

# The Daily Reporter.

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McMinnville, Or. - Nov. 25, 1886

## THE DAILY REPORTER.

We must be pardoned for alluding to the Reporter this week, but just take a glance over the columns of our paper to-day and compare it with anything which has ever appeared previously from a printing office in a town no larger than this, then you must say our pride is pardonable, and share it with us. We claim that this one issue will be worth more to McMinnville than \$5,000 invested in any kind of business. It is less than 18 months since the present management took charge of the Reporter. We point to the result for the most satisfactory evidence of the worth of this journal to the whole community at large. We have increased the paper 100 per cent. in worth, and reduced the rate from \$2.50 to \$1.50, with an average circulation of 1,250 copies weekly. We are proud of our success, and proud of those patrons who have made our success possible. We are glad to say that our paper has very few enemies, and even those who do not like the publishers are proud that Yamhill county can sustain such a wide awake and successful local journal. Thanking our patrons again and again for their aid and assistance, we assure them that our greatest ambition is to make it in the future a still better paper than it has ever been in the past.

## THANKSGIVING.

Thanksgiving day has become the distinctly American feast, but as yet it is almost without traditions and consequently has no literature of its own. In its associations there is little which the imagination can grasp, and the very origin of the day has something of the hard, stern reality of pioneer life. But like Christmas, the occasion has its salient features which poetry may soften into song, and custom invest with peculiar attractions and observances. If we inquire into the history of Thanksgiving day, the story will be found an exceedingly meagre one, but generally its celebration is traced back to the first harvest of the Plymouth colony. It was in the depth of a hard winter

When a band of exiles moored their bark  
On the wild New England shore.

With the warmth of summer came smiling fields, and in the autumn was gathered a rich crop of golden grain. Then it was that the heart of the settler turned instinctively to God in the spirit of thankfulness, and old Gov. Bradford sent four men into the woods to search for game, that there might be a day of special rejoicings. In this fact is probably the explanation of the turkey becoming an emblem of Thanksgiving. Although history is silent on

the point, it is to be assumed that it was these wild birds of the woods that served for the first Thanksgiving dinner of the Pilgrim Fathers. This gallinaceous fowl was consequently domesticated that it might become a part of every Thanksgiving, and it follows as naturally that every American eats turkey on Thanksgiving day, as that he observes the day itself. It is to our national feast day what boar's head and rosemary were, and plum pudding is, to the English Christmas. It is said the Knickerbockers of New Amsterdam observed days of annual thanksgiving, and it is possible to imagine the pious Dominie Bogardus chanting in the old Dutch church on Thanksgiving day:—

This fair and beautiful heritage of ours,  
This island on the bosom of the deep,  
This land of birds and fruits and flowers,  
Where their vigils, angels keep.  
How blest indeed is she among the nations,  
Clothed with heaven's goodness, nature's smile,  
God-made, a book of bible illustrations,  
Where man alone is vile.

The first proclamation in America, officially recommending public observance of the day, was made by Washington, January 18th, 1795, designating Thursday, the 19th day of February following, as a "day of public thanksgiving and prayer, and on that day to meet together and render sincere and hearty thanks to the Great Ruler of nations for the manifold and signal mercies which distinguish our lot as a nation, particularly for the possession of constitutions of government which unite, and by their union establish liberty with order; for the preservation of our peace, foreign or domestic; for the reasonable control which has been given to a spirit of disorder in the suppression of the late insurrection, and generally for the prosperous condition of our affairs, public and private; and at the same time humbly and fervently to beseech the kind Author of these blessings graciously to prolong them to us; to imprint on our hearts a deep and solemn sense of our obligation to Him for them; to teach us rightly to estimate their immense value; to preserve us from the arrogance of prosperity, and from hazardous the advantages we enjoy by delusive pursuits; to dispose us to merit the continuance of His favors by not abusing them, by our gratitude for them, and by a corresponding conduct as citizens and as men; to render this country more and more a safe and propitious asylum for the unfortunate of other countries, to extend among us true and useful knowledge, to diffuse and establish habits of sobriety and order, morality and piety, and to finally impart all the blessings we possess or ask for ourselves to the whole family of mankind."

A baby weighing twenty-one pounds is the latest boast of Tacoma, and the mother is congratulated on having given birth to the "biggest baby on the Pacific coast." The special merit in the case is not pointed out.

Floor managers have been selected for the Firemen's ball who are of themselves a guarantee that perfect satisfaction may be assured to all participants.

## WHY WE ARE THANKFUL.

We of this region have much to be thankful for this year. If men ever have desired to be good and advance the interest of his country and fellow-men, here is the place for it. Our society is good and when compared with cities of other lands and the prisons which adorn them, we are licensed in saying: It is exceedingly good. Our people are the most hospitable in the world, ready to give a helping hand to every emigrant, and bid them welcome. In saying this, exempt us from the charge of flattery.

"But truth is truth wherever found,

On christian or on heathen ground."

Whatsoever we sow brings forth its bountiful harvest. Turn out stock, whether in summer or winter, and when you look for it, you find it fat. Fish wherever you will, and you are sure of a bite. Government land is still obtainable convenient to schools, churches and a market, with special privileges to exercise the homestead rights, with the purest sparkling streams profusely scattered throughout the land. In a word, hunger or thirst are foreign to us. Excessive heat or destructive drouth is unknown, although we have winter and summer, rain and shine, but every season falls upon us so gently and mild, it is difficult to ascertain where autumn ceased or spring began. In the fruit line we know not whither to turn our eye upon the map of the whole globe and point out a spot which will excel. Of grain we need not speak. It speaks for itself. The land is filled with admiration for our fertile grain fields and the ocean bears ample testimony of our cereal wealth, by the burdened ships which plow their way across its stormy bosom and advertise in letters of gold the glory of our country and its agricultural resources. In giving this brief and lucid sketch of the "land we love," we trust that it will lead no one far away from the scene, into mischievous errors. Men who come here, must come willing to work and prepared to stay and create homes, for all those who come with any other intentions will leave again, disappointed and despondent. There never was a day when idle men were in demand; on the contrary they were always more a drug in the market, but industrious, hardworking and honest people, whether rich or poor old or young, soon make their mark upon the assessors roll and never regret the hour in which they drove the peg in good old Yamhill. Volumes may be written upon the resources of Oregon in general and our fertile valley in particular, but let this suffice, yet not the half has been told.

You can get a pretty good idea of a man's character by noting how he acts toward his poor relations.

Imitation statesmen should be stamped as well as imitation butter. They deceive the honest voter.

Women are so fond of trimmings and finery that they even have their tempers ruffled once in a while.

Subscribe for the Reporter, and pay for it when you subscribe, and we will pledge ourselves to give you more news, for less money, than any other paper in the Willamette valley. The Daily will help the weekly 100 per cent.

## MAVERICKS.

### What is a Maverick.

To day we present an interesting column of paragraphs titled "Mavericks." We do this because it is not convenient for us to tell the source of each separate item. In a literary sense they are Mavericks, and this term expresses it better than any that could be selected. The word "maverick" is derived from a man of that name. A few years since Sam Maverick went from Massachusetts to Texas, where he entered largely into stock business. After buying several herds he neglected his range and left his stock to shift for themselves. Mr. Marverick, with humanitarian feeling, refrained from branding his young stock, believing in the implicit honesty of his neighbors. When the genuine stockmen of the region ran across an unbranded animal on the round up they would say, "There's one of Marverick's; let's brand it." The word sprang into popularity, and its limited meaning was broadened and enlarged by constant use throughout the cattle ranges and mining camps of the frontier. The word has not yet been introduced into the language, but we expect it will be soon after this; it is so much nicer than chestnuts:

—o—

Moves in the highest circles—Satur-

Plain English—The females of that country.

The ocean is like a good house wife—very tidy.

A hard thing to sharpen—the water's edge.

A sole string subject—a nail in your shoe.

It takes an Irishman to pick his way through the world.

The idea of Boston being the hub, tires us. We have spoke.

The age that women desire to approach is marriage.

The largest room in the world—room for improvement.

A recent comic song is called "Soap." It comes in bars.

Always on time—wings in the pictures of the aged scythist.

Molasses is sometimes put on the table syrup-dishes-ly.

The old chaps who wore armor were the first mail carriers.

A printer never wants to have his fingers in another man's pie.

A fair exchange is no robbery, but the bucket shop is full of danger.

Cleveland will please stuff the vacancy in Turkey before Thanksgiving.

The professor of a swimming school is very properly a doctor of dive-in-ity.

There is one thing to be said in favor of cider. It works right along without striking.

The ages of spring chickens and women are the most doubtful subjects in the world.

"I passed some 'queer,' and here I am in prison, all on account of it," he sighed.

Some Americans are too proud to beg and too honest to steal, so they get trusted.

Whatever a New Englander gets dyspepsia he knows that his stomach is not in apple pie order.

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