THE FIRST NATIONAL THANKSTYN A STORY OF A BOTTLE, A BIRD, A BROKINOSE, AND AN ANGRY. PRESIDENT WHO CUSTED

of heavy antiquity, but as a peculiarly American national fes- heap." However, they tival it dates only from Thursday, November 26, 1789. The Hamilton, dreading the first national Thanksgiving day effect of the scandal if was perhaps the most exciting the episode became ever celebrated on this continent and owes its historic interest to a bottle, a bird, a broken up. The skeptical alnose and an angry president derman appears to have who rounded out the expression of his wrath with a few well- the subject of St. chosen and forcible "cuss Clair's sobriety set at words." Yet all these things were collateral to the main fact

that we came near losing Thanksgiving after all, and that all the famous men of the day got nose was broken in the into a very bitter quarrel over it and ate a turkey dinner at daggers drawn, so to speak.

The idea of Thanksgiving day originated with Alexander Hamilton, Washington's secretary of the treasury, who, in August, 1789, broached the subject at a cabinet meeting. In September, 1789, Elias Boudinot, a New England member of the house of representatives, introduced a resolution requesting the president to set aside a day of thanksgiving and moved its adoption. The motion was seconded by Roger Sherman of Connecticut. The resolution at once met with opposition. Many members of congress denounced the custom of such observances as effete and monarchical and some members became so personal in their discussions that blows were struck over the matter in the streets of New York, which then was the national capital, the sessions of congress being held in Federal hall.

Jefferson opposed the passage of the resolution as an encroachment upon the boundary line which had been fixed between religion and state, but the recolution passed both houses of congress, and on October 3, 1789. Washington issued the first Thanksgiving proclamation. It recommended that "Thursday, the 26th day of November next, be

devoted by the people of these United States 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." It recommended that the people "return thanks for his care and protection of the people of this country previous to their becoming a nation;" again for, "the favorable interposition of his providence in the course and conclusion of the late war;" for "the tranquillity, union and plenty which we have since enjoyed;" for "the peaceable and rational manner in which we have been enabled to establish a form of government for our safety and nappiness," and for "the civil and religious liberty with which we are blessed and the means we have of acquiring and devising useful knowledge."

ON THE FLEST NOTIONAL THANKS GRING NOVEMBER, 26, 1789 The proclamation issued, the burning question arose as to how the day should be celebrated, and over it ate it. Then they arose an acrimonious contest. Hamilton pro- drank and cheered posed a monster procession of dignitaries and and sang songs, and military headed by Washington himself. Jefferson's opposition prevented this spectacular exhibition and it finally was determined that the day was a domestic holiday and should

be observed in the privacy of the home after the good old New England manner.

This settlement was gratifying to Mrs. Washington, who at once made arrangements to hold a levee in true colonial fashion at the executive mansion on Franklin square. Every one of prominence in the new government was invited, from the chief justice of the supreme court down, and they all came; for in addition to being president, George Washington was a gentleman, and to be asked to his house was a social distinction.

Hamilton, however, eager to do anything calculated to put Jefferson to confusion, proceeded to organize all manner of festivities and observances likely to make Thanksgiving a noisy holiday. Jefferson, on the contrary, held somewhat aloof from the whole thing and looked upon Thanksgiving as a religious contrivance only. By the time the day arrived much unpleasant feeling had been engendered between cabinet factions, and the friction in that quarter also extended itself to the partisans of the cabinet leaders. Jefferson and his friends did what they decently could to ignore Thanksgiving altogether. Hamilton and his partisans did all they could to make the day a "howling success." When the state of affairs became known in Boston and Philadelphia the battle was heartily entered into, and Washington had the mortification of seeing that his day of Thanksgiving for the blessings of Almighty God had become a source of no end of contention.

The day dawned fair and warm for New York. The bells of Trinity rang for an hour, and there was a parade of one regiment, reviewed by Hamilton from Faunce's tavern, the Waldorf-Astoria of New York city in that day. Then the cheering part of the day began, by indulgence in various forms of stimulants, and everyone was no doubt very thankful. Washington went to church in the morning, and at high noon began to receive his visitors at the executive residence.

Hamilton had also arranged a dinner at Faunce's tavern, which is distinguished as being the first official Thanksgiving banquet in our history. Hamilton was to respond to a toast and then go off to the president's mansion, but he was late and the guests sat down to the tables without him. In the course of this dinner a disagreement arose among the gentlemen. A certain Lieut. St. Clair took occasion to assert, upon his honor as a gentleman, that he was entirely sober. An unhistorie personage of whom we know no more than that his name was Tisdal, and that he was a New York alderman and notary, impeached the veracity of St. Clair's assertion and defied him to prove it. The lieutepant threw a bottle at nobody in particular and missed his aim. In an instant all was confusion. And then in walked Alexander Hamilton. The scene that met his gaze, according to John Adams' account was shameful. Viands

HANKSGIVING is an institution and glassware and gentlemen were "all:in 3 were separated and public property, did his best to patch matters had his doubts upon rest, but unfortunately there could be no doubt that the lieutenant's course of the debate, for Hamilton, in his letters, distinctly says so. But we have the same authority for maintaining that a gentleman is at all times justified in insisting that he is so-

The next thing that happened was a dispute about the turkey. Where was the turkey? It had been brought to the table. There were shouts for turkey, but none was forthcoming. A proposition to dispense with the fow! was hooted down and Hamilton swore - his letters say he sworethat no citizen of the United States should abstain from turkey on Thanksgiving day. They

IN FRANKLIN FQUARE NEW YORK, PRESIDENT

sang songs and

cheered and drank.

This little matter at-

tended to, Hamilton.

made a speech and

hied himself to the

president's house.

Here there had been

a dignified observance

of the day, but it

seems that a rumor of

the little row at

Faunce's had already,

reached the president

for heaven's blessings.

issued until January 1, 1795.

try was vexed and angered and indelged in

some pointed remarks to the secretary. The

president was incensed that a young soldier.

should have gotten his nose broken in a tav-

ern brawl while professing to be giving thanks

it was disgraceful, "by---, sir!" and the secre-

career of the lieutenant's broken nose, but

Thanksgiving day has come down to us intact.

on the first day to last him for five years, for

his next Thanksgiving proclamation was not

200000000000000

It was eaten in an old stone hacienda, over

whose walls the red, white and yellow roses

flung their rich embroidery, and from whose

decrepit balconies fragrant starry jasmine

waved side by side with the family wash. How

much of the excellence of the meal was due to

the culinary skill of Jim, the colonel's muchu-

cho, who went into the kitchen to help the

Chinese cook, and how much to that almond-

eyed juggler with pots and pans, could not be

determined by the guests, but both claimed the

The table was set out of doors under the

shade of an immense arbor del fuego, or fire

tree, which a few months hence would be a

blaze of flaming blossoms. The chickens

roamed about freely among the guests, and oc-

casionally one bolder than the rest would fly

up among the dishes. It was etiquette for the

nearest guest to shoo it down, otherwise such

little incidents passed without notice. The

first dish served was the strictly American one

of ham and eggs, but as ham is 50 cents a

pound in Manila, it was a costly delicacy, and

had a better right to appear at the feast than

even the fried and roasted chickens which fol-

lowed. These are no longer cooked in rancid

cocoanut oil since the United States army

brought canned butter over the Pacific. You

will never appreciate the yellow product of the

cow until you have eaten chicken fried in co-

coanut oil. The taste of it stays on the plate

IN THE PHILIPPINES

A THANKSGIVING DINNER

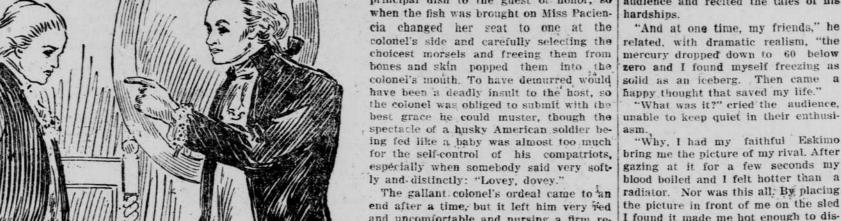
tary of the treasury discreetly withdrew.

Our first president went so far as to say that

History is silent on the subject of the after

Washington, however, apparently got enough

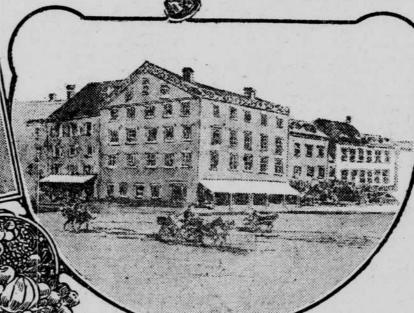
Washington Received His Guests



The gallant colonel's ordeal came to an radiator. Nor was this all: By placing end after a time, but it left him very red | the picture in front of me on the sled and uncomfortable and nursing a firm resolve to accept no more invitations to dine out in the Philippines. It is only fair to the senorita to explain that before she took her place at the colonel's side a knifeboy appeared bearing a bowl of per-experience?" fumed water and a clean towel, and that she carefully washed and dried her hands.

Gift Pies for Thanksgiving

Toy makers are planning a host of delightful surprises for Thursday's celebrations. One need not delve among old books to learn the traditions and amusements of the originators of this feast day. Plenty of entertainment is provided by these favor designers, whose work it is to know how to utilize Thanksgiving traditions in modern surroundings. Pies | smoke. are always a successful piece de resistance for the dinner or party. Old as well | me about it?" asked the woman with as young find entertainment in hunting the lawn mower. for the prizes concealed between ample crusts of crepe paper, and its appearance is a never ending source of joy to the smoke." guests. The favorite pie this year is in the shape of a huge basket, large in circumference, deep enough to hold a host of



BROAD AND PEARL STREETS, NEW YORK, WHERE MANIETON'S FAMOUS THANKSGIVING BANGUET WAS HELD.

else is strong enough to kill it, not even sperm oil, which is its first cousin.

After the fowls appeared a huge baked fish stuffed with onions and red peppers and borne on a platter garlanded with paper flowers. This was what turkey is to the American or roast beef to the Englishman-the piece de resistance of the dinner. American canned beef came next.

HOLIDAY FOR THANKSGIVING. and when Hamilton arrived Washington gues. doled out in small portions to each guest, for tioned him about it. The Father of His Course a Filipino will give you almost anything he owns for a can of beef, and so highly does he esteem it that he even saves the empty cans. perhaps to cheat himself or his friends into believing he has a supply on hand, and therefore is a man worth cultivating. A Spanish stew was on the menu after the fish-a genuine ofla podrida which, no doubt, was being cooked for supper in Spain when Columbus was sailing westward on his voyage of discovery. Rice, potatoes, minced caribou steak, onions, dried fish-everything in the larder goes into the olla podrida, which is very liberally seasoned with red pepper, so liberally that all the guests fell to weeping over the first mouthful, and the appearance of a pot of jam was hailed with delight. The jam was passed around by a half-naked knifeboy, and everybody took a spoonful, returning the spoon to the jam to be used by the next person. It would be regarded as a grave breach of manners to take a clean

> Then the American guests saw literally the locusts and wild honey of John the Baptist. With the excellent coffee small pieces of honey in the comb were placed at each plate, and a heaping basket of crisp, brown cakes, something like the old-fashioned cookies of New England, was carried around the table by the

> "Maco oon ca a-pan, e dili mehimo ca a-pan?" ("Do you eat locusts, or do you not care for them") politely inquired the host. The cakes were made of locusts stripped of their wings and ground to a fine flour, which was mixed, sweetened, raised the same as other pastry, and baked a light, delicious brown. Anybody who has ever had the curiosity-and temerity -to taste a particularly brown, hard puppy cake will have a good idea of the flavor of the Filipino locust cake, except, of course, it is sweetened. Only one American had courage enough to nibble one, but all the native guests ate two or three. The omnipresent cigarette or cigar arrived with the coffee, and soon the remains of the feast were enveloped in a pale

> blue haze. Senorita Paciencia, the daughter of the house, smoked, lolling back carelessly in her gown of rich black silk with a big cigar between her rosy lips. This same Senorita Paciencia was the innocent cause of much embarrassment to the colonel during the meal. It is Filipine custom for the hostess to feed the

for weeks. It is a Samson treasures, and with a gracefully arched high nancie which is elaborately ornamented with paper chrysanthemums and wide satin rib-

> The fruit pies are quite novel. In the center of the treasure pie rests a watermelon of goodly proportions and most natural coloring, and on the top of the striped green and white fruit stands an exultant turkey, with real feather covered body and a wide spread tail. Surrounding this feathered monarch, who is perched on the melon throne, are smaller fruits of every description, all cleverly fashioned of papier mache and tinted in nature's colors. There are luscious bananas, ripe, rosy He met the girl upon the bridge, cheeked apples, golden oranges, deep red tomatoes, lemons, plums, pears; in fact, practically every variety of fruit. Inside each is a small box, whose center conceals a gift. The guests take turns at choosing the fruit they like best, and with the fruit goes the hidden gift and souvenir of the day. It may be that her a lot? the gift is only a clever joke wrapped neatly in cotton wool or tissue paper and lying hid- to get it till she's 30, and she'll never craves is spring water." den inside the bit of fruit, or it may be a gift own up to that. of real consequence and intrinsic value. This depends on the circumstances and ideas of the hostess, who may want her party to be merely a merrymaking time or one that will be remembered for other things. The outside of the basket is trimmed with a row of crackers, which never fail to add to the gayety of the occasion, especially if it be composed of young folk. Then above the stockade of fancy paper crackers is a border of chrysanthemums, and the basket or pie is complete in every detail.

But the real Thanksgiving pie is the most striking of all. Its foundation is, of course, a round basket, but without a handle. Over the hook. top is a covering of pumpkin colored paper, frills and flutings of the same being used for the edge finish. Then, like gigantic plums decorating the top crust, are arranged several dried apples." pumpkin lantern favors, which can be lighted. and which, when extricated from their setting, his new house should have a swell bring with them Thanksgiving gifts tied up front." with yellow satin ribbons.

WHY?

I've noticed on Thanksgiving day, With strangers or my own folks, That little boys can always eat A great deal more than grown folks, Of turkey or of pumpkin pie-Will some one please to tell me why?

THANKSGIVING.

It takes one little girl or boy, Two hands to work and play And just one loving little heart To make Thanksgiving day.

THANKSGIVING SUNSHINE.

Cheery hearts and smiling faces, Gentle speech and ways. Make a cloudy, dull Thanksgiving Sunniest of days.

Close to her in the admiration of the must be home keepers. Are we to ig- dragged from the bedside of their dy-

Who has ever counted the hours spent in lonely vigil, when despair about them like the midnight gloom!

We are so used to heroism in wo-

HIS ONLY SALVATION.

The polar explorer faced his vast principal dish to the guest of honor, so audience and recited the tales of his

"And at one time, my friends," he related, with dramatic realism, "the choicest morsels and freeing them from mercury dropped down to 60 below bones and skin popped them into the zero and I found myself freezing as colonel's mouth. To have demurred would solid as an iceberg. Then came a

"What was it?" cried the audience,

"Why, I had my faithful Eskimo bring me the picture of my rival. After gazing at it for a few seconds my blood boiled and I felt hotter than a I found it made me hat enough to dispense with my birdskin shirt."

"You wish a position as chef?" interrogated the hotel man. "Had much

"I should say so, boss," responded the applicant in the fur coat and long whiskers. "I used to be chef on an arctic expedition."

"Indeed! And what is your special-

"Why, I know how to prepare boots in 20 different ways."

"Yes, mum," said the tall tramp as he tipped his faded straw hat, "dat is such a nice lady in de brown bungalow. She gave me an after-dinner

"But why should you stop to tell

"Why, mum, I thought maybe you'd give me de dinner so I could enjoy de

Explaining the Dialect. "Isn't your dialect a little mixed?" asked the publisher.

"No," answered the confident author. "You see, my hero is a man who was born in New England, but who moved to the south in an early age and afterward punched cattle in the far west. By giving him this history I disarm criticism of his dialect."

WOULD THE PUBLIC DOUBT IT.



First Johnny-Aw, so you have re turned from your month's holiday.

Where did you go? Second Johnny-Aw, I just ran up

to the north role. First Johnny-1 had intended going

there, but it's such a fag to take your

Pastoral.

And kissed her on the spot. The brook, it murmured down below; The girl, she murmured not.

A Cruel Condition. Elsie-Why is Clara always so short of money? Didn't her father leave

Madge-Yes; but you see she's not

Erratic Going.

"It is easy enough to hitch your wagon to a star," declared the theatrical manager.

"Sav on." "How to keep from being bounced out of the wagon is the question."

Literal Misfortune.

"So your friend Fish wants to go upon the variety stage?' "Yes, but he had better let that bait alone, or he will be sure to get the

A Clear Association. "He has made his money mostly in "Maybe that is why he insisted that

An Inevitable Conclusion. "Is that man in good odor in the business community?"

"He ought to be; he's a dealer in perfumes." A Characteristic Welcome.

"Were those cannibal savages glad ular now." to see the last missionary you sent them?" "Oh, yes, indeed! They fairly ate him up.

Too Many Breakdowns.

"Did you enjoy automobile week?" "No." "What was the trouble?" "A weak automobile."

ing?"

"Why?"

Going Up. "What would be a good name for my flying machine?" "Why not call it, 'The Cost of Liv-

Wise Precaution. Henchman-In placing your name before the convention, Judge Windrow

is going to laud your name to the skies

Candidate-That being the case, I'd better invest in a parachute.

Why He Doubted.

"He says he always thinks before e speaks." "Don't you believe him?"

"I have heard him speak."

VISIONS OF THANKSGIVING.

Now doth the turkey see in dreams The visions of a day That makes his heart go pit-a-pat

And turns his feathers gray The smell of celery gives him pain, And though his eyes are wet With tears of coming sorrow, he

Tries bravely to forget. A little cranberry is to him The crimson badge of fate

That he must wear when he is called lato his future state. An'oyster makes him shut his eyes miss the sight of it; And when he sees the ax. Great Scott!

He thinks about the people who

Will-sound his requiem, And wonders how it's going to feel To be inside of them Ah, guileless dreamer, you are up Against Thanksgiving day

You've got to starve yourself to death

William J. Lampton, in New York

A BIT NEAR-SIGHTED.

Or die the other way.



Old Bates-Well, I've bin a-sittin' 'ere for 'ours, an' divil a bite! Too many steamboats on this river for fishing.

Soon Explained.

Growlers still in darkness groping, Wondered how he got along. Every day was a day for hoping. Every day was a day of song! Didn't Want the Job.

The young man was evidently in search of a wife. "Can you bake biscuits without burning them?" he asked.

"No," replied the fair one, frankly. "I can't even bake them without burn ing myself. But you may find what you require in that line at the intelligence office, just around the corner."

Getting Even. "Bet your life I'm going to get even with pa for licking me," said the

small boy. "How are you going to do it?"

queried his big sister. "The first time a circus comes to own I'm going to play off sick and he won't have any excuse for going,' explained the youthful diplomat.

Successful Practice.

Old Doctor-I was successful in m? first case. Young Doctor-Indeed! Old Doctor-Yep. The executors of

his estate paid my bill without a mur-Back on the Job.

"The glory of the summer young man has departed."

"Yes, indeed. It seems but a step rom riches to the ribbon counter' In "Arid Alabama."

"The prisoner is charged with hav ing a thirst. What has he to say for himself?" "He says, your honor, that all he

"Well, in that case, we'll have to turn him loose.'

WORTHY OF A RAISE.



"So," said the head of the firm, "you want your salary raised?" "Yes," the office boy timidly replied.

"What makes you think your value to this company has been increased?" "Well, de baseball season's over, and I'll be here a good deal more reg-

Where He Gets His Strength. Zbyszko-Stanislaus Cyganiewicz Is a wrestler who is game n training for a wrestling match He wrestles with his name.

Possible Explanation. Harker-I wonder why Coppin gave up his quarters at the Uppson hotel? Parker-Probably because he hadn't the dollars to pay for them.

. A Breezy Time. "What did young Jorkins do with that windfall he got?" "Just blew it in."

Had to Be.

"I demand to know, madam, who was the woman you were closeted with yesterday morning, as I was told" Was she a fitting companion for my wife?

"Oh, gracious, I hope so! She's my dressmaker."

"We are going to have a mammoth meeting in Houston the day of Taft's

arrival.' "Will there be any besides Taft present?"

COURAGE HAS BEEN PROVED Close to her in the admiration of the must be home keepers. Are we to ig-dragged from the north proving the north proving dear ones?

innumerable instances of Heroism in Women Easily to Be Found-Not at All Unusual.

ageous act not strictly in line with woman's ordinary conduct, all men ly intrepldity stands the famous Ida hasten to pay her tribute.

Whenever a woman does some cour-

burglar, or smashes a masher, we at once go into high panegyrics over her heroism. In the impulse of enthusiastic admiration we magnanimously admit that women, on occasion, may

be as brave as men are. At the head of this type of woman-Lewis Wilson, the heroine of Limi If she flags an imperiled train with Rock lighthouse, who has saved er red petticoat, takes a gun to a scores of lives in adjacent waters. gels or fever nurses. Most of them hearts who would rather die than be Scimitar.

as nurses to the battlefields and into form their everyday tasks? fever-infected places.

These are brave women, indeed, and admiration for them is genuine and irresistible.

But hold on a moment!

Is the selection of such instances as these types of woman's heroism fair to women in general? Not all women are lighthouse keep-

All praise to the noble nurses who go to the fever spots and heroically stay to the end. But what of the millions of mothers, wives, sisters, sweeters. Not all women can be army an-

Let us go into eulogies of these who that the mothers of the world have go as nurses to the fields and hos-

pitals. That is right. But what about pressed upon them and closed around the many more women who bravely Ah! these things are so common send husbands, lovers, brothers, sons to the battlefields to be shot? that we take no note of them.

men that we think nothing about it until it presents itself spectacularly in some unusual form.-Memphis News