

OUR NATIONAL FEAST

NOW MEMBERS OF STUDENT COLONY ENJOY IT.

The Thanksgiving Dinner Sent From This Country—Absence of Cranberries, Sweet Potatoes and Pumpkins in the French Markets.

Of all the Thanksgivings dinners to which America's self-exiles—and there are many—sit down once a year, none can equal in jollity those of the art students in Paris, says a writer in the Chicago News.

These observances are marked by none of the solemnity which usually banks thick as a pall over the Thanksgiving dinners of the American chambers of commerce in Paris and Berlin and the formal dinner in London to which British worthies are invited and long and tiresome speeches are made, after an elaborate menu,



generally in French, has been more or less laboriously run through to the coffee. The art students, as a body, are never a solemn lot, and this fact is in evidence when they give thanks for the mercies extended to them since a previous Thanksgiving.

Just to give some idea of how the art students observe the day, let me go back to the time when the students' club (the American Art Association of Paris) held its final Thanksgiving dinner. This was about fifteen years ago, shortly after the club's organization.

As Thanksgiving day would be the first national holiday to roll round the club very much wanted to observe the occasion but how? No member had ever seen cranberries in a French market; the only pumpkin offered for sale was not in the shape of pies, but in dried strips, for baking and soups, and as for sweet potatoes, they were as utterly unknown to the average Frenchman as were cranberries. True French turkey could be secured—and good turkey at that—but what was turkey without the trimmings?

When the club, in the depths of despair, had about decided that it would be compelled by circumstance to forego a good old-fashioned Thanksgiving dinner, word was received from the Art Students' league of New York that it was going to present the new association with a Thanksgiving dinner that would recall the kind mother used to serve up steaming hot on that crisp, memorable day back on the farm in the years gone by. This message was soon followed by a consignment of real American turkeys, all done to a golden brown and all stuffed; enough cranberry sauce to last the club for a month of Sundays, seemingly, and pies, pumpkin pies, regular New England pumpkin pies. You know the kind.

The dinner was served in the little house on the Boulevard Montparnasse, then occupied by the club. The room was decorated chiefly with the stars and stripes and the tricolor, intertwined, but I believe I am safe in saying this feature was not noticed until the dinner was well over, for the eyes of every Yankee as he entered the room were on the table, a sight of which brought tears to more than one pair of eyes.

In addition to the students' formal dinners—if the adjective can rightly be applied to anything that the art students do or think or say many small dinners of Thanksgiving are given in the studios. Needless to say, they are thoroughly bohemian. Some certainly rank among the queerest Thanksgiving meals ever spread; and it is my belief, founded on twelve years' residence in the quarter, that the studio dinner most prescribed by tradition would cause one of the custom's stern originators to fall dead of sheer horror were it possible for him to be seated at the opening course even.

The studio dinner that "Long Snider" gave to a select party of cronies a half dozen years ago is still laughed over in the quarter, and bids fair to become a Thanksgiving tradition among these apparently care-free self-exiles.

Two or three days before the festival was due to roll round "Long Snider" decided that he would give a dinner. He investigated the state of his pocket book, finding only his monthly allowance sufficient to meet running expenses. Nevertheless, there must be a dinner, and when his guests appeared at the appointed hour on Thanksgiving evening they

were seated at a table temptingly loaded with a great turkey done to a golden brown and all the old-time trimmings. That which had been thoughtfully provided by the hilarious host to prevent a consuming thirst from overwhelmingly attacking his guests was contained in a big bowl. "Harvard Law-School Punch," "Long Snider" called it, and it had been solicitously mixed by his own hands.

That punch was a most deceptive drink—mild to the taste, so mild, in fact, that it was in constant demand. As a result when, the feast barely half through, there came a knocking at the door the punch had got in its work on nearly every one present and the effect produced by the note handed to the host by his concierge was just the opposite of what it would have been on an ordinary occasion.

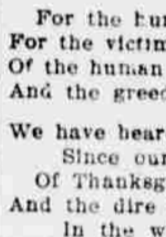
"Follows!" shouted "Long Snider" waving the bit of paper madly. "Proprietor says got to pay rent next day or have things confiscated. Can't pay rent. Spent money on dinner and punch. Three cheers for Thanksgiving!"

This little speech seemed but to add zest to the dinner. At last the punch consumed, some one, more ingenious than the rest—perhaps he had got more than his share of the brew—proposed the plot that the whole assemblage put into execution. The belongings that had been threatened with confiscation were not numerous; in a few minutes they were in the hands of the students, and then there began a weird procession of easels, palettes, long rolls of canvas and the host's big bass viol down the long and dark stairway from the sixth floor, with the glimmer from an occasional match to light the uncertain way.

"Long Snider" was thankful that the concierge was a sound sleeper and somewhat deaf to boot. The street was safely reached, a hand cart was hastily secured, into it the trappings were dumped and, with an exultant yell that aroused the concierge too late for his frantic calls for the police to be of any use, host, guests and cart were off up the street. Way over to Montmartre went the rascals. Up the long hill they climbed to the large studio of an accommodating and truly sympathetic friend and there, in the early morning hours, "Long Snider's" Thanksgiving dinner celebration ended in a riotous house-warming.

Gobblers' Chorus.

N November,
Cold the moon is, cold
and drear
With a cloud upon
her face
That it chills our
hearts with fear
To remember
And—oh, gobbie,
gobbie, gobbie!
Life's a bubble, full
o' trouble



For the hunted turkey race,
For the victims plump and savory
Of the human gobblers' knavery
And the greed that's their disgrace.

We have heard our fathers tell,
Since our childhood,
Of Thanksgiving in the town,
And the dire things that befell
In the wildwood.

Tud—oh, gobbie, gobbie, gobbie!
Life's a bubble, full o' trouble.
We must wear the martyr's crown;
We must die to feed the pelasure
Of the fends who dine at leisure—
May they choke as we go down!

—J. H. L. in Life.

Washington's First Thanksgiving.

The first national Thanksgiving was held under a proclamation by George Washington in the first year of the new republic, 1789. Washington issued one other proclamation of like nature in 1795. Adams also issued one or two, and Madison called for a day of thanks after the close of the war of 1812. So far as presidential notice was concerned, the day was allowed to lapse, however, until permanently revived by Abraham Lincoln in 1863. In 1870 congress passed a law making the day set apart by the president as one for offering thanks a national holiday.



What have I to be thankful for?
Two eyes, two ears, a nose,
Two feet, two hands a generous
mouth

From which hankfulness flows;
A heart that beats with sympathy
For all 'n trouble sore;
A brain that's balanced evenly,
And much—oh, so much more!
I'm thankful for the air I breathe;
The sun that gives me light;
The summer time so glorious,
The winter and the night,
I'm thankful for my happy home,
And dear ones that I love;
And most of all I'm thankful for
Is our dear Lord up above.

ARCHIE
AND THE
MINCE PIE GOBLINS

If there was one thing that Archie liked more than another it was mince-meat, and if there was another thing that he liked more than that it was mince pies. As soon as he heard people talking about Thanksgiving, he knew that before long there would be a mince pie in the house. He even used to go out into the kitchen when the cook was baking one so that he could watch it turn brown.

Archie was rather a fat little boy and he always had a very good appetite.

One year there was a Thanksgiving Day coming, and, of course, Archie remembered about the mince pies, because in the house where he lived they did not begin to have them until Thanksgiving. He looked all around for some sign that they were going to make them and at last he saw the cook take the cover off a large stone jar. It was filled with mince-meat. Archie did not say anything and he sat very still while the cook was putting the mince-meat in the pies and laying the crust on top of it. Then she put them in the oven and carried the jar of mince-meat into the pantry. Archie saw where she put it.

It was Thanksgiving the next day. Archie began to think about the mince pie as soon as he was dressed, and it seemed to him a long time before dinner would be ready. He looked into the dining room, but the table wasn't even set, so he thought he would go into the kitchen. The cook was not there. Archie guessed that she was in the pantry, so he looked in there for her; but she was not there, either. He happened to see the stone jar that had the mince-meat in it and he thought he would just peep in to see how much there was left. The jar was almost full and there was a spoon inside. Archie tasted a little of the mince-meat and then a little more, until at last he had eaten enough to make half a pie. Then he put the cover back and went out to play.

It was a very fine dinner. There was a large turkey, of course, some cranberry sauce, some celery, oysters and soup and a lot of other things, and at the end there was a mince pie and some nuts and raisins. Archie had two pieces of pie. He did not say anything about the mince-meat he had eaten.

Now, what do you think happened? Archie had hardly gone to bed that night and got himself comfortably



"WHO ARE YOU?" ASKED ARCHIE

settled down to sleep when a little round man, with green eyes and a red coat, came for him and told him to get up.

"Who are you?" asked Archie, because he had never seen the little round man before.

"I'm a Mince Pie Goblin," the little man answered. "We are going to have a celebration and we always want some little boy to be there, so they have sent me after you."

Archie didn't want to go with him, but there did not seem to be anything else to do, as the little man kept bouncing up and down as though he were in a great hurry, so he got out of bed and gave his hand to the goblin.

"That's right," the Goblin said. "Hold on now."

Archie hardly knew how it happened, but in an instant they were out of the room and in a large flat place in the woods. In the middle of the flat place there was a great fire blazing, and around the fire were hundreds of other goblins like the one who had come for him. They all had on clothes of different colors and their eyes were of different colors too. They all had shining eyes, very much like the eyes of a jack-o-lantern. Archie thought; only they were colored. As soon as they got there one of the goblins, who was larger than the others, came forward to meet them. Archie noticed that he wore his face upside down, his mouth being where his eyes ought to be. He had very white, sharp pointed teeth, that Archie did not like to look at any more than he could help.

"That's the goblin King," whispered the goblin who had brought Archie. "You must make a low bow."

Archie made a very low bow, which seemed to please the goblin King.

"Is this the boy you told me a-

bout?" the goblin King asked, and he poked Archie in the ribs with his fingers.

"Yes, your Loftiness," the other goblin replied. "This is Archie."

"I think he will do very well," the goblin King said and then he went away.

"What does he want me to do?" Archie asked.

"Nothing," the messenger goblin said. "It isn't that kind of do. It's the kind that you mean when you say that a pie will do when it is done."

Archie couldn't understand this very well, but he began to feel uneasy, especially as the goblins suddenly started to dance around the fire. They were great bouncers, and every time they touched the ground they went up in the air almost as high as a house, shouting and laughing all the time. They made such a noise that Archie was really frightened to hear them.

He was still more frightened when the goblin King calmly walked into the fire and sat down on a blazing log. The flames came up all around



"HIS BUTTONS FLEW OFF."

him, but he did not mind them at all. He just sat there and let his eyes glow at Archie. They were green eyes.

"Now," said the messenger goblin, "you must go and pick the pies. I'll show you where they grow."

He led Archie a little way off where there seemed to be ever so many toadstools growing under the trees. The flat tops of them were about the size of mince pies, and when Archie picked one of them up he saw that it was a pie, sure enough.

"You must bring these to the King," the messenger goblin said. "And you must hurry as fast as you can because he's very hungry, and if he does not get them fast enough I can't tell what may happen. Be very sure not to eat any yourself, because that's against the rules."

So Archie picked up an armful of the toadstool pies and took them to the fire where the King was sitting.

"You will have to throw them into him," the messenger goblin said. Archie threw the pies to the goblin King, who opened his mouth and swallowed them as fast as they came. They went down his throat like putting pennies into a bank.

All the time Archie was doing this the other goblins kept getting more and more excited. They jumped about faster than ever, leaping over the fire and shouting as loud as they could. They tried as fast as the pies were thrown to catch them before they could get to the King, and sometimes they managed to do it, which made the King so angry that he turned blue with rage.

"Hurry, hurry, hurry!" cried the messenger goblin, and all the other goblins kept shouting "More pies! More pies!" at the top of their voices. Archie hurried as fast as he could, but he could not work fast enough to please the goblins.

"He's been eating them! He's been eating our pies!" they cried. "What shall we do to a boy who eats our pies?"

"Put him in a stone jar and seal him up!" shouted the King.

Immediately all the goblins went bounding away into the darkness, and in a few moments Archie could hear them coming back, shouting and laughing worse than ever. He would have liked to run away, only the messenger goblin held him tightly by the arm. The other goblins rolled a great stone jar into the light of the fire. It was exactly like the jar out of which Archie had eaten the mince-meat in the pantry at home, only it was much larger.

"Oh, please don't put me in the jar!" Archie cried to the King. "I'll promise never to do it again!"

But the goblin King and all the other goblins only laughed at him and the messenger goblin held him more tightly by the arm than ever. They rolled the jar to Archie and stood it up to put him in while others brought out a large stick of sealing-wax to seal the cover on with. Archie was very much frightened and he made up his mind that he would never see his home again. He was sorry that he had not told his mother about the mince-meat he had eaten out of the pantry, but it was too late for that now.

They were just about to lift him up so as to put him into the jar when the King gave a very loud cry

and they stopped to look at him. The King was swelling very fast in the fire, so that he began to look like a toy balloon, and as he swelled his buttons flew off and he shouted louder and louder. The other goblins danced about the fire with cries of alarm, but none of them dared to go in and help him.

"Look out! Look out!" they cried. "He's going to burst!"

At this they all scattered so as to get away in time, but they were not quick enough. The unfortunate King burst with a noise like a cannon firecracker on the Fourth of July. The blazing sticks of the fire and the goblins scattered in every direction. The light was all gone in a moment. Archie felt himself going up in the air and it was very cold. Then he landed somewhere with a bump and he found himself sitting on the floor beside his bed at home.

"That's what happens when people eat too much mince pie," said his mother, who happened to come in just then.—New York Herald.

A HARVEST CANTICLE.

By Theron Brown.

What is bounty but love in the giver,
That waits for no plea to bestow,
The evergreen boon of the river
To the fields that are blessed by its flow?

Does the light when the morning unclones,
Count the leagues of its flight on the plain?
Does the sky call the roll of the roses
That hold up their lips for its rain?

God is never at loss with his plenty,
And Nature, his handmaid, no more
Ripens sweets for the feast of the dainty

Than bread for the fare of the poor.
'Tis a loan with no burden thereafter,
'Tis a grace never measured nor weighed;

If the banquet turns weeping to laughter
The debt of the eater is paid.
O Goodness so grand in its doing!
Are there gluttons who starve at its board;

Craven souls, whose insatiable sipping
Has poisoned the comforts they hoard,
Who, insane with the joy of receiving,
Are glad for no sake but their own,

Who are deaf to the song of Thanksgiving
And tongueless to utter its tone?
Give us want, give us nothingness rather
Than this; better never be born
Than to harvest the fields of our Father

And leave him unthanked for the corn.
The just will pay measure for measure
And the selfish give love for a fee;
But they squandered an infinite treasure

Who sin against love that is free.

Peter's Sleep—Friends,

Harvest home, harvest home,
We have plowed, we have sowed,
We have reaped, we have mowed,
We have brought home every load,
Hip, hip, hip, harvest home!

In the evening of Harvest Home the supper takes place in the barn or some other suitable place, the master and mistress generally presiding. This feast is always composed of substantial food with plenty of good ale.

There is a growing tendency at the present time to abolish these old harvest festivals and to substitute a festival for the whole parish, with services in the parish church in the forenoon, and a dinner afterwards, followed by sports and games for the men and a tea-drinking for the women.

Harvest festivals are, as far as the Anglican Church is concerned, a later-day institution. This is strange, for in pre-Reformation times Damascus Day, so called from the Anglo-Saxon half a loaf, and maesse, a feast, and which fell on August 1, was marked by the presentation of a loaf made of new wheat in the churches by every member of the congregation. Previous to Reformation of the calendar in 1752 Damascus-tide ushered in the second quarter of the year. Since then the term has fallen into disuse.

An Italian vintage festival is about the nearest thing the people have to a Thanksgiving Day, but the two things are the same in spirit; if very different in detail.

At these festivals a primitive interchange of labor takes place; everybody helps everybody, no wage is given. This man's vines facing full south are forward, another man's vines are backward. From all the hillsides round the peasants flock to each vineyard as needed. Occasionally an Italian will do a lot of work in a day, but he will not hurry; he is making love, meanwhile, to the girl who works with him. The grapes, stems and all, are put into high wooden tubs and beaten with heavy cudgels until the juice rises foaming to the top. Then the tubs are emptied into the great vats and there churned thoroughly.

After the vintage comes the feast. It begins at dark and lasts through the night. The peasants dance in the padrone's kitchen, men dancing with both men and women. The music is continuous; partners, a pair at a time, take two or three turns and sit down, giving place to another pair. Not until daybreak do the revelers, singing and laughing, go to their homes.

Reliable Sign of Death.
A Frenchman has received a prize for discovering a reliable sign of death. The test consists of the subcutaneous injection of a solution of fluoresceine, which, if the blood is still circulating, in the course of a few hours causes the skin to turn yellow.

THANKSGIVING
IN EVERY LAND

AMERICA'S FESTIVAL IS IN MANY RESPECTS UNIQUE.

The Jewish Nation's Festival of Thanks is the Oldest Known in History—Quaint Vintage Festivals in Sunny Italy.

Thanksgiving Day in America began as a public rejoicing over a good harvest—the first reaped by the New England colonists. The idea is not peculiar to our people; probably they imbibed it from English customs or those, as old as history, which prevail in one form or another on the continent. Gratitude for plentiful harvests is the key-note of these customs, although among us the day would probably be celebrated even if Governor Bradford had not started the observance in 1623 by that memorable Thanksgiving Day when a long drought was broken by a heavy rain during the prayers of the assembled colonists.

Different peoples have different times, but always some time for harvest thanksgiving. When the Jews inhabited Palestine the festival of Pentecost embraced a thanksgiving for a plentiful harvest; but as the wheat is not gathered in Europe at the time of the Pentecost flowers take the place of the first-fruits in the synagogues there. The druids had their harvest festival on November 1; the Chinese and Japanese have theirs at their year's close.

The second of the three great festivals of the Jewish ecclesiastical year occurs on the sixth and seventh days of the third month (sivan) which includes part of May and June. It is called in Hebrew Shovnos, but more generally the Feast of the Pentecost, the fiftieth day, since it commemorates the giving of the day to Moses on Mount Sinai fifty days after the deliverance of the Israelites out of Egypt. It is also called the Feast of the Weeks, because it marks the completion of seven weeks, counted from the second day of Passover.

In the old staple days of England the Harvest Home was such a scene as Horace's friends might have expected to see at his Sabine farm. The grain last cut was brought home in its wagon called the hock cart—surmounted by a figure formed of sheaf with gay dressings—suggesting a representation of the goddess Ceres—while a pipe and tabor went merrily sounding in front and the reapers tripped around in a hand-in-hand ring, singing:

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We have plowed, we have sowed,
We have reaped, we have mowed,
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