

# HASHIMURA TOGO DOMESTIC SCIENTIST

BY WALLACE IRWIN

To Editor, Who Keep Cheerful in Spite of Holidays:

Dear Sir: While annual yearly date of Thanksgiving approach up, I enjoy pain in connection with my memory. I tell you what collapsed to me last Thanksgiving Thursday:

I was employed for Gen. Cookery at domestic kitchen of Mr. & Mrs. Romeo Goober, East O'Rora, Ill.

"Togo," say Hon. Mrs., approaching up to me, "tomorrow shall be Thanksgiving Day. We expects to celebrate as usual," she report for sweetly smiling. "There will be 8 to dinner, to include my fattish Uncle Seth who equal 3 more. All my relatives is most sneerful particular about foods. So now will you please elope immediately to market for buy one turkey-chicken of 26 lbs. complete tenderness, 4 qrts. cranberries of delicious sourness, 6 bunches celery-weed, and sufficient punkens to construct 2 1/4 pies?"

I go. At Gouge Bros. Market where was I observe sign, "FAT TURKEY 35c." To see this, I feel very humorous about that High Cost of Life.

"Such delicious cheapness of bird!" I negotiate to Hon. Butcher who was there. "At such rates, how much would 2 turkies cost?"

"\$22.80," he report for immediate arithmetic.

"Do you not promise fat turkey for 35c?" I rake off.

"35c per lb.," he snagger financially.

"I should like (1) lb., please!" This from me.

"We do not sell broken sections. You must purchase complete bird, price \$9.80." This from him.

"At such rates, folks can get rich by starving," I snagger.

No response from him. He go to ice-box and fetch forth one enlarged fowl without any clothing on.

"This are nice fresh turkey," he satisfy.

"How you know he fresh?" I suggest.

"Have he not been constantly on ice for 2 yrs.? Nothing could be more fresher than that," depose Hon. Butch. I buy.

He sell me expensive celery-bouquet, price 75c per cluster. It seem disrespectful to eat such valuation. Also precious cranberries, price \$1 for seldom quantities, added to \$2.50 worth punkens for pie. I promenade homewards, carrying this valuable butchery.

While I was thusly straggling along with burdened back, one assorted dog, name of Hon. Flido, snux up behind of turkey and made sliming sniff-nose.

"Shoo!" I report. Hon. Flido stood waggishly saying nothing, but looking at Hon. Turkey with flirring eye.

Date of Thankful Thursday arrive up. By early a. m. of dawn-time I arose up and commenced. All a. m. that assorted dog, Hon. Flido, set outside screen door. I permit him.

About time of afternoon p. m., I could hear several thanksgivers scraping their footprints on rug. Hon. Turkey now send forth smiling smell of bakery, and I was glad to assist his importance.

Pretty soonly all take set-down to table.

"We got much to be thanksgiving for," report Hon. Goober with sharp knife. "Dinner is late as usual."

"It were not thusly when I was a boy," report Uncle Seth with grone.

"Please pass the celery."

He made smack-taste of this foods, then flop it back with snubbed expression.

"I have tasted no respectable celery since 1841!" he holla baffably.

All enjoy depression by this report.

I go to kitchen for bring in delicious mulligan-tawny soup what I bought.

While I were pouring this hot beverage in plates, I notice slight smell of burn. It was Hon. Turkey in oven, becoming too feverish. So I took him out and put him by window where he be more comfortable.

I fetch soup in plates to all those thanksgivers.

"Canned!" they yellup together with voice of sad chorus girls, while thrusting away plates.

"Nothing is real any more!" narrate Uncle Seth with dyspepsia. "Even turkies is deceptive. When boyhood days elapsed, I can remember how we was accustomed, on Thanksgiving morning, to salute Hon. Turkey by chopping him in kneck with ax. We knew he was good to eat, because we seen how fresh he acted. But no more. Today, turkies lives like Eskimos—spending their old age on ice before meeting civilized persons. No respectable bird dog would eat them."

I enjoy considerable alarm for this thanksgiving speech. Then, courageous like a Samurai, I retreat to kitchen for fetch forth Hon. Turkey. Hope thrilled my wrists and elbows as I entered kitchen for escort that sublime turkey—but O!!!! I stand gnat. I look to window where I left that sacred bird. Such things could not! And it was. Empty pan stood there, seeming entirely vacuum. Hon. Turkey had flewed away!!

I rosh by window and look earnestly to back yard. Yes!! With thankful expression of tail, there stood Hon. Flido abducting Hon. Turkey across alley by wing.

"Come backwards!" I yellup. Hon. Flido show no impression from my talk. I lep through window 7 1/2 feet to outside. Quickly reassuring my legs, I retreat after that slyly doggish animle, but he scromble up fence with hooked claws resembling cats. Too late for me! Turkey had escaped from my rear attack.

Mr. Editor, heroes is most brave when reporting failures. So I drag together my soul and enroach toward dining room, where I could hear those 8 thanksgivers complaining about everything. I walk in there carrying empty pan.

"Banzai!" I holla, poking forth vacant dish. "Your digestion shall avoid this agony."

"What is?" all exclaim while leaping to their feetware.

"You should all be very thanksgiving," I suggest. "You have been rescued from considerable preserved poison by one patriotic dog what sacrifice himself by eloping with Hon. Turkey before he could be ate."

"You mean we shall have no turkey?" snagger all.

"How can we fill his vacant platter?" sobb Hon. Mrs. "I should be thankful for Hon. Turkey, however tough!"

Just while she say this—crashy!! Loud sound of approaching dog heard from kitchen window, and Hon. Flido with waggish tail trot into dining room, carrying that enormous bird in his careful teeth. He lay that absent fowl reverently at my feet.

"Hon. Flido do not care for this enlarged chicken, so he bring him back," I report.

"Dinner are now spoilt!" decry Hon. Mrs.

"How could you speak it?" I research. "When turkey go, you say, 'Dinner ruined!' When he come back, you, 'Dinner spoilt!' I am impossible to understand about American customs."

"You have Thanksgiving dinner so you can set around making bewalls. So foolish to do! Why you no choose this date to kick out Misfortune?"

"I shall do so!" abrupt Hon. Goober, arising upwards. "First Misfortune to kick will be in your direction."

Next he rejected me through window by force of Swedish Jtu-Jitsu. Hon. Flido arrive by next klick, and Hon. Turkey flew afterward, striking me on hair so earnestly he left me quite brainless.

Hoping you the same,  
Yours truly,  
HASHIMURA TOGO.

(Copyright, 1916, by International Press Bureau.)

Give Happiness to Others.

Some people complain that they cannot get as much joy out of the holidays as they could when they were young.

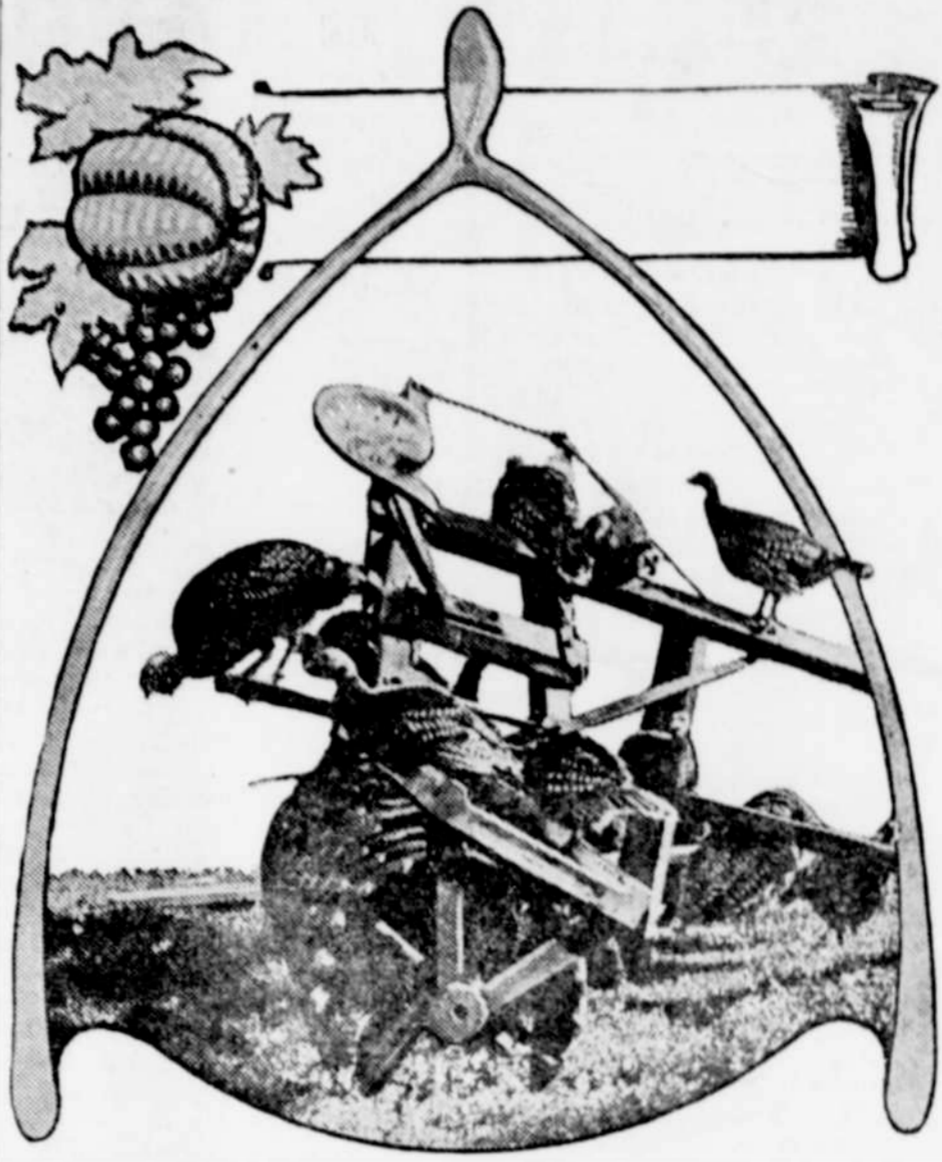
Perhaps it is because they have been selfish, instead of having learned that the best way to be happy and satisfied is to make others happy.

Let those who want a real Thanksgiving make the day one of thanksgiving to some who are in need of the things that are essential to living.

Purpose of Day Broadened.

History recites that Thanksgiving was not originally a feast of gastronomy. It was more particularly a religious celebration. The trend of the times has broadened the prime purpose. Now it is a day not only of family reunions, but a period when prayerfulness is essentially justified; when near and far away prodigals return to greet again the familiar and affectionate faces of folks at home.

## No Thought of Coming Fate



### SIMPLE RECORD OF FIRST THANKSGIVING

When the Devout Pilgrims Showed Their Gratitude for Their Blessings.

OUR harvest being gotten in, our governor [William Bradford] sent four men on furling, so that we might after a more special manner rejoice together after we had gathered the fruit of our labors. They four in one day killed as much fowle as, with a little help beside, served the company almost a weeke. At which time, amongst other recreation, we exercised our arms, many of the Indians coming amongst us, and among the rest their greatest king, Massasoit, with some ninety men, whom for three days we entertained and feasted, and they went out and killed fine deer, which they brought to the plantation and bestowed on our governor and upon the captain [Miles Standish] and others."

Such is the historic record of the first Thanksgiving in Plymouth colony 201 years ago. Less than a year before the Mayflower, bearing its little band of 102 Pilgrims, anchored off the rock-bound New England coast. Alone in the boundless wilderness of the New

World the heroic Puritans struggled through the relentless winter, battling with snow and wind, savage foes, hunger, sickness, and death itself. In three months their number was almost one-half of the entire company. But with the spring time life looked more kindly upon the exiles; summer smiled on their corn fields, and autumn brought abundant harvest. A few little dwellings had been built, and preparations had been made for others, making a tiny oasis of homes on the desert of the New World. Then it was that Governor Bradford issued his first proclamation, and the Pilgrims and their Indian guests partook of that first and now historic American feast.

**The Farmer's Thanks.**  
The farmer rose—a grizzled man  
Of kindly men was he,  
Still straight for all his threescore years  
As any poplar tree.  
Beside him sat his gentle wife,  
A withered rose in gray,  
And all his girls and boys were there  
To spend Thanksgiving day.

The farmer spoke: "I thank thee, Lord,  
For all my golden grain,  
The fruit that bent my orchard boughs,  
The sunshine and the rain,  
But most I thank thee for the crown  
And glory of my life,  
The sweetheart of my youth and age,  
My true and faithful wife."  
—Minna Irving

Sympathy is the only charitable gift of some people.



GRATITUDE is a virtue too often inadequately expressed. However, it does not follow that we are wholly or even seriously deficient in appreciation because of failure to be continually openly acknowledging indebtedness for a multitude of blessings. An individual too quick or too profuse in expressions of thanks runs the risk of being regarded with a bit of suspicion.

In its inner tabernacle the humble soul may daily sing praises for a continuance of blessings and by a predominance of such thoughts develop a beauty and richness which will thrill and inspire when occasion demands that it should be heard. The nobility of our thoughts and not the multitude of our words determines our character. Thanksgiving is more a matter of attitude than of speaking. It is spiritual.

This does not mean that we should be dumb in the presence of an abundance of good things showered upon us by Providence and by friends. Out of the abundance of a grateful heart the mouth should speak. A virtue well developed cannot be stifled—true character speaks through every act, when words are scant.

Thanksgiving should be a daily devotion, unmarred by mockery or insincerity. Such devotion was more predominant among our pious New England forebears than with us today. Comparatively scant as were their blessings and grievous as were their privations, they sincerely professed to find much occasion for daily thanksgiving. Even with these devotions a day of special thanksgiving and praise was deemed meet. And thus was born the beautiful custom of our annual Thanksgiving.

## WORLD HAPPENINGS OF CURRENT WEEK

Brief Resume Most Important Daily News Items.

### COMPILED FOR YOU

Events of Noted People, Governments and Pacific Northwest and Other Things Worth Knowing.

To provide additional cattle feeds, Internal Revenue Commissioner Roper has ordered distilleries producing non-beverage spirits to save the grain residue.

Paris children in orphan asylums of soldiers who were decorated with the military medal have received a donation of 20,000 francs from Marshal Joffre.

Thirty-six additional contracts for the construction of steel merchant ships will be let by the Shipping Board this week. This will bring the total number signed to about 550. Wooden ships building number more than 450.

An explosion in the government powder house at Beaton, B. C., Tuesday, killed August G. Fraser, Beaton's postmaster and road superintendent. Fraser had charge of the powder house. Officials think a spark from his pipe caused the explosion.

Investigation of charges that waiters employed in first-class Chicago hotels are alien enemies, agents of foreign espionage corps, eager to glean information from the men of affairs they served, was ordered Tuesday by the Chicago Federation of Labor.

Premier Clemenceau and his associates in the new Paris cabinet decided Tuesday upon the terms of the declaration with which they will go before parliament. It is described as a simple, straight forward and almost laconic document of about 500 words.

The sale of the Boston Advertiser to William Randolph Hearst was announced Tuesday by Charles Sumner Bird, president of the Advertiser Newspaper company. The sale does not include the Boston Evening Record, published by the same company.

Lassen peak, in recent years the only active volcano in the United States, is dying, according to a report brought to Redding, Cal., by three men who have just made the ascent of the mountain. Its cauldron, which for three years had ejected steam and sulphurous smoke, was turning into a cavern of ice, they said, adding that anyone may now walk safely through the main chamber of the crater.

The London prize court has condemned as lawful prizes large quantities of foodstuffs and black wamuts seized in 1915 on seven Scandinavian steamships. The consignees in every case were Crossman & Silecken, of New York. The court condemned Japanese imperial bonds valued at \$79,000 found in a suitcase on a Norwegian steamship bound from Bergen for New York, and which were of German origin.

Plans for placing war savings stamps on sale in at least a million establishments for the campaign opening December 3 have been made by Treasury officials and the war savings committee. Schools and groceries, cigar stands and other retail stores will not be requested to buy the stamps, but may obtain them on consignment for sale. This is expected to result in participation in the movement of thousands of small dealers.

A dispatch from Tornea, Finland, states that Siberia has declared its independence and called ex-Emperor Nicholas as emperor.

A petition urging Federal authorities to close the German school that is conducted at Sheridan, Or., is being signed by many Sheridan residents. The signers take the stand that the conduct of the school tends towards clannishness, secrecy and prejudice in favor of Germany. The school has been regularly conducted in the German Lutheran church of Sheridan for several years and is quite largely attended.

Conflicting news dispatches from Petrograd make it impossible to determine whether Kerensky or the Maximists are in control.

The Germans met with a complete defeat at the hands of the British Wednesday in Flanders. Following upon the increased activity of artillery already noted, the Germans attacked the positions held by British troops on the high ground north of Passendale. The attack was repulsed completely.