

THANKSGIVINGS OF THE PIONEERS

Observance of the New England Holiday, General in Oregon Since 1859, Characterized by Much Religious Fervor, Unbounded Hospitality and Most Thorough Good Fellowship.

In the early years of Oregon's statehood, Thanksgiving day was essentially a New England holiday. The customs of the land of the Pilgrims ruled. The sacred devotion, the time-honored family gatherings, and the home praise service were urged upon the people in general by patriotically persevering men and women, to whom the New England practice was a vivid memory. And this was at a time when, in the minds of too many of the sturdy settlers, was the deeply-set belief that they had little to be thankful for; that they had crossed the cheerless plains only to build cheerless homes in a bleak country. Still the devotion of the first year took root and in the following years Thanksgiving rivalled Christmas and New Year's as an occasion for family gatherings.

The observance of Thanksgiving was instituted in Oregon within 11 months after the admission of the state into the Union, or almost 41 years ago. The day set apart was Thursday, December 25. The proclamation was issued by John Whiteaker, the first Governor of the state, at the request of 76 pioneer women of Oregon City. A copy of the proclamation, the briefest ever issued by an Oregon Governor, is now in the possession of George H. Himes, secretary of the Oregon Historical Society. It reads as follows:

First Proclamation.
 "Be it known that, in conformity with the wishes of many citizens of Oregon, I do appoint and set apart Thursday, the 25th day of December, 1859, as a day to be kept for public thanksgiving and to be observed throughout the state in such manner as the good citizens thereof may deem most appropriate. Given under my hand, at Eugene City, this 6th day of December, 1859."

"JOHN WHITEAKER,"
 Governor.

The proclamation evoked considerable comment and criticism. Some of the newspapers declared that the people had little or nothing to be thankful for. Others called to mind the happy Thanksgivings of New England, and recommended a strict observance of the day. The Oregon City Argus, edited by W. L. Adams, stated that the proclamation was "a piece of good government." The Portland Week Oregonian, edited by T. J. Dryer, took the statement as evidence of the Governor's desire to please, and wondered to whom the debt for the proclamation was due—to the "76 ladies of Oregon City," at whose "importunity" it was issued, or to the Governor.

A solution to the puzzling question was not pressed, and Thanksgiving Day, 1859, was pretty generally observed. In Portland stores were closed, and business was entirely suspended. Services were held in all the churches, and, in proportion to population, more largely attended than are similar observances at the present time. Sociability, of the genuine old-fashioned kind, was a feature, but that friendly disposition which departs as villages grow into cities, was so common in those days that editors declared it "need not be worded."

"Long May They Wave."
 "Dinner was eaten and digested," Editor Dryer wrote. "In the evening, a reunion was held in the Metropolitan Hotel, and the time was passed to the satisfaction of all, except grumblers who are never satisfied. Thanks to the Governor and the 76 ladies of Oregon City! Long may they wave!"

The years 1860 and 1861 passed without a proclamation. In the latter year, however, the people of Oregon City observed Thanksgiving. In California Thanksgiving was observed on the 25th of November, and in Washington, D. C., on the 26th.

In 1862, Thursday, November 27, was set apart as Thanksgiving day by Governor Gibbs. Religious services that day were well attended, not only by the pioneers, but also by others who had come to the borders of the Civil War and who had been compelled to leave their native states and seek homes in what was then the Wild West.

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Notable Thanksgiving.
 Of all the early Oregon Thanksgivings, that of 1863 lingers most in the memory of old-timers because of association of a thronged religious meeting with news from the seat of war, and also because it was the first National Thanksgiving. November 26 was the day designated by both President Lincoln and Governor Gibbs. The proclamation, issued with genuine joy, voicing the sentiment of the people of Portland, The Morning Oregonian, published by H. L. Pitcock, said, on Thanksgiving morning:

"Our remembrance of them (the scenes of boyhood and youth) can never fade away, and while the sons and daughters of New England live and wherever they wander, the anniversary festival of thanksgiving and praise will never fail to remind them most effectively of the precious privileges and honest pleasures enjoyed by them, when among the 'old folks at home.'"

The day was observed with patriotic fervor. Services were held in every church in the city, and there were no unoccupied seats. The ceremonies at the Methodist Church were particularly impressive. To the congregation Rev. T. H. Pearne preached a sermon appropriate to the day, and in the course of his remarks, he alluded to the war and said that all the states in rebellion, with the exception of Texas, had been re-occupied by Federal troops. Having concluded, he then stood up and pronounced a benediction, when a man contrived to pass him a dispatch, received by the overland route, which stated that Texas had been re-occupied by the Union General Sherman.

Without a second's delay, Mr. Pearne read the message to the congregation. He had hardly uttered the last word of the cheering news, when every person stood up and well, patriotism supplanted devotion for a few seconds. At that service the doxology was sung more heartily, perhaps, than ever before or since.

Manner of Observance.
 The Thanksgivings of the remainder of the 60s and the 70s were characterized by the same spirit of piety as those of '59, '62 and '63. The streets had a Sunday rather than a holiday-like appearance. The same might be said of the churches, where a stranger to the calendar might ascertain the intention of the day and the service only from the minister's text. But, laying devotion aside, the old-timers had many other ways of passing the day. The principal of these was, of course, the satisfaction of the family and the reading of letters from "home." The

feature of these occasions was the family gathering, that is, the assembling, at the home of the parents, brother, sister or other relative who spread the feast, of all family connections, if it were possible for them to do so. The gatherings were not very large, as a rule, for there were comparatively few families that exceeded two households, and, in some instances, these households were so widely separated that a Thanksgiving reunion was impracticable.

In such cases, the divided families endeavored to give to the board of the air of a New England Thanksgiving, by inviting fellow-pioneers and comrades of the cheerless plains to take the places of the absent members. Many a man was made joyful by the acceptance of these invitations, but it is to be doubted whether the friendly conversation of hosts and guests removed from the dreary life of the frontier, and the devotion of Thanksgiving of New England and Eastern New York, of the long sledge journeys through terrible snow storms to the reunion at grandfather's home.

The Dinner.
 The Thanksgiving dinner of the Oregon pioneer was the same, practically, as the dinner of today, only it was cooked in a different way. Turkey and goose were done in the best style of pioneer wives. Plum pudding was boiled in the palatable, old-fashioned manner. As served, it must have been excellent and agreeable, for there are authentic instances of middle-aged men who surpassed boys in the consumption of it, and of boys who retired from the contest before their elders had got a fair share. Nowadays, men are the spectators and boys the actors in plum pudding war. Pumpkin pie was always a welcome addition to the board. Placed beside a pumpkin pie of today, it would hardly be recognized, for it was made of pumpkin, not squash.

After dinner, and sometimes before dinner, "letters from home" were read. These letters had been posted probably two or three weeks previous and had arrived perhaps a day or two before Thanksgiving. This was the joyful feature of the day. It was from home that the news came. In their work of home-building, the pioneers had little time for amusements, still they never failed to have a "turkey shoot." In those days, a turkey shoot was an agreeable entertainment, now it is a competition for a prize—a turkey. Then it was a means of education in the use of the gun; now it is a struggle between a fair shot and "bummer." Your honest gentleman, undisturbedly aware of any defects his person may possess, has met them to the best of his ability, and straightway has forgotten them. The bouncer, in his ineffable conceit, thinks everyone conscious of his defects, and so crams his person into falsely deflated clothes of erroneous combination.

Hunts for Big Game.
 The pioneers invariably had a Thanksgiving hunt, not a perfunctory one, but a hunt for large game. In those days, deer abounded within the present limits of the city, and there was many an exciting chase for them. To reach their haunts, the hunters underwent more inconvenience than do the mountaineers of today. Then there were no paths even to the known rendezvous, and it was a case of forcing one's way through dense underbrush until there was a chance to bring the old muzzle-loader into play. And when the muzzle-loader began to sing, deer generally dropped, or if they didn't, the marksman was subjected to more inconvenience than the sport boyie recently shot at a Chinese pheasant and killed his own dog, up near Oregon City.

Birds were too plentiful to afford any sport. It was not necessary for a man to go far from his own home to fill his bag, and there was no excitement in the shooting unless difficult, flying marks were presented. When the city began to expand, the birds sought other quarters, still they could be easily reached until within comparatively recent years. A pioneer, in speaking of his last hunt, which interested event occurred on Thanksgiving Day, 1874, told the other day of the bird grounds at that time.

With a friend, he left home early in the morning, followed the Vancouver road to what is now the Holladay avenue of state residences; took the chrysothra to the dense underbrush of Upper Albina, and found geese, snipe and ducks every foot of the way. Albina was not a town then; Russell street had not been laid out, and "Lord" Russell had not ventured into revenue-cutter-building and lost a fortune.

All through the underbrush, the pioneer said, he and his friend stirred up wild fowl, and they could easily have filled their sacks, in a single acre, had they wanted to. But they were bound for Col-

umbia Slough, and thither they went through the dense jungle. At the slough ducks were as thick as blades of grass, and within an hour the two men bagged all they could comfortably carry.

Balls and Parties.
 Hunting, as far as young men were concerned, appears to have died out in the 70s, and to have been succeeded by the evening dance. At any rate, men who were then young say they would not hunt because an all-day walk with a gun on the shoulder was not conducive to the enjoyment of the waits and so instead of

over-dressed, even when his clothes have really not stinned, but only his exaggerated watchfulness of them.
 Material to be eligible for neckwear, must be able to fold gracefully. This of good quality that will hang well will knot well. A small tie or bow may, very possibly, be of a brighter tint than an Ascot or a four-in-hand. A small spot of color helps the appearance of a black coat wonderfully. Very man who professes to know anything about dress should know how to tie a bow, a sailor's knot or an Ascot. There are too many men who will not bother to learn how to tie a necktie.

BEAU BRUMMER, JR.

looking up bird grounds, they began to seek partners.
 The ball had a speedy growth in favor. It was well advertised in the papers a month before Thanksgiving, and if in the smaller towns some sort of a service had not been arranged, editors called attention to the fact and poignantly lamented the absence of the social instinct. In the outlying districts few Thanksgivings went by without a dance to violin accompaniment. Every home had its violinist, and as every violinist had a weak point, the dance was a success. Occasionally a flute-player joined the fiddler. The music was worked on the co-operative plan. Each took his turn at the fiddle or flute, while the others went a-waiting.

An amusing story is told about these old-time celebrations. It was a trick of the amateurs to give fast time very often, and to call the dancers to account. This trick was repeated twice one night, and had such a bone-dropping effect on a well-known pioneer, that he determined on revenge. When his turn at the fiddle came, he squared things by playing so slowly that, for a full hour, a lot of weary, angry dancers—few of them dared to quit—dragged their feet over the floor.

The dance ended at last, and the pioneer, highly elated with the success of his scheme, sought a partner, only to find that his revenge had gone a little too far. Every girl was too tired to dance!
Indian Non-Observance.
 Since Governor Whiteaker's first proclamation, no Thanksgiving has passed without devotional exercises of some sort. Indians have been present at many services, and yet the spirit of holiday devotion never has been received by them. True, the Indian does not readily adopt the customs of the whites, but close association, one would think, should instill the praise-giving fervor in some at least.

But it has not, or if it has, the records fail to show it. Even the mixed race, outside of the schools, has not observed the day. To them it is just what it used to be to the Indians of Eastern New York and New England only a white man's holiday.
JOSEPH L. REED.

FROM HEAD TO FOOT.
 The over-dressed man, be he poor or mere bouncer, is never comfortable, and lacks always the repose of a man really well-attired. It is not merely that his clothes are unskillfully cut and forced to an unnatural fit, but it is also the invariable nature of the man that shows. For as a gentleman, in the completest sense, is securely sure of himself and his clothes, so the bouncer, who is not a gentleman, is pitifully self-conscious and egotistic and must needs be forever worrying lest his tie be crooked, or someone be observing him with critical disfavor. Your honest gentleman, undisturbedly aware of any defects his person may possess, has met them to the best of his ability, and straightway has forgotten them. The bouncer, in his ineffable conceit, thinks everyone conscious of his defects, and so crams his person into falsely deflated clothes of erroneous combination.

A curious expression, often heard—"ultra-fashionable"—means nothing else than "over-dressed." To be fashionable is to be dressed rightly; you cannot be "ultra-right." You can easily, however, be the victim of some combination. It arrives that you may wear the most fashionable hat, the most fashionable necktie, the latest collar, the newest cut in clothes and correct boots, and yet be ill-dressed.

Why? Because there is a law of ensemble which I referred to, when I spoke of the improper use of the double collar in evening dress or with a frock coat. Similarly, the incongruous brown boots with some other garments is too well recognized to require mention.
 People of taste don't over-dress. What I argue against is the error, sometimes committed, of assuming that modishness, as such, can by any possibility lead to over-dress. It cannot. Correctness of dress, whether it be inherent, acquired, or even, as when a man leaves it to his tailor, purchased, constitutes fashion. It is exaggeration, it is departure from mode, in the direction of excess, that causes over-dress. For, after all, dressing, like any other art, is the expression of a temperament, and just as a gentleman is unmistakably, even in rags, so the fop will continue to be over-dressed, even in sackcloth, or in the costume of the convict.

One maxim need alone be set down for our guidance away from this error, or rather the whole matter may be summed up in a single sentence of admonition. Dress correctly and use taste according to the mode. Having so dressed, dismiss the subject from your mind. So you shall never over-dress. A self-conscious and conceited man will easily contrive to look

the grounds by the back way, so to speak. If the visitor enters from the north, where the principal entrance is situated, he passes through a fine boulevard called Lincoln Parkway, into the most beautiful portion of Delaware Park. The pathway takes him by the noble Albright Art Gallery and the stately New York building, both of marble in the classic style, and leads him over the imposing triumphal bridge, which will be the formal approach to the grand terrace court, about which will be grouped the principal buildings.

On the other hand, if he enters the grounds from the north, he finds the scene equally imposing, though altogether different in aspect. It is on the north side of the grounds that the Exposition station for the steam and electric railways will be situated, and, therefore, a large proportion of the visitors will enter the grounds from this point. The views of the features of the Exposition grounds, which I send you herewith, show some of the features of the grounds, which will greet the gaze of the visitor upon passing within the gates, and from these photographs, illustrating the progress of the work in this portion of the grounds, an idea can be obtained of the imposing character the scene will possess, when everything is ready for the reception of visitors next Summer.

The Propylaea.
 On emerging from the railway station, the visitor will see before him a beautiful colonnade, terminating at either end in an impressive archway. This is the propylaea, which forms one of the most ornamental features of the grounds and

framework of the electric tower. Straining one's eyes to watch the work in progress, upon this great structure and looking up to the dazzling height where ironworkers are now busy in holding and placing the steel beams of the massive framework, one is impressed with the magnitude of this piece of Exposition engineering.

The tower has now reached a height of over 250 feet, and its total height is to be 375 feet. When it is completed, its steel framework covered with staff and the staff itself tinted in the most delicate hues, it will be an object of great beauty, as well as impressiveness, and at night, when it is illuminated from both without and within by thousands upon thousands of electric lamps, it should present a spectacle of marvelous splendor. At the present time the work of construction is going rapidly forward, or rather upward, and affords a scene of exceptional interest to every observant and thoughtful visitor.

The tower, with its symbolic sculpture, its fountains and cascades and its dazzling figure of the Goddess of Light upon its topmost pinnacle, is designed to express the power of the two elements of the mysterious force of electricity, and that of water, as represented in the transmitted power of Niagara Falls.

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The plaza will afford space for the thousands of visitors who will be constantly passing through from this point to the other portions of the Exposition grounds. It is about 500 feet in diameter and has an area of 174,574 square feet. From it one passes readily to the Electric City and Machinery and Transportation Buildings, at the right, or to the Agricultural and Manufactures and Liberal Arts Buildings to the left. Indeed, it is but a short distance from this point to all the buildings of the principal Exposition group, so that the visitor will experience a minimum of weariness in reaching the various points upon the Exposition grounds, where he will most often have occasion to go.

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BUFFALO GETTING READY

PREPARATIONS FOR THE BIG PAN-AMERICAN EXPOSITION.

Work on the Principal Structural and Landscape Features Shows Commendable Progress.

BUFFALO, N. Y., Nov. 15.—A pleasing first impression is sure to be obtained by the visitor to the Pan-American Exposition in this city next Summer, no matter by which way he enters the Exposition grounds. The situation of the grounds and the manner in which they have been laid out render possible the attainment of this result. There will be little opportunity for anyone to come into

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The tower has now reached a height of over 250 feet, and its total height is to be 375 feet. When it is completed, its steel framework covered with staff and the staff itself tinted in the most delicate hues, it will be an object of great beauty, as well as impressiveness, and at night, when it is illuminated from both without and within by thousands upon thousands of electric lamps, it should present a spectacle of marvelous splendor. At the present time the work of construction is going rapidly forward, or rather upward, and affords a scene of exceptional interest to every observant and thoughtful visitor.

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The Sunken Gardens.
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The plaza will afford space for the thousands of visitors who will be constantly passing through from this point to the other portions of the Exposition grounds. It is about 500 feet in diameter and has an area of 174,574 square feet. From it one passes readily to the Electric City and Machinery and Transportation Buildings, at the right, or to the Agricultural and Manufactures and Liberal Arts Buildings to the left. Indeed, it is but a short distance from this point to all the buildings of the principal Exposition group, so that the visitor will experience a minimum of weariness in reaching the various points upon the Exposition grounds, where he will most often have occasion to go.

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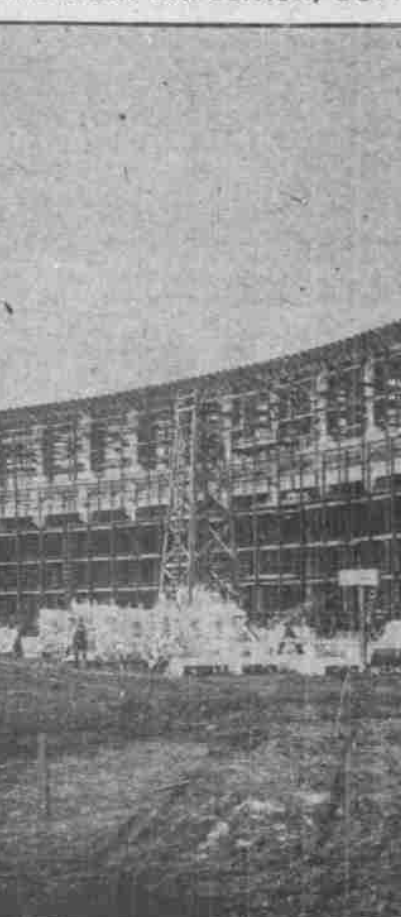
BEAU BRUMMER, JR.

son. Statuary will be placed between the columns against a background of color. The architectural work upon the propylaea is very elaborate, and its massive size and rich ornamentation make it a feature sure to win the admiration of the visitor.

To the right, on entering through the propylaea, one sees a building of a pronounced Spanish Renaissance type of architecture. Two beautiful towers, having elaborate ornamentation, suggesting the fantastic ideas of this architectural type, adorn this structure. Its whole architecture is of a gay and fanciful description, harmonizing with the purpose of the building, which is intended to usher the tourist into the midst of the manifold attractions and marvels of the great Pan-American Midway.

Looking to the left, one sees another building similar in architectural style, in fact a companion to it, which constitutes the entrance to the Stadium, where the athletic contests, horse and cattle show and similar features of the Exposition are to be carried out. Directly in front, one now sees the steel

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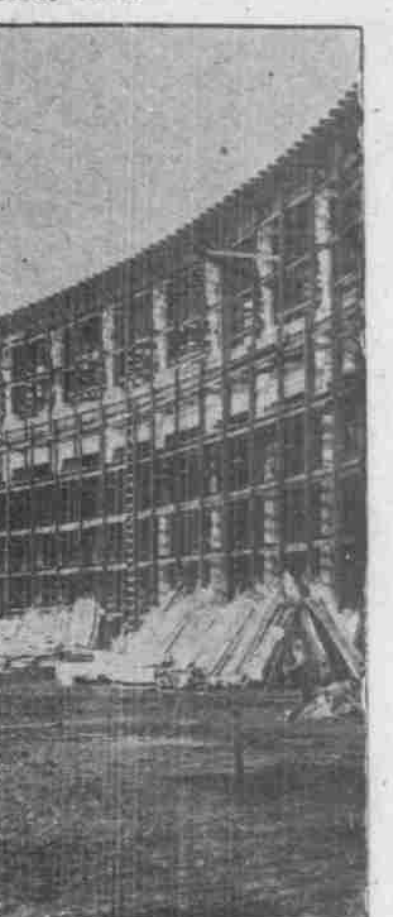
SILAS AND HIS BOY JOE

THANKSGIVING DAY BRINGS GOOD CHEER TO A VALLEY HOME.

Feast That Was Allowed to Spoil, in Joy That Followed a Wounded Soldier Lad's Return.

Silas Allen was laboriously plowing up the last of his corn stubble. Corn was Silas Allen's hobby. The early part of his life had been spent in the Middle States, and now the little patch which he planted so carefully every Spring, on his farm in the Willamette Valley, was a tribute—though I don't suppose he knew it—to the days of his boyhood and the nostalgic remembrance of great fields of

AT PAN-AMERICAN EXPOSITION, BUFFALO, N. Y.



THE PROPYLAEA, SHOWING PRESENT STATE OF WORK ON ORNAMENTAL ENTRANCE TO EXPOSITION GROUNDS, WITH STAFF ORNAMENTS IN FOREGROUND.

the grounds by the back way, so to speak. If the visitor enters from the north, where the principal entrance is situated, he passes through a fine boulevard called Lincoln Parkway, into the most beautiful portion of Delaware Park. The pathway takes him by the noble Albright Art Gallery and the stately New York building, both of marble in the classic style, and leads him over the imposing triumphal bridge, which will be the formal approach to the grand terrace court, about which will be grouped the principal buildings.

On the other hand, if he enters the grounds from the north, he finds the scene equally imposing, though altogether different in aspect. It is on the north side of the grounds that the Exposition station for the steam and electric railways will be situated, and, therefore, a large proportion of the visitors will enter the grounds from this point. The views of the features of the Exposition grounds, which I send you herewith, show some of the features of the grounds, which will greet the gaze of the visitor upon passing within the gates, and from these photographs, illustrating the progress of the work in this portion of the grounds, an idea can be obtained of the imposing character the scene will possess, when everything is ready for the reception of visitors next Summer.

The Propylaea.
 On emerging from the railway station, the visitor will see before him a beautiful colonnade, terminating at either end in an impressive archway. This is the propylaea, which forms one of the most ornamental features of the grounds and

framework of the electric tower. Straining one's eyes to watch the work in progress, upon this great structure and looking up to the dazzling height where ironworkers are now busy in holding and placing the steel beams of the massive framework, one is impressed with the magnitude of this piece of Exposition engineering.

The tower has now reached a height of over 250 feet, and its total height is to be 375 feet. When it is completed, its steel framework covered with staff and the staff itself tinted in the most delicate hues, it will be an object of great beauty, as well as impressiveness, and at night, when it is illuminated from both without and within by thousands upon thousands of electric lamps, it should present a spectacle of marvelous splendor. At the present time the work of construction is going rapidly forward, or rather upward, and affords a scene of exceptional interest to every observant and thoughtful visitor.

The tower, with its symbolic sculpture, its fountains and cascades and its dazzling figure of the Goddess of Light upon its topmost pinnacle, is designed to express the power of the two elements of the mysterious force of electricity, and that of water, as represented in the transmitted power of Niagara Falls.

The Sunken Gardens.
 I have assumed in giving this description, that the visitor is still standing in one of the great arches of the propylaea, but in crossing the plaza which extends from this point to the tower, and on either side to the Midway and Stadium entrances, one comes to the Sunken Gardens. In the center of the plaza, gay with plants and flowers—that is to say, one must imagine that they will be thus gay next Summer. Just now, one sees the excavations made for this garden and, in the center, a beautiful bandstand, a photograph of which accompanies this article. Concerts will be in progress here every day during the Exposition season, by one or another of the most famous bands of America and Europe.