

THE FIRST NATIONAL THANKSGIVING

A STORY OF A BOTTLE, A BIRD, A BROKEN NOSE, AND AN ANGRY PRESIDENT WHO 'CUSSED'

THANKSGIVING is an institution of heavy antiquity, but as a peculiarly American national festival it dates only from Thursday, November 26, 1789. The first national Thanksgiving day was perhaps the most exciting ever celebrated on this continent and owes its historic interest to a bottle, a bird, a broken nose and an angry president who rounded out the expression of his wrath with a few well-chosen and forcible "cuss 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 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 resolution 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 of the late war," for "the tranquility, 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 happiness," and for "the civil and religious liberty with which we are blessed and the means we have of acquiring and devising useful knowledge."

The proclamation issued, the burning question arose as to how the day should be celebrated, and over it arose an acrimonious contest. Hamilton proposed a monster procession of dignitaries 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 members 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 unheroic 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 lieutenant 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. Vands

ate it. Then they drank and cheered and sang songs, and cheered and drank. This little matter attended to, Hamilton made a speech and hid 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 and when Hamilton arrived Washington questioned him about it. The Father of His Country was vexed and angered and, indignant, in some pointed remarks to the secretary. The president was incensed that a young soldier should have gotten his nose broken in a tavern brawl while professing to be giving thanks for heaven's blessings.

Our first president went so far as to say that it was disgraceful, "by—, sir!" and the secretary of the treasury discreetly withdrew. History is silent on the subject of the after career of the lieutenant's broken nose, but Thanksgiving day has come down to us intact. Washington, however, apparently got enough on the first day to last him for five years, for his next Thanksgiving proclamation was not issued until January 1, 1795.

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, starchy jasmine waved side by side with the family wares. How much of the excellence of the meal was due to the culinary skill of Jim, the colonel's muchacho, who went into the kitchen to help the Chinese cook, and how much to that amoned-eyed juggler with pots and pans, could not be determined by the guests, but both claimed the honor.

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 occasionally one bolder than the rest would fly up among the dishes. It was etiquette for the nearest guest to shoot 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 followed. These are no longer cooked in rancid coconut 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 coconut oil. The taste of it stays on the plate

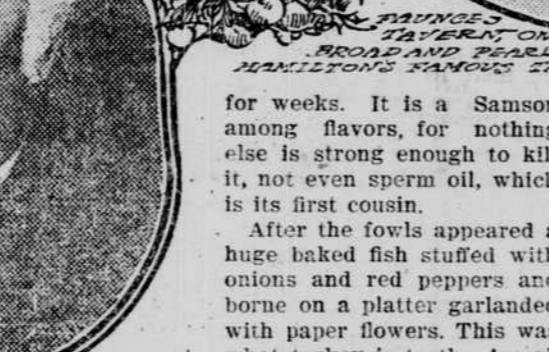
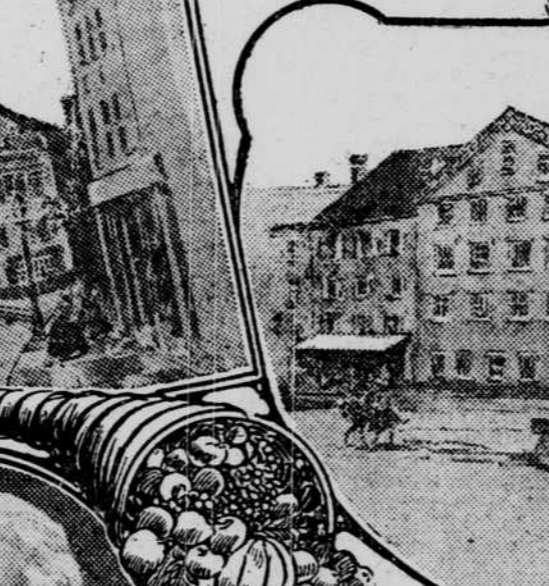
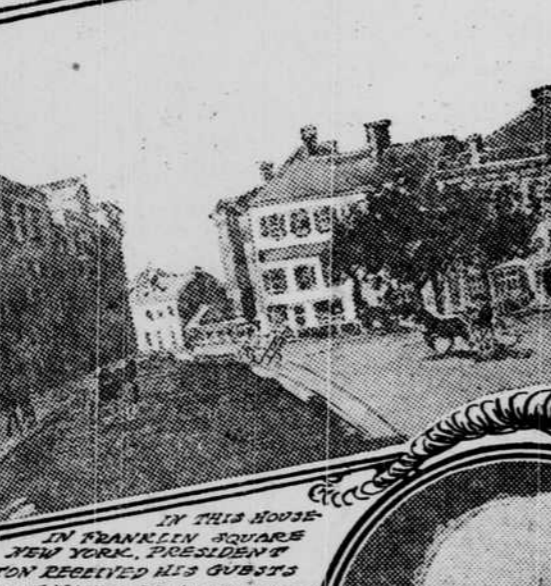
for weeks. It is a Samson among flavors, for nothing else is strong enough to kill it, not even sperm oil, which is its first cousin. After the fowls appeared a huge baked fish stuffed with onions and red peppers and borne on a platter garlanded with paper flowers. This was what turkey is to the American or roast beef to the Englishman—the piece de resistance of the dinner. American canned beef came next. doled out in small portions to each guest, for 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 olla 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 fall 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 spoon.

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 knife-boy. "Maco on 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 Filipino custom for the hostess to feed the

principal dish to the guest of honor, so when the fish was brought on Miss Paciencia changed her seat to one at the colonel's side and carefully selecting the choicest morsels and freeing them from bones and skin popped them into the colonel's mouth. To have demurred would have been a deadly insult to the host, so the colonel was obliged to submit with the best grace he could muster, though the spectacle of a husky American soldier being fed like a baby was almost too much for the self-control of his compatriots, especially when somebody said very softly and distinctly: "Lovey, dovey."

The gallant colonel's ordeal came to an end after a time, but it left him very fed and uncomfortable and nursing a firm resolve to accept no more invitations to dine out in the Philippines. It is only fair to the senatoria to explain that before she took her place at the colonel's side a knifeboy appeared bearing a bowl of perfumed water and a clean towel, and that she carefully washed and dried her hands.

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 are always a successful piece de resistance for the dinner or party. Old as well as young find entertainment in hunting for the prizes concealed between ample crusts of crepe paper, and its appearance is a never ending source of joy to the guests. The favorite pie this year is in the shape of a huge basket, large in circumference, deep enough to hold a host of



IN THIS HOUSE IN FRANKLIN SQUARE NEW YORK, PRESIDENT WASHINGTON ENJOINED HIS SUBJECTS ON THE FIRST NATIONAL THANKSGIVING NOVEMBER 26, 1789

THE HOUSE BUILT BY JOHN FAUNCE, 1789, ON BROAD AND PEARL STREETS, NEW YORK, WHERE WASHINGTON DINED ON THANKSGIVING NOVEMBER 26, 1789

A THANKSGIVING DINNER IN THE PHILIPPINES

Close to her in the admiration of the public are the noble nurses who go as nurses to the battlefields and into 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 keepers. Not all women can be army angels or fever nurses. Most of them

must be home keepers. Are we to ignore the heroism with which they perform their everyday tasks? Let us go into eulogies of these who go as nurses to the fields and hospitals. That is right. But what about the many more women who bravely send husbands, lovers, brothers, sons to the battlefields to be shot? 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, sweethearts who would rather die than be

Gift Pies for Thanksgiving

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His Only Salvation.

The polar explorer faced his vast audience and recited the tales of his hardships. "And at one time, my friends," he related, with dramatic realism, "the mercury dropped down to 60 below zero and I found myself freezing as solid as an iceberg. Then came a happy thought that saved my life."

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.

A Bit Near-Sighted.

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

Soon Explained.

Growlers still in darkness groping, Wondered how he got along, Every day was a day for hoping, Every day was a day for 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 burning 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 town I'm going to play off sick, and he won't have any excuse for going," explained the youthful diplomat.



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An Expert.

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

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 returned from your month's holiday. Where did you go? Second Johnny—Aw, I just ran up to the north pole. First Johnny—I had intended going there, but it's such a fag to take your own grub.

Pastoral.

He met the girl upon the bridge, 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 her a lot? Madge—Yes; but you see she's not to get it till she's 30, and she'll never own up to that.

Erratic Going.

"It is easy enough to hitch your wagon to a star," declared the theatrical manager. "Say on." "How to keep from being bounced out of the wagon is the question."

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Successful Practice.

Old Doctor—I was successful in my first case. Young Doctor—Indeed! Old Doctor—Yep. The executors of his estate paid my bill without a murmur.

Back on the Job.

"The glory of the summer young man has departed." "Yes, indeed. It seems but a step from riches to the ribbon counter."

COURAGE HAS BEEN PROVED

Innumerable instances of heroism in Women Easily to Be Found—Not at All Unusual.

Whenever a woman does some courageous act not strictly in line with woman's ordinary conduct, all men hasten to pay her tribute. If she flags an imperiled train with her red petticoat, takes a gun to a

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 womanly intrepidity stands the famous Ida Lewis Wilcox, the heroine of Lime Rock lighthouse, who has saved scores of lives in adjacent waters.

dragged from the bedside of their dying dear ones? Who has ever counted the hours that the mothers of the world have spent in lonely vigil, when despair pressed upon them and closed around about them like the midnight gloom? Ah! these things are so common that we take no note of them. We are so used to heroism in women that we think nothing about it until it presents itself spectacularly in some unusual form.—Memphis News Scimitar.

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 regular now."

Where He Gets His Strength.

Zyzsko-Stanislav Cyszanowicz is a wrestler who is game. In training for a wrestling match he wrestles with his name.

Possible Explanation.

Harker—I wonder why Coppin gave up his quarters at the Uppoon 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."

Mammoth.

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

"Will there be any besides Taft present?"