

Thanksgiving - Some Eats!



Photo by American Press Assoc.

By JOHN DICKINSON SHERMAN

AFTER Armistice day—Thanksgiving! The one day of martial thrills and, perhaps, poignant memories; the other with its lesson that "peace hath its victories no less renowned than those of war." We may not know just yet how to celebrate November 11, because of its newness as a day of national observance. But Thanksgiving is real old-fashioned. So we know all about the proper celebration of this old American holiday.



Photo by International

Popular opinion insists upon fixing the first Thanksgiving day in 1621, when the Pilgrims celebrated the gathering of their first harvest. They certainly had a large feast; it lasted five days, and they and their Indian guests ate at least five deer. The first Thanksgiving day observed in all the states was on December 18, 1777; it was recommended by proclamation of the Continental congress after the surrender of Burgoyne. For 11 years thereafter congress recommended a day of thanksgiving, and the several states made appointment in accordance. Then there was an interval in which the fixing of the date was left wholly to the states. The first congress under the federal Constitution adopted a resolution asking President Washington to recommend a day for national thanksgiving and prayer, and the President's proclamation named Thursday, November 26, of that year. The anti-Federalists made such a rumpus over it that it was not repeated until 1795, when President Washington, without recommendation by congress, set February 19 as a day of thanksgiving.

Then Thanksgiving day apparently went into the discard as a national holiday. Anyway, until 1815 there was no other national appointment. In that year, by a resolution of congress and proclamation of the President, April 14 was set apart as a day of national thanksgiving for the restoration of peace.

That was the end of an official national Thanksgiving day for nearly half a century. It was revived by President Lincoln when he appointed a special day of thanksgiving for the victory of Gettysburg, August 6, 1863.

In the meantime the American people had been celebrating Thanksgiving day pretty much all over the Union, without bothering about presidential and gubernatorial proclamations. The American knows a good thing when he sees it. President Lincoln, being of the people, took occasion with his Gettysburg proclamation to nationalize the November Thanksgiving day. So for 60 years or so Thanksgiving eats have been attacked and demolished as a patriotic duty.

Theoretically, of course, we should be planning to attend church in the morning to give thanks to Divine Providence for the mercies and blessings of the year to us both as individuals and as citizens of the greatest and wealthiest and most fortunate nation on earth. Individually, as compared with the peoples of other nations, we Americans are most of us

pretty well off—much better off than we realize. And really, you know, it is the easiest thing in the world to find all kinds of proof of the working of Divine Providence in our American history. By rights a public and private thanksgiving on a commensurate scale should be the nationwide feature of Thanksgiving day.

But, if the truth must be told, most of us are looking forward to our Thanksgiving dinner as the main feature of our Thanksgiving day—thinking of the good things we'll have, if we have the price; wondering where it will come from, if we haven't.

Yes! "Thanksgiving Day—Some Eats" comes pretty near being the slogan of our great American home and family festival. So now for the eats:

Would I could say with Charles Lamb—when he wrote his ode to gooseberry pie—"Full of my theme, O Muse!" Still, the debating societies continue to thunder over the question, "Is anticipation superior to realization?" So maybe I am better off as I am. Certainly it would be a terrific task to write this right after an old-fashioned Thanksgiving dinner. Black coffee, tobacco and peace is what a man wants then.

Turkey and cranberry sauce, that's the main thing. Really, you know, the rest is just fixin's. Nature's a pretty good old dame, after all. What if she had given us turkey and had forgotten all about the cranberries? Why, the two are just made to go together—sort of gastronomic affinities. One shudders at the thought of egg without salt, goose without apple sauce, duck without currant jelly. But turkey without cranberry sauce on Thanksgiving is unthinkable.

The man who deliberately and with malice aforethought eats turkey before Thanksgiving day should be put in jail until after Thanksgiving day, or put through a psychopathic third degree. He's sticking out his tongue and making faces at old Mother Nature. Did you ever get so thirsty that every separate atom in you was shrieking like a toothache for water? No? Well, that's the way to find out how cold spring water tastes. Did you ever shoot all day on a duck marsh when the spray froze on the paddle and push-pole? No? Well, that's the way to find out what a blazing fireplace feels like. That's Nature's way.

Why, a man ought to approach that sacred Thanksgiving dinner only after

purification like that of the knights of old. He ought to go to it hungry. He ought to go to it turkey fairly trembling with the anticipation of nearly a year of abstinence. You know that, I know it. Everybody knows it. Alas, that this Twentieth century civilization of ours with its manifold food vagaries is no longer sane, safe and sober!

And someone with really devilish ingenuity should think up punishment to fit the crime for the housewife who blocks the way to the turkey with appetizers and cocktails and soups and oysters and such like. Me, I want to sit hungry and plumb empty and watch the carving of the turkey and tremble with expectation and water at the mouth. I want my first mouthful of my Thanksgiving dinner to be turkey and cranberry sauce—turkey and cranberry sauce, and nothing else.

THE AMERICAN LEGION

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THE TEXAS HOSPITAL PLAN

State Department Places Work First on List—Financing the Responsibility of All Units.

"The department of Texas places hospital work first and considers it a privilege to do everything possible in this service," writes Miss Ada May Maddox, secretary of the department of Texas. And her report of the hospital work which has been done in Texas during the past year bears out the statement.

Murray. A state hospital fund was instituted May 23, 1921. The first check which came into headquarters was from Santa Anna, a unit so young that it had not yet received its charter. The Wichita Falls auxiliary, known as "Ma Burdick's unit," was among the first to contribute. Since then approximately \$5,500 has been deposited in the hospital fund, four Legion posts having sent in, without solicitation, about \$300 of the amount. One post held a goat-roping contest to raise funds and others sent in the receipts of their poppy sales. The object of the state fund is to make the financing of the hospital work the responsibility of all units, not limited to the ones nearest the hospitals. The State hospital committee, a chairman elected by the state convention and three members from each unit situated near a hospital for executive men, handles the money that comes in. The chairman directs the work, instructs her committee, approves statements and vouchers, prepares bulletins and does an enormous amount of work among the boys themselves. Mrs. David M. Duller of Houston served faithfully in that capacity last year, and Mrs. J. Ward McKee, also of Houston, is the active chairman.

The report says: "Mrs. Murray's messages to the units in the hospital bulletins and her vision in the hospital work has inspired the Texas units to accomplish all this. It was her idea, also, that the units adopt patients and break the monotony of days in the hospital wards by writing to them and sending little gifts. Greatest help is given to men without compensation, but men with compensation who need cheering are adopted also."

LEGION MEN FEAR FOUL PLAY

Thomas Stuart Bloodworth Mysteriously Disappears From His Home in Natchez, Mississippi.

Thomas Stuart Bloodworth disappeared from his home in Natchez, Miss., September 13, and members of the American Legion post, the Herbert J. Remondet post No. 4, are seeking news concerning him. It is feared he may have met with foul play. Bloodworth is twenty-three years old, 5 feet 0 1/2 inches in height, weighs 140 pounds, is fair complexioned, has dark brown hair and black eyes. When he disappeared he wore an O.D. army shirt and corduroy trousers. He is married and has a nine-months-old child. Any information concerning him should be sent to W. A. Geisenberger, commander Herbert J. Remondet post No. 4, Natchez, Miss.

Legion Hotel in London. London (England) members of the American Legion—there are American Legion posts in virtually every country—have opened a big hotel, where veterans of the World war are finding a homelike place to stay. Though the London post has only 128 members, the hotel project was launched successfully and, known as the American Legion hotel, already has gathered an excellent patronage. The hotel has rooms, lounge, dancing and entertainment parlors, etc., and furnishes the post with offices, a meeting place and entertainment facilities.

Tanlac Put Him Back on Job, Says Davis

"I've never been much of a hand at praising medicines, but I can certainly say something good for Tanlac," said Geo. Davis, 110 Naglee St., San Francisco, Calif.

"I had a bad case of ptomaine poisoning and it came pretty near laying me out altogether. For three months I was in an awful condition and suffering constantly from diarrhea. I became weak all over, and was going from bad to worse. I tried everything I knew of, but it was beginning to look like nothing would ever reach my case. Then, a friend of mine recommended Tanlac to me. And it's a fact, four bottles have made a clean sweep of my troubles and built me up to where I feel like a new man. I am working every day now and when it comes to recommending Tanlac I can't put it too strong."

Tanlac is sold by all good druggists.—Advertisement.

Delicate Instruments. An English scientist has perfected a wireless receiving set containing instruments so fine that they are affected by waves less than half an inch in length—the smallest wave used ordinarily being about 200 yards long.

WOMEN NEED SWAMP-ROOT

Thousands of women have kidney and bladder trouble and never suspect it. Women's complaints often prove to be nothing else but kidney trouble, or the kidneys are not in a healthy condition, they may cause the other organs to become diseased. Pain in the back, headache, loss of ambition, nervousness, are often times symptoms of kidney trouble. Don't delay starting treatment. Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, a physician's prescription, obtained at any drug store, may be just the remedy needed to overcome such conditions. Get a medium or large size bottle immediately from any drug store. However, if you wish first to test this great preparation send ten cents to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., for a sample bottle. When writing be sure and mention this paper.—Advertisement.

No amount of good advice ever made a bad egg fresh.



Mrs. W. H. Avis
Council Bluffs, Iowa.—"A few years ago after motherhood I could not gain back my strength. I developed quite a severe case of woman's trouble, suffered with bearing pains which would be so severe I would have to lie down. I became so weak that all I wanted to do was lie and rest. It seemed that every spark of vitality had left me. I consulted a doctor and he said nothing but an operation would help me, but I would not consent. I had seen Dr. Pierce's medicine advertised, so at once began taking the 'Favorite Prescription' and the 'Golden Medical Discovery' and it was not long until I noticed my appetite was returning. I could eat, so I knew the medicine was doing me good. I took about twelve bottles and it was well worth it for it completely restored me to health, without the operation."—Mrs. W. H. Avis, 314 S. 10th St.
All druggists sell Dr. Pierce's Family medicines—tablets or liquid.

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When the body begins to stiffen and movement becomes painful it is usually an indication that the kidneys are out of order. Keep these organs healthy by taking **LATHROP'S GOLD MEDAL HAARLEM OIL CAPSULES**
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Wireless Fence

On opposite corners in a little town live two men. Each has a lawn, which, since spring, has been used as highway and thoroughfare by all who wanted to save five feet in rounding those corners. One man's sign read: "Keep off," and was re-enforced by a wire fence. The other's was longer and read: "Suggestion—if you don't walk across here, it may be a lawn some day." This one had no

wire fence. Such is the perversity of human nature, that many people still get their exercise by jumping the wire fence on the first man's place. The other is undisturbed.—Collier's Weekly.

Peat-Cutting in Ireland. The peat-cutting industry is carried on very profitably in Ireland. Work usually begins at the bogs at the end of April. The skilled cutter, who has two men with low sided wheelbarrows in attendance, uses a kind of

spade, called a slane, the sods being cut up and removed to dry land. A few days later, when the sods have become a little less soggy, they are spread carefully all over the ground and left to dry. The next step is to pile the turf into a skillfully-made heap, which allows the wind to pass between the different pieces. Usually it is two or three months before the peats are ready for use as fuel. Peat is used in Ireland to such an extent that few people in the country districts ever burn coal.