

It begins to look as if "Syndicate" Miller would have made a great hit in the life insurance business, reflects the New York Herald.

It is said that a woman never hits anything when she throws a rock, but she smashes the target when she throws a hint, says the Dallas News.

After viewing the tomb of Washington at Mount Vernon, M. Witte planted a young ash as a "tree of peace." A novel way of saying "Peace to his ashes," remarks the Kansas City Journal.

In all American States except Alabama, Georgia, Kentucky, Louisiana, South Carolina, Vermont, Virginia and West Virginia the date of inauguration of Governors is in January. Only one State in the country, West Virginia, adheres to March as the month of inauguration.

We get an idea of the polygot character of the people of Austria-Hungary from the testimony of an American tourist who did that country by automobile last summer, remarks the Boston Herald. He found the signboards in German, Magyar, Italian, Slavonian and Turkish, and preference was given to none.

One giant battleship of to-day such as made junk of a large part of the Russian fleet in the Battle of the Sea of Japan could destroy both the fleets engaged in the most picturesque and in many respects most memorable naval battle of history—that of Trafalgar—and come out of the contest without even the paint knocked from its armored sides. A vessel that can pour in a deadly fire at a distance of from three to five miles was probably not even dreamed of or desired by Nelson. He liked to close with the enemy and do real fighting, hand to hand, if necessary.

Two large manufacturers of proprietary medicines have sued one of the large Eastern magazines for libel, on account of the publication of articles reflecting on the preparations manufactured, none of which are advertised in the magazine sued. In one case a proprietary medicine manufacturer was charged with having forged a "testimonial" as to the merit of his remedy. In his suit he claims to have the original of the letter in question. The suit will probably develop the fact that all the "patent" medicine testimonials are genuine and that most of them are uncollected.

Agent George W. Parker, of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, takes distinct issue with President Roosevelt on the question of race suicide in his annual report. In commenting on the large number of children found among families little able to support and care for them, he declares that he meets with many cases in the course of his work where race suicide would be a decided advantage. He believes something should be done to protect society from the dangerous increase in families where there is no prospect of ever being able to properly train and care for the progeny.

A jury in Seattle has decided that a dog has a right to bite a man in self-defense, relates the Portland (Ore.) Telegram. This is an interesting verdict. It appears that a dog bit a piece out of a man's leg, and the victim sued the owner of the dog for \$10,000. The defense was that the dog would never have bitten the man if he had not been provoked to do so, and that as he was provoked to do so the dog was standing quite within his rights in biting the man. The defense was upheld, and dog and owner alike ought to be happy. Many other cases of a similar nature have been brought before, but this case is said to be the first time that the jury has taken this point of view.

The game of football is marred by such unmanly practices as intentional trampling on hands and feet, thumping the centre rush under the chin with a vigorous knee, prodding opponents with elbows, and other unfair tricks, all intended to disable some good player and get him off the field and get some inferior man substituted for him. College men know that these things are done, continues the New York Sun, and instead of crushing them under the irresistible weight of condemnatory public opinion, they pass them by with a smile as long as they work for the benefit of "our" team and help "us" to beat the other fellows. It is orthodox as long as it is our doxy. If President Roosevelt can induce college men to view this sort of thing as other people view it, he will be the most potent of all agents in putting an end to what is the real brutality in football.



MAN'S gratitude was the cause of the custom of setting apart one day of the year as a day of thanksgiving and praise to the Giver of every good and perfect gift. The history of every nation of which records are preserved contains references to days of thanksgiving from the Hebrew Feast of Tabernacles, of which mention is made in the Bible, through the Greek festival of Demeter, of the harvest, the Roman feast of Cerialia, goddess of plenty, to the Saxon Harvest-Home and our own Thanksgiving, now universally observed as a national holiday.

The history of Thanksgiving in America begins prior to the landing of the Pilgrim Fathers at Plymouth Rock in 1620. The first service of this character ever held in this country was celebrated on the bleak Newfoundland coast in 1578 by an English clergyman named Wolfall, who was connected with the Frobisher exploring party. Frobisher brought the first colony to settle on those shores; and to the Rev. Mr. Wolfall, otherwise unknown to fame, belongs the credit of the first evangelical sermon and the first celebration of the communion in North America. It was a service of grateful prayer and praise for their safe arrival, and escape from the dangers of the deep.

Of similar character was the next recorded Thanksgiving service, twenty-nine years later, when the Popham colony arrived at Sagadahoc, on the coast of Maine, in August of 1607, and on the nineteenth of that month laid claim to the territory, unfurled the English flag and observed the day as one of praise and thanksgiving. This was three months after the landing of the colonists at Jamestown, in Virginia. The Popham colony not only held the first thanksgiving service on territory now comprised within the United States, but also held the first popular election and chose the first officers to govern an American community.

Thirteen years later came the Pilgrims, anchoring in Massachusetts Bay on Saturday, December 9 (O. S.). They deferred landing until Monday, despite their long sojourn on the sea, and we may well believe that their last Sabbath service on shipboard was eloquent with gratitude and praises to "Him who hath the steering of our course."

During the cold and cruel winter that followed almost one-half of the little band were laid at rest on the bluff that had frowned upon the Mayflower, their graves being leveled that the Indians might not become aware of their diminishing number. Hopefully the remnant toiled through the summer, gathering a fair harvest. The old chronicler tells of indifferent barley and a failure in peas, offset to some extent by twenty acres of good corn. But meat of deer and wild fowl was abundant, the pestilence was stayed and they were comfortably housed for the winter. Therefore, on the twenty-fourth of October Governor Bradford proclaimed a thanksgiving feast. Carrying their muskets they marched in staid procession to the little meeting house, the Governor leading the way, with Elder Brewster reverently bearing the Bible on his right, and plain, matter-of-fact Miles Standish, the military chief of the colony, at his left—Law, supported by the church and the army. It was worthy of mention in the old annals that the elder's sermon was unusually short, not quite two hours! What would a nineteenth century congregation say to a discourse two hours long?

And then came the feast, at which were displayed the fine napery and household treasures brought from Old England—those precious relics whose possession in these days is the patent of American birth and nobility. It was an *al fresco* dinner, in the mild Indian summer; and at this time and place the American turkey, since sacred to the day, made his first appearance as the piece de resistance of a Thanksgiving dinner.

And after the solemn service in the little church and the decorous feast, served with Puritan sedateness, the people returned to their homes, and the early darkness settled down upon the little settlement, from which was to grow so grand a nation. Suddenly the peaceful night was broken by the beating of a drum, mingled with an Indian shout, and every man grabbed his trusty musket and rushed out, while the souls of the women and children quaked with fear. A hundred savages poured down upon them—Massachusetts' braves, but on pacific errand. They came to share the white man's feast and brought deer and other game as their contribution. So the fires were lit again, and the good wives baked and boiled for their unexpected guests, who entertained them by performing their dances amid wild yells and menacing gestures. It was thought prudent to show the fierce intruders that the infant colony was not without defense, so Captain Standish ordered out his soldiers, drilled them, and finally ended with a volley from their muskets into the treetops and the discharge of the great cannon on the hill and the smaller one at the Governor's door. The Indians were properly impressed and begged the great Captain not to make it thunder again. Thus the first Thanksgiving of the Pilgrim Fathers was a strange blending of godly psalms and savage dances, the rattle of firearms and Indian war-

whoops, with prayers and benedictions—typical, perchance, of the vicissitudes to be encountered in their New World home.

In November the ship Fortune arrived bringing thirty-five colonists, and much-needed supplies of clothing and ammunition, with news of the dear ones at home. Another Thanksgiving day was appointed, December 23.

In 1632 the little town of Boston was threatened with famine. Their crops had failed, and the ship which was expected to bring supplies from England had not arrived. The colonists feared the pitiless ocean had swallowed the vessel and her precious freight. They were reduced to one scanty meal a day, and children cried on the streets for bread. Governor Winthrop called the men together, and after much deliberation a hunting expedition, though full of peril and toil, was determined upon. It was February; the snow was deep; the Indians, though not openly hostile, were not averse to reducing the number of the white invaders, and



As Yellow as Gold
By Mary E. Knowlton

Here's a pumpkin, fluted, golden,
Written o'er with customs olden,
Out of bygone days,
Cinderella's ancient glory,
Sung in song and told in story,
Suits its yellow blaze.

Christmas rooms are gay with holly,
Christmas sees the merry jolly
Of the mistletoe,
Easter lilies, pure and stately
In the springtime bloom sedately,
When soft breezes blow.

Autumn dressed the woods in splendor,
But their colors, rich and tender,
All have passed away.
Now the pumpkin, ripe and mellow,
Keeps a hint of Autumn's yellow
For Thanksgiving Day.

Tables at the first Thanksgiving,
When colonial dames were living,
Shewed its golden cheer.
Still it smiles a friendly greeting
At the happy family meeting
On the feast-day dear.

they could ill spare any of their number. They decided to observe a day of fasting and prayer on the morrow, then venture into the pathless forest in search of game. But in the morning, when they went out, there lay upon the cold blue waters of the bay the white wings of the long-expected ship. The starving people rushed down to the beach, tears in every eye, hope and gratitude in every heart. Their fasting was once again turned into feasting, their supplications into thanksgivings; and with one accord they assembled at the church. It is recorded that the minister read the one hundred and third Psalm—"Bless the Lord, oh, my soul, and forget not all His benefits!" voicing the thanks of a grateful people who found the ways of Providence, so mysterious to our blind eyes, "a very present help in time of trouble." For again and again, as we read these old chronicles, we are forced to acknowledge the frequent intervention of a Supreme Being who seemed to hold the little community in the hollow of His hand, interposing His grace and mercy between them and their ever present perils, as if they were indeed His chosen few. Again and again they were in direct extremity, in danger of utter extermination by famine or massacre, when help came unexpectedly through what seems more than chance happenings even to sepiets, and which the recipients gratefully acknowledged as heaven-sent relief.

In Colonial times it still remained the custom to observe special days of thanksgiving. Under our present government, a day of thanksgiving was appointed by President Washington at the request of Congress, the occasion being the adoption of the Constitution of the United States. At the close of the War of 1812, President Madison, also at the request of Congress, an-

nounced a day of thanksgiving for the return of peace.

Since the war it has become an established custom that the last Thursday in November shall be observed as a general Thanksgiving Day throughout the federation of States.—Marblehead Messenger.

Thanksgiving.
Twelve months are sped—we look behind
And call God's goodness fresh to mind,
His care was felt through storm and shine;
With grateful hearts we seek His shrine,
And humbly kneeling there we say
Our orisons Thanksgiving day:
"For desolation's track untrod,
Our thanks are Thine, Almighty God.

"For seasons fruitful, gifts of love
For joy renewed, for grace above
Our poor desert, thanks unto Thee,
Through sorrow, death and misery—
Whate'er our lot—or good or ill—
Thou'st been our source of comfort still.
Though we have known the chastening rod,
Thy mercies have been sure, O God.

"In days to come, help us to be
Concerned about Thy ministry.
Since 'wrong is wrong and right is right'
Thy strength we need, we need Thy might.
Help us to walk by heaven's light—
Help us to live as in Thy sight.
O Lord! secure in Thee we rest,
Use us as seemeth to Thee best."
—Thomas E. Smiley, in Indianapolis News.

Cranberry Jelly.
Add one cup of water to one cup of cranberries and cook until the fruit is quite soft; strain through a jelly bag, add one pound of granulated sugar,

AN UP-TO-DATE THANKSGIVING MENU

- Oyster (Blue Points) cocktail.
- Thin brown bread.
- Salted almonds.
- Olives.
- Rouillon with whipped cream.
- Bread sticks.
- Radishes.
- Roast turkey, chestnut stuffing, giblet gravy.
- Cranberry frappe.
- Mashed potatoes, glazed sweet potatoes.
- Hubbard squash.
- Fringed celery.
- Preserved ginger sorbet.
- Baked quail, hominy, cauliflower.
- Lettuce salad.
- Cheese straws.
- Pumpkin pie, mince pie, apple pie.
- Preserved ginger, cheese, raisins.
- Nesselrode pudding.
- Nuts.
- Coffee.
- Fruits.

Thanksgiving Day Entertainment.
Thanksgiving Day brings with it worries for the housewife as to how to make the dinner a success. Friends from out of town are invited, and everything should pass off satisfactorily. It is none too soon to be planning table decorations, especially if the clever brains and fingers do not want a wild rush at the last minute.

From the very best linen down to the place cards and centre decorations, all must be inspected and provided. To the woman who has deft fingers with the paint brush, all sorts of possibilities loom forth for original work, while the shops are replete with novelties. Place cards can be had in the shape of miniature pigs. Others are turkeys and geese. Some of these are hand-painted and are very effective.

To cause some amusement it is an excellent idea to take the initial of each person's name, and with these as initial letters write a phrase descriptive of the person who is to occupy that place. Thus if a man's initials are E. M., and his hobby is well known to his hostess, he might find a card on which is written "Everlasting Music." A girl's initials may be, for instance, A. L. F., and amid much laughter, she might be forced to accept a phrase marked, "Arrant Little Firt," and so on all around the table until each person finds, or is assisted in finding, his or her place.

A good way of initial treatment is to write verses, each line to begin with one initial of the victim's name.

A pretty idea is for each guest to write a Thanksgiving sentiment, or a cause for thankfulness, on a slip of paper. These are collected in a bowl and drawn forth and read one at a time, while everyone tries to discover the author.

As a centerpiece for the table, a large basket of chrysanthemums is effective. Yellow and red are the colors for the decorations.

An Old-Time Thanksgiving.
Patience Deliverance Hopeful Ann,
A gray little prim little Puritan,
Who lived in the years that are far away,
Sat down to her dinner Thanksgiving day.

Turkey and goose, and a pumpkin pie,
A little roast pig with a chestnut eye,
Pudding and apples, and good brown bread,
"I feel very hungry," Deliverance said.

Patience Deliverance Hopeful Ann—
Little ones ate, when she once began,
Turkey and goose and the chestnut pig,
And slices of pie that were much too big.

"Hill, grandmamma says, she was just like me,
They put her to bed with thoroughwort tea,"
Patience Deliverance Hopeful Ann,
That gray little prim little Puritan.
—Carolyn Bailey, in Good Housekeeping.

Thanksgiving and the Children.
Encourage the children to help in the Thanksgiving preparations; the little ones love to be busy, and will work cheerfully if they are only shown how. Let them at least pare the apples and stone the raisins, and they will feel a proprietorship in the feast. Midday dinners are best when the children participate, and leave plenty of time afterwards for the games, which even the Pilgrim Fathers did not disdain.

If stories are to be told in the twilight, plenty of the most interesting material can be found in the "Chronicles of the Pilgrims," by Alexander Young. All children like Mrs. Henshaw's poems, "Landing of the Pilgrim Fathers." The stern endurance of the Plymouth colony is a fascinating subject.

The day should close with merry-making and fun, but the deeper lessons that it brings must not be forgotten. Gratitude is not a characteristic of childhood, which accepts what is done for it as a right, but even the very little ones can be told in simple language the meaning of the day, and that true thankfulness should prompt us to share our blessings with others. The blessedness of giving is in itself a wonderful education.

Grace For Thanksgiving.
For all Thy care and loving kindness, Lord,
Accept our thanks who gather round this board.

We see Thy goodness in each perfect thing:
The sky, the sea, the bird on happy wing,
And every blade that makes the velvet sward.

With hearts and lips in worshipful accord
Do we recount the blessings on us poured,
And lift our voices hymns of praise to sing,
For all Thy care.

Help us to help the needy and ignored;
Teach us mere riches no true peace afford,
And grant to each that he may often bring
Some consciousness to Thee of laboring
To prove, O Guardian! a worthy ward,
For all Thy care.
—Edward W. Barnard, in The Criterion.

The Dream.
"A four-legged turkey as big as a calf
Was roasting right here on my bed,
And just as I woke the critter had said,
'He'd come there to bite off my head.'"

There's a moral, of course—there always
is one—
And this is a good one, I'm thinking:
Either don't go to bed after eating too
much,
Or be careful in eating and drinking.
—A. H. H.

A Winning Text.

When the Duke of Ormond, whose family name was Butler, was going to take possession as Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, he was driven by a storm onto the Isle of Man, where a Rev. Mr. Joseph a poor curate, entertained him as hospitably as his means permitted. On his departure the duke promised to provide for him as soon as he became vicarary. The curate waited many months in vain, and at last went over to Dublin to remind his grace of his promise. Despairing of gaining access to the duke, he obtained permission to preach at the Cathedral. The Lord Lieutenant and his court were at the church, but none of them remembered their humble host till he pronounced his text, which it must be acknowledged, was well chosen. "Yet did not the chief butler remember Joseph, but forgot him." The preacher was at once invited to the castle and a good living provided for him.

(From the Chicago Journal, Nov. 6, 1905.)

When Commissioner Garfield went to the Chicago packers and asked permission to inspect their books, the condition was made that no information he might obtain therefrom would be used in court proceedings against them.

Mr. Garfield gave his pledge; it is stated, and the packers allowed him to study their business in all its details from the inside.

Now, it is announced, the results of his study have been turned over to the Government department of justice to be employed in legal prosecution of the packers.

Commissioner Garfield would not have ventured to give the pledge that was demanded by the packers without instructions from Washington. He pledged, not his own word, but the Government's. It is not his good faith, but the Government's, that is in question now.

The Journal has no concern for the packers, except as they are citizens of Chicago. If it can be proved that they are guilty of engaging in a conspiracy in restraint of trade, they ought to be punished.

But their guilt, if they are guilty, must be fairly proved. They must be given a square deal.

Since the Government has elevated its vision to such a height as to overlook the nest of defiant criminal trusts almost within the shadow of the capitol dome, in order to fasten itself a thousand miles away upon Chicago, the Government and the President cannot be too careful to avoid suspicion that they are in one conspiracy to prosecute Western offenders than offenders in the East.

Some of the methods already employed in this case have not been particularly distinguished for decency. When the Government seizes a man's house and takes his private papers, when it drags the wives of packing house employes into court and puts them under heavy bonds, it is hardly dignified, not to say honorable, nor even respectable.

Ancient City Unearthed.
What is supposed to be the ancient city of Ptolemy has been discovered in southern Rhodesia. Ruins of a city of considerable extent in which the houses were of stone have been unearthed in the Umali district. There are ancient forts and altars near the city and all bear the impression of extreme age. Evidently the forgotten city was built by some race other than the one now dwelling near the ruins. The stones of houses, walls, and altars are laid without cement and resemble "cyclopean" structures found in Central America. The archaeologists are now arguing as to whether this was indeed the city spoken of by Ptolemy or one still more ancient, built by a lost race which once inhabited this portion of Africa and arrived at a considerable degree of civilization.—New York Press.

Big Profits in Seaweed.
In the event of the British Chemical Co., of Glasgow, obtaining the rights to the seaweed containing from the Hebrides a sufficient quantity of tanglash and kelp from which to manufacture iodine, which is the principal product extracted from kelp, they do not intend to continue getting an additional supply from Norway or Ireland. Encouraged by the success which has attended their efforts to revive the kelp industry in the North and South Uist, Benbecula and Barra during the last three years, the company have decided to extend their operations to Lewis and Harris. Nearly £3,000 has been distributed to the Island of Tiree alone this season, and considerably more than that sum has been paid to kelpmakers in the other islands mentioned. The amount of exertion involved in kelp-gathering and tang-le-burning is very small, and an average family can earn a pound a day at the work.—London Mail.

Historic Tree Near Baltimore.
A gigantic chestnut tree with a girth about 25 feet, and under whose branches in 1777 Washington and Lafayette held a council of war and ate their meals while camping on the place when the American army was marching from Baltimore to Philadelphia, is one of the many objects of interest shown to visitors on the McCormick farm, near Baltimore.

This is not a tradition, but a well-authenticated fact, as is abundantly attested by the archives of the McCormick family.—Baltimore American.

Lip Grafted.
Dr. C. S. Durand, of Chattanooga, has just completed a surgical operation, which caused considerable comment in that city. The operation was performed on Charles Skillern. The dreaded malady cancer, had destroyed the whole lower lip. Dr. Durand took the case under his treatment, and successfully grafted a new lip from the inner side of Mr. Skillern's cheeks. Mr. Skillern is now out on the streets after a confinement of a few weeks, and the results of the operation are scarcely noticeable.

The Balden Produce Company of Winfield, Kan., is feeding 14,000 chickens for the market.