

tiny feet had never worn a pair of new shoes, or even a pair of child's shoes. She heard a heavy step approaching. It was doubtless the "move along" man. She waved a grimy hand. "My doll, my doll!" she said softly.

ANNA HOLLIDAY POWLESS.

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## A THANKSGIVING ADDRESS.

Delivered by Herbert S. Bigelow, at The Plum St Temple in Cincinnati, November 26.

Why should we thank God for our abundant harvests? Has he favored us above those who have been visited by drought or flood?

Why should we thank him for our bountiful board? Are we dearer to him than those who faint of hunger in our streets?

What does this Thanksgiving day mean to us? What thoughts does it bring?

It brings before us all the sacred scenes. It is the home-coming time. The children gather at the family altar, the children of three and four generations. They come with hearts full of memories. Out of the world they come into the cheer and shelter of the old home.

The log is ablaze on the hearth. Grandmother sits before the fire with a wondrous babe in her arms. The women are busy in the kitchen. The men are swapping stories. The house is a riot of romping children.

At last the hour arrives. Dinner is ready. A cradle is found in the attic for the visiting baby. High chairs are improvised with dictionary and family bible. The bibs are tucked in. All are in their seats, and hungry little eyes survey the feast.

Are there any vacant chairs at the table today? Is there any one sick in the house who can not come down? Has there any terrible thing happened since the last Thanksgiving day? Does any mother in this group look at the happy faces and think of one that is gone?

God grant, my friends, that you may return to some such scene as this today, and that there may be no heavy hearts in your family circle, no loved faces gone, no sad memories to hush the laughter or bow the soul.

This is my prayer for you, that with abundant reason you may be thankful this day; that the day for you may be cloudless with joy, radiant with friends, holy with love.

This is my prayer for you unless, unless, indeed, you are capable of something more than this. A bounteous table and our own family circle well content—that is much to be thankful for, but is that enough?

I wish you more than peace and plenty today. My prayer is that you may know no want save the heart hunger that comes to gentle souls who know that others are in want.

Thanksgiving day, thanksgiving for what? Most of all, I say, for that nobleness of heart which considers not one's self alone, nor yet one's family, but goes out to the whole city and yearns for the happiness of every creature.

Lincoln once made a trip down the Missouri river in a boat on which some slaves were being shipped. The slaves were in irons. It was the first time he had seen this thing. His hands were free, then why did he care? But he did care. He declared that the sight of those manacles was a torture to him. He was too much of a man to endure with indifference the slavery of another. He might have been happier if the iron of that institution had not entered into his soul. But evils do not die until they become intolerable. They are not put down until they burden the world's conscience and destroy its peace.

I hope you have material things sufficient for you, and have no sorrows of your own, but I would not have your feast this day untroubled by other's sorrows.

Over the spirits of men today there is brooding a sense of great wrongs. A new social conscience is forming. Men are beginning to feel the reproach of evils heretofore regarded as unavoidable.

It is no credit to us, if the sights that meet us in the streets do not torture our souls as did the sight of those manacles the soul of Lincoln. In truth I wish you some happiness today. I would lay upon your conscience your share of the social guilt.

You are going to sit at the head of the table today and provide from your bounty, a happy household.

But when you have eaten more than you should, as you will, and are wishing you could eat more still, you may pause to ask yourself the meaning of this picture that I saw on the streets of our city a day or so ago.

A man was standing on the curb-stone. It was under the very shadow of my church. He aroused my suspicion by the strange glance he made around him. Then with a quick move he reached down and picked something out of the gutter. He wanted to escape notice. But I saw what he got. It was a piece of bread which he began chewing as he passed on.

Opposite you at your table today there will sit, let us trust, a happy mother. When the feast is done, and the children are at their play and you have a chance, you will sit down with her perhaps and talk over the old days. You will think of the first Thanksgiving day you spent together. You will be mindful how fast they come and go; and you will try to say that word of love which will make this day for her the tenderest, the most grateful of them all.

But as you thank God for the gold of her heart, you will think of other mothers, and you will

think of that mother who stood a few weeks ago on the river's edge. She had something in her arms. It was very pale and very still. It was a child and it was dead.

The mother drew it to her bosom. She held its face up in the moonlight. She stroked its hair. Frantically she pressed its little cold lips to hers. Oh, God, what a sight! She put its face against her cheek. She uttered an inexpressible cry, and then a leap and she had followed the spirit of the child.

You will remember in mercy such mothers as those, this Thanksgiving day; and then when night comes, and the little daughter claims her good-night kiss, and she had led her brother off to bed, you will sit by the light of the fire, it may be, and think of the dream boy up stairs and his fairy sister. And into these dreams of a happy father will come visions of other children. You will see piteous faces, tragic faces of hungry children that come trooping over the bridges in the early morning, and go back again at night; and you will begin to feel that it would be an awful thing for you not to care for these also; and then perhaps you will steal upstairs and reach down under the covers for those warm little hands and kiss them, and bow your head in the dark, and ask the Father above to forgive you that these treasures of yours should not have given you a father's heart for *all* his children.

And then when you pray, you will not say: Lord, I thank thee that thou hast not let *my* children starve.

You will pray: Lord, let the happiness that thou hast given me make me merciful. I know, Lord, that thou hast not provided a tender home for my children, and left others to suffer and die of hunger and the cold. Thou lovest the others, Lord, as well as mine. I know, Lord, that there are places enough at the table of thy bounty. I know that some have seized more of these places than they need, and left others in want and fear. Our laws have permitted this crime. Oh, Lord, forgive me in the name of all the hungry children, and all broken-hearted mothers, and all desolate and despairing men. Bless her who has been the companion of my youth, the mother of my children, and the sharer of all my joys and sorrows; bless the little ones whose laughter has filled my heart with song, and whose faces are like open gates to heaven; bless these of my household. And, Lord, I will try from this hour to love all children and honor all women and be brother to all men, and thus I will strive to be worthy of my loved ones, and please thee whose name is love, whose law is justice, and whose will for all is freedom.

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There has been a criminal treatment of crime.—  
Harris R. Cooley.

## UNCLE SAM'S LETTERS TO JOHN BULL.

From the Original Manuscript.

Dear John: Well, the election is over. And after all the Lord was in the fire, or some other power sufficiently influential. I don't believe, John, I have the spirit of old, these days, I thought I would not tolerate it for a minute; but I did, and here I am with a President appointed by his predecessor. The Dynasty has arrived and I am the very thing myself that I tried to escape from in Europe, or very nigh. It makes me think a little; over one-half my people servile, mostly, too, well brought up, in good families. I do not mean the "floaters" who were bought, a class that will grow larger as poverty increases, but the purchasers or those who knowingly train with them, satisfied with the means.

Well, I did have a pretty high class of people in those old days, not so rich, maybe, but of noble blood. They might clean stables or scrub floors, perhaps, but darned if they'd do a dirty thing, not for money, nor for life; my nobility were known by their lofty principles. Of course, you can't expect people who will buy an election, or admit the charge without inconvenience, to measure up to the old patriots with whom such a thing, in friend or foe, would have been treason to the new Republic, and the traitor shunned, not rewarded, and the victory deplored, not seized upon with delight. No, my gold patriot is a pretty weak brother, and I'm, at times, afraid he will yet cause my destruction.

One thing in the past election, John, gives me the most profound comfort and content. I had a leetle the finest fight for principle, ever made on this planet. You'd hardly expect it of the old Democratic party, but blamed if it didn't set a moral standard for the entire United States! Never since Peter the Hermit preached up the crusades in Europe was there such a campaign, and never was there a righteous cause conducted in a knightlier manner. On the one side was right, the eternal verities; on the other was wrong and the eternal expediences, and Bryan knew it, preached it, drove it home. Tireless in effort, fearless in assault and matchless and merciless in debate, he went up and down the land seeking an opponent, and finding but Fabian leaders. He had his opponents where he wanted them, excusing the inexcusable; and he drove them with manifest delight.

They pooh-poohed him as a man of words who could not be elected, but ah, the money it cost them to prove it! They said he was a visionary, and appropriated the vision. They ridiculed his secured bank deposits, and—promised a secured postal depository themselves. They laughed at his publication of election con-