

Thanksgiving

COMMERCE AND FINANCE.

By Theodore H. Price.
Celebrated originally as an occasion upon which the American people appreciatively acknowledged the generosity of Providence in treating them better than they deserved, Thanksgiving has become a festival of optimism at which we recount the good things we have enjoyed, indulge ourselves in the joy of a hearty meal and congratulate each other upon our prosperity and well-being.

It is questionable whether we have gained by permitting the devotional character of the day to become perfunctory, but that it has been changed and materialized no candid observer will deny, and as we again join in observing it we may do well to try and evoke the humility of spirit in which our ancestors originally established it. Whether we acknowledge our indebtedness to a Divine Creator for the victories and successes that have come to us during the past 12 months, or prefer to attribute them to immutable laws to which we have slavishly conformed, we are beyond all question the most favored nation on this planet. It may be that on other planets of the universe there are other groups of beings that have a greater capacity for happiness and greater opportunity to secure it than the people of the United States, but in so far as we can know, our nation is superlatively

blessed, while those of us who are alive today are fortunate above any who have preceded us in that we have been permitted to witness the most thrilling episode in the drama of humanity that yet has been enacted.

The psychologists tell us that the emotional reactions of external experience or conditions are largely a matter of self-determination. We can find comedy in tragedy or tragedy in comedy if we try, and those who having come to scoff remain to pray, do so because they of their own volition surrender themselves to the spiritual influences of a spiritual atmosphere.

So let us on this Thanksgiving day surrender ourselves to the spiritual traditions of the festival, and as we reckon our blessings let us reckon also our responsibilities. We have political, religious and philosophic liberty. Let us not forget that its possession implies the duty of securing it for others.

We have comfort and abundance, and in having them are obligated to share them with the world. We have wealth, but only as trustees for all humanity, living and to be born.

We have education, but only that we may extend it. Freely we have received. Freely we must give. Those who disregard the obligation that comes with the endowment will entirely miss the spirit of the most glorious Thanksgiving day in American history.

A THANKSGIVING SERMON

From Kansas City Star.

Brethren, I count not myself to have apprehended; but this one thing I do, forgetting those things which are behind, and reaching forth unto those things which are before. I press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus.—Philippians, III, 13, 14.

Out of his experience the Apostle Paul 2,000 years ago set forth a philosophy of life that applies to the most modern of us in this Thanksgiving season. It is a philosophy that is hard for the young to understand, but which is an open book to men and women who have lived—lived through conflict and through peace; through grief and through joy; through failure and through success.

It is the philosophy of finding the durable satisfaction of life in struggle, not in achievement; in pursuing a fleeing goal, not in reaching the goal.

Paul had won an exalted place in the early church when he wrote to the Philippians. But it was not the place he had attained that he stressed in the great passage we have taken as a text for a little Thanksgiving sermon. It was the struggle he was going through and that was to continue to his triumphant death.

The young Christians of Philippi might naturally have thought: "Here is our leader. How happy he must be in the consciousness of what he has accomplished."

Instead he writes: "I count not myself to have apprehended; but this one thing I do.... I press toward the mark." He was voicing a universal feeling as old as humanity, as new as the latest product of the universities.

Two young people have married and set up a home. They are in moderate circumstances. They have to pinch and economize at every turn. The baby comes. There is more economizing, there is anxiety. They think how happy they would be if this period of stress were over; if they had made a success; had "arrived," so there would be no more worry.

As the years pass their circumstances improve. But to their surprise they find that the goal of happiness seems to flee before them—that is, the sort of happiness which they expected in youth to attain; a kind of table spread with chocolate creams which they could eat at their leisure.

Then it dawns on them that there is a deeper happiness that is not at the mercy of chance events. Some of the good things of life may have been denied them. They may not have been able to travel, to see the world. They may not have had the means to acquire some of the luxuries they would have liked, and that are good. Nevertheless, they know in their hearts that the greatest rewards have been theirs.

Looking back, they discover that happiness came as they went along; that it was a by-product of their living. The real satisfaction lay in the struggle of meeting their obligations cheerfully, in achieving wise parenthood, in being good neighbors, in doing their work well.

Did the way seem hard? Were the difficulties great? Were the troubles at times almost overwhelming? In retrospect there was happiness in the struggle in meeting the obstacles with head high and courage undaunted. There was happiness in all the perplexities, the anxieties of life, even in its sorrows met in a noble spirit. They see Browning was right when he wrote:

Poor vaunt of life indeed,
Were man but formed to feed
On joy, or solely seek to find and feast.

Then, welcome each rebuff
That turns earth's smoothness rough,
Each sting that bids nor sit nor stand
But go!

Be our joy three parts pain!
Strive, and hold cheap the strain;
Learn, nor account the pang; dare,
Never grieve the three.

Yes, this is a day of Thanksgiving not merely for those who seem to have succeeded greatly. It is a day of Thanksgiving to us all—a

Surprised the Bishop.

Foreign Legionnaire, Tampeko.
A British bishop was considerably upset recently when he received this note from the vicar of a village in his diocese:

"My lord—I regret to inform you of the death of my wife. Can you possibly send me a substitute for the weekend?"

As the amount of dust and water vapor in the air decreases, the amount of light diffused from the surfaces of these particles decreases so that darkness increases with elevation.

day of Thanksgiving that we are in a worse where we have a chance to prove the stuff that is in us; not a play world, with the cards stacked in our favor, but a world of real conflict where we can do our share; where we can have the joy of effort, of work, of accepting responsibilities.

THE THANKSGIVING

IN BOSTON HARBOR
"Praise ye the Lord!" The psalm today

Skull rises on our ears,
Borne from the hills of Boston bay
Through five times fifty years,
When Winthrop's fleet from Yarmouth crept
Out to the open main,
And through the widening waters swept.

In April sun and rain,
"Pray to the Lord with fervent lips,"
The leader shouted, "pray,"
And prayer arose from all the ships
As faded Yarmouth bay.

The white-wings folded, anchors down,
The sea-worn fleet in line,
Fair rose the hills where Boston town

Should rise from clouds of pine;
Fair was the harbor summit-walled;
And placid by the sea,
"Praise ye the Lord, the leader called

"Praise ye the Lord," spake he
"Give thanks to God with fervent lips
Give thanks to God today,"
The anthem rose from all the ships
Safe moored in Boston bay.

The psalm our fathers sang, we sing,
That psalm of peace and wars,
While o'er our head unfolds its wing
The flag of forty stars.

And while the nation finds a tongue
For nobler gifts to pray,
"Twill ever sing the song they sung
That first Thanksgiving day;
"Praise ye the Lord with fervent lips,
Praise ye the Lord today,
So rose the song from all the ships,
Safe moored in Boston bay.

Our fathers prayers have changed the psalms,
As David's treasures old
Turned on the Temple's giant arms,
To hily-work of gold.
Ho! vanished ships from Yarmouth's tide

Ho! ships of Boston bay,
Your prayers have crossed the centuries wide,
To this Thanksgiving day!
We praise to God with fervent lips,
We praise the Lord today,
As prayers arose from Yarmouth ships,
But psalms from Boston bay.
—Herziah Butterworth.

THANKSGIVING
Thanks for the things that I have not!
If I had gold or gems or land,
The friends who clasp my empty hand
Might envy then my better lot.

Thanks for the fame I do not want!
Malevolence ignores the name
That does not court the world's acclaim
Nor seek its own deserts to vaunt.

Thanks for the joys that I have lost,
That dearer grow as time goes by,
For every day the more am I
Aware of what the losing cost.

Thanks for the love I must resign
When all is over; for I know
That I, when comes my time to go,
Shall still be glad that it was mine!
W. C. Rodman.

Q. What are the latest political statistics regarding the number of voters in the United States? C. E. H.

A. There are 29,615,041 women and 29,774,712 men eligible to vote. Women represent 49.1 per cent. of the total voting strength of the nation.

England's First Motorist.
From the Pathfinder.

Delving into the ancient records of 1898 in London developed the curious fact that the first two licenses taken out to operate motor cars there were issued to Americans. The third was taken out by an Englishman named Bundy who is now an engineer on a steam ferry. Bundy used to drive a steam lorry and a steam "wagonette," but he doubts his ability to drive a motor car. The two Americans who preceded him are both now dead.

THANKSGIVING DAY AT GRANDMA'S

I'm going out to Grandma's,
To spend Thanksgiving day,
And I wouldn't be surprised if I
Should go out there to stay;

For grandma never worries
About the etiquette
Of how a fellow eats,
And all such stuff as that.

And if he takes his chicken
Right up in his hand,
And eats as though he likes it,
Till he knows he could not stand

Another bite without bustin'
She doesn't seem to care
For the thing she's thinkin' most
Is to see he gets his share.

And when a fellow is so full
That he can scarcely breathe,
She kind o' smiles and looks as though
She had something up her sleeve.

And when she speaks she does it
In a half apologetic way,
As if the thing she has in mind
She doesn't like to say.

My son I hate to say it,
But I think you've had enough
Of gravy, meat and taters
And all that kind of stuff—

For there's cake and pie and pudding,
There's cookies and ice cream
And another kind of cake they serve
To make the angels dream.

Yes, I'm going out to grandma's
And if I ever do come back,
My dad will have to buy me
With a great big money sack.

His Spoiled Children
Thanksgiving did not begin with the Pilgrims nor will it end with their descendants. Long before recorded history men were offering up hecatombs and singing grateful songs. There is no blacker word in the hymns of praise to their deities, dictionary of sin than ingratitude.

This morning that mythical creation, the average American, will awaken at his habitual hour, recall that this is Thanksgiving day, remember the two football tickets he was fortunate enough to get on the 40 yard line, think of the pump

soo—farkle—is too high and he dikes goose better anyway—respecting in the ice box for the coming feast, and piously lifts his heart in silent praise of the giver of all things. As he turns over for an extra nap he will give thanks that today is a holiday—one day when he can forget the business of existing and attend for a few hours to the business of living.

Yet, strangely enough, the thoughts which run through his drowsy head as he begins to count his blessings one by one are about his occupation by which he earns his daily bread. He has had a good year financially. Everywhere, almost, are signs of returning prosperity. The farmers have produced a surplus of food, the planters a surplus of clothing. The factories are busy turning out a surplus of all the luxuries and necessities of life. The nation groans under its surplus of riches as does the Thanksgiving table under its surplus of food which symbolizes it.

The Lord has dealt justly with the other peoples. He has dealt more than generously with his spoiled children of the United States of America. He has given them a land dripping with fatness, and long and loudly have they thanked him for it—but they have converted the feast he spread before them into a riot of wanton waste.

It is but natural that man should think first of his material blessings. He is a product of millions of years of bitter struggle for existence. Only today has he learned how to produce enough food to insure himself against starvation. The business of feeding and protecting his body and rearing offspring has been almost his sole occupation from the beginning of life on this planet—until now.

The struggle for existence has left its impress on every fiber of his body and every thought of his mind. He continues to fight for food and clothing and houses and lands, though he and his cannot begin to consume all the wealth he can accumulate. The instincts developed in the caves of his ancestors urge him to pile dollar on dollar, and measure his life in terms of material wealth, though the magic of science has solved for him the problem of maintaining life by producing food and shelter in quantities surpassing man's wildest dreams. For the first time in the life of man he has had leisure to live and he finds that he knows nothing except how to exist.

Yet there are signs that man is actually beginning to learn a little. The Lord has not led him into this land flowing with milk and honey merely to debauch and destroy him. Each day he is learning a little better how to live with his fellow man, how to sympathize with him, how to understand him. Each day he is learning to discern a little more clearly the eternal verities. Each day he is learning a little better how to do justly and to love mercy and to walk humbly with his God. A few there will be today who, forgetting for the moment their material blessings, will lift their souls in solemn praise to the creator for this opportunity he has given them to help him make the earth a better, sweeter, happier place in which to live.

Q. What was the first colored comic strip? S. T. T.

A. Outcault's Yellow Kid was the first comic in this field, appearing in 1895. His famous Buster Brown appeared in 1902.

Better Not!
From Life.
Tourist: And how do you like the government, old man?
Italian Editor: Oh I can't complain.

Q. Is Fred Thompson, the motion picture actor, dead? G. D.

A. There is no truth in the report that Fred Thompson has been killed.

Q. Why is a censer swung? M. E. D.

A. A censer containing burning incense is swung to hasten combustion.



Are Your Children Underweight?

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Tale of Two Tombstones.

Forgotten, two headstones such as are placed on graves stood in a North Atchison yard without causing much comment for years until they stirred the curiosity of Theodore Arenberg, relates the Atchison Globe. He inquired and learned the two tombstones had been there thirty-five years or more. They are no monument to the dead but to a deadbeat. The place was originally the home of a contractor who, at last, despairing of collecting a bill for work done accepted the two tombstones in payment and, not knowing what else to do with them at the time, had them set up on his front lawn.

Sparrows Were on Guard.

Throughout a day a Philadelphia man concerned himself with the worries of two sparrows. He had heard their cries and upon looking up at the eaves of his house had seen the two birds apparently wedged helplessly in a hole there. He had no ladder long enough to reach them, nor did he care to shoot them. So he waited trying to think of a method of rescuing them. At sundown he was surprised to see the sparrows emerge from the hole with no difficulty. Then it dawned upon him that he had seen a large black bird with a long sharp beak hovering about the house, and that the sparrows were stationed in the hole to guard their nest from the invader.

Girl at the Top in Health Test

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A Kansas mother, Mrs. Dana Allgre, 610 Monroe St., Topeka, says: "Bonnie B. is absolutely the picture of health, now, with her ruddy cheeks, bright eyes and plump but graceful little body and she stands at the top in every health test. Much of the credit for her perfect condition is due to California Fig Syrup. We have used it since babyhood to keep her bowels active during colds or any children's ailments and she has always had an easy time with them. She always responds to its gentle urging and is quickly back to normal."

Ask your druggist for California Fig Syrup and look for the word "California" on the carton so you'll always get the genuine.

She'd Go High.
"Do you think Miss Schreechlin will ever make a hit in opera?"
"Well, if the critics said what they thought about her I'll bet she'd hit 'em ceiling."

Entire Accord.
She—It must be fine to be a poet!
He—It certainly ought to be fine—
Ang or imprisonment.

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Famous Royal House.
Orange is a small town near Arignon in the south of France, once the capital of a small independent principality of the same name. In 1531 the principality passed by marriage to the younger branch of the ducal house of Nassau. The head of this house became known as prince of Orange. One was leader of the party in Holland of civil and religious liberty, and a later prince of Orange became King William III of Great Britain.

Baiting the Fish.
Motorcycle Cop (having stopped girl speeder)—What's your name?
The Girl—Mabel—what's yours?—
Judge.

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