

English Keen Observers.

Our English cousins are becoming great observers of trifles. Therefore, one is not surprised to find in a London paper this comment on certain national characteristics: "Detection of foreigners is easiest at table. On Sunday this writer happened to be lunching at the Cafe Royal, where you may see more strangers to the square inch than in any London restaurant. While waiting for our food we speculated on the differences. And when a man or a woman held on to the fork we decided that this was English. For an American cuts the food and then eats it from the fork in the right hand. Those left-hand fork people, on aural investigation, were English. Over against us is a man whose hand and fingers are all conversational. They dart from face to the infinite, returning with a touch on the nose. In a second he jumps up to accede to the demands of a lady—his companion—who has forgotten the third button from the top of her blouse. His knife goes into the salt and his hands seek the gilded roof in surprise, protest, and the Britisher sits with knife and fork at the insular pose and knows that the man whose five fingers are in the air and whose knife is on the floor is a Latin. The pivot of the German's table manners is the table knife. He cherishes it, uses it, retains it, as the implement not only of feeding, but of argument. If you see a man waving a knife in the air in a discussion and hanging on to it when the waiter comes to change the plates, he is German."

A popular magazine devoted to household and domestic interests contains a symposium from disgruntled husbands in which those unhappy persons free their minds as to women in general and wives in particular. One man is especially bitter because of the lack of the intellectual seriousness of wives. They are ready to pursue any reigning fad, he declares, "but they rarely know anything thoroughly, even their own nominal calling, housewifery. This is the reason, he thinks, why all the lasting and profitable friendships he has known between men and women have been with other women than wives. If all this is true it looks like a reflection upon matrimony in general and men in particular than upon women. Men are free to choose their wives, and if they gravitate naturally to the light-minded ladies, whose fault is it? Or if association with their husbands causes women originally serious to become trivial, why, then, whose fault is it?"

The grave consequences of reckless tree felling are so widely and deplorably felt that the subject is likely to become a matter of international consultation and deliberation. The terrible devastating fires on the North American continent this year are recognized as a matter of deep concern elsewhere. A congress of the powers to devise means of combined action to prevent further denudation and to provide for the reforestation of waste lands might, suggests the Philadelphia Record, lead the way to most beneficial co-operative effort. To conserve the wood supply of the world, to regain to the higher land levels their natural and suitable water supply, and to restore arid and waste lands to conditions of use and fertility are aims to which the statesmanship of the nation may be most wisely directed.

It is being made plainer every day that the remedy for reckless running of automobiles must come largely from within. It is impossible for the police and constabulary to cover the entire ground. The automobilists should make their influence felt by frowning upon daring drivers and insisting upon the severest punishment of those who are constantly taking murderous risks.

In declining to entertain a neighborhood complaint against a crying baby, the Brookline health authorities show a proper appreciation of their responsibilities. It is their obvious duty to promote the birth rate as well as to reduce the death rate. Give the infants a chance to vociferate and multiply.

Turkey imported 6,000,000 pounds of soap last year. Young Turkey's apparent determination to wash the grime of centuries from its face will commend itself to the considerate judgment of mankind.

A leading authority has said that in 50 years disease germs could be eradicated if the world would get together. This is a subject even more germane to civilization than the abolition of warfare.

A monkey, newly arrived in the New York "zoo" from Java, is said to show almost human intelligence. New York might easily send to Java many specimens of more than "almost" apish characteristics.

The German lieutenant who proposed to a Chicago girl by cable was only carrying out, says the New York World, the army theory that campaigns should be conducted at a distance from the firing line.

Thanksgiving Day Here and in Foreign Climes

By Mrs. Edward Dunroy-Reed



The Authoress

WE elevate our chins, expand our chests and don our "came over on the Mayflower" expression when some one mentions the origin of Thanksgiving. Unhesitatingly we lay claim to the honor of having the "only original" Thanksgiving day on the globe. Then along comes a long-haired historian with his array of facts and our pride receives a shock.

There is hardly a country in the world which does not give thanks for one reason or another. Some have better reasons than others, but they all claim to have sufficient excuse for being grateful to set aside one day each year.

Thanksgiving day was held long before the timber for the Mayflower or the Anne was planted. It had its origin in antiquity when the Romans and Greeks held a fast day in October which they dedicated to the goddess of agriculture and followed the day of fasting by one of feasting and royal frolicking, a day on which the chase and all sorts of rustic sports held sway.

Going even further back into the remote ages of—not our country, alas—but of the world, we find the early Egyptians setting aside a day for general thanksgiving and burning of incense and offering sacrifices to their divinity of the crops, the Goddess Isis.

For seven or eight days the Jewish "Feast of Tabernacles" was, centuries ago, held during the seventh month, which is November, and after the completion of Solomon's temple the people that year held a 14-day festival which was a time of thanksgiving, and during which time they gave thanks for the abundance of their land. Living in booths they decorated their entire homes with branches of the palm and of citron trees and then showed that it was for the yield of the season as well as for the completion of the temple that they were giving thanks.

Coming forward a century or two we find Thanksgiving day being held in England under the name of "Harvest Home." This day was usually early in November and it opened by a church service, which was followed by a day of gayety and feasting. Thanks were given in the churches for the benefits of the season and then the "masses" flocked to the grounds of the "classes," to which they were all invited. Here squire and gentry entertained the peasantry with free and easy dances in the barns, wrestling matches and feats of archery, for which prizes were given.

In the evening harvest songs were sung by the light of the moon, over the beer and ale, which flowed freely. A dinner, such as only the early English knew how to prepare, was served to these great crowds of thanksgivers, and the Harvest Home day ended in repelition both of appetite and merrymaking.

Before the Reformation a special day was set apart in England for giving thanks, and after the reformation the custom was continued with added fervor, but after all, it is not from our English ancestors, as we might suppose, that we received the inspiration for our first Thanksgiving day.

Neither did the idea originate with the Pilgrims themselves. They merely continued a custom with which they had become familiar and of which their natures approved, when they were living with their Dutch cousins.

To digress just a little: It has been claimed by some investigators who stopped just a little short of the beginning in tracing backward that the first real Thanksgiving day of true American meaning was held by the Popham colonists of Monhegan, but as they were Episcopalians and gave thanks every week in their regular church ritual this must be blackballed and cast out of our calculation.

And now to return to the Pilgrims and the customs they absorbed while protected in Holland. The pious Dutch, before the Pilgrims flocked to their peacelike land, had set apart October 3 on which to give thanks for their harvest, but more especially for their deliverance from Spanish authority. The

day opened in this water-locked land with a great ringing of bells and over every shining doorill there stepped into the crisp morning air the household's full number. Each Hans or Gretchen, clasping a silverbound prayer book, walked sedately to the various places of worship and there, lifting up their sweet Holland voices, sang, perhaps, in speech, but full and round in harmony, sent up musical praise for the freedom of their land and the good things of the earth.

Church over, the entire population for the nonce broke through their usual stolidness and there was a general scampering of young feet in game or dance and a clattering of older tongues in friendly gossip as neighbor visited neighbor or a father welcomed his large flock of grandchildren.

The great event of this Dutch Thanksgiving day was dinner, at which was served as central dish a queer stew of meat and vegetables which they called Spanish hodge-podge. For once in their practical lives the Hollanders became facetious, and over this hodge-podge they made merry and cracked jokes at their old-time enemy—Spain. The general "hash-like" appearance of the hodge-podge was supposed to represent the condition of the Spanish army when the Dutch had vanquished it. Even the children entered into the fun and kept their history fresh by gleefully slashing into a potato or a turnip and chuckling as they swallowed the morsels. "This is General So-and-So—ah! Me eat him—so!"

Well, the Puritans heartily approved of the early religious services of the morning and their healthy appetites could not fail to appreciate the Spanish hodge-podge, however much they may have disapproved of the sentiment which flavored it, so they entered most heartily into the Dutch Thanksgiving of October 3. In 1623 these Pilgrims held October 3 as a day of Thanksgiving in the New World, and here we have our first true American Thanksgiving day.

This day has passed through many vicissitudes since that date. There is not a festival on the almanac, fixed or movable, which has had the struggle for existence that our November holiday has endured.

From 1623 until 1630 Thanksgiving day was held in America in various months, some of the Pilgrims keeping to October 3 and other colonists holding a different day by order of the governor.

In 1630 the people of Massachusetts were suffering for food and clothing and Gov. Winthrop hired the good ship Lyon to return to England for supplies. For many days the vessel lay stranded off the Isle of Shoals, but finally put out. Winter came on apace, and nothing was heard of the ship. The colonists were nearly disheartened when, on February 22, 1631, the Lyon was sighted, and the governor ordered that the day be given over to feasting and thanksgiving. This is the first written record of a Thanksgiving day in Boston; it can still be found in the Colonial Records of Massachusetts. It is an interesting fact that this first Boston Thanksgiving was held on what is now one of our most patriotic holidays, Washington's birthday.

The first record of a joint celebration of Thanksgiving day is given in the Colonial Records of 1632, when Gov. Winthrop of Massachusetts bay, asked the governor of Plymouth colony to join him in is-

uing a proclamation of a public Thanksgiving day. The invitation was accepted, and in November, 1632, Plymouth colony and Massachusetts Bay colony celebrated Thanksgiving day together in a manner pretty much the same as their descendants of to-day, in religious service and feasting and funmaking. The one noticeable omission was the great football game which marks the day in our generation.

From 1632 until 1677 the New England records show that 22 different dates were set apart by the various governors as days for public thanksgiving, and that with the exception of the two colonies mentioned no two held the day on the same date. The celebrations, however, were held in October or November.

In 1677, as other denominations had crept into Plymouth colony, over which the Puritan church had no ruling, the governor decided that it would be well to have the power of fixing public holidays, "whether for feasting, praying or funmaking," vested in civic authority. Accordingly in that year the first printed Thanksgiving day proclamation was printed. Thanksgiving day proclamation was printed, setting November 25 as the festival.

The law reads: "That it be in the power of the governor and assistants to command solemn dates of humiliation by fasting, etc., and also, thanksgiving as occasion shall be offered."

This shows that the law called for only "occasional" Thanksgiving days and so the holiday was buffeted about hither and yon, from October to November, according to the pleasure of the rulers of the colonies and there never was any feeling of certainty as to the holiday.

That it was held annually without break in Plymouth and Massachusetts Bay colony from its inception until 1689, with the exception of the year when King Philip's war interrupted, there are records to show. In this colony the church and government alternated in arranging the date of celebration.

GEORGIE ON THANKSGIVING

Thanksgivin' day comes once a year because the Pilgrim band Was thankful that they had the sense to leave their native land And come across the sea to find a stern and rock-bound shore Where they would never haft to bow to bosses enny more. Where thieves would not break in and steal and trusts would never try To gobble everything and let the little dealer die. We celebrate Thanksgivin' day because the Pilgrims came In search of freedom where they knew that they would find the same, Where men would be as brothers, where the strong would aid the weak, Where libburty would raise her flag on every crag and peak, Where billionaires would never dare to cheat for profits' sake Or break the laws that other men were not allowed to break.

We celebrate because the hopes hoped by that Pilgrim band Have all come true, because there's not an evil in our land, Because we have no wealthy rogues to plan and plot and scheme To make the libburty we claim a vain and empty dream, Because our magnates go to church and teach in Sunday schools, And everywhere from sea to sea the Christian spirit rules.

We keep Thanksgivin' day because the man who does his best To be an honest citizen is honored by the rest; He may not have a share of stock or own a foot of land, But all our wealthy senators are glad to shake his hand And hear his plea and guard his rights with all the jellus care They ever give the interests of any millionaire. We keep the good old day because no idle rich ignore The pressing needs of those where Want is scratching at the door, Because we have such freedom as the Pilgrims wished to claim, Because we never are oppressed and never spotted with shame, Because we've frightened Greed away and raised our standard high And kept the faith for which our sires were not afraid to die.

VISITS WITH UNCLE BY

The Harbingers.



NIGHT.

The seed pods rattle in the breeze Above the brittle grasses; O'er every hill, in every dale, The touch of Autumn passes. The frost spreads low its hoary chill Upon the zephyrs sleeping And starts the vagrant, wailing breeze Across the valleys swooping.

MORNING.

The dead leaves drift along the road And nestle in the ditch; The blackbird, high upon a limb, His lusty flock-song pitches, Athwart the melting maple tree The morning sunlight shimmers, While through the interstices deep The flaming sumac simmers.

NOON.

The frosted dahlia strives to lift Her blackened head in gladness; The aster drops his tumbled plume In most dejected sadness. The grapevine, twining on the fence, Has lost its umbered juice— The wine of life's life has ebbed Adown its fibrous sluices!

SUNSET.

The sun, blood red, along the wood Casts shadows ever deeper; The chill of evening rides the breeze That waxes ever stronger. Now sinks the disc behind the West And leaves the day a-waning, When winds howl fiercely through the wood In strident tones complaining!

L'ENVOI.

But what care we? Within our homes Beside the embers glowing, We drain the cup of thankfulness From Plenty's horn o'erflowing. Blow, Autumn's chill and Winter's cold, Thy melancholy droning; We drink to Happiness and Love And sing to Joy's intoning!

For when the heart is tuned to sing, Who cares for Winter's chill and sting? Side Lights.



What we need in this country is an ashless winter and a lawn-mowerless summer.

The man who spends his money and doesn't wish it back, has had his money's worth.

A Mr. Thunderer married a Miss Cloud in Indian Territory. Looks like stormy weather ahead.

The time for campaign bets is here. Get your peanuts early—and get nice round ones that will roll easily.

"When the world comes to an end," says a Colorado editor, "there won't be any more coal bills." Which way are you going, brother?

When the troubles of a man and wife get as far as the quilting bee, they might as well call in the divorce lawyer and be done with it.

"Be kind to vermin and insects," says an exchange. "They are your friends." Sure, they're your friends. They'll stick to you even when you're broke.

A man doesn't always want to take too much for granted. The woman he loves may wear the flowers he sent, instead of the ones sent by her rival, simply because they match her gown.

"Can anybody count a half dozen marriages between American girls and the nobility (meaning, of course, the foreign nobility), that have been happy?" asks an Illinois newspaper. Of course not, and judging by the number of divorce cases, it would keep a fellow pretty busy to count that many right here at home. Ouch! I didn't see her coming or I would have dodged that!

Hoppertown Happenings.

Squire Purdy has issued a writ of nunc pro tunc against the fellows that hang out in the back room of the drug store and says he is going to put an end to them tunk games if it takes all summer. Hank Tumms has got a boil on his thumb and is not able at this writing to perform his usual work, which is whit-tin' in front of Tibbitt's grocery.

A drummer from down to the Rapids put up at the Hotel Hoppertown one day this week. He put up 25 cents for breakfast and 25 cents for dinner.

The wringer broke while Mrs. Anson Judson's hired girl was doing the washing the other day and she had to run the clothes through the pinnola.

Miss Lottie Bibbins is saving up her money to go down to New York and take singing lessons. She ain't decided just where she will take 'em yet, but will probably take 'em right in the Singer building which is said to be the best.

Miss Bibbins has eat so much sweet corn that her voice is quite husky at this writing.—Roy K. Moulton.

Byron Williams

The Diligent Ant.

It is not only man who may with advantage take lessons from the ant; the domestic hen would do well in one respect to imitate it. The white ant lays 86,000 eggs a day throughout the season—an amount that may well cause the hen to feel ashamed of her miserable total of three or four eggs a week.

A man is never so doubtful about whether or not a woman will reciprocate his love as he is about whether or not he wants her to.

BED-BOUND FOR MONTHS.

Hope Abandoned After Physicians' Consultation.

Mrs. Enos Shearer, Yew and Washington Sts., Centralia, Wash., says: "For years I was weak and run down could not sleep, my limbs swelled and the secretions were troublesome; pains were intense. I was fast in bed for four months. Three doctors said there was no cure for me and I was given up to die. Being urged, I used Dean's Kidney Pills. Soon I was better and in a few weeks was about the house, well and strong again."

Sold by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.



NOT EXACTLY.

Flossie Footlight—Part of the Japanese wedding ceremony consists in the burning of the discarded toys of the bride.

Winnie Wings—Horrors! You don't mean cremating her cast-off lovers, do you?

WARNED OF THE CYCLONE.

Telephone Just a Few Seconds Ahead of High Wind.

Once upon a time a Kansas zephyr broke loose and meandered about the country, picking up various things. Bill Baumgartner's telephone, 20 miles away, rang: "Is that you, Bill?" yelled an excited voice.

"Yes. What's the matter?" "This is Frank. We've got a cyclone down here, and it's headed your way. Look out! I—" Frank's voice broke off suddenly. Bill heard a crash and a spluttering, then all was silence. He gathered up his family and rushed them to a deep ravine. They were just in time to dodge a funnel-shaped cloud that wrecked the house, picked up his barn, two cows, and a couple of miles of fence.—Hampton's Broadway Magazine.

SEVERE HEMORRHOIDS

Sores, and Itching Eczema—Doctor Thought an Operation Necessary—Cuticura's Efficacy Proven.

"I am now 80 years old, and three years ago I was taken with an attack of piles (hemorrhoids), bleeding and protruding. The doctor said the only help for me was to go to a hospital and be operated on. I tried several remedies for months but did not get much help. During this time sores appeared which changed to a terrible itching eczema. Then I began to use Cuticura Soap, Ointment, and Pills, injecting a quantity of Cuticura Ointment with a Cuticura Suppository Syringe. It took a month of this treatment to get me in a fairly healthy state and then I treated myself once a day for three months and, after that, once or twice a week. The treatments I tried took a lot of money, and it is fortunate that I used Cuticura. J. H. Henderson, Hopkinton, N. Y., Apr. 26, 1907."

Like a Dream.

A bubble of air in the blood, a drop of water in the brain, and a man is out of gear, his machine falls to pieces, his thought vanishes, the world disappears from him like a dream at morning. On what a spider-thread is hung our individual existence. Fragility, appearance, nothingness. If it were not for our powers of self-detraction and forgetfulness, all the fairy world which surrounds and brandishes us would seem to us but a broken specter in the darkness—an empty appearance, a fleeting hallucination. Appeared—disappeared—there is the whole history of a man, or of a world, or of an infusoria.—Amiel.

With a smooth iron and Defiance Starch, you can launder your shirt-waist just as well at home as the steam laundry can; it will have the proper stiffness and finish, there will be less wear and tear of the goods, and it will be a positive pleasure to use a Starch that does not stick to the iron.

Too Unkind.

"Didn't you say there was a statesman in your family?" inquired my deaf friend.

"Oh, no," I cried, hastening to correct his peculiar impression; "I merely said that a relative of mine was one of the United States senators from New York."—Bohemian Magazine.

Important to Mothers.

Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it bears the

Signature of *Dr. J. C. Williams* In Use For Over 30 Years. The Kind You Have Always Bought.

Spooled for Life. "Poor fellow! He has never been able to make a living."

"Too bad. What's the matter?" "Years ago somebody told him he had a temperament."

Feared for Niece's Future.

Peculiar Bent of Child's Mind Disclosed by Uncle.

"I hate to think it," grimly said Uncle Timrod Totten. "But I am mightily afraid my little 10-year-old niece, Luella, is going to cause a great deal of worry and unhappiness in the world when she grows up." "What makes ye think so?" asked old Squire

Beicher, who had come over to borrow a whiffletree. "She seems to be a real nice, thoughtful, good-tempered child now." "Well," was the explanation, "tother day, our gray gander got tangled up in a discussion with the shepherd pup, and when the fracas was over there was scarcely a feather left on the fowl. And little Luella took and dyked him out in a pair of draw-pantaloons—and a chin-slip,

I mean—of white cloth sewed by her own fair hands. And, somehow, I can't help fearing that when she attains an appropriate age she will wear nose-glasses and several double-chins, and go crusading against all the common and unimportant indelicacies that human flesh is heir to."—Exchange.

Peculiar Form of Baptism. It is reported from Australia that Tom Mann, lately a London publican—not of the clientele of St. Matthew—who has since transferred the bene-

fits of his light and leading to the Antipodes, has instituted a form of Socialistic "baptism" in those parts. This rite consists in his mounting a platform, receiving babies into his arms and attaching to them scarlet rosettes inscribed with their names, their parents acting as their sponsors in devoting them to a life long service of Socialism.—London Academy.

The water of the natural brine springs of Droitwich is 12 times stronger than sea water.