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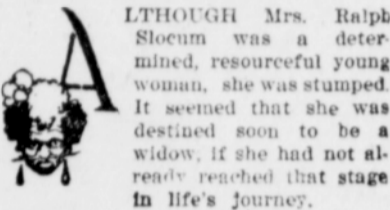
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A Royal Thanksgiving Feast

by R. Ray Baker



ALTHOUGH Mrs. Ralph Sloem was a determined, resourceful young woman, she was stumped. It seemed that she was destined soon to be a widow, if she had not already reached that stage in life's journey.

Yes, it was a gloomy Thanksgiving day, although the sun was shining blisteringly. Her husband had disappeared, and the chances were 100 to 1 against ever seeing him again.

She censured herself for agreeing to this South sea honeymoon. Why had she yielded to Ralph's wishes to explore Kondo island when something inside her had persistently warned that she should not let him set foot on shore?

She sat on the deck of the steam yacht Crystal and tried to reason a way out of the dilemma—a happy way out. One course would be to hoist anchor and steam away. But that would not be the happy way, because it would leave Ralph in the clutches of the cannibals.

The event that had brought her to distraction occurred the previous afternoon about 4 o'clock. They had just arrived at the island and Ralph had insisted on going ashore.

Margaret realized a sense of foreboding as her husband set off in the little boat with Samson Brown, one of the sailors.

Margaret saw her husband land and help Samson draw the boat where the waves could not touch it; then they both disappeared into the forest. She sat on the deck and watched and waited, still harassed by that feeling of foreboding.

The sun was a half circle on the horizon when she saw Samson stagger out from among the trees and push the small boat into the water, leaping in. This action seemed to take the



Her Husband Had Disappeared.

last ounce of strength, for he sank to the bottom of the skiff and lay there apparently helpless.

That was sufficient excuse for Margaret to sound an alarm that brought the crew of the Crystal stumbling and tumbling to the deck, where they at once comprehended the situation and set out in another boat to rescue Samson, whose craft was being tossed back on shore.

"What's happening? Where's Ralph?" breathed Margaret, as Samson was carried on deck, but he answered simply with a glassy stare and was taken to his bunk. He rolled his eyes queerly and opened and shut his hands repeatedly. Presently he seemed to get a grip on himself and managed to articulate:

"Cannibals got him."

While Margaret steadied herself against the wall, growing deathly pale, he went on, talking laboriously:

"We spent some time getting our bearings before he sent me to find a spring of water, while he went in a different direction to dig up some relic your father left two years ago. I found water and was starting after him on the dim path he had taken when I heard unearthly screeching from the direction he had taken. I hurried and soon arrived at the scene of trouble. About fifty black men were dancing round him, shouting and singing, and he was tied to tree with thongs. I knew I couldn't fight whole gang, so hid behind another tree and watched for opportunity to cut him loose. It didn't come, for they took him off into woods. I was scared almost to death and didn't know what to do, but thought it best to return to yacht and get help. Hope you don't

Samson sank back in the bunk, closed heavily and closed his eyes. All night he was delirious, and Margaret's condition was not much better. She realized the unfeasibility of sending the men ashore to fight the cannibals, especially at night, but was determined that some action be taken in the morning. When morning came, however, the crew refused to go—all except Joe Larson, the cook, who said he'd be willing to wade a river of blood to help Ralph.

The idea of one man and one woman against hundreds of cannibals did not seem practical, so she sat on deck and thought, and thought.

"Perhaps Samson went crazy and dreamed it," she told herself. "Maybe Ralph will turn up all right. He's the most resourceful person in the world."

But the inactivity drove her nearly to distraction. Finally she told Joe to get ready and row her ashore. The others protested, saying she was taking her life in her hands. But she was determined.

"All right, ma'am," one of them said. "It's up to you. We'd be glad to go along and help, only the odds are too heavy."

Joe rowed her ashore and they followed a faint path into the woods. The underbrush was not so dense as it appeared from the deck of the yacht, and they made fair progress, presently arriving at a clearing. Here they paused, for the ground showed signs of a struggle, with numerous prints from bare feet.

She was kneeling to examine these prints, when Joe suddenly cried:

"Look out!"

The next instant she and Joe were the center of a howling, envorting vor-



Saw Samson Push the Small Boat in the Water.

tex of black humanity. Their arms and feet were tied and they were carried into the forest.

Swung across the shoulders of a black man, Margaret gave herself up for lost; but she didn't care much.

"If Ralph's dead I don't want to live," she told herself, and hoped it would soon be over with. The only thing that made her shudder now was the thought of being served at the king's Thanksgiving feast.

After being carried about two miles through the jungle, the party emerged in an immense clearing dotted with bamboo huts, with an exceptionally large one in the center. The prisoners were placed in a hut on the outskirts and guards with spears stationed at the doors.

Presently the black man who had been the leader of the captors appeared, cut the thongs from their feet and surprised the prisoners with these words of English:

"Now me take um to king."

In a short time they were ushered into the largest of the huts, in which was a rudely constructed throne about which were grouped several natives in fantastic costumes, made of skins and feathers.

The king appeared through the door, walking with a Broadway stride. He mounted the throne with a majestic mien and surveyed the captives. Margaret stared at him for a moment in astonishment, then threw herself at him, ending the guards who sprang to stop her, and clasped him in her arms.

"Ralph! Ralph!" she sobbed. "What can this—what does it all mean?"

She stepped back down from the throne and looked up at him, wonderingly.

He was clad like the natives, only his attire was more fantastic and picturesque.

"It means," he said, simply, "that I pulled a few stunts in magic that



showed me the king up and he lost his job—and I am now ruler of Kondo island. I had to either be a king or be eaten by one, and it didn't take one long to decide. I'm about to resign, though—soon as we have our

The Center of a Howling Vortex of Black Humanity.

Thanksgiving dinner—and a royal one it is. It's in the next hut."

She grimaced.

"Cannibal stew?" she inquired.

"No, wild turkey. I ordered them prepared when messengers brought word that a white woman and man had been captured. Come to the royal feast—you and Joe—and we'll discuss a way of disowning this kingdom." (© 1929, by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

The Bigger Half of Thanksgiving.

Thanks-giving is the bigger half of Thanksgiving. If the face shines and the voice has a cheery ring, and little acts of helpfulness and kindness are as natural as breathing, a song of praise is continually rising to the Father in heaven. Words of gratitude mean very little if the life and the lips are not in accord.

WEALTH WAITS THE GARNERING

To every man there will come his daily bread in answer to his daily prayer, though it come from the milling of wheat or be the salmon caught at the falls of the Spokane, without let or hindrance from any power of earth. If there is food in plenty in one region, as by the fall of an avalanche down a mountain, it will certainly seek consumption in another region. And this the American boy and girl owe to the good Providence and to the brave men who made this country one and have kept it one.

It is too much the blindness of our time to speak as if such a simple business as daily food came to us as a matter of course. There is, indeed, a careless habit in which Americans often speak.

Fourth of July orators and street-corner braggarts alike talk of the natural products of this country almost in the tone of the emigrants who expect to pick up a doubloon upon the sidewalk. One is tempted to ask such braggarts why the country did not produce such wealth 100 years or 200 years ago.

Why was Dakota then a desert? Why were the hills of Alabama only a hiding place for a few thousand Creek Indians? Why did they not forge the iron under their feet? Why did not the Iroquois in western New York pick from their trees the peaches and the pears such as have been growing there this autumn?

The answer is this: All the wealth of America comes to her from the work of her men and women. The victory which yields it is their victory. It is the victory of spirit conquering matter. It comes in the daily miracle of daily life, where children of God, led by God, taught by God, alive in his life and fellow workmen with him, carry out his designs and subdue the earth.

It is neither sensible nor grateful to speak of teeming granaries, of increasing trade, of new mines, of oil, of iron or of gas as if these things were wealth in themselves.

They are only wealth when man strikes the rock and its waters flow. And this man must be not the savage man who cares only for his own personal appetite. It must be man, the child of God, seeking a future better than today, determined to bring in a nobler age than that which he lives in.—Edward Everett Hale.

CHINESE HAVE DAY OF THANKS

The moon feast is one of the most popular and widely spread of all the Chinese pagan festivals. It has many of the characteristics of the ancient moon-worship ceremonies of Syria and Phoenicia, and it comes as near to being a thanksgiving festival as any heathen feast could ever expect to be, celebrating the ingathering of the harvest. To the masses of the Chinese, however, there appears to be but a faint idea of genuine thanksgiving connected with this moon feast. It is simply the remnant of an ancient institution, coming down from the remotest antiquity as a meaningless act of nature worship. It is possible that in the beginning, among the early Chinese people, the moon festival may have been less pagan and more characterized by feelings of thankful rejoicing than it is at present. However that may be, no wiser choice could have been made by the missionaries in China toward establishing a genuine national Thanksgiving feast than the selection of the day of the popular moon feast.

The moon feast was first proclaimed a thanksgiving festival in 1906 at Wuchang, where the large church was

filled with a well-ordered crowd of Chinese, celebrating for the first time the newly appointed thanksgiving day. The sacred building was beautifully adorned with offerings of staple articles of Chinese diet, like beans, rice, millet and other grains, not to speak of pomegranates, pears, apples, wine, salt and flour.

Wuchang is a great city of nearly a million inhabitants, situated far up the Yang-tse-Kiang, in the heart of China. Its central position, among the teeming myriads of heathen Chinese, renders it a good point for the spread of helpful and uplifting ideas and truths, and in view of the readiness of the Chinese at home to adopt the best things presented to them for their own good, it is expected that the old moon feast will be gradually adopted, in its newly baptized form, as the national thanksgiving day among the 2,000,000 or 3,000,000 Chinese at present under the influence of Christianity, and in this way also gradually become the national thanksgiving day among the votaries of Buddhism, Confucianism, and Taoism, in the course of their emancipation from the grosser features of these time-honored religions.

THE DAY MOON

By ALICE P. PHINNEY.

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Clad in cool white she sat on a green hill among the daisies and dreamily watched the pale day moon. An artist's portable camp stool and an easel stood beside her and in her hands was a palette, much daubed with green and yellow. The bees droned and all was sleepy and warm.

Then a man's voice quietly chimed in with her mood—

"There's a superstition about that, you know—"

"Yes?" she questioned without moving, and then, startled, she turned to see a tanned, white flannel clad young man standing behind her, his keen blue eyes thoughtfully considering the day moon.

"Funny so few ever write about that or paint it," he was saying. "Now I could place it over hazy hills, between columns of marble—" his long fingers tightened on the brush they held, "but that superstition—" He turned to her and she greeted him with a smile. But it was quite different from that intimate questioning "yes." Oh, it was entirely polite, the smile was, but very cool, for the girl had come back from the white day moon to this queer old world where there are men who have been introduced, and there are others (oh, quite attractive others) who have not.

The artist laughed good humoredly. "I didn't come up to talk of moons," he said, "and I apologize for being so informal, but I'm painting this landscape—" his sweeping gesture took in the sunny hills and the gleaming river—"and just as I was getting it my light yellows gave out—that's the main tone—and then I saw your easel and wondered if you, being a painter, too—"

"Of course," she admitted, "light yellows. One couldn't paint without them today. But the oil tubes aren't here yet. If you'll wait—"

She motioned to him to be seated. "It's wonderful to paint," she said as he complied.

"Isn't it, though? And on a day like this."

She nodded and sniffed the sufficed air delightedly. "Nature's just baking," she declared, and laughed as she added, "Cooking things always smell good to me."

The artist tapped the ground with his brush. "Nature," he said, "is the one artist who is practical. There are so few like that."

In the valley below was a white church, seeming ridiculously tiny as they looked down from the hill. The wee door swung open and—

"Why, that darling white speck," cried the girl. "It's a bride! And the black speck is the groom, and all the rainbow specks are—"

The artist watched them. "From this distance," he mused, "we can suppose them the ideal couple. Mother Nature is healthy, artistic and practical. We people can all be the first and then we have our choice between the other two."

He had often talked in this strain at the club.

"I hope," he added, "that one of those little specks can dream to some purpose and that the other can—hold eggs. They might use the day moon," he suggested.

"Oh," she remembered, "the day moon! What was that superstition?"

"An old Hindu thing, I think. Your watching it so intently made me recall it. On the noon of the full of the day moon one should pray to it for his heart's desire. But he won't receive it unless it is worthy and fairly practicable. It's best to sleep with a white cat until the new crescent appears, and there ought to be someone else who wants the same thing.

They could vow for the practical." "How keen you are for the practical." She turned to look at him.

"Well, being an artist I've had to cook for myself now and then. It makes a man think. I shall never marry an artist, while you, now, if you were to marry some intensely practical fellow—"

Suddenly he didn't want her to marry any too intensely practical fellow. "But maybe you're not an awfully good artist," he suggested hopefully.

"I don't wonder our grandmothers laugh at us," she declared, rising briskly. "This way of discussing our most personal affairs in an impersonal way with utter strangers is funny."

He chuckled at her dainty decisiveness, and, rising, too, "Do you know I wish you weren't an artist?"

The girl was shading her eyes and looking off toward the hot, lazy river. A canoe, paddled by a strong, drab clad woman, glided ashore. The girl smiled.

"Ah, there's Annette," she murmured.

"Annette Fraser, the artist," he nodded.

The girl's hazel eyes doubtfully appraised the easel and stool. "I hope these are right."

She turned quizzically toward the artist. "Oh, by the way," she said, and there was amusement in her voice and, yes, apology:

"You see," she waved her hand toward the canoe, "Annette paints," she paused a moment; "I'm a teacher of cooking."

Quite abruptly she sat down among the daisies and lifted her eyes to the day moon.

"No!" he exclaimed, and quite abruptly he sat down on the green besmeared palette, but his eyes—well, he had forgotten the day moon.

BLESSINGS MORE THAN MATERIAL

In other times a Thanksgiving editorial was a motley of statistics and boastfulness. We had grown so many million bushels of grain; our cattle on the thousand hills had increased so many hundredfold; our clearing-house statistics had never been surpassed; our per capita wealth was the greatest in the world; indeed, our thankfulness was lost in the glorification of the gift. We were like the people of whom the Prophet Habakkuk spake, who had caught much fish in their nets and gathered them in their drags, "therefore they sacrifice unto their net, and burn incense unto their drag; because by their portion is fat, and their meat plenteous." Of gratitude to a Giver, of thankful recognition of forces which we did not create, but without whose co-operation we should have been as nothing, there was less than ought to have been.

All this was due, of course, not so much to human ingratitude as to human thoughtlessness. To Thank is to Think. The farther back we think, the farther back we thank. If our thought ceases with our own contribution to our welfare, our thanks cease with ourselves. If our appraisal stops with our material increase, our thanks become material and insensibly change into boasting. We sacrifice unto our great industries and burn incense unto our skill, and there our homage rests.

But in this Thanksgiving day we have such incentive to thought as the world has never seen before, and the blessings which challenge us are such as do not lend themselves to material appraisal. The chief blessings of the day are spiritual; their very names put them a world apart from the things which are quoted on the market or measured in the scales of physical worth. Justice, Righteousness and Peace, these are the exalted values in which we feel our true riches to be, and for these the entire race of men, whether they keep Thanksgiving today or not, are most devoutly thankful.—Exchange.

Right Thanksgiving Spirit.

We once saw a little card tucked up before the eyes of a busy man. He could see it every time he raised his eyes from his desk. On it he had written: "Get your pleasure out of your work or you will never know what pleasure is." That attitude will help us to get the right Thanksgiving spirit into our hearts. Let's forget that we have pictured happiness in terms of idleness and sloth. It's just the other way. This Thanksgiving day will be a good time to get the new angle of vision.—Farmers' Guide.

Carry Thanksgiving Cheer.

Carry a little Thanksgiving cheer into some home less fortunate than your own between now and Thanksgiving. Besides the circle of relatives and intimate friends who are to be your guests on Thanksgiving, invite some lonely girl, too far from home to think of returning to the family festival. Make a happy Thanksgiving for others and you will not lack gladness.