

The Story of the First Thanksgiving Day

Many of us have probably forgotten how the turkey came to play the star part in the Thanksgiving dinner. For that matter, how many ever knew the true significance of this delightful custom? The father of the day, pious old Governor Bradford, thought it would be a great thing if the folks of Plymouth colony should eat together when the frost was on the pumpkin and the fodder was in the shock.

Not being a vegetarian, and Chicago dressed beef not yet coming into vogue, he commanded the colony's valiant sons to go into the forests and shoot a sufficient mess of venison and wild turkey. Next arose the problem of a common eating place. But that solved itself, for colonial Massachusetts had but one common place of adequate community assembly, the out of doors.

So the wild turkeys, duly stuffed and baked, and the venison, were taken, with fitting accompaniments, under the trees and joyously despatched at a feast for all, including King Massasoit and 90 friendly Indians. So well did they enjoy the common feast that they kept it up for three days, consuming also we fear, quite a quantity of strong waters.

It was not, therefore, as with us, primarily a family but a community function; the nearest that the pious pilgrims could come to a democratic festival. When we modify it to a service in a sectarian church and a spread around a family board, we reduce the fine old function to less than

its original intent.

The family dinner and the church service have grown into traditions too well rooted to be upset, even if there were any anxious to upset them. They give a useful and intimate spiritual touch. But lately, in a few places, there has come into usage an added celebration more in keeping with the founder's intent.

Some folks are opening our common meeting place, the public school house, symbol of this age's all-inclusive fellowship, for social center spreads to which everybody in the neighborhood may come by simply giving notice and contributing equally to meet the modest cost. Such feasts in our temple of democracy restore to our time much of the significance which the first Thanksgiving Day had for the hardy colonists of Plymouth Rock.

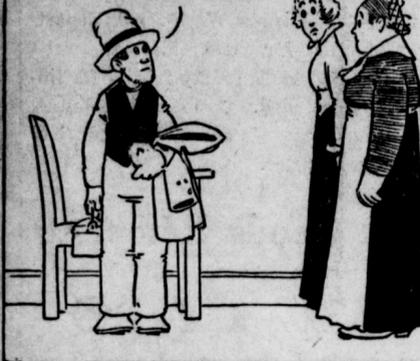
For the battle of our period, in fortunate America, is not with painted savages armed with scalping knives, nor with the rigors of the wilderness. Much less is it Europe's battle with high powered tools of slaughter by wholesale. Our battle is with prejudices, misunderstandings, the evil spirits which spring up among folks who are artificially kept apart.

They who eat together in equality discover in one another too many fine interests and traits in common to want to spoil the fellowship by hate and murder.

DIANA DILLPICKLES IN A 4-REEL "SCREECHER" FILM

ONE WAY TO GET A TURKEY

SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT! OWIN' TO THE SHORTAGE OF WORK AT THE FOUNDRY, AND TH' HIGH PRICE OF TURKEY, OUR THANKSGIVIN' MENOOS WILL BE CORN BEEF HASH!



BESIDES LUCK'S AGAINST US. I ALMOST WON A TURKEY AT THE RAFFLE LAST NIGHT, BUT YOUNG JACK SPOONERLY WON IT!



AN IDEA.



IS THAT YOU MR SPOONERLY? LISTEN! WE'VE ORDERED SUCH A WHOPPING BIG TURKEY AS CAN NEVER IN THE WORLD EAT IT ALL. WON'T YOU COME OVER AND DINE WITH US THIS EVENING?



IT WORKED, MA! IT WORKED! HE SAID HE'D COME, PROVIDED WE'D CANCEL THE ORDER FOR OUR TURKEY AND COOK AND SERVE HIS INSTEAD!



KI-YI! SOME GIRLS LOUNGE ON THE SINK— BUT MORE OF THEM SINK ON THE LOUNGE!



PONTO THE PUP



HARDLY. Bix—You may depend upon it that your friends won't forget you as long as you have money. Dix—That's right; especially if you have borrowed it from them. —Detroit Tribune.

Waiting For a Laugh

Writing of an old New England parson of colonial times, the historian, Parkman, says:

He had an irrepressible conscience and a highly aggressive sense of duty, which made him an intolerable meddler in the affairs of other people."

Ever seen that type of person?

It is the type which, as another writer has aptly said, has almost succeeded in making vice respectable and virtue odious.

Not for a minute do we believe that the common folks of this country have swung away from the genuine merits of the progressive movement.

They're merely pausing till it finds a leadership with a sense of humor.

His Sympathy In the Cruel War!

When the federal troops were sent to quell a riot in an Arkansas mining district, they found some real work to do. There had been shooting and burning and killing enough to make up a pretty fair war report.

The colonel immediately ordered the miners and all the inhabitants within the district to disarm.

The second day after the guns had been gathered in, an old fellow with a long beard and bushy hair and a shiftless gait approached the colonel.

"I reckon," he said, diffidently, "you'll let me have my boy's gun. We ain't been mixed up in none of the fighting."

"Then why do you want your gun?" asked the colonel.

"We are plumb out of hog meat and we want to shoot some rabbits," said the old mountaineer.

"What sort of gun did your boy have?" asked the colonel.

"My boyses," corrected the old man, "they all had guns; and all of 'em want to get 'em back. We need to shoot some rabbits powerful bad."

"How many boys have you?" asked the colonel.

The old man stroked his beard reflectively. "Fourteen—Jim's away, but he give me his gun."

"Fourteen guns in one family." The colonel's face wrinkled into a smile. "We'll have to keep your arsenal for a while. My sympathy is with the rabbits!"

Expect Widow and Orphan Parade

Before the big ditch was opened at Panama it cost 65 cents to ship a 100-pound nail keg from Pittsburg to San Francisco.

Now the cost is 48 cents—18 cents to New York by rail and 30 cents the rest of the long journey by boat.

Moreover, the water haul is almost as speedy as the rail haul—about in the ratio of 20 days to 14.

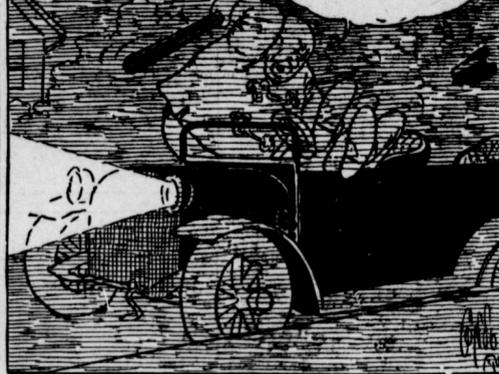
Heretofore, where there was water competition, the railroads tried to keep it as close to the coast as possible by making the interior rates high. Moreover, they pretty well controlled the water rates by owning the ships and the docks.

But forcing industries to locate near the coast discriminates against the interior. And the interior,

OUTBURSTS OF EVERETT TRUE



WHY DO YOU SIT OUT HERE AND PUNCH THAT HORN THIS TIME OF NIGHT?? IF YOU'RE TOO LAZY TO GO AND RING YOUR FRIEND'S DOOR BELL, IT'S UP TO ME TO EQUIP YOU WITH A SELF-STARTER!!!



it can be assumed, won't stand for it. You can see now, can't you, why the railroads didn't want the canal and especially didn't want real competition? The widows and orphans whose incomes depend on railway dividends may soon be expected to pass in review before congress pathetically appealing for a chance to live. Under private ownership of transportation it is their life against business.

Big brother is sometimes good to little brother. England proposes to lend Belgium \$50,000,000 without interest, until the end of the war.

Mohammed proclaimed that four wives ought to content a man. Those Turks are going to have a hard time forcing Mohammedanism on the rest of the world.

We are cabled that "prospects of a winter campaign present no terrors to Germany military writers." Same here. We're going to be warm and well fed at home, too.

Adventures of Johnny Mouse



IT'S WORTH A DOLLAR TO GET HIM OUT OF MY MIND A FEW HOURS!



OH! LOOK WHO'S HERE!



NO PARTING. She—I'm afraid poor papa will miss me when we are married. He—Why, is your father going away?—N. Y. Sun.

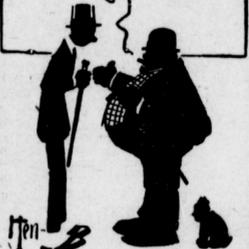
"I think that women ought to have the ballot." "Do they really want it?" "They must want it. Some of them are working so ardently for suffrage that they are paying absolutely no attention to dress."—Kansas City Journal.

DO YOU KNOW A PESSIMIST?



CLIP THESE OUT AND MAIL OR GIVE ONE TO A PESSIMIST OR GRUMBLER YOU KNOW. PASTE THE OTHER OVER YOUR DESK OR ON YOUR DOOR. BE A BOOSTER!

BUSINESS BLUNDER.



"How did Sable come to go into bankruptcy so soon?" "The chump! He opened a fur store on the sunny side of the street."

ILLUSTRATED QUOTATION.



"The child is father to the man."

LOGICAL.

First Soldier—If you really believe you won't die until your time comes, why do you dodge every bullet that comes along? Second Soldier—Because my life is sure to be safe as long as I'm able to doge 'em.—New York Times.

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