leaves the nest, and waddles over to the next one to whip the occupants, at whom he has been squawking defiance for days. Three or four thousand of these agreeable youngsters are coming to maturity at Pelican Island.

At the Sandy Key Lighthouse the lighthouse keeper protects a colony of least tern. This colony now numbers more than 3000 birds. On Dry Key, a little island among the Bird Keys, an A. O. U. warden protects a large colony of sooty and noddy terns. They arrive about the middle of April and leave late in August, all departing at one time and in the night.

Up in Virginia, eight warden guards the great breeding grounds which run from the mouth of the Chesapeake to the Maryland line. Here the danger is from egging. Not many of the birds are now shot, a change from a few years ago, when three men killed 2000 in three days.

Ten of the society's warden watch the Maine coast. So well do they do their work that a colony of night heron, occupying twenty acres of woodland at Palamouth, within ten minutes walk of an electric car line, enjoy perfect security. On Buff Island near a colony of terns increases about 600 a year. Terns' eggs are so plenty that one must walk with care to avoid treading on them.

At Matine Grass Island the only laughing gulls that bred in 1904, and a home during the nesting season. Thousands of gulls and common terns were seen there. All together with sea pigeons and Lays' terns, all other birds on the island.

THE APPLE CURE.

In these days of indigestion, Of fever and congestion, A new and pleasant remedy has lately come to light. 'Tis a cure-all pure and simple, The very latest wrinkle— Just eat a big round apple and you'll be all right.

Then goodly to inflammation, To pain and ulceration; The vermiform appendix will be forgotten quite. Throw away your pills galore, You won't need them any more, Just eat a big round apple and you'll be all right.

If you're feeling pessimistic In a way that's realistic— If every thing is going wrong and things look black as night; If you're ill in mind or body, Do not stick to an old hobby— Just eat a big round apple and you'll be all right.

Then goodly to all narcotics, To tonics and hypnotics, The medical profession will soon be lost to sight; Throw away your pills galore, You won't need them any more, You eat a big round apple and you'll be all right.

JUST FOR FUN

"Is he rich?" "Rich! Why, man, he owns a seat in the United States senate!"—Town and Country.

"I wish I had money enough to travel, I wouldn't be here, She— Wouldn't that be delightful!"—Puck.

"I doubt if you know the difference between grand opera and comic opera." "Oh, but I do. Grand opera is comic."—Puck.

"Spurious—Does that fountain pen of yours leak that way all that time? Smartness—No, only when I have ink in it."—Baltimore American.

"Visitor—I've bought you a few chocolates. But I suppose you have a quantity of sweets? Ethel—No, I don't. I eat 'em all!"—Punch.

Heax—"Why do you spend so much time over the advertising pages of the magazines? Joax—I like to read the cereal stories."—Philadelphia Ledger.

"An empiric! make a poor walking delegate, wouldn't he? Don't see why." "He's always calling off strikes."—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

"Yes, sir, Charley says Miss DeWitt made a perfect monkey out of him." "Has he thanked her yet for the improvement she brought about?"—"New Orleans Times Democrat."

His Sphere—He—Don't you know that is to be well? She—Well, I'm quite sure, Cholly, that you'll never do anything to prevent it!—Puck.

Tom—And is she pretty? Jack—Yes, figuratively speaking. Tom—What do you mean by that? Jack—She has a bank account that is rather prepossessing.—Chicago Daily News.

"I suppose you have made it a rule in politics never to forget a friend." "There's no danger of that," answered Senator Sorghum. "If a man has done anything friendly for you in politics he never lets you forget it."—Washington Star.

The Elder Miss Spinster (appearing at the back door)—Tell me, my good man, are you the person who called here last week? Knight of the Road—You don't mean the bloke what you give the 'omade pie to? No, mum, I ain't him. 'E left me 'is ole trogs when 'e pegged out, that's all.—Judge.