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in the materials used by most bakers and those that go into our goods. For instance, some use cold storage eggs that you would not or could not use in the home, and can be bought for 15c a dozen. We use fresh ranch eggs that cost us 25 and 30c a dozen. Then again you may visit us at any time, but you never find us using old, rancid butter as others do. Only the best flour and other ingredients go into our goods and at the same time we sell you these goods at the same and even lower price that city bakeries do.

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THANKSGIVING'S
HILARIOUS ORIGIN

Funny Side of Good Governor
Bradford's First Big Feed.

By WILL ALLEN.
GOVERNOR BRADFORD of the New England colony did not, as many people think, invent Thanksgiving in 1621, and if he claimed to it was an out and out infringement on previous patents, for many people of many countries, even far back in Bible history, had been setting aside times for feasts and rejoicing when they cut their oats, corn, squashes and other conveniences in the fall of the year.
But nevertheless the governor and his colonists no doubt broke the rec-



SOME INDIAN WITH A CRUDE, PRIMITIVE SENSE OF HUMOR.

ord for intensity of thankfulness, for, having so very little to be thankful for, the job could be done up in fine shape and not be neglected on any point.
During the voyage over on the somewhat unsteady Mayflower if any one had so much as suggested a hearty Thanksgiving dinner he or she would most probably have been tossed over the rail, and some one of us today would be minus a pilgrim ancestor.
It is said that the rough trip over was the real cause of the pilgrims utterly losing their sense of humor and always carrying around such long faces.

Anyhow, hardships began right at Plymouth rock, for everybody was just crazy to set foot on something solid, and naturally there were some jostling and elbowing in the rush. The rock was never constructed for much of a crowd and, besides this, was real slick around the edges where the tide had washed up a few old jellyfish, so those who secured standing room only skidded off into the ocean without their rubbers on and got wet feet, which, as every one knows, is a bad thing to do in December anywhere along the New England coast. Of course these proceedings wound up with coughs, colds in the head and sore throats, which filled up the hospital right from the start.

As is usual in Massachusetts, there was no policeman around to handle the crowd or all this might have been avoided. It was a mighty bad winter, and, according to the accounts of the sufferers themselves, "lyons" roared and "wolves sat on their tails and grinned," and if the Indians had not done any worse life would have been much more attractive in Plymouth.

But soon after landing in snooping around a deserted Indian village several baskets of corn, two pumpkin seeds and a recipe for mince pie were found, so that a foundation for the first planting was assured, which at least gave the people something to look forward to.

All this time marvelous appetites were being developed for the big feed in the fall, for, not yet having become



THE ONLY HEIFER CALF IN THE COLONY familiar with the location of the best grocery stores and meat markets, the colonists were on a diet principally of little neck clams (much cheaper then than now) and eels, which they trod out of the mud at low tide with their bare feet.

This undoubtedly brought into play the stern bearing strength of character of these old fellows more than anything else, for what iron nerve it must have taken to feel a cold, squirming eel suddenly wriggle up between one's bare toes and not lose any dignity or give way to unseemly remarks!

Spring came, and the planting was done under very trying circumstances, for the would be agriculturists could hardly stoop over to bed in a grain of corn but that some Indian with a crude, primitive sense of humor would let loose an arrow.
However, the crops did splendidly

and were well attended, you may be sure, for the clam and eel diet was losing popularity.

The pumpkins spread all over the place and were diligently "bugged" every day to save the vines, and the extra shoots (technically known as "suckers") were all cut off the corn and fed to the only heifer calf in the colony in hopes that she might be induced to grow up and become a mature cow some day.

The harvest was so abundant that they even spared one pumpkin for the children to make a jack-o'-lantern of, and by working all day and praying all night everything was at last got in.

Now, Governor Bradford noticed how tired, thin and thankful everybody looked, and the most appropriate thing he could think of in the way of celebration was to set aside three days to see how big a hole they could eat in the harvest.

All fell right in with this unique notion and set to with a will making preparations.

Men were sent out gunning for turkeys, geese and other feathered poultry, barring crows and Indians. The old flintlock guns kicked so that while the bullet killed one bird the pilgrim progressing through the air in the opposite direction would crush out the life of another unsuspecting fowl which merely considered himself an innocent bystander until so rudely sat upon.

However, this was a great saving of ammunition, and the hunters soon returned with bruises and game a-plenty.

The Indians, getting a whiff of mince pie with brandy sauce and other evidence of a "heep big" free lunch, immediately became friendly and flocked in to town with their best feathers on and belts let out to the last hole.

This incident gave rise to the custom which we follow to this day of always inviting outsiders in to Thanksgiving before they get a chance to come without asking.

It was a merry time indeed. Everybody would sit down and eat awhile, then go out and run races with the Indians (which had been done theretofore under very different circumstances) until the violent exercise had so aided digestion that they could eat again.

So, taking it all in all, the feast was such a great success and took so with the public that Manager Bradford decided to reproduce it every year, and thus the grand old custom has come



"WOLVES SAT ON THEIR TAILS AND GRINNED."

down to the present day, where some are overfed and some are underfed.

That is where the old pilgrims got the best of us—they fared and shared equally in want and abundance.

We sit down to overloaded boards and hurriedly give thanks, one eye shut and the other on the turkey, never giving a thought to the rows and rows of little teeth with no drumsticks to gnaw or the thousands of mouths that would water at the very scraps from our tables.

Let us back up a few hundred years in spirit this Thanksgiving, good people, and go out and fill somebody up that needs it, then come back to our own meals with that good old fashioned thankfulness whetting up our appetites.

Simple Decorations For Table.

As Thanksgiving is a national custom it becomes us to treat it handsomely and make it not only a feast to the palate, but to the eye. Nothing can do this so well as the adornment of the table with flower and leaf and vine.

If you haven't a brilliant little scarlet poinsettia for the center of this table, now is the time and place for the dish of ferns you brought in some time ago from the wet places before the frost had touched them with withered gold and for a wreath-like flat arrangement about it on the snowy cloth of the small leaves of the whortleberry (pressed immediately after plucking), with all their rich tints of orange and carmine yet unfaded. If, however, you are so fortunate as to have an "akebia vine" anywhere on the premises you can have the preferable living green. This is a Japanese hardy vine, acclimated over here for perhaps a century, whose curious flowers of a reddish purple, male and female in one pendulous cluster, belong to the heats of summer, but whose small leaves are green and delicate even in midwinter.

But if you have foregathered none of these things you can purchase a little pot of maidenhair fern and can lay the sprays around the centerpiece and up and down the table just before the guests are seated, as they shrivel so soon. You can hardly have a prettier effect than this in its pure green white contrast unless there is added to it a tiny boutonniere at every place, made only of a single bud, together with a leaf of the rose geranium.

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