

Always Meant Heartly Feeding



THE DAYS OF REAL THANKSGIVING

EVEN those early Thanksgivings that crop up in history are associated with much—usually too much—turkey and cranberry sauce and pie. As a child, of course, he was thankful that Thanksgiving day had to come on Thursday every year, instead of flopping all over the week and coming in turn on Saturday and Sunday, when there would be holiday anyway. For is there anything so tragic as a holiday that does not fall on a school day?

Thursday is just right, for then, you see, the school people reason that there is no use bringing the children back for one day, and they might as well have Friday, too. Thanksgiving on Wednesday would be overstepping the mark, since they would not allow two extra days, and Friday meant only one day off, Thursday was the one to choose, and looking back now you cannot help wondering how the president ever happened to hit upon such an altogether satisfactory day.

On Wednesday, you will remember, not much work was done, for everybody was looking forward to the "entertainment." Perhaps you even spoke a piece. If you did your selection was limited, for the poets seem to be kept so busy grinding the mills for Christmas that they have not one little inspiration left for Thanksgiving. But what Thanksgiving poetry there is agrees on one point—a lively veneration for the "eats." No matter how the poem starts dinner will be served by the end of the last verse.

Take that one you recited about "Thanksgiving Eve." Sentiment riots in the opening lines. The snow falls gently outdoors, for the scene is not laid in Baltimore, Md., where they usually reserve snow for a Christmas treat. We have a touching picture of the little ones creeping silently to bed, you get in a melting good, sort of anticipating that when the youngsters reach the attic the poet is going to spring a vacant crib at you. But no. Listen!

It was Thanksgiving eve, don't you think, The pies were in rows on the pantry shelves, And nice things to eat, and nice things to drink, Resignedly looked for the morrow to bring A miserable end to everything.

Not that it rhymes especially and the last line is painfully ambiguous as to where the miserable end is going to strike, but what matter when the rows of pies and various beverages are safe on the shelf.

After you had stumbled through this, getting purple-red in the face and wondering why all those "fellows" you could lick with one hand down in the school yard should look so terrifying assembled before the platform, you beat a precipitous retreat, falling over a hole in the carpet on the way.

The next number on the program was "The First Proclamation," done by another boy. The family of that other boy had suffered because of "The First Proclamation," for it was to be recited in costume. Now, how should a plain American mother know in what garb Governor Bradford delivered that first proclamation? Father found a picture of the Pilgrim Father in the history and thought that would do well enough, and grandfather said: "Oh, phaw now; don't he look like one of them big-hat fellows around Pen-Mar?" Finally they borrowed a suit that a neighbor's son had worn when he went as John Alden to a mask ball, though it was much too large, and Johnny protested violently against wearing it. Just so does a simple thing change the course of a noble life. If the suit had not been too large Johnny might have been able to take his mind from his appearance and divert it to the lines he was to speak, but error that the boys would give him occupied his young brain to the exclusion of all else.

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THE THANKSGIVING PIE

"And now," said the governor, "gazing abroad," he began.

Pause.

"And now," said the governor—

Pause.

"And now—"

And now Johnny burst into tears and rushed from the platform, stumbling over the hole in the carpet on the way.

Then teacher got up, you remember, and said if you would all excuse Johnny she would read the poem, and there being nothing else to do under the circumstances but to excuse Johnny, you permitted her to go on with "The First Proclamation." The poem was no exception, for you found that in even those early days Governor Bradford's Thanksgiving greeting had to do with "eats."

So shoulder your matchlocks, masters, there is hunting of all degrees; And fisherman, take your tackle and scour for spoils the seas. And maidens and dames of Plymouth, your delicate crafts employ, To honor our first Thanksgiving and make it a feast of joy.

We fall of the fruits and dainties so close at our hand in Devon, Aft they are the lightest losses we suffer for sake of Heaven; But see in our open clearings how golden the melons lie; Enrich them with sweets and spices and give us the pumpkin pie.

Remember it, don't you? But even then it perplexed you to know why you were hearing so much about pumpkin pie as an attribute of Thanksgiving when in all your innocent young life you had never tasted a pumpkin. You did not know then that "pumpkin" is sort of poetic license for any kind of Thanksgiving pie.

One of the very limited collection of poems for this season was dedicated to "Thanksgiving Pies," and this was delivered by a girl of the school, because of her deeper understanding of the subject.

Such baking, boiling, tasting, beating! Such preparation made for eating! Such unprepared joys For little hungry girls and boys.

You could hardly wait for tomorrow to come when you heard these lines. It was a very long poem, all about how the hungry girls and boys of a certain household appeased their hunger with pies cooling on the pantry shelf, and you thought how nice it must have been to eat those pies "twelve in number, brown as amber," though you had not the remotest idea what amber was for, save to rhyme with number. But you had a very definite idea that what would happen if you and your hungry little playmates should go and do likewise with the pies cooling right then out on your mother's shelf.

And right when your mouth was "watering like anything," that elocutionist from the big girls' class came and told teacher she was going to recite a Thanksgiving poem for the little children and teacher said: "Very well, if you wish to." As for you, you didn't wish her to. You did not like her brand of poems. "Cur-

few Shall Not Ring Tonight" was high in her repertoire, and "The Polish Boy" and "Spartacus to the Gladiators" and another about Robespierre in an unspeakable place where the poet would never have sent him if he had been better behaved. Naturally you did not know the names of the poems then. These you have learned since from constant reading. At that time you knew what she was going to give by the gestures with which she began, and every piece she ever spoke struck terror to your young soul. Even her Thanksgiving treat for the children made you feel ashamed about having been so excited over the holiday.

"Thanksgiving—for what?"—and he muttered a curse— For the plainest of food and an empty purse? But it is idle to talk of a poor man's woes.

Even after this lapse of years, these features of the Thanksgiving entertainment linger in your memory and spring up when you pick up the paper and read the president's Thanksgiving proclamation or the youngsters come in from school and announce:

"Say, pop, I got to speak a piece Thanksgiving. Do you know any?"

After a while, of course, Thanksgiving came to have other significance, too. There was the first year you wore long trousers and a flower in your buttonhole. It would be more appropriate to say bouquet in your lapel, for that was the season that men wore the most enormous chrysanthemum they could find as a boutonniere. They simply could not get the flower big enough. Remember how the cartoonists took it up and depicted the gilded youth wearing huge cabbages in their buttonholes? But it was a very serious matter to you, the selection of your chrysanthemum the Thanksgiving you donned long trousers, and you finally decided upon a great yellow one that made you appear to be bearing a glowing pumpkin to the Thanksgiving feast.

Then after you attained to the dignity of a sweetheart to take to the Thanksgiving matinee. How did the theater come to be so inseparably connected with Thanksgiving celebration? It is, at any rate, so that when you present yourself at the box office as the afternoon performance is about to begin the man inside is apt to ask superiorly: "Do you prefer to stand on the first floor or the second?" But you did not stand. You sat.

"Eats" got shoved into the background around this period, and, dinner being late, as Thanksgiving dinner usually is, you instantly had to ask to have your pie saved for supper, the clock pointing perilously near the hour of two, and the girl yet to be "called for."

Many Thanksgivings have come and gone since that time and the celebration for you now probably means lining up your little family and marching them down to grandmother's where they will have a long, happy day playing and fighting with cousins from other offshoots of the parent tree, for about the only distinctive feature of Thanksgiving, save the church service and "eats" and the football game, is the homecoming it inspires.

Then there is a hurry and bustle in the old house that it has not known since the boys and girls married and left one by one. The newest baby must be admired by all, and the family connection is called upon to notice that Bob's youngest no longer wears dresses.

Then the women go into the kitchen, and by and by there is wafted out aromas from cooking things that ought never have been thought up in these days of high prices. But for once the housemother forgets the high cost of living. She beats up eggs as if they were selling around a cent apiece and, honestly, the way she drops hunks of butter into pots and pans you would think it just most nothing at all. But, like Christmas, Thanksgiving comes but once a year, and if we can't be a bit extravagant then, what is the use of having the old holiday?

lees were most needed. Before signing up with his club for last spring, he promised not to take a drink during the season. If he kept his word he was to receive a bonus of \$500 from the owner of the club, who believed that his outfit stood a good chance of being in the pennant fight and, consequently, was willing to offer extra inducements to keep his men in good condition. The player in question kept his good resolution for many weeks, but one day he slipped from the narrow path and, entering a saloon, ordered a glass of beer. While he was drinking it the wise manager of the club strolled in to see what was going on and, taking in the situation at a glance, informed the surprised and dazed player that the nickel's worth of forbidden liquid would cost him the entire bonus plus the price of the drink.—Leslie's.

Paradoxical Attraction. "She has such a sunny disposition." "That accounts for her popular reign."

GIVE PITTSBURGH BIG CHANCE

Gold and Blue Boys Show Themselves Eligible for Prominent Place on Eastern Schedule.

Pittsburgh has shown itself eligible for a prominent place on the big eastern football schedules. The victory of Coach Duff's team over Cornell clinched negotiations for Pitt as a regular opponent to Cornell and it would not be surprising if the Gold and Blue would meet such teams as Yale and Princeton next season and Harvard is being talked of prominently. Harvard did offer Pitt a game this year, but not in such a manner to rate the Smoky City boys as high as deserved, writes S. E. McCarty in the Pittsburgh Leader.

Pitt's thorough football demonstration brought forth praise from the Cornell officials and from the men who officiated in the game. Carl Williams, of Penn, umpire in the Cornell game, voluntarily hunted up the writer after the game and stated: "Pittsburgh deserves a prominent place on eastern schedules. I have watched, played and officiated in many games, but I can truthfully state that I never mingled in a cleaner game or watched a cleaner bunch of players than Pitt in today's contest. Pitt has a great team. Credit must be given them. This fellow Wagner is material for all-American honors. Wagner is a wonderful player. While Pitt has several good individual stars, Wagner stands out a real bidder for the all-American."

Of course, Pitt followers were jubilant. Coach Duff, when asked for a statement after the game, only smiled and would say nothing. But fellows like Alex Stevenson, A. R. Hamiton, Charley Miller and the other real loyal ginks simply smothered everyone they met with their jubilation.

All Cornell is talking of the wonderful playing of Capt. Hube Wagner. His 55 and 60-yard runs were looked upon with awe. Hube never shone more brightly than today. His tackling was great, his kicks went true and far and his gains with the ball overshadowed everything else.

YALE'S HEAD COACH.



Howard Jones, the head coach of Yale, who by his own sterling methods of training, has interjected that vim and snap into the players of that team that leads to victory.

YALE NEWS WANTS COACHES

College Paper Says Competent Instruction Will Make Winning Teams—Distrusts System.

Referring to the defeat of the Yale crew at Princeton, the Yale Daily News makes a vigorous demand for a new coaching system.

It declares the loss of the race to the Tigers has produced a torrent of criticism that proves complete distrust in the present system, that the rowing authorities perceive the imperative need of a competent coach, that the present coaches admit their failure and that the graduate rowing committee must forsake sentimentality and find somebody who can save Yale crews "from jests and insults."

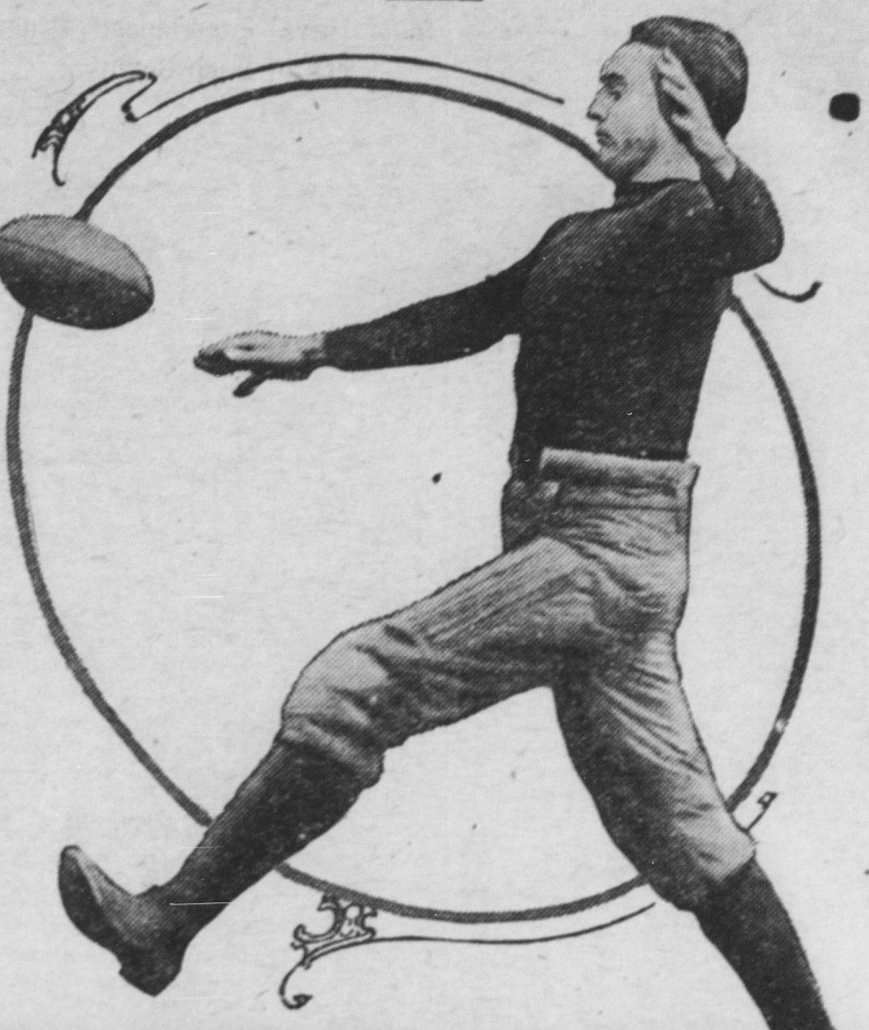
The undergraduate body is agreed, the News says, that "the difficult English stroke, as taught by youthful amateur coaches, has failed," and the undergraduates are not alone in this belief. The English stroke was brought here by Averill Harriman, son of the late E. H. Harriman.

"The rowing authorities," continues the News, "realize how imperative is a competent coach, who can teach a stroke which does not require a life of galley slaving."

Lordan Wins Marathon. Joseph M. Lordan of Somerville, Mass., won the twenty-five-mile marathon run against a field of forty-one starters from Boston to Brockton. His time was two hours, thirty-six minutes and thirty seconds. Tom Lilley finished second.

Johnson Signs '14 Contract. Walter Johnson, who won thirty-six games for the Washington club, and was a big factor in placing his team second in the race, has signed a contract for next season with a salary unofficially announced as \$12,000.

ONE OF PENNSYLVANIA'S BRIGHT STARS.



Right Tackle Dutton of Pennsylvania.

Right Tackle Dutton, who is one of the dependable supporters of the football team representing the University of Pennsylvania. He was kept in re-

serve when his team swamped Gettysburg College in the initial game of the season by piling up 53 against Gettysburg's 0.

Michigan Team Will Not Join Conference

By a vote of 15 to 10, the University of Michigan football team has registered itself as opposed to a return to the western intercollegiate conference under present conditions. The vote was taken by the Michigan Daily, the student publication of the university, in its campaign for sentiment favorable to Michigan's immediate re-entry in the conference. The vote was a surprise to the pro-conference men on the campus, the 1912 eleven almost unanimously having expressed itself in favor of return.

The baseball and track teams voted 14 to 10 in favor of return. Two of the men were non-committal.

PLACE NUMBERS ON PLAYERS

System for Football Contestants Becoming Quite Popular in Detroit—Key Chart Explains.

Why not number the players on all football eleven?

This question has been a source of much agitation all over the country for the past few years, but Detroit fans have not had a chance to judge for themselves the merits of such a system until this year, says the Detroit Free Press.

It remained for the Herald's, city independent champions, to put the plan into actual use, and it has proven a popular one with the fans who attend the contests at the Mack Park gridiron in which the city champions are factors.

Manager Essex really was the man behind the innovation, for it was he who induced the Herald manager to try out the plan of which he always has been an advocate, and it is receiving such favorable comment that it no doubt will be used by all the city eleven another year.

The Herald's are wearing maroon jerseys with large white circles on the backs, in the center of which is the player's number in red. A key chart is posted in a conspicuous place, and the spectators can pick out the individuals most prominent in the various plays by getting his number and identifying him by means of the chart.

This same system is used in the east by the Carlisle Indians, and is a splendid means for "finding" the players.

Connie Mack's School. Connie Mack has rented a house near his home in Philadelphia as a domicile for young ball players in his school. They are not under contract to the Athletics, but are prospective future greats. It is the Mack way. Eddie Collins was compelled to dream on the bench for several seasons before Mack was ready to spring one of his choice sensations on the baseball public.

Davis to Coach Amherst. George Davis, the veteran shortstop, will again coach the Amherst college baseball team for the coming college season. He will take charge in December and work his men out in the cage during the winter months.

Muriel Dodd, Champion. Miss Muriel Dodd, lady champion of England, won the women's golf championship of Canada by defeating Miss Florence Harvet of Hamilton, Ont. The score was 7 up and 6 to play.

CORNELL HAS MANY ATHLETES

Several Promising Men Among Freshmen in Line for Various Sports—Authorities Are Elated.

With all of the freshmen athletes in line for the various sports the Cornell authorities are elated by the showing, and the prediction is made that the entering class of 1913 will furnish more good athletes of note than any freshman class in many years. These men will be a tower of strength to the varsity next year.

In the list of promising newcomers to Cornell are: Football men, Hurd, captain and fullback of last year's Phillips-Exeter team; Mueller, half-back and captain of Cascadilla school team; Whitney, halfback on the Hill school team; Carter, center, and Franzheim, end on the Lawrenceville team; Conroy, quarterback on the Albany high school team. Track men, Alva R. Richards, who won the Olympic games high jump with a jump of 6 feet 2 inches last year; Wendnagle, picked by James E. Sullivan as all-American miler, with a record of 4 minutes 29 seconds; Hurd, champion pole vaulter; Leister, a sprinter and 22-foot broad jumper from Perkiomen seminary; Danneher, a fast middle distance man from Penn Charter school. Besides these men the best lot of catchers and pitchers for the baseball team in many years has reported for fall practice.

TORBETT OF MICHIGAN.



One of Fielding Yost's Most Dependable Players.

Steady Job for Janvrin. Harold Janvrin, the Boston infielder, will in all probability fill the position of second baseman for the Red Sox next season.

MADE AN EXPENSIVE DRINK

Ball Player Should Have Appreciated Refreshment, for It Certainly Cost Him Enough.

The most expensive drink imbibed by a member of a major league team during the 1913 playing season cost exactly \$600.05. The player who drank the costly beverage is one of the best men in the business, but he has long shown a tendency to topple from the water wagon at times when his serv-