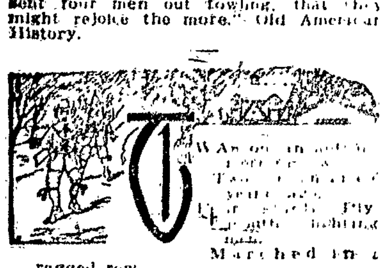
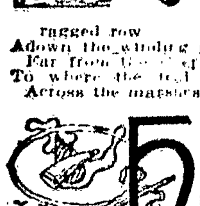
FIRST THANKSGIVING

"After the first harvest Governor Bradford declared a day of thanksgiving, and there being but little food in the town sent four men out fowling, that they might rejoice the more."—Old American History.



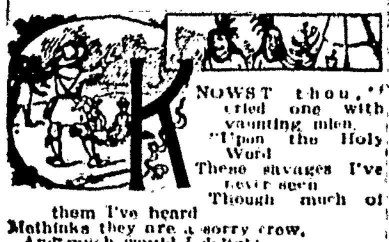
T WAS on an autumn ... Three hundred years ago, ... Plymouth ... Marched in a ragged row
Adown the winding path that led
Far from the ...
To where the teal and mallard sped
Across the marshes brown



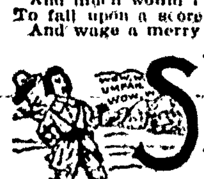
HIS fowling piece each soldier bore
And each beside had got
His pistols and a goodly store
Of powder and of shot
For while they sought the wary game
Within the weedy fen,
The savage might begin the same
And start to hunting them

A MILE along the sandy track
Is passed their ...
Each ... place
... the sky is black
With swiftly whirring wings
Down come the victims by the score,
And still they blaze away
To slay a plenteous dinner for
That first Thanksgiving day

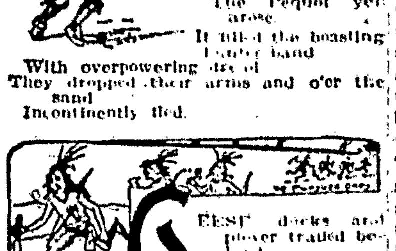
PINE volleys through the misty air
Go echoing o'er the plain,
Till from the slaughter they forbear
To gather up the slain,
Then with their quarry laden down,
With step elate and gay
These doughty men of Plymouth town
Go on their homeward way



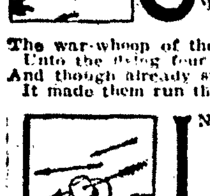
"KNOWST thou," cried one with vaunting mien,
"Upon the Holy Word
These savages I've never seen
Though much of them I've heard
Methinks they are a sorry crew,
And much would I delight
To fall upon a score or two
And wage a merry fight!"



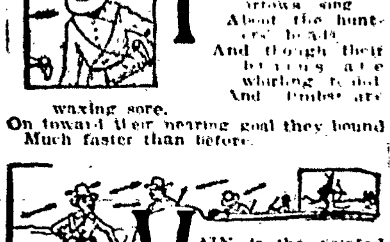
SWIFT sank each heart in sudden fear
Then paled each ruddy nose,
As if in answer from the rear
The Pequot yell arose.
It filled the boasting hunter band
With overpowering dread
They dropped their arms and o'er the sand
Incontinently fled.



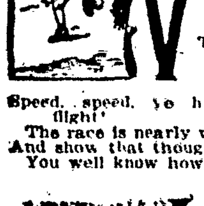
GEESE, ducks and plover trailed behind
Their quickly fleeing heels,
While borne upon the gusty wind,
In terrifying peals,
The war-whoop of the savage came
Unto the flying four
And though already spent and lame
It made them run the more



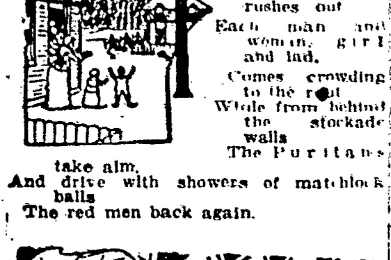
IN VIEW of their pursuers sprang
A dozen brawny reds
Right merrily the arrows sang
About the hunters' heads
And though their breasts are whirling ...
And limbs are waxing sore,
On toward their nearing goal they bound
Much faster than before.



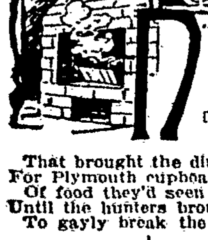
VAIN is the painted Pequot's chase—
Their ruse was badly planned
The musketeers have set a pace
The savage cannot stand.
Speed, speed, ye hunters, speed your flight!
The race is nearly won,
And show that though you cannot fight
You well know how to run



INTO town they fly like mad
The train band rushes out
Each man and woman, girl and lad,
Comes crowding to the rout
While from behind the stockade walls
The Puritans take aim,
And drive with showers of matchlock balls
The red men back again.



NO HEROES e'er were welcomed more
Since heroes first were known,
Than were these goodly men and four
That brought the dinner home
For Plymouth cupboards all were bare
Of food they'd seen the last
Until the hunters brought the fare
To gayly break the fast.



GREEN be the memory of these men,
May Bradford's flourish too
A monument for each of them
Would be but proper due
For they brought in a merry time,
A day of feast alway,
Of grateful chant, of gladsome chime

Ye Goode Thanksgiving Day

BUSY GREEK PEASANT GIRL

Care of Sheep and Goats, and Household Duties, Leave Her Little Time for Dallying.

To the Greek peasant girl is committed the care of her father's flock, which she must lead every day to the pasture and fold at night. The voskopoula, or shepherdess, is one of the most prominent characters in rural folk song and many a charming tale has been composed after her. But she has little time for idyllic dallying, for the sheep and goats must be milked and the milk must be converted into cheese and yaourti, a demanded and wholesome sour curd, which is in great demand in the towns. When the sheep have been shorn the wool is bleached and spun, and then knitted and woven into garments for the family or into cloth for sale. The cotton or flax grown on the farm must also be gathered in their seasons, and prepared for use. The cotton pods are put through a small hand machine called the manganee, which turns two rollers different ways, and separates the fiber from the seed. The instrument next used is the toxevtis, a large bow made from a curved piece of wood five or more feet long, the two ends of which are connected by a stout string. The cotton is placed loosely on the string, which is made to vibrate by being struck with a stick, producing a not unmusical sound. This process detaches the particles of cotton, and it is now ready to use as wadding for the large quilts which with a sheet tacked to the under side, form all the winter bed covering used by the lower orders of natives of every race. The mattresses are also usually stuffed with cotton, and the palliasses with the husks of Indian corn.

COVERING FRUIT WITH GOLD

Festival Custom in Southern India Has Long Been a Recognized Feature of Native Life.

One of the interesting uses to which brass and gold leaf are applied in southern India is for gilding limes, the decorated fruit, according to a local custom, being exchanged by natives on festival occasions in token of esteem. The origin of this practice is apparently unknown, but it dates from a distant period and is a recognized feature of Indian life. The exchange of limes takes place on New Year's days, of which several are observed in India. Besides the English anniversary observed by the natives, the Mohammedans and the Tamil and Telugu branches of the Hindus have special New Year's days. A native calling on New Year's day on a person to whom he or she desires to show esteem, presents the host with a lime. In the case of the well-to-do the lime is always ornamented with brass or gold leaf. The custom sometimes extends also to the ordinary "tamash" or social reunion. Thus, a good deal of brass leaf is used for gilded limes and the bazar trade in this line throughout southern India is really considerable. The leaf is also used to some extent in the manufacture of gilded caps or "topi," worn generally by Mohammedans in southern India on their holidays and for decorations on the dresses of Mohammedan women.

Angling Frog.

There is a hideous reptile known as the fishing frog, which angles for its game as expertly and with as great success as the most adroit fly fisher. He is a clumsy, awkward swimmer but nature has compensated him for his unwieldiness by furnishing him with an equivalent for a rod and line, with bait always ready for use. Two elongated tentacles spring from his nose, which taper away like actual fishing rods. To the end of them is attached, by a slender filament, which serves the purpose of a line, a bait in the form of a shiny bit of membrane. The hooks are set in the mouth of the fisherman below, and in order to induce the fish to venture within reach of them, the angler stirs up the mud at the bottom with his fins and tail. This attracts the fish and conceals him from their observation. He then plies his rod; the glittering bait glows in the water like a living insect. The dazed fish are taken in great numbers perfectly circumvented by the trick of the crafty angler.

"According to Hoyle."

Of the celebrated writer of treatises on games of chance, little is known save that he appears to have been born in 1762, and died in Cavendish square London, August 29, 1769. He wrote on whist, piquet, quadrille and backgammon, and his name became so familiar as to be immortalized in the well known proverb, "According to Hoyle." He was a barrister by profession, and was at one time register to the prerogative court. His treatise on whist for which he received 1,000 pounds sterling, was published in 1743, and gained such popularity as to run through five editions in one year. He has even been called the inventor of the game, but this is a mistake, though we are indebted to him for introducing it to the public in a scientific manner. Hoyle is said to have given instructions in the game, especially among the gentlemen who frequented the Crown coffee house, for which his charge was a guinea a lesson.

Mean Hint.

Miss Prim—When I taxed her with putting powder on, the girl actually changed countenance.

Miss Pert—Don't you wish you could?—Baltimore American.

Tommy's Thanks

I'm thankful for a lot of things,
I'm thankful I'm alive,
I'm thankful that I'm six years old,
Instead of only five.
I'm thankful for my tops and toys
And for my Kitty Gray
I'm thankful for the big outdoors
Where I can run and play.
I'm thankful for the things that grow,
The apples—aren't they good?
The corn where we played hide-and-seek
As in a little wood.
I'm thankful for the pumpkins round,
Just like a golden ball,
And Jack-o'-lanterns, big and queer—
They don't scare me at all.
I'm thankful for Thanksgiving day,
For pies all in a row;
I'm thankful Grandma made them sweet,
She knows I like them so.
I'm thankful for the turkey, too—
How brown it is, and nice!
And I'd be very thankful, please,
For only one more slice.
—Elizabeth H. Thomas, in Youth's Companion.

DAY'S NEW MEANING

This Year National Rejoicing Is Alloyed With Thought of Glad Sacrifice.

TO a very great number of us especially the fathers and mothers and wives of the United States, Thursday will be one of the most realistic Thanksgivings we have ever spent. At last, after many years in which this national holiday was nothing more than that—merely, in fact, an occasion for feasting and gathering and pleasure-seeking—this distinctly American day is to mean something very real and intimate to us all.

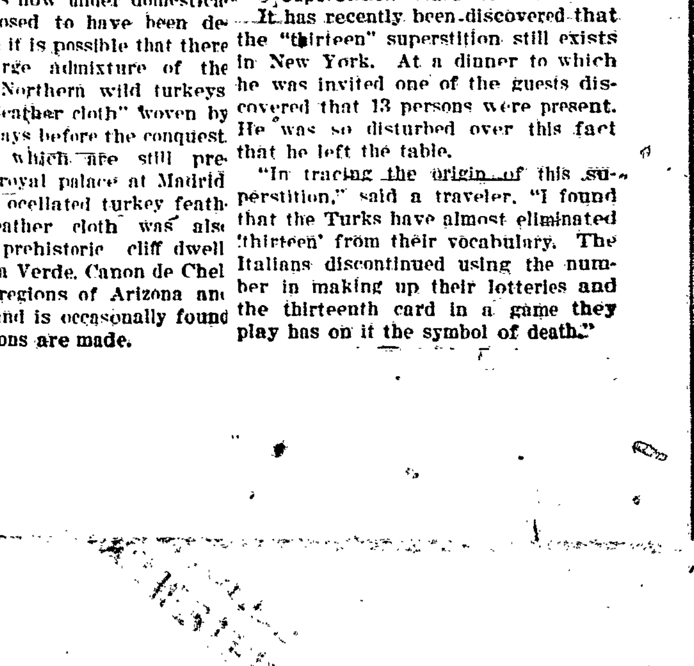
Just what message and benefit it brings to us will depend largely if not wholly upon ourselves. And the character of our appreciation of the blessings that have come to us will measure the depth of our patriotism and love of country.

We are not of those who believe the whole sacrifice belongs to the man who has gone away to fight. As much—in some cases even more—bravery and courage and devotion to duty and to country have been necessary on the part of those who remained behind.

And we are certain that those who stop at home will, on this coming Thanksgiving, realize more completely than they have heretofore that the call Fate has made upon American manhood and womanhood is indeed an opportunity for service, not merely a disagreeable duty to be shirked if possible. For only if the men in the ranks, and equally the men and women at home who support and encourage them, enter this war in such a spirit of glad, eager sacrifice will it ever bring us more than disappointment and regret and terrible loss.

So let Thursday be a day of gladness, not of sorrow. Let your tears, if tears there be as you sit beside the empty chairs, be evidences that your heart rejoices in the realization that your son or husband or brother or friend was brave enough and willing enough, yes, eager enough, to risk all that selfish men hold dear and desirable that his country might win honor and security through his blood.

EVEN EXCHANGE



To the board they brought the turkey,
With its stuffing roundly puffed;
Soon they took away our Earlie—
It was Earlie who was stuffed.

AT HOME IN LOFTY PLACES

Mountain Sheep Climbs With Safety and Ease Where No Hunter Would Dare Venture.

Of all American animals, bighorn, the mountain sheep, is one of the most remarkable. Not only is he remarkable in appearance, but he is equally remarkable in his ability to live and thrive in an environment where it would seem that no animal of such size could possibly sustain life. There on the roof of the world he not only sustains life, but, winter or summer, appears to be fat and in the best of condition.

In America there are six species of mountain sheep. The largest and best known is the truly magnificent bighorn, also called Rocky mountain sheep. Once abundant in the Rockies, from Mexico to British Columbia, it is now found only in small scattered bands. This is due to man's persistent hunting. It is now protected for a term of years in some states, and is slowly increasing in numbers.

Bighorn is of a gray-brown color, with a white or cream-yellow patch on the hind quarters. A big ram will weigh 300 pounds. The female is smaller. Both male and female have horns, but those of the latter are short and straight, while those of the ram are immense and curve back and around until sometimes they form almost a complete circle.

The bighorn lives in the most inaccessible places among the towering crags of the Rocky mountains, and travels with ease places in which it would seem no creature lacking wings could possibly get about. It bounds down precipices which appear to the onlooker to offer no foothold, and its safe arrival at the bottom seems little less than a miracle. It scales cliffs which the hunter dares not attempt.—People's Home Journal.

SMALL REWARD FOR BIG FIND

Man Who Discovered Gold in Australia Remunerated by the Magnificent Gift of Five Dollars.

The first discovery of gold in Australia was made as early as 1839 by a convict servant of a Scotch settler named McAlister. This man found a nugget of what he rightly conceived to be gold while tending his master's sheep near where the town of Ballarat now stands, and took it to McAlister, who submitted it to the governor, Sir George Gipps.

The latter had it assayed, and found that it really was gold but fearing a mutiny of the convicts if the truth were allowed to become known, he kept his knowledge to himself. Meanwhile he ordered the finder of the specimen to be given a sovereign ($5) in recognition of his "enterprise."

This is probably the smallest reward ever given to a white man for what was the biggest find recorded in history, for when, 12 years later, Edward Hargreaves rediscovered these same goldfields, many millions sterling were taken from them in the course of a few months.

Dread of Poverty.

A great deal of apparent poverty comes from dread of poverty. A man saves every cent and goes mind and soul hungry and, ten to one, he is starving somebody else at the same time, along with himself. He is really poor, for the time being, although he has a large bank account. Poverty will come every time as the result of the improper attitude toward money. Money is not a reality; it represents things that we consider for our good. But there is no poverty like that of the starved soul that shrinks and dries up into narrowness and compression. In getting the feeling of wealth, look about you. See all the wonders of nature; believe that wonders will happen and then get ready for them. After the day's work is done, build air castles, and then go in and lay a strong foundation under one of them. Expect to develop into efficiency necessary for the bigger job. The key to this lies in your hands in doing the little things well.—Patrick Fenton, in the Nautilus.

Lead Poisoning in Waterfowl.

According to Mr Alexander Wetmore of the United States biological survey, lead poisoning in waterfowl which has been known for a number of years, has recently assumed considerable economic importance. Wild ducks, whistling swans and a few other birds subject to the disease, pick up and swallow pellets of shot lying in the mud in marshes and shallow lakes about old shooting blinds. The shot remains in the stomach until it has been ground into fine particles by bits of gravel, swallowed to aid digestion, and part of the lead is progressively absorbed into the system resulting in slow paralysis, emaciation and death. Mr. Wetmore's experiments show that in some cases a single No. 6 shot is sufficient to cause death by lead poisoning.—Scientific American.

Ecology."

Although the word "Ecology" has long been known in its meaning, little practical attention has been given until recently to the methods of study it connotes. Ecology is that phase of biology that considers plants and animals as they exist in nature and studies their interdependence, and the relation of each kind and individual to its environment. It is the study of the actions and interactions of living things and their reactions toward external influences.

BY OUR PRESIDENTS

Thanksgiving Proclamations That Have Come From Occupants of the White House.

PRESIDENT LINCOLN'S last Thanksgiving proclamation, set for the last Thursday in November, 1864, expresses his thankfulness for the vision of victory which is in view, but still contains an humble supplication for peace. What a glorious Thanksgiving he would have sent over the land had he been spared to issue that which begged a nation's thank offerings for peace!

This privilege denied the great Lincoln was granted to the aggressive Andrew Johnson and the somewhat cold and hackneyed message he issued upon an occasion so full of cause for gratitude is characteristic of the man. In that message he said:

"Whereas, It has pleased Almighty God during the year which is now coming to an end to relieve our beloved country from the fearful scourge of civil war, and, to permit us to secure the blessings of peace, unity and harmony, with a great enlargement of civil liberty. . . . Now, therefore, be it known that I, Andrew Johnson, president of the United States, do hereby recommend to the people thereof that they do set apart and observe the first Thursday in December next as a day of national thanksgiving to the Creator of the universe for these great deliverances and blessings."

"The Spanish-American war was of such short duration that it resulted in few proclamations," said a librarian at Washington, as he turned the pages of one of his big red volumes to the year 1918. "Here is President McKinley's proclamation dated April 26, bearing the simple statement that war exists." The Thanksgiving proclamation for the same year recommended the giving of thanks in the following words:

"The skies have been for a time darkened by the cloud of war, but as we were compelled to take up the sword in the cause of humanity, we are permitted to rejoice that the conflict has been of short duration. . . . We may laud and magnify his holy name that the cessation of hostilities came so soon, so as to spare both sides the countless sorrows and disasters that attend protracted war.

"I do, therefore, invite all my fellow-citizens, also those who may be at sea or sojourning in foreign lands as those at home, to set apart and observe Thursday, the 24th day of November, as a day of national Thanksgiving."

Thanksgiving, 1918

Common Cause

Howdy Thanksgivin'! Here you is again!
You comes a-interruptin' when I's ready to complain.
I's thankful foh a pork chop an' I's thankful foh a bean;
I's thankful foh each lump o' coal dis neighborhood has seen.

Now folks is helpin' other folks to see de winter through,
'Cause all de folks is kickin' jes de same as me an' you.
Howdy, Thanksgivin'! As I looks along de line
I's thankful foh de comp'ny, 'cause de comp'ny's mighty fine!

Turkey in American History.

The turkey was domesticated by the aborigines of the Southwest and by the Aztecs of Mexico, centuries before the white man ever set foot in America. The Yucatan variety was the one tamed by the Indians, and from it most of the varieties now under domestication are supposed to have been derived, although it is possible that there has been a large admixture of the blood of the Northern wild turkeys. The famous "feather cloth" woven by the Aztecs in days before the conquest, specimens of which are still preserved in the royal palace at Madrid was woven of ocellated turkey feathers. This feather cloth was also known to the prehistoric cliff dwellers of the Mesa Verde, Canon de Chelly and other regions of Arizona and New Mexico, and is occasionally found when excavations are made.

JOKE FOR MODERN BURGLAR

Herring's Safes, Considered Marvelous Years Ago, Would Be Laughed at in This Generation.

If a modern burglar or "safe cracker" could see some of the safes invented by Silas Herring he would probably have a good laugh. For a "modern" safeblower must be a bit of a scientist with a large knowledge of explosives; an old-fashioned safe would be easy for him to get into; but, in those days the Herring safes were considered marvels and absolutely theft and fireproof.

Herring was born in Surewsbury, Vt., and began his career as a grocery clerk. Tiring of this after some six years, he went into the lottery business, saved $10,000 and started a wholesale grocery concern in New York city. A fire and a panic ruined his business, so he obtained the agency for the Salamander safes—so named, probably, because they were able to come through fire unhurt. He got the right to manufacture them later, and kept on improving and improving them each year. He once put $1,000 in the drawer of one, sent it to the world's fair and offered the money to any one who could get into the safe and get it. No one got it.

But nowadays big banks and trust companies would laugh at these old square safes. The "burglar proof" safe today is round like a ball, and has a door that screws in, leaving no cracks for explosives. Even if any were poured into the hinges, the explosion would only drive the door more firmly into the casing of the safe.

Herring died in 1881.

MANY VARIETIES OF SUGAR

Those Which Are Contained in Dried Fruits Are Recommended as of Very High Food Value.

When you say sugar, you mean that white crystalline material which comes originally from the sugar cane or the sugar beet. And that substance is a pure sugar. But it is not the only sugar, by any means.

If you were a chemist you would call that sugar "sucrose," and you would remark quite casually that, of course, there are other sugars.

Some of these other sugars are "glucose," or "dextrose" or "grape sugar;" "fructose;" or "levulose," or "fruit sugar;" "lactose," or "milk sugar;" and "maltose" or "malt sugar."

Honey, corn sugar, maple sugar and maple sirup, corn sirup and many other sirups contain one or more of these "other sugars." In this sense all the sugar substitutes are not really substitutes at all, but are sugars just as cane sugar is sugar. All fruits contain sugar of one kind or another. Dried fruits—prunes, figs, apricots, dates—contain a great deal of sugar. They can be used by themselves as sources of fuel for home fighters.

All these sugars have a very high food value. That is the second fact to keep in mind. They are energy foods and of particular value in that they act very rapidly in producing energy for the body to use.

Beneficence Without Ambition.

At present we behold only the rising of our sun of empire—only the fair beginnings of a great nation. We departed early—we departed at the beginning—from the beaten track of ambition. Our lot was cast in the age of revolution—a revolution which is to bring all mankind from a state of servitude to the exercise of self-government—from under the tyranny of physical force to the gentle sway of opinion, from under subjection to dominion over nature.

It was ours to lead the way—to take up the cross of republicanism and bear it before the nations, to fight its earliest triumphs, to illustrate its purifying and elevating virtues, and by our courage and resolution, our moderation and magnanimity, to cheer and sustain its future followers through the baptism of blood and martyrdom of fire. A mission so noble and benevolent demands a generous and self-denying enthusiasm. Our greatness is to be won by beneficence without ambition.—William Henry Seward.

Nerves in Sexes Differ.

The late Professor Munsterberg of Harvard believed that the sensory mechanism of women worked quicker than that of men. He took the illustration of two sets of wires, corresponding to the nerves of the human body, conducting a current of electricity to a certain point. The wires of woman's nerves were able to communicate to the fixed point, in this case the brain, the current much more quickly than the male equipment, and, furthermore, reacted to currents too faint for man's wires to take up. The addition of these subtle stimuli produced in the receiving center an entirely different comprehension in woman than in man, Munsterberg argued.—Chicago Examiner.

Superstition Hard to Down.

It has recently been discovered that the "thirteen" superstition still exists in New York. At a dinner to which he was invited one of the guests discovered that 13 persons were present. He was so disturbed over this fact that he left the table.

"In tracing the origin of this superstition," said a traveler, "I found that the Turks have almost eliminated 'thirteen' from their vocabulary. The Italians discontinued using the number in making up their lotteries and the thirteenth card in a game they play has on it the symbol of death."