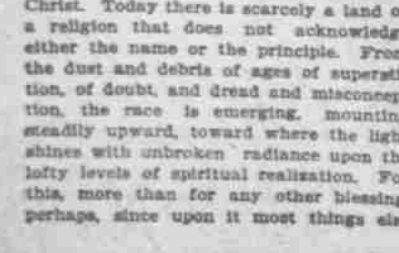
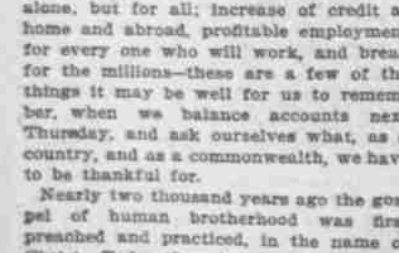
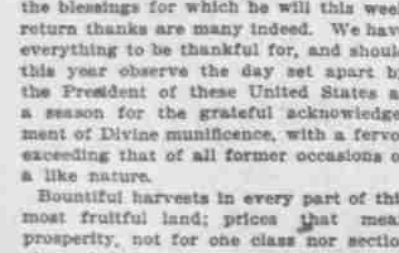
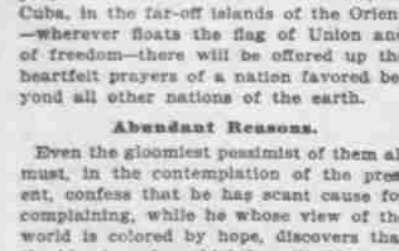
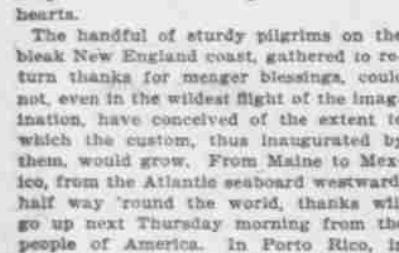
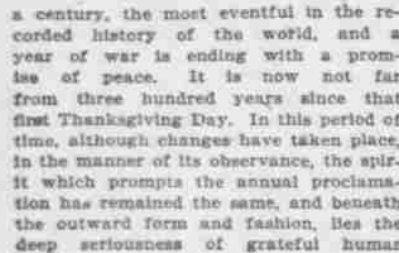
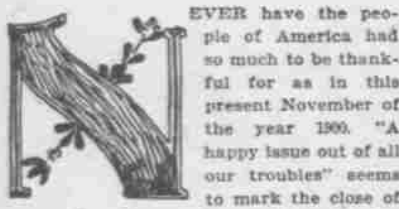




"WHITE OR DARK MEAT?"



depend that go to the making up of the sum total of earthly felicity, should we feel especially grateful this last Thanksgiving Day of the century.

Industry's Busy Hum.

The whirl of mill wheels that never cease; the hum of saws, and the beat of countless hammers, attest the welcome fact that wealth-producing industry is no longer paralyzed, but active, and widely, and so profitably creative that fleets of ships, larger than ever before needed are requisitioned to carry our surplus to foreign shores. From the workshop and the factory, the fields and the mines, home products are flowing in a steady stream to the great markets of the globe, and in return, to quote a recent, authorized statement, "money has been simply pouring into the country."

With such a record as this, past year shows, together with the commercial and industrial activities of the present and the splendid possibilities of the immediate future, we, as a nation, as a community, as a community, as individuals, can do no less than return thanks, devoutly, for what we have received, and what we now enjoy, and what it is ours to claim, as the days go by and tomorrow merges into yesterday.

Thanksgiving.

For garnered stores of golden grain,
For flocks and herds on hill and plain,
For streams that leap and laugh and run,
For fairest flowers beneath the sun;
For all material goods and gain,
And toil that has not been in vain,
We thank Thee, Lord of Hosts, most High!
Yet not for these, our warmest praise
Ascends through all the nights and days;
And not for these we bend the knee
And pour our spirits out to Thee!
But for the Truth, the Light, the Love,
That lift us, mind and soul, above
The land where doubt and fear doth lie!

Religious Observance.

One hears it commonly remarked, and often lamented, that the observance of the annual Thanksgiving Day is not, religiously speaking, what it used to be, or, in other words, that we are less devout and more worldly than were our ancestors who inaugurated the festival from which came a National holiday. But this charge is, to be strictly truthful, not wholly based upon fact. The world, and particularly the American people, is not wanting in religious conviction, in religious feeling. We have naturally grown wiser with the lapse of time, and in consequence, are less rigidly orthodox in the expression of these convictions and feelings.

If there is one custom that constant repetition has not staled, it is this same religious observance of Thanksgiving Day, the morning of which, in most communities, is still largely devoted to divine worship. There is usually, in these later years, a union of forces. Two or more churches combine choirs and congregations, and the service takes on a character that gives it more or less a National significance. With the passing of the forenoon, people give themselves up to more material pleasures, to feasting and family reunions, and amusements.

Football.

Chief among the latter must be ranked the game of football. The fierce struggle upon the gridiron every last Thursday in November has come to be regarded almost as a National feature of the day, as inseparable from a proper celebration of the country's annual holiday as the offering up of thanks and the devouring of turkey and pumpkin pie. From the wintry shores of the Atlantic to the Pacific's ever vernal slopes, wherever field and fortune favor, next Thursday afternoon, the brawn and muscle of young American manhood will oppose strength to strength, with all the ardor and courage that characterized the just in that golden age when "knighthood was in flower." And, as then, brave men and fair women will look on, in sympathetic admiration; youth will applaud, and beauty smile encouragement.

Here, in our beautiful city of Portland, the heroes who vanquished California, and on her own field, will strive to wrest the laurels from the long-victorious Multnomah. The street will be gay with fluttering streamers of red and white, and will bloom like a Japanese garden with mammoth yellow chrysanthemums. The sound of inspiring march music will be drowned by the discordant blare of fashions, and there will be no lack of noise and color and enthusiasm.

A paper chase on Thanksgiving Day is,

locally considered, something of an innovation. Preparations are under way for the enjoyment of this old-time recreation, so popular in England and in the East, and which, modified to meet the requirements of Western America, is now a sport for Fashion's devotees in this metropolis of the Northwest.

Originally, the game of "hare and hounds" was conducted on foot, the "hares," of whom there were usually two, scattering the "scent" (bits of paper) from canvas bags, and the "hounds" following and taking fences, ditches and hedges as they came. In this latter day, it is customary to follow the scent on horseback.

Many of the pastimes once popular on Thanksgiving and other holidays have fallen into innocuous desuetude, and are nearly, if not quite, forgotten. In the rural districts, it is true, they still survive, in a greatly modified form.

Turkey shooting, for instance, in the village neighborhoods of New England

and in the South, was as much an expected and inseparable feature of the day as football in the larger towns is now. But while there are those who sigh regretfully, when old-time sports and fashions are recalled, it may be taken as evidence of our advancement that, as a people, we no longer countenance or encourage amusements that lead to barbarism.

And there was something barbarous in turkey shooting, as it was first practiced in many localities. The turkey, the luck-

less victim that furnished the target, was so placed in a box that his head was left protruding, and at this by no means easy mark the collected farmers and villagers aimed their rifles. Whoever was fortunate to take off a head secured as a prize the bird to which it belonged.

This method of winning a holiday dinner was, however, in the course of time abolished, or rather modified. Instead of shooting at the frightened fowl, the marksmen usually fired at a target. This arrangement has the merit at least of being less a trying ordeal for the turkey than the former.

Feasting.

Dinner, in this "land of the free and home of the brave," is a movable feast. We dine, as a community, any time from half past 1 to 8 o'clock, according to inclination and convenience, and the menu is varied to suit the taste. The typical New England dinner, with its roast turkey and cranberry sauce, generously and sub-

stantially supplemented by standard results of the housewife's culinary skill, not omitting the inevitable pumpkin pie, may, or may not make its appearance upon the table of the Oregon householder. The people of this state, the pioneers and the later homebuilders, are gathered here from the four corners of the earth, and each has brought with him the manners and customs of his own native clime and locality, to which he has added such far Western flavors as most appeal to his particular and individual taste and habit. Suffice it to say that, whatever he desires, that he may have in this vale of peace and plenty.

A good dinner, in this year and season, is within reach of the humblest. Bountiful harvests and increased transportation facilities make it possible to dine well at a comparatively small cost. Fruits and wines, conserves and the numberless luxuries and delicacies of other lands are to be had at a practically nominal price, while, at the same time, the markets are crowded with the products from our own fertile soil.

In Pioneer Days.

Very different, indeed, were the conditions that prevailed in those early pioneer days before the now fruitful acres had been conquered by the plow, and when the cabins were few and far apart. Yet the spirit of true hospitality, which then prevailed would, by no means, suffer from comparison with that of the present time. Life was harder, but it was also freer from hampering conventions, and although the annual Thanksgiving proclamation was not always heeded, there were those who strove to invest the day with something of the hallowed character it bore on that other, and still fondly remembered, edge of the continent.

Friends and neighbors were invited and came, some of them journeying miles and miles, in the saddle, or behind slow-plodding oxen, bringing the whole family, down to the dog. The homestead roof of that idyllic time was elastic. No matter how small the cabin, there was always room for the guest and all his kith and kin.

The Thanksgiving visitation often covered the week. The fare, if plain, was substantial and sufficient. Instead of the accustomed turkey of the New England festival, there were wild geese and ducks, and venison, with occasional elk or bear. Outdoor sports of a royal nature were not lacking. Sometimes there was dancing in the evening, when the smaller children of the party were tucked away in convenient corners, and then the punch-bowl floors resounded with the tapping of light feet, keeping time to music such as Pan might have envied, it was so natural and untrained.

Providing for the Poor.

Thanksgiving Day with the dinner left out, would be a very festive. Taking this fact into consideration the generous and more prosperous people of Portland have always hitherto made it a rule to provide a bountiful repast for their less fortunate neighbors. The various "homes" and other charitable institutions throughout the city received annual thank offerings, in the form of foodstuffs, that made the day a possible feast.

This year, although the Salvation Army, it was rumored, would set free table at their hall, there will be no dinners served to the poor on Thanksgiving Day, for the reason that it is said there are no poor to eat them. The "new-boy" dinner, that had come to be regarded as an institution, is discontinued for a similar reason.

"The charity branch of army work," said the leading officer of the Salvation Army in Portland, "finds very little to do in these days of unwarmed prosperity." As this organization comes in more real and intimate contact with humanity in the slower walks of life than any other, it is reasonable to take its official word for it, that abject want is not at present discoverable in this favored municipality of ours. This, if true, is a condition of things for which the humblest, as well as the highest, should be devoutly thankful.

School Holidays.

"Thursday, Friday, Saturday, Sunday—four whole days out of school." You can hear the children repeating the glad news on every hand. Thanksgiving means vacation to them, the first since school opened in September, and there is no question about the spirit in which it is

welcomed. Still the youth of today miss, in this holiday, much that endeared it to the children of a quarter of a century ago, although it would be difficult to convince them, perhaps, that there is anything lacking in their observance of the day. After all, the end-of-the-century child is a progressive creature, not to be compared with the old-fashioned youth of a few decades since.

After the morning's devotions, the afternoon's outdoor amusements and the dinner that comes before or between, there is the evening at the theater, always a matter worthy of consideration. There the day may be fittingly brought to a close.

The Thanksgiving incident herewith related illustrates the fact that small blessings are often more heartily appreciated than great ones.

A young man, college bred and full of the spirit of adventure, had come to the far West, in the early '90s, to seek his fortune, like others of his class and kind, since he had proceeded to make the most of such opportunities as offered. It was late in the Fall of 1902, and, mindful of the festivities of the season in his distant home within the shadow of Plymouth Rock, he decided to celebrate the approaching holiday in a fitting manner.

Accordingly, a few days before Thanksgiving, he shouldered his rifle and set out, intent upon bagging something worthy to grace the festive board to which he had already invited his neighbors. He wandered far, without bringing down the deer he coveted, and night came on and found him deep in the trackless forest, and he had lost his way. Making himself as comfortable as he could, he slept till dawn.

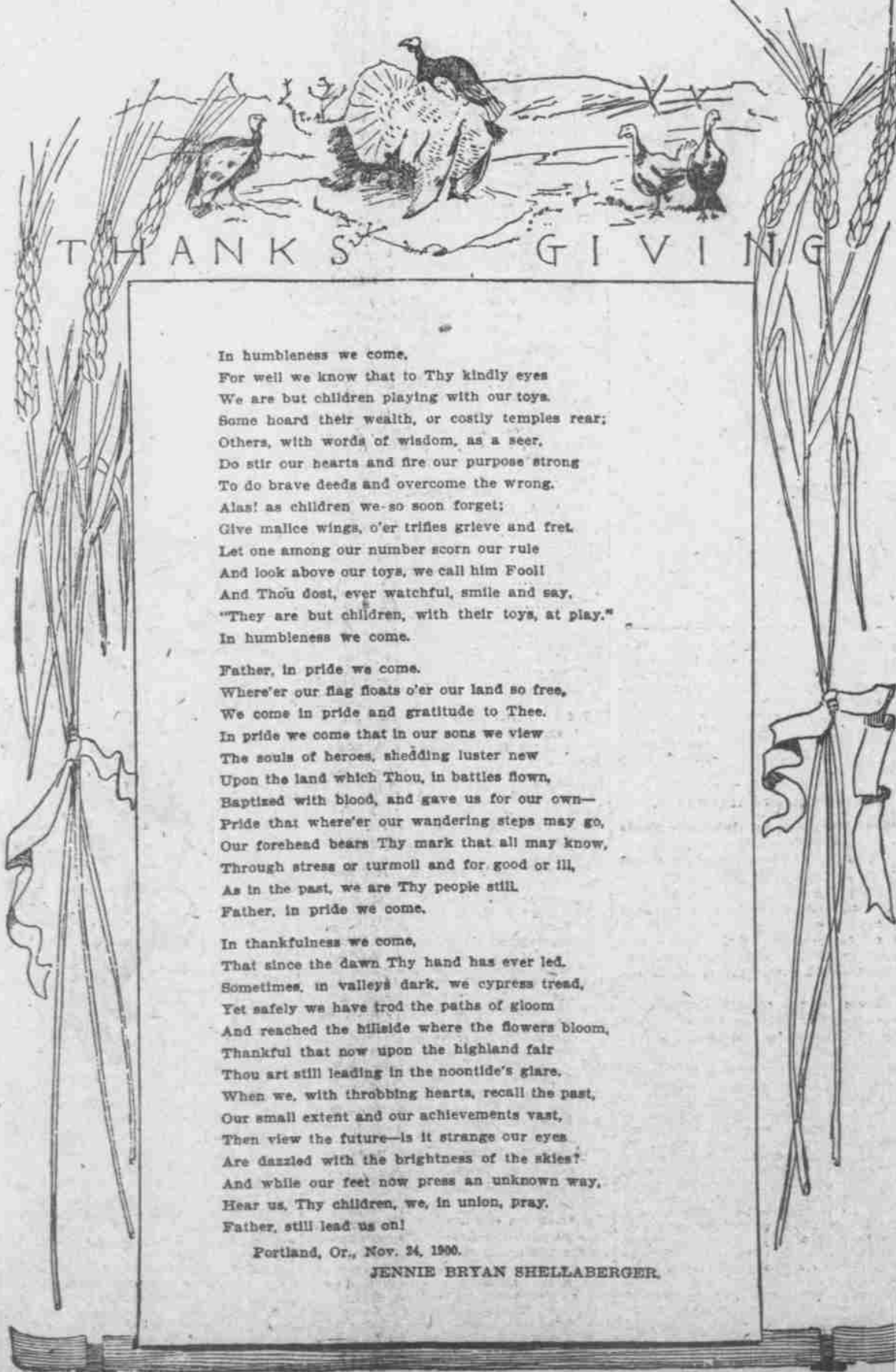
All that day and the following night he wandered aimlessly, without food and without fire, for he had left his ammunition pouch hanging by the campfire. Late in the afternoon of the third day he emerged from the heavy woods and found himself in a little glade upon the bank of a stream, and—welcome sight of all! in front of a miserable wigwam, suspended over a fire which a wrinkled squaw was feeding with dry twigs, was a steaming kettle whose savory fumes told him that his long fast was over.

It took but a moment to make known his need, and the Indian woman, reinforced by the several members of her family, hastened to offer him the contents of the kettle. Forks and spoons were not in evidence, and the kettle was black as the blackest. But no meal, served with all the elegant accompaniments of refined civilization, in his own New England home, ever tasted half so well as that, even with half-scalded fingers, beside the wigwam fire and shared by half a dozen little Siwashies and a wrinkled old squaw.

When he had satisfied his hunger and was resting on a pile of dried skins in the shelter of the movable roof-tree, he recalled the object of his hunt and remembered that it was Thanksgiving Day. "Never, in all my life, before or since," he declares, when recounting this story, "have I felt the profound gratitude that I that day experienced, as I lay upon that skin couch, in the wigwam of the friendly Calipoolia, refreshed by a one-course Thanksgiving dinner of stewed something that may have been puppy, for aught I know!"

Later the Indians accompanied him down to the settlement and were duly rewarded for their pains.

LICHEN M. MILLER.



In humbleness we come.

For well we know that to Thy kindly eyes
We are but children playing with our toys.
Some hoard their wealth, or costly temples rear;
Others, with words of wisdom, as a seer,
Do stir our hearts and fire our purpose strong
To do brave deeds and overcome the wrong.
Alas! for children we-so soon forget;
Give malice wings, o'er trifles grieve and fret.
Let one among our number scorn our rule
And look above our toys, we call him Fool!
And Thou dost, ever watchful, smile and say,
"They are but children, with their toys, at play."
In humbleness we come.

Father, in pride we come.

Where'er our flag floats o'er our land so free,
We come in pride and gratitude to Thee.
In pride we come that in our sons we view
The souls of heroes, shedding lustre new
Upon the land which Thou, in battles flown,
Baptized with blood, and gave us for our own—
Pride that where'er our wandering steps may go,
Our forehead bears Thy mark that all may know,
Through stress or turmoil and for good or ill,
As in the past, we are Thy people still.
Father, in pride we come.

In thankfulness we come.

That since the dawn Thy hand has ever led,
Sometimes, in valleys dark, we cypress tread,
Yet safely we have trod the paths of gloom
And reached the hillside where the flowers bloom,
Thankful that now upon the highland fair
Thou art still leading in the noonday glare.
When we, with throbbing hearts, recall the past,
Our small extent and our achievements vast,
Then view the future—is it strange our eyes
Are dazzled with the brightness of the skies?
And while our feet now press an unknown way,
Hear us, Thy children, we, in union, pray,
Father, still lead us on!

Portland, Or., Nov. 24, 1900.

JENNIE BRYAN SHELLABARGER.