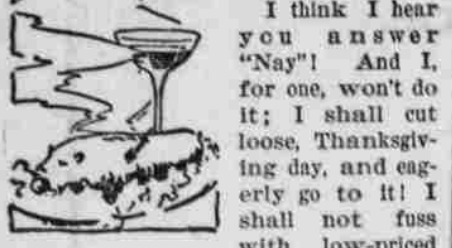


LET NOTHING MAR REJOICING

Surely This Year All Should Keep Thanksgiving With Heart Full of Praise and Gratitude.

Now once again both you and I are going to keep Thanksgiving. And shall we be discouraged by the lofty cost of living? And shall we sparely dine and sup, still H o v e r resquely slaving — and shall we pass the Turkey up because we're used to saving?



I think I hear you answer "Nay"! And I, for one, won't do it; I shall cut loose, Thanksgiving day, and eagerly go to it! I shall not fuss with low-priced meat, with tripe or stringy mutton—

I'm going to hop right in and eat until I bust a button. With jellies made of grape and guinice, no substitute to thin 'em; and ples of good, old-fashioned mince—with meat and brandy in 'em. And if I want a suckling pig to supplement the gobbler, I'll have it—I don't care a fig! And also sherry cobbler!

For never in the memory of anybody living have people seen, it seems to me, so wondrous a Thanksgiving. The Hun is licked, the world is free, the cruel war is ended—how can our celebration be one feature short of splendid?

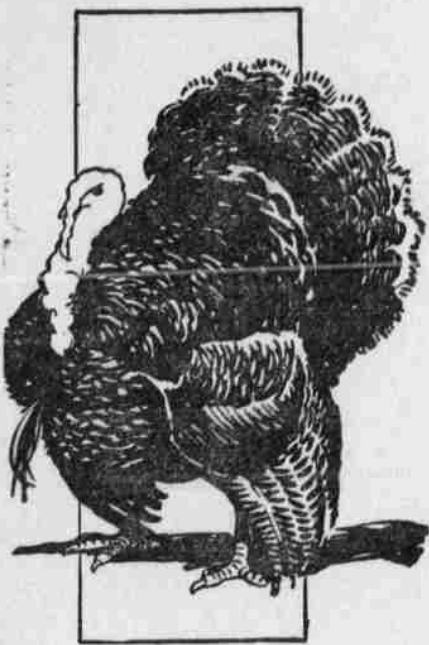
Ah no, we do not need to waste the goodly gifts of heaven—but why deprive the food of taste, the wheaten bread of leaven? We needn't feed the garbage can nor choke the refuse hopper; but let us treat the inner man, and do the job up proper!

Let's emulate the Pilgrim Dads, by whom it was invented; although they did not roll in scads, their conscience was contented. Their crops were short, the country new, 'twas hard to make a living; November's tempests fiercely blew—and yet they kept Thanksgiving. Upon that day they didn't think an epicure a sinner—they gathered all their meat and drink and had one glorious dinner. The Pilgrims, they were godly men, the times were most religious; they thought it sinless, even then, to found a feast prodigious. Let us rejoice, as then they did, in sweet and hard-earned freedom—let's hail each woman, man and kid and take 'em in and feed 'em!—Ted Robinson in Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The Glorious Gobbler

All hail the glorious gobbler! When autumn skies are gray He mounts his china platter throne And rules Thanksgiving day; It is a noble oval With gilded garlands fair, Or it may be an heirloom prized Of old blue willow ware.

Salute the glorious gobbler; (Though sometimes it's a hen That dawns in appetizing brown Upon our famished ken).



He wears his festal dressing Contrariwise, within, Receiving all his subjects true In nothing but his skin.

Here's to the glorious gobbler! Though far afield they roam, Yet in his honor every year The children gather home. His drumsticks beat assembly From mountain top to sea, He wears a gold celery crown, The king of birds is he.

Long live the glorious gobbler. With his attendant pies, Mince, pumpkin, apple, cranberry, And each of generous size. Of all famous monarchs From Ecuador to Spain, He is the only one who boasts An undisputed reign.

—Minna Irving, in New York Sun.

Time to Think Only of Blessings. Let us take the right kind of interest in Thanksgiving day—a day that is and always shall be very dear to the hearts of all women. Let us put avarice and envy out of our minds, and think only of, and be grateful for, our blessings.—New York Evening Telegram.

GREEDY TOMMY



THIS is little Tommy, who sat down to dinner at half-past 2: And though the company stared and stared, He ate and ate and never cared!



The company's eaten all they're able; They've gone and left him at the table! Oh, Tommy, Tommy! Now you've et it; Somehow I feel that you'll regret it!



Still he ate till not a crumb Was left, and then he sucked his thumb! They lifted Tommy from his chair, They lifted him with the greatest care!



That night as Tommy lay in bed, Strange awful things flew round his head! The things he'd eaten in a row Flew there and cried: "We told you so!"



He screamed, and when his mother came She hid her face for very SHAME! For there in bed, with snout so big, She found not Tom, but a little pig! (Really)



My dears! My dears! Let's you and me Be very careful so that we Will not end our Thanksgiving day In such a melancholy way!

Let Us Pray to Be Worthy. The gold of harvest and of mine are good; untrammelled peace and carefree prosperity are blessings which America has enjoyed in large measure through many years, and for these things we are grateful. But there are greater blessings than these. And the thoughtful will recognize that one form of riches may come to a nation out of the experiences that search deep the hearts of men. The crushing and the melting both play their part in bringing out the gold that is pure and fine. Let us as in other years give thanks, and in the giving let us renew our courage that we may measure up to the opportunities God is offering to us in these most momentous days of the world's history.

Thanksgiving

By EDGAR A. GUEST

For courage that we sorely need, For strength to do the splendid deed, For youth, who made the sacrifice, And, smiling, paid the bitter price That freedom asks of sturdy men, Oh God, accept our thanks again.

To thee once more today we kneel; Sad music of the crash of steel Accompanies our prayers, and yet Thy mercies everywhere are met, And we are grateful for the youth That boldly dared to guard the truth.

Oh God, who gave us sight to see The way to serve, we pray to thee; We thank thee for all mothers fair Who gave their sons into thy care And bravely hid their grief and pain That liberty and truth should reign.

We thank thee for each noble heart That scorned to play the coward part; We thank thee for the humblest lad That in these bitter times is glad To toll until war's flags are furled To make a kindler, better world.

For yield of tree and fruit and vine Once more our gratitude is thine; But in these days of dangers, we Now offer prayers of thanks to thee For all the brave and loyal breasts Wherein the love of honor rests.

Oh God, we thank thee for our youth That still hold dear the ways of truth; We thank thee for their courage, and Devotion to our native land; We're thankful that our flag still gleams The emblem of man's highest dreams. —From The American Boy.

NOT COMPLETE WITHOUT PIE

Time Was When No Thanksgiving Dinner Was Worthy of the Name in Its Absence.

Thanksgiving without pumpkin pie was held to be unthinkable. Yet there could be no pumpkin pie without molasses; because Colchester, Connecticut, did not receive its supply of molasses in season, it voted, in 1705, to put off its Thanksgiving from the first to the second Thursday of November! Pumpkin pies thus featured were usually baked in square tins, having only four corner pieces to each pie.

Second only to the pumpkin pie in importance at such a Thanksgiving feast as Whittier sings was the turkey which had been fattened for the



The Indispensable Pie.

occasion and which, when slowly roasting before the open fire and painstakingly basted from the dripping pan beneath, was fit to be the lord of any feast. Chicken there was, too, though always in the form of chicken pie, and vegetables of every sort, with raisins and citron, walnuts and popcorn, apples and cider galore.

Surely few could have really wished joys such as these to be sacrificed to a second service in the meeting house!

Golden Promise of the Future.

We are thankful for the assurance that out of all the tumult and madness of the past years the world of mankind is to find a life richer, truer, grander, than any it has heretofore known, a life of truer freedom, of sweeter tolerance and of a broader goodwill and brotherhood.

And we are thankful for the thought, amounting almost to a settled conviction, that as a consequence of the great awakening which has come to it with all its blood and tears and suffering, the world will from now on have forever done with every form of organized hypocrisy and oppression, will love the truth and nothing but the truth, and will deal justly, and love mercy.

Worldly Spirit Too Much With Us.

It must be admitted that our country has been an egotistical nation, because of our great material expansion and prosperity, and that the true spirit of Thanksgiving day has not been felt by a very large proportion of the people during the past few years. The intent of the pioneers who established it has been lost sight of largely. It has been regarded too much simply as a day to be observed by the church people, while the crowd took advantage of the holiday to indulge worldly pleasures.—Houston Post.

Psalm of Our Fathers



That psalm our fathers sang we sing, That psalm of peace and wars, While o'er our heads unfolds its wing The flag of forty stars. And while the nation finds a tongue For nobler gifts to pray, 'Twill ever sing the song they sung That first Thanksgiving Day: "Praise ye the Lord with fervent lips, Praise ye the Lord today." So rose the song from all the ships, Safe moored in Boston Bay. —From "The Thanksgiving in Boston Harbor," by Heskiah Butterworth.

CUSTOM ONE OF THE OLDEST

Origin of Thanksgiving as a Great Social and Religious Festival Lost in Antiquity.

The great social and religious festival known as "Thanksgiving" dates back to the Pilgrims and Puritans of New England. The sentiment of gratitude for favors granted is as old as humanity, and ages before the Massachusetts settlers were born mankind was in the habit of expressing its thankfulness by some form of public celebration. But the institution of Thanksgiving as an annual festival of thanks and praise for blessings received at the hands of the Great Author of our being had its origin among the founders of New England.

For reasons which were "good and sufficient" unto themselves, the Puritans abolished Christmas, and feeling the need of some other day to replace it, they instituted Thanksgiving day. After the first harvest of the New England colonies Governor Bradford or-



Bringing Home the Bird.

dered a public rejoicing with prayer and praise. This was in October or November, 1621. On July 30, 1623, was held the second Thanksgiving, the first ever appointed by a governor in an authoritative way. On February 22, 1631, there occurred in Boston the first Thanksgiving celebration of which any written account remains among the colonial archives. The first regular Thanksgiving proclamation was printed in Massachusetts in 1677.

The first Thanksgiving proclamation ever issued by a president of the United States was by George Washington in 1795. From Massachusetts the custom spread to other colonies. In 1830 the governor of New York appointed a day for public thanksgiving and other northern states quickly followed.—Rev. Thomas B. Gregory.

Royal Thanksgiving Bird.

The turkey began to take first place at Thanksgiving feasts back in colonial days. It was the wild variety that won favor then—a fowl with a fine flavor, but no longer known either to commerce or the hunters. The magnificent bronze creatures that have taken the place of the wild forerunners leave no reason to regret the latter's disappearance. So handsome are these high-bred birds that slaughtering them to make a holiday feast seems something like a crime. It is a crime whose heinousness is forgotten when dinner is served, however.

Deep Reasons for Gratitude.

The vastness of America's cause for rejoicing today cannot be reached even by the international outpouring, for never before have we had such colossal reason for thanksgiving in the liberation of some nations, the succor of others, and the release of our own highest impulses for free play. Since the days of the Nazarene no such words have been spoken, no such doctrine preached, as we hear from day to day at the close of humanity's tragedy. Our thanks are deep and loud, sounding around the world.

Advertisement for The G-E Range Saves Food. Includes illustrations of a scale and a turkey, and text: 'The comparison shown here is not mere theory—it is based on actual tests. Figure this saving out in money at present prices of meat. See what it means to your pocket-book.'

Advertisement for THE INDEPENDENCE NATIONAL BANK. Includes text: 'THE REASON WHY Money is More Safe in NATIONAL BANKS' and 'OVER 21 BILLION RESOURCES'.

Advertisement for Groceries. Includes text: 'A Grocery That Never Disappoints Customers' and 'GROCERIES Cheapest in Large Quantities'.

Advertisement for THE ENTERPRISE newspaper. Includes text: 'DO YOU READ THE ENTERPRISE? The Leading and Largest newspaper in Independence as well as most widely read.'