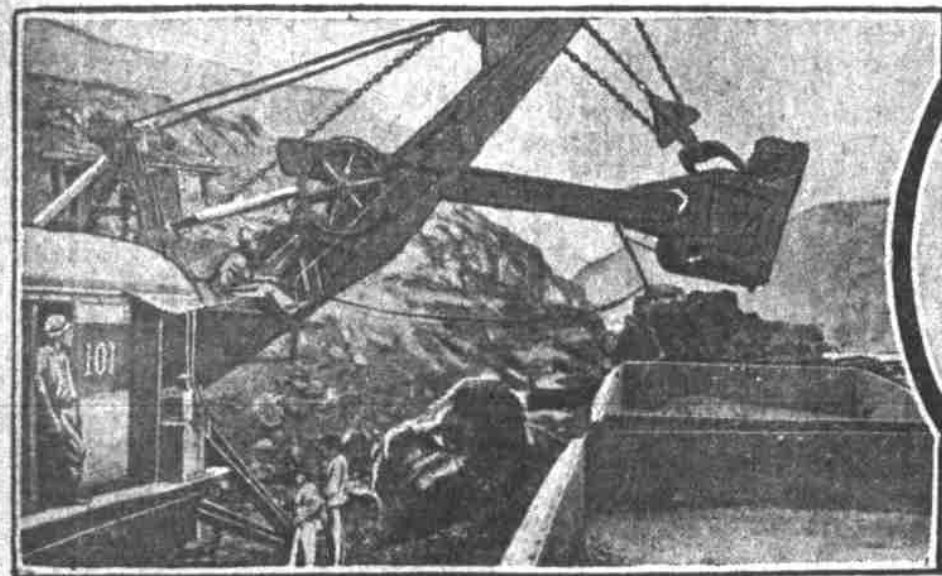


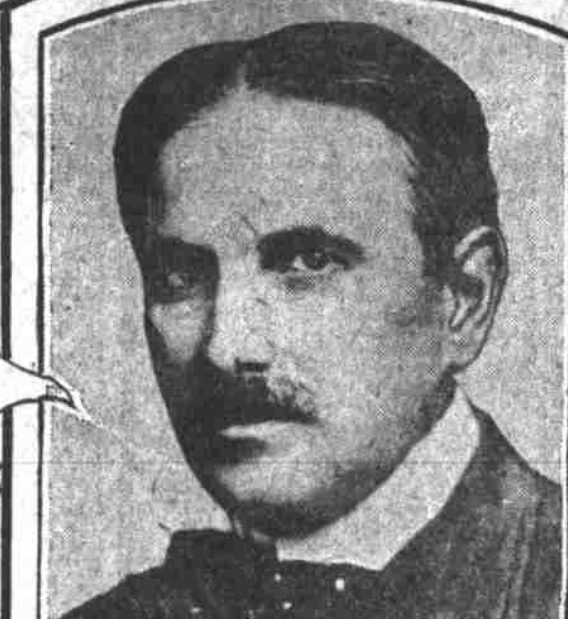
PILGRIM FATHERS of this THANKSGIVING



First Linking the Oceans at Panama.



Wilbur and Orville Wright, Conquerors of the Air.



Dr. John S. Fulton, who engineered the Great Tuberculosis Congress at Washington.



Col. George Goethals, who has made the Dirt Fly at Panama.

Americans Who Have Landed Firmly on Great Discoveries and Achievements

THIS year the national Thanksgiving, that testifies to the twelve-month's bounties bestowed upon the people of the land who have acquired so much more than the inheritance the Pilgrim Fathers bequeathed, presents some very interesting aspects.

A large part of the nation, it is true, is still more or less disgruntled because of the disappointment of political hopes; yet the country's crops, in the main, afford ample ground for gratitude, and there is a pretty general belief in the return of prosperity.

The year 1908, for all its vicissitudes, will stand out as a notable—the notable—exception to the ordinary Thanksgiving; for it has been during the year just past that this nation has attained discoveries and achievements as great, indeed, greater, than the landing of the Pilgrims on the soil destined for their liberty and their increase.

Not one, but many rocks of safety in the wide welter of experiment and doubt have been won in the course of this remarkable year; and there is not one among them in which any of us who have been on the eve of succumbing to the old habit of viewing Thanksgiving askance will fail to enjoy his share of the rich results.

NOTABLE achievements, one following hard upon the heels of another, have been performed by Americans or in America, so that, even as Thanksgiving is peculiarly an American institution, this particular Thanksgiving is peculiarly the one which may be said to have its own Pilgrim Fathers, bold and confident adventurers into the unknowns of the earth and sky, whose courage and faith are already giving to their country, and to the world, boons that shall endure from generation to generation.

The parallel is even closer than any bare recital of those boons would indicate; for the true Thanksgiving, the first Thanksgiving, was far from being of the kind we moderns celebrate, far from being even the Thanksgiving of our fathers and our grandfathers know.

Save for the externals with which some few centuries of exploration and adventure have surrounded us, the people of this country, during this year, have stood in the same relation to their future as the self-willed Puritans of New England stood when they set forth upon their great adventure.

Their rejoicing was made in the midst of bleak discomforts, on the brink of grave and unknown risks; yet it was observed as a day chosen to mark their reverent gratitude for the certitude, attained at last, that through all perils and reverses, they were come safe into the possession of the land of their desire. It was less an offering of thanks for plenty than the profoundly moving gratitude which comes to those who have narrowly grazed disaster and know how to rejoice over that which barely suffices.

CONQUEST OF THE AIR

The scene has changed, with the profitable passage of the years, from the meager food and shelter, over which those forefathers exulted, to the era where we are ready to lament any lack of luxuries. But so far as the most Spartan of us moderns could think of asking a background of deprivation and stress, the year that followed 1907's Thanksgiving has afforded an appropriate setting for these modern assurances of the good that is to come.

Perhaps, of all among these New Plymouth Rocks the year has embraced, the most momentous is the latest—the subjugation of the third great division of his baffling world by man.

Conquest of the air, dreamed of so long that for more than a hundred years mankind stood upon the fearful brink, trembling, afraid, leaves him no element to subdue. With the epochal achievements of two modest Americans, the brothers Wright, the first "landing" in the atmosphere was accomplished which could be accepted as assuring actual, permanent possession and dominance over its still limitless and mysterious fields.

Even so, in their earlier day, had the original Pilgrim Fathers followed after the Spaniards, the Spaniards after the Norsemen, and the Vikings far in the wake of the daring Asiatics. Their hold on the inclement shores they had seized was no more secure than has been the lodgment of the Wrights in the misty atmosphere, untold ages after the flight of the hapless Lemmus, and more than a century after the turtle triumphs of the Columbus of the air, Montgolfier; yet it sufficed.

tion of the effectiveness of the aeroplane opens to mankind possibilities never included within the range of his experience. Precisely because of that vast unknown, its possibilities are pregnant with more marvels, while its reality today more closely parallels the seemingly trivial foothold gained by the early Pilgrim Fathers.

By contrast to the exploitation of the elusive atmosphere, the definite assurance of success in the construction of the Panama canal, as being within the limit of the nation's power, marks another rock of safety for which all Americans, this year, may well give thanks.

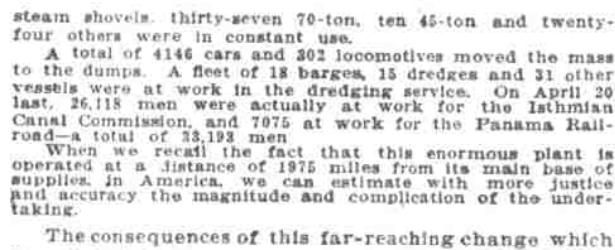
Until this year, in the midst of resigning chiefs, disgruntled commissaries and continually disheartening criticism, that superhuman task, a tragic failure when essayed by another nation, still seemed poised between success and ignominious disaster.

With the President's review of the findings of the special commission of investigation, submitted to him during the summer, it became indisputable that not only was early completion assured to this splendid adventure in the domination of the seas, but that it is destined to a culmination in the highest degree creditable. In his letter reviewing and commending the outcome of the work done under Colonel George W. Goethals—that plain army man, who, as the simple performance of the duty to which he is assigned, is accomplishing the hitherto impossible in the most simple, silent and business-like way—the President observed:

The success has been literally astounding. Five years ago, when we undertook the task, no sane man would have dared hope for the results that have already been achieved.

The commission itself, in summarizing the progress it observed during its long and thorough study of canal conditions, stated:

This year over two and a third million cubic yards were excavated in each of the winter months—the dry season in Panama—a million yards being approximately equal to a square mile one foot deep. To prepare this immense mass for removal, 400 tons of dynamite were used per month; and to make the dirt dry to this extent thirty-two 55-ton



Dr. Simon Flexner, Director of the Rockefeller Institute for Research.

steam shovels, thirty-seven 70-ton, ten 45-ton and twenty-four others were in constant use.

A total of 4146 cars and 302 locomotives moved the mass to the dumps. A fleet of 18 barges, 15 dredges and 21 other vessels were at work in the dredging service. On April 30 last, 26,118 men were actually at work for the Isthmian Canal Commission, and 7975 at work for the Panama Railroad—a total of 34,093 men.

When we recall the fact that this enormous plant is operated at a distance of 1815 miles from its main base of supplies in America, we can estimate with more justice and accuracy the magnitude and complication of the undertaking.

The consequences of this far-reaching change which the United States government is making in the face of nature are to be compared only with the results that have flowed from the settlement of New England by the pioneers of European civilization. Those 33,000 men who are so diligently at work in Panama are but the outposts of the uncountable commerce and industries of the future.

Yet that future is so near at hand that whole communities, entire territories, of this great continent already reckon with it as the present. Capital is

shrewdly laying its plans, cities are prudently preparing facilities, states in whole tiers are discussing waterways that shall be tributary to the limitless resources the world-uniting canal will shortly lay open to utilization.

Ten years, and no man knows what millions may be invested in the aeroplane industry, or how many thousands, idle today, may be earning livelihoods in shop and landing stage and, in the air itself.

Mercuries winged as the commonplace messengers of the time, their wages paid for manifold service, from the delivery of a letter to the production of needed rain.

Ten years, and the laden-fleets of the world may be seeking their way through the isthmus, bearing from ocean to ocean priceless freights, drawing in their wake armies of us, who read this now, toward new mines in South America, new trade centers in China, new farms in Alaska, new ranches in Australia.

Beside only these two modern Plymouth Rocks of the modern enterprise, with their imminent advantages shouldering us toward Golcondas, the high hopes of the plain pilgrims of old New England look very modest things to make a Thanksgiving for.

What they were so grateful over was merely that they had reached the place alive, and believed that they could keep alive for the years to come. What we have been in danger of forgetting wholly is that we have taken possession of two great empires such as our forefathers glimpsed only in their wildest fantasies, and the priceless wealths are almost at our doors.

Even more near to us, however, are a number of other achievements that may be less impressive to

the eye, yet are of equal importance to our material welfare.

The first step was taken this year toward the conservation of the resources of the entire country. It is no magniloquent figure of speech—it is the unvarnished truth—that, until this year, the centuries which passed with annual thanksgiving for the multitude of blessings bestowed upon the heirs of those early Pilgrim Fathers were wholly devoted to the wanton waste and ruin of every boon among them.

If ever sinners against the bounty of their Creator deserved to go down on knees reverent in gratitude for saving grace at last vouchsafed them, the American nation, at this Thanksgiving, should offer up its prayer that it has attained the rock of safety amid its own wanton wreck of forest, field and stream.

The voyage of the American fleet around the world must take its place as another rock of refuge only this year reached, although decades have gone by since the nation first suspected that the distant shores the fathers found must be inadequate for protection in the changed facilities and weapons that have come to the hand of man.

In Washington, this year, the assemblage of the world congress for the extirpation of tuberculosis fixed, for the first time firmly, the stand of the United States against the invisible, dread bacilli that take their toll of millions of the people. There is no family in the land that does not owe a Thanksgiving prayer, in 1908, for the emancipation that is in sight from that gruesome thralldom of our people.

And, among the countless victories of the laboratory, few have set further in advance the conscientious adventurers of science than the discovery of the serum which is the antitoxin for cerebro-spinal meningitis by the Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research. A thousand lives might have been saved in New York city alone during the epidemic of 1905; in 1908 and the spring of 1909 thousands of families, to which the antitoxin of meningitis comes as the rescuer of their dear ones, can remember the thanksgiving their gratitude should have inspired.

Butterflies That Deceive Birds

By John T. Timmons.

THE keen intelligence shown in many of our common birds is indeed remarkable. The close observation of many insect-destroying birds that inhabit our towns and country districts enables the birds to select the particular species of insect life most adapted to their very acute tastes, although in some instances some of the most careful birds are deceived.

Many of our more common birds feast upon the butterflies that are found during the summer months. One of the more common butterflies is that known as the monarch or milkweed butterfly. It is a large brown fellow with dark markings, and is quite common throughout the whole world.

One of the reasons for the greater number of these butterflies is the fact that it is a bad-tasting morsel to the insect-destroying birds, and but few feed upon it. The butterfly known as the viceroxy is a specimen very similar in appearance, but instead of the caterpillars producing it feeding on the milkweed as the monarch, they are found on the willow, poplar and cherry trees, and the fully developed butterfly is a dainty morsel of food to the birds that have been smart enough to discover the difference between these two species.

Most birds, however, are seemingly ignorant of the difference, or afraid to trust their own judgment, for, although a very sweet morsel of diet for those birds that have tested them, most birds give the viceroxy a wide berth and allow it to escape. Some scientists tell us the monarch butterfly has been the cause of many birds dying, but a careful study of true conditions does not warrant this statement, although many of the birds shun them as completely as if they were certain death. Others, however, apparently without as refined tastes, will devour them when other insects are scarce.

It is not often we find birds deceived by the similarity in the appearance of insects, but in this and a few other more rare instances we find that birds actually overlook some of the most delicious bits of food.

Our young friends will find the study of the butterfly a very fascinating occupation, and one that, if followed, will bring no end of real pleasure and profit to the nature student.

Some specimens are extremely rare, and collectors have been known to pay handsome prices for fine, rare specimens.

"For All These Things" Thanksgiving in Verse

THANKSGIVING—the welling-up within the heart of gratitude for the blessings of the year—has been the burden of many sweet songs of poets.

Thanksgiving for joy and freedom from sorrow; for sunshine and rain; for health and happiness; for the blessings of rich harvests and a plenitude of good things, spiritual and physical—this is the spirit of poems for the November feast of thanks.

In 1862 President Lincoln proclaimed as a national holiday the days of thanks instituted by the Puritans. With the poets "Thanksgiving" has for many years been a theme of joy.

ONE of the most thankful of poets, to judge by his many poems on that day, was John Greenleaf Whittier. He wrote:

Once more the liberal year laughs out
O'er richer stores than gems of gold;
One more the harvest song and shout,
Is nature's blindest triumph told.

Who murmurs at his lot today?
Who scorns his native fruit and bloom,
The old broken links of affection restored?
Behold the bounteous board of home?

Thanksgiving at home—the giving of thanks with the family—the New England Thanksgiving, when the table is bountifully spread—this is the theme of his famous poem on "The Pumpkin"—the pie of the autumn:

Ah! on Thanksgiving Day, when from East and from West,
From North and from south come the pilgrim and guest,
When the gray-haired New Englander sees round his board
The old broken links of affection restored;
When the care-worn man seeks his mother once more,
And the worn mother smiles where the girl smiled before,
What moistens the lip and what brightens the eye?
What calls back the past like the riper pumpkin pie?

Then thanks for the present. None richer or better
Ever smoked from an oven or circled a platter.
Faint hands never wrought at pastry more fine;
Brighter eyes never watched o'er its baking than thine;
And the prayer which my mouth is too full to express
Swells my heart that thy shadow may never grow less;
And the days of thy lot may be strengthened below;
And the fame of thy worth, like the pumpkin, vine, grow,
Golden-tinted and fair as thy own pumpkin pie.

Another poetess, Mrs. Margaret Sangster, wrote this verse on the "Thankgiving Pumpkin Pie":

So you bid me to Thanksgiving. Thank you, neighbor; it is
To keep a plain old body like myself so much in mind
Here I've been, sitting at a table, and a mist before my eyes,
A-thinkin', like a simpleton, of mother's pumpkin pies.

Then the old lady of the poem goes on to tell that she has just come from Sarah's, who lives in a sort of palace in the city, and has cream and salads, made by a French cook, that "cost a fortune." However, things didn't quite suit her at her niece's, and an invitation to an old-fashioned Thanksgiving dinner suits her well.

How I run on. Well, thank you, neighbor; I see you want
to go
I'm comin' to Thanksgiving; your good old ways I know;
An' my mouth waters; dear old friend, there's tears in these
dim eyes.

For I shall taste the flavor of mother's pumpkin pie.
Will Carleton, the New England poet, strikes the universal note of thanks in his hymn, part of which follows:

We thank Thee, Father, for all that is bright—
The gleam of the day and the stars of the night;
The flowers of our youth and the fruits of our prime,
And the blessings that march down the pathway of time.

We thank Thee, O Father, for all that is dear—
The sob of the tempest, the flow of the tear;
For never in blindness and never in vain
Thy mercy permitted a sorrow or pain.

As in most of her poems, a devout religious spirit pervades Phoebe Cary's poem on Thanksgiving. It is an appeal to the grown-ups on this day to make a trip back to their childhood, and is marked by the felicitous simplicity of the writer:

O meek, grown sick with cold and care,
O leave for awhile the trowled mart;
O woman, sinking with despair,
Wearied of limb and faint of heart,
Forget your years today and come
As children back to childhood's home.

Follow again the winning rills,
Go to the places where you went
When, climbing up the summer hills,
In their green laps you sat content
And softly leaved your head to rest
On Nature's calm and peaceful breast.

The poetess signs for a return to the woods, where love first dawned in one's life, advises one to go into the orchards and eat the ripe fruits, breathe again

the fragrance of the meadow's new-mown hay; to go back, too, to the old hearth, to sit at the table with father and mother and all those you loved—in memory. She concludes:

And though where home has been you stand
Today in alien loneliness,
Though you may clasp no brother's hand,
And the claim no sister's tender kiss;
Though with no friend nor lover nigh,
The past is all your company.

Thank God for friends your life has known,
For every dear departed day;
The blessed past is safe alone;
God gives, but does not take away;
He only safely keeps above the seas,
For us the treasures that we love.

One of the simplest and most beautiful of Thanksgiving poems is "We Thank Thee," by Emerson. It runs:

For flowers that bloom about our feet;
For tender grass, as fresh, we meet;
For song of bird and hum of bee;
For all things fair we hear or see;
And touch the stubble plains with rosy hue;
Father in heaven, we thank Thee.

For blue of stream and blue of sky;
For pleasant shade of branches high;
For fragrant air and cooling breeze;
For beauty of the blooming trees;
Father in heaven, we thank Thee.

While it was not written especially in reference to our national feast of Thanksgiving, Keats' "Ode to Autumn" is generally considered a poem of the season. The first stanza runs:

Season of mists and yellow fruitfulness!
Close bosom-friend of the maturing sun;
Conspiring with him how to load and bless
With fruit the vines that round the thatch-eaves run;
To bend with apples the moss'd cottage-trees,
And fill all fruit with ripeness to the core;
To swell the gourd, and plump the hazel shells
With a sweet kernel; to set budding more,
Or sinking as the light wind lives or dies;
And full-grown lambs loud bleat from hilly bourns;
Hedge-crickets sing; and now with treble soft
The redbreast whistles from a garden-croft,
And gathering swallows twitter in the skies.