

# THANKSGIVING DAY

# The Dispute with England Cause of Trouble Between Our Sister Republic and Mr. J. Bull—Both Stealing Land.

[LONDON LETTER.]

Phashoa is the cause of the dispute. No sooner had the news come to England of the fall of Khartoum than it was also learned that Major Marchand, one of the bravest and most successful of African explorers, was at Phashoa. General Kitchener went there in haste and politely requested him to withdraw. "J'y suis," he replied Marchand, in the words of one of the most famous French generals, and although he had only twenty Frenchmen and 200 natives against an enormous

This is the situation as it stands today. Englishmen confidently expect that France will yield. This is the opinion given in the British newspapers, including not only weeklies, such as the Spectator and the Saturday Review, but dailies like the Times and Telegraph. The British are convinced

that France will not risk a fight with them. They find some ground for that belief in Le Matin, which last week ago declared: "It is improbable that we shall risk war for the sake of territories which Egypt, who has had them

good as any in the world. It is doubtful, though, whether they would be able to fight as well. England has at least been able to defend France on the ocean, and the victors of the Nile are by no means exceptional. Napoleon was never able to do anything with his navy. On the other hand, the war with Spain has shown the superiority of the Anglo-Saxon race on the sea. Great Britain has always won her naval wars—except with the United States.



Our Thanksgiving, by Helen Chaffee. We'd thought on this Thanksgiving Day To eat our pumpkin pie With dear old mother at the farm. As in the days gone by. But greater Power than we had willed That mother shouldn't stay, An' then we couldn't bear the farm, When she had slipped away.

"How nice you sing," whispered Ruth. "I wish I could sing so." Annie smiled. "You are too little yet," she said, and moved closer. Then when she was over she added: "You are the nicest girl in the school." "But Ruth did not answer, for just then a gentleman began to speak, and she knew that she must pay attention. So she listened and he told them the story of Thanksgiving day and ended by saying: "No one is too poor or too small to be of use."

who were feeling good and whooping it up on Thanksgiving Day, "this won't do it all!" "What won't do it?" three or four of them asked in surprise. "Why, all this racket," continued the sheriff. "Don't you know it's Thanksgiving?" "Well, what of it?" they asked. "What of it? Why, Thanksgiving is a day on which ye ought to be reading the good book an' 'tendin' church, 'stead of yellin' an' shootin' an' carryin' on like this."



SOME MEMBERS OF THE MARCHAND EXPEDITION.

British and Egyptian army, he refused to lodge without permission from Paris. These orders have not yet come, although it is nearly two months since Salisbury asked for them. Marchand is still at Phashoa, while the French "stead of yellin' an' shootin' an' carryin' on like this."



GENERAL KITCHENER.

African politics have been a fruitful source of discord between the British and French. There is a nation in Europe that has not dreams of a colonial empire in the continent inhabited by the blacks. How this partition has been going on is an old story. France and England have been the leaders. The two nations have kept pace with each other in the struggle for land, and each of them, owing more than all the other powers put together, they are much concerned in anything that relates to Africa.

army; England has the stronger navy. The army of France is today among the most magnificent the world has ever known. The nation that underrates her in time of war will as certainly rue it, for whenever her strength has had occasion to go forth nothing appeared that might tend to show her shadow weaker than her fellow-powers.

On a war footing France would have the advantage in that practically all of her citizens are military training. There is nothing of the kind in Great Britain, and the English would be compelled to go to work to make good soldiers out of raw recruits. France soldiers three years' service from all her male citizens; then her soldiers pass into the active reserve, which position they occupy for ten years.

On the sea Great Britain shows to much better advantage. The united Kingdom is the first naval power of the world. France is second. They are not so far apart as one might think. Great Britain has 587 ships and France has 437.

The figures show the superiority of Great Britain in ships; though the French have more sailors. Great Britain's navy, of course, is unequalled. It is impossible to go into details here and compare the two navies by individual ships. It must be said for France, however, that her ships are of

There are other things to be considered in a war besides the army and navy. In the first place there is the area of the two countries. France and its colonies cover 3,957,628 square miles with 63,186,987 population, while Great Britain has 12,325,806 square miles, with 38,037,874 inhabitants. Of Great Britain's population it should be noted that 287,325,411 live in India.

Now as for the Geneva of war. Both nations are enormously wealthy. Mulhall gives estimates of the wealth of the nations for 1904. He puts the wealth of Great Britain at \$20,000,000,000 and that of France at \$18,600,000,000, the former nation being about 25 per cent richer.

The question of food supply in England would be important in time of war. It is one that has caused much worry in British statesmen. They have not solved the problem. In a war with a nation with such a navy as France has it would be difficult to import food. The price would advance enormously, and there would be much suffering among those at home.



COMPARATIVE STRENGTH OF ENGLISH AND FRENCH ARMY AND NAVY.

Make Floors of Paper. The newest floor is of paper, and is imported in a duty, powdery form, and is then mixed with a kind of compound which gives substance to the impalpable stuff, and a vitreous-like appearance. It is laid flat, when the floor is laid, the absence of joints and seams like those of the hardwood floors is a distinct improvement, and without the inconvenience of catching dirt. The paste of which the floor is composed is laid on and then rolled out with a heavy roller, specially adapted for the purpose, something like the street roller for asphalt. The floor, when smooth, hard and dry is either stained or painted to match or contrast with the woodwork of the room. While there are many advantages to this paper floor, one of especial merit is that it is so easily cleaned. It is so sensitive to its pliable feel to the foot that no matter how hard it is rolled it has always an unusual sensation to one who walks over it.

No End of Excitement. Mrs. Townsend—I don't see how you can endure a little place like Clonmilla. Nothing to see, nothing to buy, nothing to talk about. Country Cousins—Nothing to hear and nothing to do. Mrs. Townsend—Why, our own church has changed ministers twice within a year, and the other church is having a raw with theirs.

Good Family. "He comes of a pretty good family, does he not?" "You bet he does, podner! Fifteen of 'em in the bunch!" "Ez."

Vain As Long Hair. The vine attains a great age, containing fruit for at least 400 years. It is supposed to be equal to the oak as regards longevity.

IN SPARE MOMENTS. Reggy (quoting a politician)—If I should win, I'll need my lady, my lady, my lady. Oh, Reggy, this is an accident. Employer—How is it, James, that you are so late this morning? Office Boy—I didn't know you were coming so early, sir. Mrs. Plain—My husband is a great lover of the beautiful. Mrs. Spite—in deed he is. I should like to see you almost feel jealous sometimes. Briggs—See you are calling on the daughter of a journalist now. Briggs—Yes, she is the only girl I know of who is better to let out of the way at night-time. Cholly—She's to let me know at the end of the week if she accepts me. Henry—It must be a terrible suspense. Cholly—I don't know whether to break off of any other engagements or not.

Well, such a bill o' fare as that I never see afore. With all the things I ever eat, An' several dozen more. I labored hard to do my part At talk an' etiquette; Though John was hardened to this world, Sometimes his eyes wuz wet. I knew that though his purse could buy The costliest kind of dish, For mother's rare Thanksgiving treat He often felt a wish.

"Why?" asked Ruth. "Because she can't," answered Annie. "Don't you have any Thanksgiving dinner then?" asked Ruth. Annie shook her head. "No," she said, "we don't often have bread enough, so you see I could not do anything for any one if I wanted to ever so much."

Reverend Party—Young man, do you realize what you have to be thankful for? Brawny Footballist—Sure, pop. I sent three fellows to the hospital today who belonged to the other team.

"We are the first," whispered Nellie, as she seated herself near the reading desk. "How queer Sunday school looks when it is empty," said her sister Ruth, climbing up by her side. "A scuffling stir sounded in the aisle. 'I know who that is,' said Nellie, softly. 'That is Annie Ridley. Her shoes are so old.' "Yes," said Ruth, peeping over the back of the bench. "Her shoes are all in holes, and her dress is patched, and—"

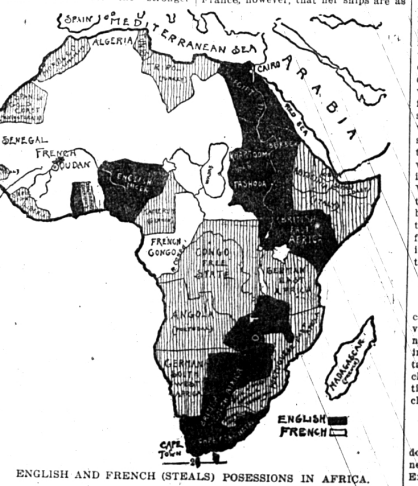
"That was nothing," replied Ruth. "When it was time to go home she looked around to say good-by to Annie, but the child had slipped away. Ruth was thinking so hard of poor little Annie that when Nellie dropped her hand and turned to speak to another girl she forgot to wait and started to cross the street alone, and half way across she tripped and fell. Her horse came swiftly around the corner. She had no time to be frightened, how- ever, for the next moment her hand was seized and she was pulled back to the pavement. It was little Annie Ridley, who had seen the accident, and ran back to help her.

The Old-Style Pumpkin Pie. Some like a fancy custard pie. Or apple, mince or game. Or some new-fangled article. I love, just for the name. Thanksgiving little girl said, for Ruth's mother was so grateful to the pie. But the good old-fashioned pumpkin pie is what I love the best. I'm hankerin' for a piece, right now. Of the pie that mother made. When I came home from school I'd get a bun and in I'd wade. And, 'p'raps my mouth is somewhat large). Though I'd resort to tears, The wouldn't give me another piece Because it muzzed my ears. I've lingered here a lifetime since. Put off with what I got, But off in dreams I'm back again To that old familiar spot. And then, at such times, I can find, On the buttery shelf arrayed, A row of good old pumpkin pies. The kind that mother made. —Philadelphia Times.



Making a Record.

THE NEARLY HUNG THE JURY. German's Imperfect Knowledge of English and Its Result. From the Detroit Free Press: An action for debt was tried in the Wayne Circuit court last week, and the testimony was so strongly in favor of the plaintiff that a verdict was expected on the first ballot by the jury. When the foreman examined the ballot he was astonished to find one vote in favor of the defendant. He at once called for another ballot, and that, as well as the third, fourth and fifth, showed the same result. The foreman gave expression to his annoyance at one man, apparently, holding up a verdict and asking the disquieting question, "What do you mean?" A man of German nationality acknowledged that he was the offender and expressed his determination to vote the same as the 2,000 jurors rather than agree to what he considered an injustice. An explanation of the incident was given by the plaintiff, but he was not found guilty, owing to his imperfect knowledge of English. Some suggested that the jurors should vote for the fat



ENGLISH AND FRENCH (STEARLS) POSSESSIONS IN AFRICA.

Do You Want a Job? Here is a rare opportunity. A New York newspaper the other morning published the following among its "wants" column: "A man of good character and energy, familiar with the executioner for South American states; compensation, \$3,000 per annum; state qualifications and inclose photograph." Almost at the time of the American ought to be able to fill the bill. To be "lord high executioner" in South America may not be as great a snap as it was in the Japanese kingdom of Tippo, but \$3,000 salary in a country where living is cheap should not be sneered at by the most inveterate Yankee office hunter.

Deepest Lake. The deepest lake in the world, so far as known, is Lake Baikal, in Siberia. While 9,000 square miles in area, nearly as large as Lake Erie, it is 4,000 to 4,500 feet deep, so that it contains nearly as much water as Lake Superior. Its surface is 1,550 feet above sea level, and its bottom nearly 2,900 feet below it.

Never Heard Of. "I don't hear anything about Colonel Busby's regiment." "No, Busby has old-fashioned ideas about acquiring territory." "What do you mean?" "None of Busby's men are ill, and they're all had food enough."—Cleveland Plaindealer.

WAS PULLED TO THE PAVEMENT. Little girl that she felt as though she could not do enough for her. The next time Annie Ridley came to Sunday school, she was dressed as nicely as any little girl had yet, for her face wore a very pleasant expression instead of a frown.

A Close Shave. "Look-yere, boys!" exclaimed the western sheriff as he ran across a large crowd of his fellow townsmen

And he falls to see any fun, When he visits his turkeys at dead of night. And gets shot by his own spring-gun.