

Saying Farewell to the Pet



There is a dawning in the sky
Which doth a world of fate imply,
And on each casual passing face
A look expectant you may trace.
The signs the veteran turkey sees
And with a deep and mournful sigh
He calls his numerous family nigh
And murmurs, pointing to the trees,
"Roost high, my little ones, roost high."
—Eugene Field.

OLD AS THE RACE STORY OF THE DAY

Setting Aside a Period for Thanksgiving Is a Custom of Remote Antiquity.

THE idea is prevalent in the United States that our Thanksgiving is peculiarly an American custom of New England origin. This is true in part only. The general observance through many years of a set day on which to give thanks to Almighty God for his blessings has made the custom distinctively American; but its origin long antedates the settlement of the western continent, and we must look elsewhere for it. The idea of Thanksgiving day goes back to remotest antiquity. It is a part of natural religion, and is probably as old as the human race. In written records, we have ample evidence that the festival was celebrated in connection with "the fruits of the earth" by the ancient Egyptians, the Jews, the Greeks and the Romans. Long before Luther's revolt from Rome in the sixteenth century it had been observed by the Christians; and after the Reformation, Thanksgiving days were in frequent use by the Protestants, especially those of England.

The festival appears early in Jewish history, and, as it was connected with the land and its possessions, may have had a Canaanitish prototype. Its celebration was annual, and each festival continued through seven days. At the beginning "two vessels of silver were carried in a ceremonious manner to the temple, one full of water, the other of wine, which were poured at the foot of the altar of burnt offerings, always on the seventh day of the festival." Plutarch describes this ceremonial, which he believed was a feast of Bacchus. He says: "The Jews celebrate two feasts of Bacchus. In the midst of the vintage they spread tables, spread with all manner of fruits, and live in tabernacles made especially of palms and ivy together. . . . A few days later they kept another festival which was openly dedicated to Bacchus, for they carried boughs of palms in their hands, with which they went into the temple, the Levites going before with instruments of music."

Analogous to the Jewish festival and possibly borrowed from it was that of the old Greeks, the Thesmophoria. This was a feast to Demeter, the goddess of the harvest. It lasted nine days and consisted of sacrifices of the products of the soil with oblations of "wine, milk and honey." Theocritus refers to it in the "Seventh Idyll," where Simichidas says: "Now, this is our way to the Thaisia; for our friends, in sooth, are making a feast to Demeter of the beautiful robe, offering the first fruits of their abundance, since for them in bounteous manner, the goddess has plied the threshing floor with barley."

The Circle of Our Love.

The strange sweet life we have and own,
So wondrous is from friends we've known;
And those we care for and those above,
Complete the circle of our love:
And when we think of these, and pray,
We keep, in sooth, Thanksgiving Day!
—William Bruaton.

Thanksgiving Fable.

A turkey one day observed a peacock in the farm yard and immediately began to find fault with it.

"You vain, conceited bird," said the turkey, "you are proud of your looks, and yet you are of no value in the economy of nature. Why do you strut around and regard all others with disdain?"

"You make a mistake," replied the peacock. "I am not now admiring myself, though I should be excused for doing so. Next Thursday is Thanksgiving, and I was merely indulging in a cakewalk because I am not a big, fat turkey like you."

Moral: Beauty is only skin deep, but edibility extends to the bone.

Not Copied From the Jews.

Undoubtedly our present Thanksgiving day has its prototype in the Plymouth Thanksgiving festival of 1621. It has been asserted repeatedly that the Plymouth festival was suggested to the Pilgrims by the Jewish "Feast of Ingathering." That is not probable, as the differences between them are more striking than the likenesses. They were of the same duration, each lasting a week; and in common with all other harvest festivals they had the same intent. But in the Jewish festival sacrifice and worship were the prevailing characteristics, while in that of the Pilgrims they were entirely wanting.

A Thanksgiving Poem

THANKFUL, each morn, for the bright light of day;
Thankful for interest in work and in play;
Thankful for those who e'er greet me with love;
Thankful for white clouds and blue skies above;
Thankful for raiment and thankful for food;
Thankful for bird-songs, and flow'rs in the wood;
Thankful for showers to refresh the earth;
Thankful for sweet sounds of gleeful child mirth;
Thankful for e'en Sorrow's softening touch;
Thankful for little and thankful for much;
Thankful for snowfalls, so peaceful and white;
Thankful for moonlight and dark, restful night;

Thankful for laughter and thankful for tears;
Thankful for each of the lengthening years;
Thankful for all Thou hast given to me—
Heart that can feel deep, and eyes that can see

Margaret G. Hays

Thanksgiving Observances Have Been General Only a Comparatively Short Time.

THE day which is now called Thanksgiving day," and which is a formal observance by proclamation of presidents of the United States, usually followed by proclamations of governors of nearly all of the states, has had its poetry, its rhyme which is not poetry, and prosaic literature which is better than either poetry or the rhyme. It was in its origin really a religious observance, the first proclamations being promulgated by provincial governors of very religious New England, Bradford having in history the credit of the first proclamation.

Observance was in the beginning desultory, that is, not simultaneous; and it was not general and synthetic, really, until 1864, when the first presidential proclamation was issued by Lincoln for a day of thanksgiving because of the apparent approaching end of the Civil war. Naturally that day was not observed by the seceded states, but now it has come to be recognized in nearly all of the states, though in many of them it is not a statutory holiday. It is not, and never was, a national holiday by legislative enactment.

Just when the turkey flew in as one of the almost imperative accompaniments of the Thanksgiving table is not worth mentioning, as it is an incident so vague. That fowl, with mince or pumpkin pie as a part of the desert of the time-honored dinner of the day, has for long years come to be so well recognized that it has been urged as the only logical bird for blazing on the national escutcheon, the eagle having become mighty "skase," and having been much missed both in this and other countries.

In 1859, the morning of June 5, frost killed all that was killable throughout the entire North. In October of the previous year, as will be well remembered by elderly people who were children then, the Donati comet suddenly blazed across the heavens, and for months was one of the most beautiful of spectacles, but, to the superstitious, fear and direful. When the nucleus was low in the northwest in the early evening the "tail" dominated all other celestial phenomena, flowing far past the zenith. The presage of a great Civil war to come was in the air and to those who were in the least superstitious the comet was a sign of calamity near at hand. The freeze of the following June clinched the premonition, and in the fall of the year of the frost there was a quite general observance of fasting and prayer.

It was this sort of recognition of the omnipotence of Deity, solemn and profound and utterly sincere, which in the earlier days of the nation gave foundation to the origin of the days of thanksgiving for the good things of human existence, and, when they were not as good as they might have been, that they were no worse than they were.

Then the whole custom of setting apart a day for giving thanks to the Almighty grew gradually into that present beautiful intermingling of religious services, reunion of families and friends, feasting and general rejoicing, even if the times were portentous of adversity for some of the peoples of this and other parts of the world.

It is peculiarly an American "institution," and our fat and frivolous fowl of paradise is its fetish. It is in all its forms and colors, wild or domestic, essentially an American bird, our Thanksgiving dinner bird, yesterday and today and forever, beloved by all ages and races, and for at least that one day putting the Roman nose of the eagle out of joint.

Slow to Find Favor in South.

In the South Thanksgiving day was practically unknown till about 1855, when Governor John of Virginia urged the observance of the day in a letter to the legislature; but the idea met with hot opposition, on the ground that it was a "New England superstition," and the small favor it found was completely wiped out by the Civil war.

Pessimist Always With Us.

"Well," said the cheerless person, "Thanksgiving is all right, but I believe I prefer an old-fashioned Fourth of July." "Why?" "It's cheaper to celebrate. A pack of firecrackers costs a lot less than a turkey."

ALLIES TO FORCE GREECE'S HAND

Commercial Blockade of Hellenic Kingdom Declared.

KITCHENER MADE IT PLAIN

Kitchener Firm With Constantine. Tells King What Entente Will Do Unless Demands Are Conceded.

London.—The Entente Allies have demanded that Greece either join with them and fulfill her treaty obligations to Serbia or demobilize, and to impress King Constantine that they mean what they say the Allies have declared a commercial blockade of the Hellenic Empire, according to dispatches from Athens.

An Athens dispatch to the Times says it is confirmed that the Entente Powers have imposed restrictions on Greek trade. The Allied fleets, it is added, have already begun searching all steamers flying the Greek flag in the Aegean and the Mediterranean.

It is certain that Lord Kitchener, the British war secretary, who had an hour's audience with the King of Greece and afterward saw Premier Skouloudis, took a firm stand and told them what the Allies could and would do unless the demands were conceded.

The entente Allies will not permit any delays, as the position of the Serbian armies makes any prolongation of the present uncertainty impossible. Already the Serbians are making what may be their last stand before Monastir and also on the plains of Kosovo.

At Macedonian Gates.

The Bulgarians, it is true, are being held up by unfavorable weather conditions, but they must be almost at the gates of the Macedonian capital by this time; while the Austro-Germans and Bulgarians are slowly but surely pressing back the northern army.

The Germans announce the capture of Novipazar, and are therefore on the direct road to Mitrovitza, which has been the Serbian capital since Nish fell into the hands of the Bulgarians.

Other armies are pressing in from the north, the northwest, the northeast and the east, and even the Montenegrins, who held their positions for so long, are being forced back.

Of the French and British troops in the south, no news has been received. Apparently they are only holding their positions and can no longer hope to be of assistance to the Serbians, except by keeping a large number of Bulgarians engaged. According to German reports an effort will be made by the French and British to save the Serbians by sending troops through Montenegro and Albania, but, with poor roads, it will take a long time for them to reach the battlefield.

Fighting For Gorizia.

There is no change on the other battle fronts. The Italians are still fighting for Gorizia, and the Russians are gaining ground which they lost along the Svir River last week. Czartorysk, a little village unknown before the war and which became famous for the bitter fighting that has occurred around it, is again in the possession of the Russians, who evidently let the Germans enter simply to shell them out the next day.

The German attack which met with initial success was doomed to final failure, as the country around is a great marsh, and in the opinion of the staff, the offensive was taken for political, not military, purposes, with the object of impressing the Rumanians.

ACQUITTED OF KILLING FATHER.

Virginia Girl Shot To Save Younger Sister.

Lynchburg, Va.—A jury in the Circuit Court at Irvington, Nelson county, has acquitted Miss Laura Kidd, who was tried on the charge of murdering her father, Lucian Kidd. Her father had been confined in the county prison for two months ago near plea was self-defense. The killing occurred while the father was brutally whipping a younger child. The elder daughter remonstrated, and during the melee she secured a shotgun and shot her father several times.

40,000 CHILDREN GREET BELL.

Pay Homage With Sunrise Prayer To Revolutionary Relic.

St. Louis.—With a sunrise prayer 40,000 school children paid homage to the Liberty Bell here at 6:30 o'clock Sunday morning. Exclusive of the children, between 100,000 and 125,000 residents of St. Louis and surrounding towns passed before the bell during its seven and a half hours' visit to this city.

TO ENLARGE DONORA PLANT.

U. S. Steel Corporation Plans Extension To Cost \$750,000.

Pittsburgh.—Extensions costing \$750,000 are to be made to the Donora plant of the United States Steel Corporation, according to an announcement made here. Work is to start immediately on the extensions, which will consist of three additional open hearth furnaces and a 1,000-ton mixing furnace.

KEYSTONE STATE IN SHORT ORDER

Latest News Happenings Gathered From Here and There.

TOLD IN SHORT PARAGRAPHS

L. H. Focht, the contractor, surprised the members of the Birdsboro Methodist Church, at a business meeting by offering a contribution of \$15,000, providing members would contribute \$10,000 in order to wipe out the debt on the \$53,000 church building. The offer was accepted and the members subscribed \$8,558 before leaving the church. Mr. Focht built the church five years ago, charging nothing except the wholesale price for the material.

Coke operators throughout the Connelville region are working their plants six days a week and firing additional ovens when labor can be secured. Production during last week amounted to 427,000 tons, and shipments to 430,000. The merchant plants generally are clean of stock. There is not enough men in the region to operate the ovens already fired, and, as many insist on extra holidays every week, the labor situation is becoming acute.

Rats are costing the people of Pennsylvania over \$5,000,000 a year, over half of which is lost by farmers and fruit growers, according to State Zoologist H. A. Surface, who has launched a campaign of education to get rid of the pests with the approval of Secretary of Agriculture Charles E. Patton. Dr. Surface says there are fifteen ways of getting rid of the rodents and reports the "city folks" as much interested as the farmers.

State agricultural officials, who have been making inquiries into the methods followed by Pennsylvania farmers, report a big increase in the use of ensilage for cattle. Reports made to the Bureau of Statistics show that 19,500 barns now are equipped with silos. Many have been built in the last ten years.

Dr. H. August Wilson, professor of orthopedic surgery at Jefferson Medical College, Philadelphia, in the presence of eighty of Schuylkill county's leading physicians "repaired" the limbs of twenty children by the Lorenz method at the State Hospital at Fountain Springs.

The Waynesboro Motor Club has appointed a committee to circulate petitions asking the State Highway Department to purchase the Waynesboro, Greencastle and Merceburg Turnpike. The pike extends from Emmittsburg, Md., to Merceburg, Pa.

Nearly 2,000 suits have been filed against J. V. Thompson by his creditors. These suits aggregate over \$5,000,000. Fayette court officials have been compelled to work overtime placing the suits on the records.

The State Water Supply Commission announced its approval of the application of the Philadelphia & Reading Railway for permission to build a bridge near Miller Station, Schuylkill county.

Members of the new State Prison Labor Board are engaged in making a study of methods in other States and it is expected that a conference with Governor Brumbaugh will be held to discuss installation of machinery.

Walley Cominsky, 18 years old, a sprager at the Cameron Colliery, was burned probably fatally when he threw a match into a can of powder to see it explode. He was taken to the Shamokin Hospital.

Due to the big demand for coal by the Reading Company, which is storing big quantities, the Tunnel Ridge mine idle for four months has resumed giving employment to 800 men and boys.

Aaron Lehman, Cashtown, Cumberland county, apparently has established a new strawberry record, picking a quart of fine, well-grown fruit from his patch during the past week.

Eluding Wallace W. Barr, warden of Northumberland county jail, Leo Bone, Shamokin, a "long timer," escaped through the front door. He was a "trusty."

Jacob Zehner, Justice of the peace of West Penn, was convicted of fraudulently retaining money belonging to Willoughby Shellenhammer, a farmer, for whom Zehner sold property.

Joseph, five-year-old son of William Dover, of Turkey Run, fell under the wheels of the Anthracite Furnishing Company's automobile truck while hanging on the rear, and was crushed so badly that death followed two hours later.

County Commissioners will make a vigorous objection to the plans of citizens and property owners of the extreme lower end of Cheltenham Township to cut themselves off from Montgomery county and become a part of Philadelphia.

Gratitude



I AM thankful that I have the power to feel the glorious sunshine or the gray rain. My heart fills with joy that I can see the leaves and the sky and hear the music of the brook. Grateful am I that I can appreciate the height of the mountain or steeply and the depth of the shadows, and I am glad that I can be uncomfortable in the intense heat or cold, for that means a joyous sense of relief when it comes.

WHICH one of us is not glad of the power to judge? From the many recurrent cases we can induce a rule, a law, a generality. And from this we can make applications to specific instances. Is it not wonderful, and are you not glad?

FOR my power to decide for myself I am thankful. My freedom of will is a precious jewel that I pray I may duly treasure. No one can say what I shall think, for that is my heritage. My thoughts concerning life, death and the hereafter, are mine, and I am glad.

THEN there is this country in which I live. I am grateful that it is here, with water around it, and other lands on the east and west. The lure of the distant country will prevent us from a narrow insularity. I am glad that we can govern ourselves in matters that affect ourselves. I am filled with joy that men are born free and equal and can keep on living that way.

FOR the position of woman in this country may I ever be thankful. She is not the draft animal of the fields in some countries beyond. She is not the chattel of the middle ages. She is not the spineless creature that was a well-trained echo of another. A woman is the equal of man now, except at the polls. For small favors I am deeply grateful.

A NUMBER of institutions of learning are letting us in at the front doors. If I wish to study sociology or medicine or the languages, I am not beaten into a pulp by scornful deans. If I wish to write a book, I need not be ashamed and hide it under a sampler if I hear anyone coming. Thanks awfully!

GLAD am I that I can earn money to clothe, feed and shelter myself. Father and mother should not support an adult woman until another man offers to take up the burden. I am not a hanger-on in the political economy march, and I give thanks.

OF A power of self-expression let me never be forgetful. Let me be glad that I can sing when I feel like it, cry when I am inclined to, walk when I want to get away, play when I forget how old I am and write or draw or

carve when the great impulse toward beauty stirs in my soul.

I AM thankful that at some times I can be extremely miserable. Psychologists tell us that that implies a power to be intensely happy. Think it over.

ESPECIALLY glad am I for the year 1911. It is so much better than 1911. I am glad that I am living now. The heritage of the past is here. The greatness of science and art is too good to miss.

AND oh, how thankful I am that I can laugh! How much does a sense of humor ease the way! The happy phrase, the clever story, the quick parry and thrust—all are necessary to balance the heavy parts in the life play.

I AM grateful for the bumps that I have had in this life. The retort courteous, the cut direct, the infamous lie, the cruel knock—all have done something. The world is a great teacher.

FOR my friends, let my heart be always grateful. One can't help relatives; a mere accident placed a great aunt in the same family, but friends are chosen. I am glad that I have dear, congenial souls on my visiting list.

MEMORY, my constant companion makes me grateful. Whether it be a little verse of sunshine, a book, a play or some past joy or sorrow, I must give thanks for the gift of remembering. It doubles life.

AND I am glad that today I am not fearful of the Great Beyond.

BARBARA LEE.

To the Harvest Lord.

Heep high the board with pious cheer and gather to the feast,
And toast the sturdy Pilgrim band whose courage never ceased;
Give praise to that All-Gracious One by whom their steps were led,
And thanks unto the Harvest Lord who sends our daily bread.
—Alice Williams Brotherton.

Fortunate Americans.

When the American citizen looks abroad he feels inclined to give thanks for the possession of a system of government which, despite partisan differences, commands universal respect and confidence. The exceptionally high standard of intelligence which here prevails is a guaranty against sudden movements in opposition to the established order. The vast majority of the American people are capable of analyzing conditions. They keep in close touch with the affairs of the world and with the circumstances of their own land. They are growing steadily in political acumen and are becoming more and more efficiently independent in their determinations. With every peaceful political revolution they strengthen the national foundations by providing outlets for sentiments and dissatisfactions.

Mistake Too Many Make.

If, on this Thanksgiving season, you feel a great melancholy, a lack, a sense of loss or of life's injustices, take this to heart: The cure for every loss and lack is in your own power. The great mistake of the whole world is the belief that some supernatural happiness comes with the money to buy and to do certain things. A year is a short time, but set out if you please, today, with the definite intention of finding by next November the secret of happiness.