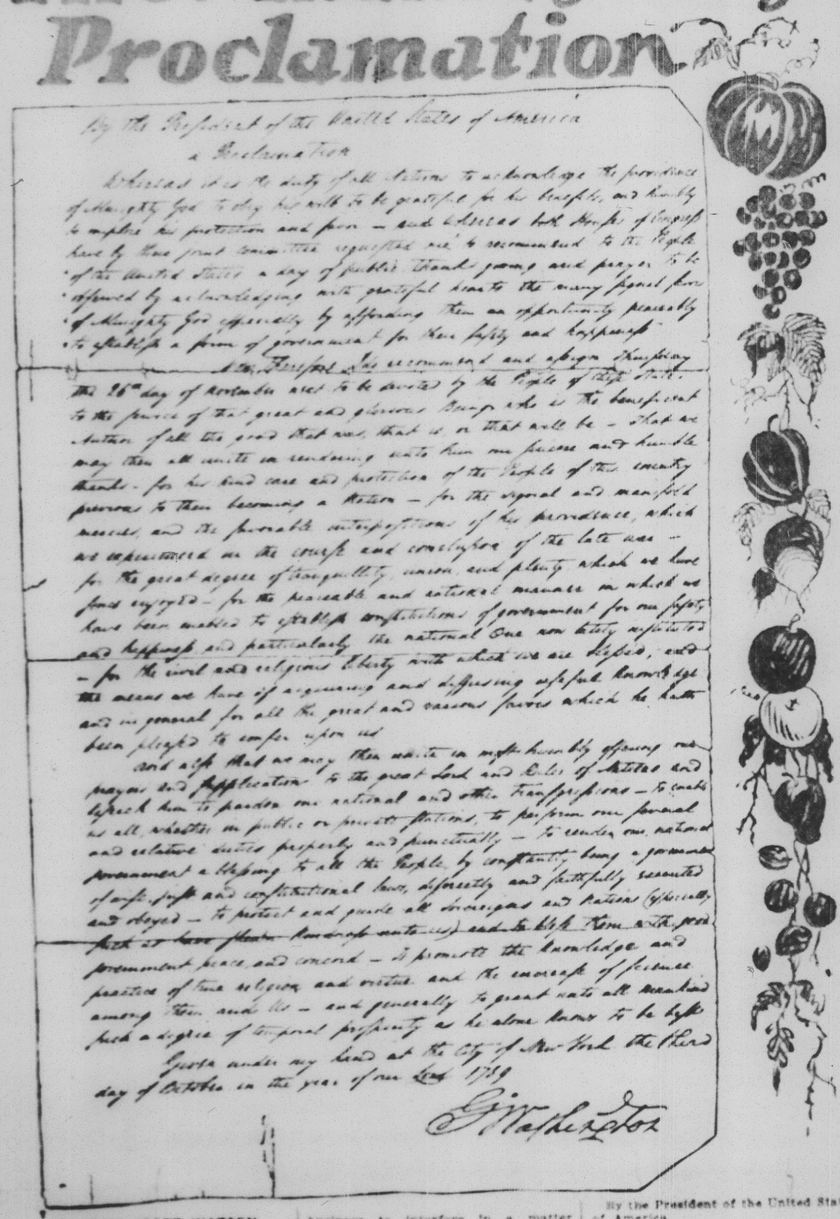
First Thanksgiving Proclamation



By the President of the United States of America
a Proclamation

Whereas it is the duty of all nations to acknowledge the providence of Almighty God, to obey His will, to be grateful for His benefits, and humbly to implore His protection and favor — and whereas both Houses of Congress have by their joint committee requested me to recommend to the People of the United States a day of public thanksgiving and prayer, to be observed by acknowledging with grateful hearts the many signal favors of Almighty God, especially by affording them an opportunity peacably to establish a form of government for their safety and happiness.

And also that we may then unite in most humbly offering our prayers and supplications to the great Lord and Ruler of Nations and beseech Him to pardon our national and other transgressions — to enable us all, whether in public or private stations, to perform our several and relative duties properly and punctually — to render our national government a blessing to all the People, by constantly being a government of wise, just and constitutional laws, discreetly and faithfully executed and obeyed — to protect and guide all Sovereigns and Nations (especially such as have shown kindness unto us) and to bless them with good government, peace, and concord — to promote the knowledge and practice of true religion and virtue, and the increase of science among them and us — and generally to grant unto all mankind such temporal prosperity as He alone knows to be best.

Given under my hand at the City of New York the third day of October in the year of our Lord 1789.

G. Washington

By ELMO SCOTT WATSON

THE issuance of the annual Thanksgiving proclamation by President Coolidge recalls the interesting fact that the first proclamation of any sort that came from the hands of an American President was a Thanksgiving proclamation. It was issued by George Washington, the first President of the United States, on October 3, 1789, in New York city, then the capital of the nation. Quite aside from its importance in the realm of "historical firsts," this document has had a romantic history. Soon after it was issued it disappeared and for more than 130 years its whereabouts were known.

Jersey Man Started It

The story of how this proclamation came to be issued is also an interesting one. On Friday, September 25, 1789, Elias Boudinot of New Jersey took the floor of the house of representatives, and declared that the session of congress should not end without offering an opportunity to all citizens of the country to join in a mighty thanksgiving service, principally because the adoption of the Constitution guaranteed their future "life, liberty and pursuit of happiness." He thereupon presented the following joint resolution:

Resolved, that a joint committee of both Houses be directed to wait upon the President of the United States, to request that he would recommend to the people of the United States a day of public Thanksgiving and prayer to be observed by acknowledging, with grateful hearts, the many signal favors of Almighty God, especially by affording them an opportunity peaceably to establish a Constitution of government for their safety and happiness.

Strange as it may seem, this resolution precipitated a bitter debate. Aedanus Burke, a Democrat from South Carolina, declared that he did not like this mimicking of "European customs where they made a mere mockery of Thanksgiving," since two nations at war frequently sang "Te Deum" for the same event, even though to one it was a victory and to the other a defeat. Thomas Tudor Tucker, a Federalist of South Carolina, declared that the house had no business to interfere in a matter which did not concern them. Why, he asked, should the President direct the people to do what perhaps they had no mind to do, since they might not be inclined to give thanks for a Constitution until they had experienced that it promoted their safety and happiness.

After some further argument, the resolution was finally adopted by the house and sent to the senate the next day. The upper body acted upon it immediately as follows:

Resolved, that the Senate do concur in the above recited resolution and that Messrs. (William S.) Johnson (of Connecticut) and (Ralph) Izard (of South Carolina) be the committee on the part of the Senate.

Accordingly, Senators Johnson and Izard, acting with the committee appointed from the house, composed of Boudinot, Sherman and Peter Sylvester of New York, notified President Washington of the wishes of congress and on October 3 he issued the proclamation. Both the New York Daily Advertiser and the New York Daily Gazette gave it prominent display in their issues of October 8, and so far as is known the day designated (Thursday, November 26) was generally observed as a day of thanksgiving.

Proclamation Disappears

How this proclamation disappeared from the archives of the nation is still a mystery, but disappear it did—and no one seemed to have noticed its absence until 1921, when it was advertised with numerous other manuscripts by the American Art Galleries in New York and was purchased there by J. C. Fitzpatrick, assistant chief of the division of manuscripts of the Library of Congress. The handwriting of the document itself is that of William Jackson, Washington's secretary, but the signature at the end is Washington's. It is curious to note that the great seal of the United States does not appear on it nor is the proclamation countersigned by the secretary of state, as has been the case with all later Presidential proclamations, including those for Thanksgiving. The text of this historic document follows.

By the President of the United States of America.

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Now therefore, I do recommend and assign Thursday, the 24th day of November next, to be devoted by the people of this state to the service of that great and glorious Being who is the beneficent Author of all the good that was, that is, or that will be. That we may then all unite in rendering unto Him our sincere and humble thanks—for His kind care and protection of the People of this country previous to their becoming a Nation—for the signal and manifold mercies, and the favorable interpositions of His Providence, which we experienced in the course and conclusion of the late war—for the great degree of tranquillity, union, and plenty which we have since enjoyed—for the peaceable and rational manner in which we have been enabled to establish constitutions of government for our safety and happiness, and particularly the national one now lately instituted—for the civil and religious liberty with which we are blessed, and the means we have of acquiring and diffusing useful knowledge; and in general for all the great and various favors which He hath been pleased to confer upon us.

And that we may then unite in most humbly offering our prayers and supplications to the great Lord and Ruler of Nations and beseech Him to pardon our national and other transgressions—to enable us all, whether in public or private stations, to perform our several and relative duties properly and punctually—to render our national government a blessing to all the People, by constantly being a government of wise, just and constitutional laws, discreetly and faithfully executed and obeyed—to protect and guide all Sovereigns and Nations (especially such as have shown kindness unto us) and to bless them with good government, peace, and concord—to promote the knowledge and practice of true religion and virtue, and the increase of science among them and us—and generally to grant unto all mankind such temporal prosperity as He alone knows to be best.

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Rats

Scientists say that a world-wide war between the black and brown rats is raging. These two camps have been fighting for centuries, always a struggle between individuals and about every ten years a war to death between the masses. A generation ago, scientists say, the brown rat had almost exterminated the black, but in recent years humans' fight on the whole tribe had disturbed the balance and now the foes are almost equal. Man "thumbs down" on this fight. More power to jaws and claws of both and no truce until the end!—New York Sun.

Old Legal Document

Lancaster county courthouse, Virginia, claims the distinction of holding the earliest record as well as the will of the grandfather of George Washington. The date of the will of Eptaphrodius Lawson of Rappahannock is dated March 31, 1662. The one-story, one-room courthouse claims to have housed records without a break since August 6, 1662.

Speedy English Justice

A record for speedy justice is claimed by the police for Northampton, England. Mrs. Mary Bland applied at the police court for a warrant against her husband for assault. The latter was arrested, tried and sentenced to 14 days' hard labor exactly 15 minutes after the application for the warrant was made.

JULIA'S VERY BUSY HOLIDAY

(© by D. J. Walsh.)

JULIA SHAW sat in the bay window enjoying the sunshine that poured in over the pots of geranium and begonia on the low sill. She was having a half-holiday at home and it seemed unreal and delightful to be sitting quiet with a book instead of standing behind the counter in the store where she worked six days of every seven.

The sunshine turned her brown hair to gold and warmed into color the pale ovals of her young cheeks. Frequently she glanced from the printed page to the street where the snow was thinning under the first thaws. From the adjoining house an old woman came forth wearing a cape and hat, with a market basket in her hand. Julia started.

"Mrs. Wilcox has forgotten to take off her kitchen apron," she thought.

Springing up, she pulled a sash down from the top and called over it.

"Mrs. Wilcox! Haven't you forgotten something?"

The old woman glanced up, glanced down and comprehended. Her withered cheek flushed.

"Land sakes! My apron—I'm ever so much obliged, child." She snatched off the apron, tucked it into her basket and continued on her way.

Julia closed the window and resumed her seat. A moment later the tap of a cane on the bare sidewalk made her look up again. It was old Mr. Pell on his way to the corner grocery. He paused, shook his head and appeared to be in troubled thought. Seeing the girl in the familiar window, he smiled.

Again Julia lowered the window.

"Anything I can do, Mr. Pell?" she asked brightly.

"Yes, Julia. You can tell me what I'm going after. It's out of my head quick as this. And I hate to go clean back home. Something Nancy wants, she's—baking—"

Julia named half a dozen articles. No, it was none of those. She began again and he interrupted her with a little shout of triumph. "That's it—molasses!" And went cheerfully on his way.

There was the sound of an opening door and a woman leading a child by the hand entered. She was Mrs. Gage, the young matron who lived in the pretty bungalow three doors farther down the street.

"All alone, Julia? Where's your mother?" she began.

"Gone to the sewing club," Julia answered.

"I wonder if she'd look after Edward a little while. I want to go over to Alice Bates' a moment. Edward's always so restless when he goes there—I'll hurry back just as soon as I can," promised Mrs. Gage.

Julia tried to smile. She knew very well what she was in for if she accepted Edward as a charge. Edward was a handful. Besides his mother, relieved of his presence, would spend the remainder of the afternoon playing cards with her bosom friend. Yet much as she hated to destroy the peace of her much-needed half-holiday, she could not say no to a neighbor.

"I've brought his choo-choo along. I guess he'll play contented with that," Mrs. Gage said as she skipped blithely away.

Julia eyed the choo-choo doubtfully. She knew how Edward used it at home. And she was not disappointed in her surprise that he would do the same away from home when he mounted the wheeled toy and rode it full tilt into a door. White paint flew. In dismay Julia run to intercept him, but he careened round the table at full speed.

To woo him away from the destructive choo-choo was now Julia's design. But she failed. She offered an apple, a cooky, but Edward continued his course. When she attempted to take him from the thing he shrieked. She was reduced to despair, for Mr. Winn was in his room overhead, and at that hour he was studying hard and must not be disturbed.

Mr. Winn was Mrs. Shaw's last roomer. The others had gone with the closing of the factory. Mr. Winn had stayed on unaccountably. He seemed to be studying something. And the money he paid for his room was very welcome in that house where Julia's salary was the sole mainstay.

A light tap sounded and Julia opened the living room door. Mr. Winn stood there. He was slender, good looking, with serious dark eyes.

"Is—are you having any trouble of any kind?" he asked.

"I'm so sorry," breathed Julia. "I know he's making an awful racket, but—I can't stop him. You see, he's mad at me now, and—and I'm afraid I can't do a thing with him."

Mr. Winn stepped into the room. He stood looking down upon the howling Edward.

"Hello!" he said quietly. "What's all this about?"

At the sound of his voice Edward shut his mouth and opened his eyes. Here was a remarkable male. Besides his ear caught the note of authority in the deep voice.

"This steed of yours," said Mr. Winn, "hasn't any business to knock the paint off Mrs. Shaw's doors, you know, or batter her furniture. In other words he will be made to behave. Otherwise he will be shut out on the porch where it's cold."

Edward looked up at Mr. Winn. He understood.

"Dicky'll be good," he said cheerfully. He turned Dicky into a convenient stall, parked him, alighted and came to Mr. Winn. "I want to sit on your lap," he said.

Mr. Winn sat down and took Edward on his knee. Edward begged for stories; Mr. Winn told them.

"I don't see how you do it," Julia murmured.

He smiled at her. "You were the only child, weren't you? Well, I was one of eight and the oldest. I had to help bring up the last four." He went on to tell her about his home life, how his father died and he had to "take hold," till the younger children had a start. Now, for a year now, they had all been doing fine, and he had come here and taken an easy job to enable him to finish the course he was studying.

"I'm all ready for my civil service exam now," he said proudly.

He was interrupted by the entrance of old Mrs. Wilcox. She had come to bring Julia a quarter section of chocolate layer cake.

"If it hadn't been for you I'd have worn that checked gingham apron down the street. I'd never hear the last of it," she said.

A few moments later Mr. Pell knocked at the back door. He had a plate of Lucy's molasses cookies.

"I told her how I'd have clean forgot what I was sent for if you hadn't told me," he said cheerfully.

Julia felt that Mr. Winn must share in these gifts. She had an idea that a bit of good food would be acceptable to him. So she made a pot of tea, added some of her mother's bread and invited him to partake. The three of them made merry together, for Edward, with Mr. Winn as his monitor, behaved like an angel.

Mrs. Shaw came home before the tea party was over.

"It's been the nicest afternoon, mother," Julia told her mother when they were alone. "I like Mr. Winn very much."

"He seems a fine young man," Mrs. Shaw replied. "We shall miss him when he goes away."

"He isn't going away," Julia said with a slight blush. "You see, his mother has married again and his younger brothers and sisters are all doing for themselves. So there is really no reason for his going home except for an occasional visit. Of course, after he passes his examinations his work will be here, so—"

Mrs. Shaw drew a long breath. She had seen for some time that Mr. Winn was interested in her daughter, but, being a wise mother, she would let Julia's love affair come to its happy conclusion without her interference.

Lure of South Seas Prevails in Hawaii

Sharp contrasts meet in Hawaii. Twentieth century flying machines stand out against the background of primitive customs, of which the lei is perhaps the most picturesque.

"Aloha!" is the smiling greeting of the Hawaiian as he garlands the visitor with fragrant leis of frangipanni, plumeria and sweet-smelling maile vine. "Aloha oe" ("My love to you") is the last poignant refrain played by the Royal Hawaiian band as the ship sails away. The last memories of Hawaii are the perfume-drenched flower leis with which the returning visitor is decked. Fragrant flower leis are hung round his neck and round his hat. They drape his arms. The lei holds within its perfumed blossoms the essence of Aloha—the love-gift of the islands and all the lure of the South seas.

Not only the visitor, but nearly every one in the islands as well wears leis made of flowers, of feathers, of the scarlet seeds of the wili-wili tree or the polished black kukui nuts. Hats are decked with leis of sweet white ginger blossoms or have flat hatbands of yellow, scarlet or gray iridescent feathers.

Along the streets in Honolulu, on the docks, in the market, rows of native flower-women sit on the ground, baskets before them heaped with fragrant leis. Their broad-brimmed native hats are garlanded with blossoms and there are flower wreaths about their necks.

Wreaths of scarlet seeds and berries, of polished black kukui nuts or glistening brown pandanus, of rare white shells from the outlying islands or the tree-shells found on high mountain trails adorn the dresses of the girls who take the rainbow trail up green Manoa valley or stroll under the tall trees.—New York Times.

Rare Bible Editions

Some of the rarest Bibles in existence are among the collection on display at Baker university, Baldwin, Kan. The remarkable collection was left the institution by the late Bishop William A. Quayle of the Methodist Episcopal church, graduate and one-time president of the university. More than 225 rare editions, ranging in size from a very minute copy to the Synagog Roll or Tora, which is made from the skins of 37 animals and is 100 feet in length, are in the group. The oldest Bible in the collection is a Latin manuscript of 1225.

'Andy Andy

He entered the office, hat in hand.

"I've come in answer to your advertisement for a 'andy man," he informed the manager.

The latter looked him over. "Well, what are your qualifications?" he asked at length.

"Just that I'm very 'andy, sir," replied the man. "I lives next door to 'ere."

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Meek Answer That Left Him Reflecting

John and Mary, loving domestic couple, had been having a slight argument as to the tentative purchase of a new hat on the part of Mary.

Things were just a trifle unpleasant, and the atmosphere was chilly. John began to have that guilty feeling and wished to change the subject. He took up the evening paper and read attentively for a few minutes. Then he thought to branch out in conversation.

"Well, I see by the paper that they are going to have a husband-calling contest up in Chicago." No reply.

"Well, now, I never heard of a husband-calling contest. I have heard of hog-calling contests. What's the difference?"

"I don't know as there is any," came the meek reply from the wife.

Turns Face Into Sound

In demonstrating his newly perfected phonovisor at the Model Engineers' exhibition at the Royal Horticultural hall, Westminster, London, Mr. J. C. Baird, the television expert, said the operation turned the face of anyone who was in front of his little machine into a sound.

Every face and object had its own sound, which could be recorded on the phonograph. By playing these sounds with the televisor they could be turned back into the original image.

By putting the image sounds onto a gramophone record as well as the sound of the person's voice they could see and hear the person at the same time.

Aquatic Monster

In 1922 there swam into Cristobal harbor, Panama, a whale so colossal that it had to be overcome by machine gun fire. When killed and towed to the dock, all efforts to raise it proved unavailing though powerful 70-ton cranes were used, and a railway engine hauled at steel cables.

Can't Be Done

Mae—Why don't you take your vacation with your husband?

June—Impossible. What could we tell each other about if we did?

The majority of our mistakes would never be noticed if we did not call attention to them.

Animals to Run Machines

That animals may be taught to run machines is the belief of R. J. Rousseau, a French student of animal habits, as a result of experiments conducted by Claude Bussard, a young inventor associated with the Pasteur institute in Paris. Bussard invented a machine that automatically teaches animals to move doors, make electrical contacts and perform other humanlike tricks. If animals can thus train themselves mechanically, asks Rousseau, why may they not be able to operate the machines of men?

California should start a movement for more raisins in rice pudding. Are there ever enough?

Butter Color Depends on YOU

Don't blame the feed or the condition of your stock if market men grade you low and customers complain on account of the color of your butter. You can keep your butter always that golden June color which brings top prices by using Dandelion Butter Color. It's purely vegetable and meets all State and National Pure Food Laws—used by all large creameries for years. It's harmless, tasteless and doesn't color buttermilk. Large bottles, 35c at all drug and grocery stores.

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