



Over Seas for Freedom.

LET us be glad together that the passionate love of freedom that made the Pilgrim Fathers set sail in fragile ships to brave the unknown terrors of the inhospitable New England coast is driving us back over the seas in dreadnaughts to face the known horrors of modern warfare.

When that spirit dies there can be no more thanksgiving in America. As long as this spirit lives it is always Thanksgiving day, whatever happens, or whatever we may have or may not have for dinner.

Let us give thanks that years of prosperity and fatness, years of peace and security, have not served to make us entirely forget that unless we have freedom more than life, we are already as one dead; unless we know the difference between real peace and selfish security, we are already a conquered people.

Let us give thanks for our strength, our wealth and our opportunities garnered under the protection of even a dawning democracy, and for the chance to pour them out without stint for the spread of democracy to every corner of our world.

ANNE LEWIS PIERCE.



1918

CUSTOM AN OLD ONE

Pages of History Filled With Record of Days Set Aside for Giving Thanks.

THE idea is prevalent throughout the United States that our Thanksgiving day is peculiarly an American custom of New England origin. This is true in part only. The general observance through many years of a set day on which to give thanks to Almighty God for His blessings has made the custom distinctively American; but its origin long antedates the settlement of this western continent and we must look elsewhere for it.

In old Egypt, when the harvest had been gathered, it was the custom to observe a day of feasting and to lay offerings upon the altars of Isis, the goddess of agriculture. The Jewish festival was the "Ingathering," or the "Feast of the Tabernacle," mentioned in Exodus and other parts of the Old Testament. This was more particularly a thanksgiving for the fruit harvest, but as it came at the close of the entire harvest it probably was intended also as a general thanksgiving "for the bounty of nature."

The goddess of the Roman harvest was Ceres. Her festival was celebrated annually and was called Cerialia. It was a day of worship and rustic sports. Men and women formed processions and went to the fields with music.

In one way or another, a Thanksgiving day had been observed in Christian Europe for centuries before its celebration in New England. The early Christians kept such days as the bishops named them within their jurisdiction. On the continent, and for a time in England, it occurred at Martinmas, which was a day of feasting and drinking. Occasionally, too, civic authorities recommended the observance of some fixed day.

Real Day of Thanksgiving.

There is a difference between being thankful and having a good time. One can enjoy an elaborate dinner and the meeting of friends without any uplift of the heart to the Giver of all good. Like Thanksgiving more than a jolly day, a day of festivity and good cheer and friendly companionship. Put aside a portion of it for real Thanksgiving to him to whom your thanks are due.

LAUREL LODGE
No. 186 L. O. O. F.
ST. JOHNS, OREGON
Meets each Monday evening in Odd Fellows hall at 8:00. A cordial welcome to all visiting brothers.
C. O. Churchhill, Noble Grand
S. J. Burroughs, Vice Grand
G. W. Nacker, Fin. Sec.
H. F. Clark, Treas.

Curries sell Case Razors
"Made in America" and guaranteed to the limit.
Good Second hand Sewing machines for rent. H. F. Clark.

Thanksgiving Thought

If I had known, in Grandma's day, Of present means of living,
And laid one of those feasts away She served us on Thanksgiving;
Imagine now how proud I'd feel And cheerfully elated,
To sit before that old-time meal Which I had de-hydrated!
—Ella Randall Pearce in Browning's Magazine.

WORTHY OF GREAT DAY

Thanksgiving Feasts in Arizona and Kentucky Described by Prominent Sons.

MARCUS AURELIUS SMITH, the entertaining Arizona statesman, was once questioned concerning Thanksgiving feasts in that far-off territory. He said that they were different from most Thanksgivings in the East. As the country was new, there were very few grandchildren to grace Thanksgiving dinners. The piece de resistance at the table was usually a gigantic wild turkey. It was always cooked on the old Kentucky or Virginia plan. The side dishes included venison and bear meat, if anybody wanted it. A delicious dish was bear paws a la Mexicaine. Tenderloin did not regard them with favor, because when brought upon the table they looked like the feet of a negro roasted and basted. Nothing, however, was more delicious. Served with cactus or prickly pear sauce they furnished a dish fit for the gods. Then the baked sweet potatoes upon the table were extremely savory. The sweet potatoes in Arizona, if Mark Smith is to be believed, are sweeter and more exquisite than those grown in any other part of the universe. He says they taste as though they had been raised by some Kentucky gentleman in the Garden of Eden. There are frequent innovations in family Thanksgiving dinners in Arizona. Being broad and liberal in everything, they do not allow their tastes to be hampered by conventionalities. In some places where they cannot get champagne, they are reduced to the necessity of drinking whisky. In localities along the border, however, is a substitute for whisky. A few drinks of megal make a man feel as though he had six heads, twelve feet, and twenty-four hands. Of all the people on the globe the Arizonians are the most hospitable. It would well repay a stranger to visit the state on Thanksgiving day. He could have a dinner without price or money every hour in the day, with venison, antelope steaks, bear meat, champagne, whisky, and megal thrown in.

When Asher Caruth of Kentucky heard the talk about Thanksgiving a rosy flush overspread his face. There was the joy of anticipation in his eye and his tongue began to drip with eloquence. Of all the dinners in the South, he said, a Kentucky Thanksgiving feast was the best. It might not be as great as in New England, but the Kentucky dinner was the speculated apex of bliss. The air was always cool and bracing. The fire seemed to burn brighter than in any other state. The barnyard was more musical, and the baying of the hounds made a refrain that thrilled the heart with pleasure. The music of the banjo was heard and there were Juba dances and African melodies that soothed the soul. Each family had its gathering; all enjoyed themselves intensely. There was a good dinner; turkey, of course, with cranberries and all the jellies and gravies that Aunt Dinah could prepare. Children and grandchildren met at the homes of parents and grandparents, and recalled the incidents of the past year. It was what old Aunt Chloe would call a "rate clarin' up time in family matters." The new babies were chucked under the chin, and all the merits of the spring coils were canvassed. Troubles with servants were detailed. Family matters generally came under discussion, and predictions were made as to winners at Lexington, Latonia, and other famous race courses in the coming spring meeting.

Hail Turkey!

THE eagle is the nation's bird, it soars across the sky. On lofty wings, serene and proud and free; But when November skies are blue, and when Thanksgiving is the only bird for me!
The turkey is the only bird for me!
Monster Flocks of Turkeys.
Writers assure us that wild turkeys were once so abundant in the wild country back of Virginia and in the South generally that flocks of more than 5,000 were not uncommon.

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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.

WAS on an autumn morning, when two hundred years ago, Plymouth's pilgrim men marched in a ragged row down the winding path that led far from the sleeping town, to where the teal and mallard speed across the marshes brown.

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

AMILE along the sandy track In his hand then Each trusty piece; With swiftly whirling rings, Down came the victims by the score, To slip a phantom dinner for That first Thanksgiving day.

INNE volleys through the misty air Gave o'er the plain, To pierce the slaughter they forbear; The hunters up the slain; Then with their quarry laden down, With step elate and merry tone, These doughty men of Plymouth town Go on their homeward way.

NOWET thou, cried one with jaunty 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!

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

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

IN VIEW of the grim pursuers, A dozen brawny rags, Right merrily the arrows sling About the hunt-ers' heads, And though their brains are whirling round, And limbs are waxing sore, On toward their nesting coils they bound, Much faster than before.

VAIN is the painted warrior's pride, Their ruse was badly planned; The hunters have set a pace The savage cannot speed, 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.

NTU town they fly like mad; The train band rushes out, Each man and woman, girl and lad, Come 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.

HEROES'er were welcomed more, Since heroes first Than were these goodly men and four, That brought the dinner home, For Plymouth cupboards all were bare, Until the hunters brought the fare To early break the fast.

IFEN be the memory of these men, May Bradford's glorify, too, A monument for their sake, Would be but proper due, For they brought in a merry time, A day of feast always, Of grateful chant, of gladsome chime.

Ye Goode THANKSGIVING Day

DORIC LODGE NO. 132 A. F. and A. M. Meets the first and third Wednesdays of each month in Bickner's Hall. Visitors welcome. J. N. Edleson W. M. A. W. Davis, Secretary.

St. Johns Camp No. 7546 Modern Woodmen of America. We heartily solicit the attendance of our members at our regular meetings every Thursday evening. A. I. Marcy, Geo. Muhm, Clerk Consul, 108 Smith avenue

Knights and Ladies of Security St. Johns Council 2775 Regular Business meeting 1st and 3rd Mondays. Open meetings to the public and members 2nd and 4th Mondays. Visitors and members cordially invited to attend at Skating Rink Hall. Frank C. Gasser, Pres. Lester Teeling, Secreter

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DO YOUR CHRISTMAS SHOPPING RIGHT NOW. Anything a man wears makes an acceptable gift. A box of Socks, a box of his favorite Collars or a box of Shirts; they are needful and profitable and our stock of them is as good as any in the City. It is large and varied.

Make your selection now, pay a deposit and have the Christmas shopping a pleasure rather than an eleventh hour need.

FOR MEN-- Umbrellas, Bath Robes, Fancy Socks, Shirts, Neck Ties, Collars, Handkerchiefs, Suspenders, Shoes, Overcoats, Suits, Traveling Bags, Suit Cases.

FOR WOMEN-- Silk Petticoats, Silk Hosiery, Silk Neckwear, Silk Blouses, Knit Gloves, Embroidery Pieces, Umbrellas, Wool Middies, Sweaters, Kid Gloves, Toques Kimonas, Dresses.

BONHAM & CURRIER

L. E. ROSE, Mgr. Men's Dept.

Why Compare Beef and Coal Profits?

Swift & Company has frequently stated that its profit on beef averages only one-fourth of a cent a pound, and hence has practically no effect on the price.

Comparison has been made by the Federal Trade Commission of this profit with the profit on coal, and it has pointed out that anthracite coal operators are content with a profit of 25 cents a ton, whereas the beef profit of one-fourth of a cent a pound means a profit of \$5.00 a ton.

The comparison does not point out that anthracite coal at the seaboard is worth at wholesale about \$7.00 a ton, whereas a ton of beef of fair quality is worth about \$400.00 wholesale.

To carry the comparison further, the 25 cent profit on coal is 3 1/2 per cent of the \$7.00 value.

The \$5.00 profit on beef is only 1 1/4 per cent of the \$400.00 value.

The profit has little effect on price in either case, but has less effect on the price of beef than on the price of coal.

Coal may be stored in the open air indefinitely; beef must be kept in expensive coolers because it is highly perishable and must be refrigerated.

Coal is handled by the carload or ton; beef is delivered to retailers by the pound or hundred weight.

Methods of handling are vastly different. Coal is handled in open cars; beef must be shipped in refrigerator cars at an even temperature.

Fairness to the public, fairness to Swift & Company, fairness to the packing industry, demands that these indisputable facts be considered. It is impossible to disprove Swift & Company's statement, that its profits on beef are so small as to have practically no effect on price.

Swift & Company, U. S. A.

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Sweeping at its best only shifts dirt. It is hard work—it makes more work. Besides it shortens the life of your rugs and carpets.

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Notice of Hearing Final Account

In the County Court of the State of Oregon, for Multnomah County.

In the matter of the Estate of S. P. Moore, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned Administrator of the above named Estate has filed his final report and account, and that the Court has fixed upon 10:00 o'clock A. M. of the 25th day of November, 1918, as the time at the County Court Room of the County Court House, Portland, Multnomah County, Oregon, as the place, when and where said report shall be heard, and any objections or exceptions to anything in said report contained may be heard, and when and where said Estate will be closed and said Administrator and his bondsman discharged.

H. E. COLLIER,
Attorney for Administrator.
R. S. MOORE,
Administrator of the Estate of S. P. Moore, Deceased.
Date of first publication, Oct. 25, 1918; last publication, Nov. 22, 1918.

Chambers-Kenworthy Co.

Funeral Directors and Embalmers
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A FEW FACTS

1. The oldest established undertaking business north of Knott street.
2. Mr. Chambers is the only G. A. R. undertaker in the city of Portland.
3. Mr. Kenworthy is an acknowledged expert in embalming, Dental surgery and funeral direction.
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