

THE WAGWORKER

By W. M. MAUPIN

LINCOLN, NEBRASKA

The Woman and the Collar.
Society may assume that the sign of woman's emancipation from the seclusion of the harem or the slavery of the savage tribe is her education, or her domestic responsibility. Not at all. The symbol of her freedom to do as she pleases and to be what she pleases is her possession of the right to wear the masculine linen collar. Comfort, trimness, respectability, dignity are all entrenched behind the spotless white of the carefully laundered band. Safe in its firm grasp, a woman may be active or idle, warm or cool, calm or excited. The history of the collar is interesting. In its present form it is, of course, a modern device. Those who would trace it to the necklaces of teeth collected by the savage mistake its real significance. It began its existence in civilization, not in barbarism. The ruff invented to hide a royal scar evolved into the lace ruche and the linen band. The Byronic collar proclaimed laxity of morals, as the white stock declared for the stern virtue of the Puritan. But the conventional modern collar has encircled the neck of the modern freeman for many years, and has apparently established its claim as a kind of insignia of liberty. Let the woman beware how the charms of fingerie or lace beguile her from her right in the plain linen collar, urges the Youth's Companion. When her role is that of princess or queen, she may don the necklace or the ruff. When she claims her right to a fair partnership, a good day's work and a share of the profits—be they gold or truth or love—let her wear happily the white linen yoke, at once buckler and badge.

Constitution Island, which the generosity of Mrs. Russell Sage has presented to the United States government as an addition to the West Point reservation, was once a strategic place. During the revolution a gigantic chain was stretched from it to the mainland to prevent British warships from making their way up and down the river. At first, so say the records, the chain sank so that boats could float over it; this difficulty was at last obviated by the use of a log boom. Several of the links have been preserved as curiosities, notably at the Washington headquarters at Newburg, and at Trophy Point on the West Point plateau. Constitution Island was the home of Susan Warner, who wrote under the pseudonym, Elizabeth Wetherell. Here "The Wide, Wide World," "Queechy" and a score of books of religion and romance were composed. Miss Warner is buried near the Cadets' monument in the West Point cemetery. Her sister, Miss Anna Warner, who also wrote many novels, still lives on the island. In presenting the island to the nation, Mrs. Sage announced that Miss Warner is a joint donor, inasmuch as she has "steadily refused, from patriotic motives," to accept offers to sell from private parties, who were willing to give more than the government could afford. She is to have the use of her old home while she lives.

Convention requires that the writer of a letter shall at the beginning and end of his epistle express, if he does not feel, respect for the person whom he addresses. Sarcasm, vituperation and virulent hostility may be introduced by "Dear sir," and followed by "Very respectfully, your obedient servant." The writers of "baboo" English in India—some of them, at least—are more consistent. A sympathizer with the sedition now in progress in India lately wrote a letter to an English official, which is printed in a London paper, which begins, it is true, with "Dear sir," but concludes with this sentence: "Hoping you are not in good health, I am your enemy, Gemaji Timaji."

Prof. Dolbeare of Tuft's college has found that at 60 degrees Fahr. the rate of the chirp of crickets is 80 per minute; at 70 degrees Fahr. the rate is 120 per minute, a change of four chirps per minute for each change of one degree. Prof. Dolbeare also notes that the individual crickets chirping by themselves observe no great regularity, but in chorus they keep in time as if led by the wand of a conductor. Again, the professor asserts that crickets in adjoining fields, preserving the same rate per minute, will follow different beats as of their respective conductors, "as one may easily perceive by listening."

At a recent special session the Georgia legislature passed a law which virtually ends the convict-lease system. Heretofore men convicted of penal offenses have been leased to contractors for work of certain kinds. They were forced to toil in chains, were poorly fed and ill clothed, and in many cases subjected to hideous cruelty. The system also tended toward corruption in the administration of the laws, and was altogether evil. Georgia is to be congratulated upon having rid itself of the system.

Thanksgiving Day Here and in Foreign Climes

By Mrs. Edward Dunroy-Reed



The Artfloss

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 gaiety and feasting. Thanks were given in the churches for the benefits of the season and then the "masses" flocked to the grounds of the "classea," 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 thankgivers, and the Harvest Home day ended in repletion 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 nations 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 peaceful 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 then 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, harsh, perhaps, in speech, but full and round in song, 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 chucking 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 1639 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-



suing 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 billionnaires 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.

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 Doan'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.

A HINT TO GOLFERS.



The Visitor—What on earth does that chap carry that phonograph round for. Is he dotty?

The Member—No! But he's dumb. So he has that talking machine to give instructions to his caddie or to make a few well chosen remarks in case he fozzles his drive or does anything else annoying.

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."

A Riddle.

An English paper recently asked its readers for an answer to the following riddle: What does a man love more than life. Hate more than death or mortal strife; That which contented men desire; The poor have, and the rich require; A miser spends, and the spendthrift saves. And all men carry to their graves?

All sorts of answers were sent in, but the correct one was declared to be "Nothing."

Deafness Cannot Be Cured

by local application, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When the tube is inflamed you have a rumbling sound or tinnitus of the ear, and when it is entirely closed, deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and the tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by Catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surface.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Laid's Catarrh Cure. Send for circular, free.

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Bumped.

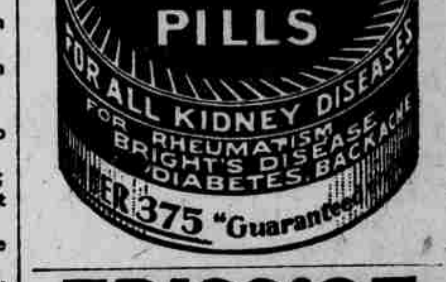
"I don't believe Titewad has any bump of benevolence."

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