

EDITORIAL PAGE---Let the Truth Prevail!

Let's Plan Now So That Other Thanksgiving Days Shall Be Happy

Today Uncle Sam is thankful for the biggest harvest in the history of this country, and for an unparalleled commercial and industrial prosperity. Uncle Sam has had the reputation of knowing how to make a good bargain, but whoever heard of him as a saver? "American extravagance" has always been the joke of other nations. Of late, however, "economy" has crept out of the dictionary and into the common speech. The cautious are already suggesting that plans be laid now for lean years to come.

Economy, we are told, is the secret of German efficiency and French preparedness, and a lack of economy is given as the reason for the way in which England has "muddled through" her own responsibilities. Doubtless we are to hear a good deal more on the subject here at home, therefore it is pertinent to ask, "Who ought to do the economizing?" Lean and fat years are much alike to millions of people. To live, they must spend all they earn, and it does not seem in order for any one to instruct them in how

to build up a bank account by cutting down their meat bills and going without silk hose. But is it not logical that those who are TAKING THE BIG PROSPERITY PROFITS should assume their social responsibility for PROLONGING PROSPERITY.

"We can afford to go out of business after the war," says a manufacturer who has just doubled the size of his plant. "We can afford by that time to shut down the shop and abandon the buildings!" And let the American working man do—what? Starve? "SAVING SOMETHING FOR TOMORROW" from present prosperity is the BIGGEST PROBLEM ever put up to the BUSINESS INTERESTS of this country.

It means managing business so well that it will keep the American workmen employed after the war! That kind of economy is going to count!

A Few Things to Be Thankful For:

- That we haven't been run down by a flivver.
- That the council hasn't given the T. R. & P. the city hall clock.
- That the war hasn't taken away our appetite for mother's turkey and cranberry sauce, and that turkey's cheaper.
- That our neighbor's phonograph is in the junk pile.
- That Tacoma doesn't support a bread line.
- That the kids are on good behavior until Christmas.
- That Taft doesn't take his bath in our house.
- That the ice man will lay off for a while.
- That we haven't fallen for a book agent for many months.
- That we don't play football.
- That Wilson is president.
- That the grocer trusts us.
- That the air is free.
- That we don't have to worry about our bank deposits.
- That we can read to ourselves so no one will know we skip over the names of cities mentioned in the war news.
- That we don't live back east.
- That Everett True is still on the job.
- That we've kept out of the war so far.
- That we aren't being pestered to death like Mrs. Galt is.

Celebrating An Ancient Festival

There is nothing so pertinent as custom. A habit, an opinion, a rite, once started, continues from generation to generation.

The honored American festival known as Thanksgiving Day did not originate with the Pilgrim Fathers in 1621.

It is a survival from the most ancient times. In the book of Judges it is written: "And they went out into the field, and gathered their vineyards, and trode the grapes and held festival, and went into the house of their god, and did eat and drink."

Moses ordered the feast of tabernacles, "after that thou hast gathered in from thy threshing-floor and from thy wine-press."

The Greeks had their feast in honor of Demeter, goddess of agriculture. Ceres was the harvest deity of the Romans, who held their festival in October. England's "harvest home" festival can be traced back to Saxon times.

The Puritans had observed Thanksgiving day for ten years in Holland before they came to America.

Since the Pilgrims' first Thanksgiving day, there have been many breaks in the calendar. Washington issued a Thanksgiving proclamation, but the day has been observed as an annual holiday only since Lincoln's proclamation in 1864.

Puritans' Thanksgiving Menu

Only millionaires could afford to duplicate the original Thanksgiving menu today. Most of the viands are high priced luxuries today. The pilgrim mothers, it is said, served shell fish, fresh cod, wild turkey, geese and water fowl, venison and vegetables, with barley loaves and corn bread. The bread, however, was the most important of the foods, for it represented the Puritans' first crop upon which their lives depended. It was for their bread that they gave thanks.

WHAT UNCLE SAM'S HARVEST HOME FESTIVAL MEANS

Wheat and rye, bushels	1,044,000,000
Potatoes, white and sweet, bushels	425,000,000
Oats, bushels	1,517,478,000
Corn, bushels	3,090,000,000
Hay, tons	100,000,000
Butter, pounds	1,500,000,000
Milk, gallons	7,250,000,000
Cheese, pounds	300,000,000
Orchard fruits, bushels	220,000,000
Vegetables, value	\$400,000,000
Estimated value of farm and livestock at prices for November	\$11,000,000,000

VERSE FOR THANGSGIVING DAY

For the trade and the skill and the wealth in our land,
 For the cunning and strength of the working man's hand,
 For the good that our artists and poets have taught,
 For the friendship that hope and affection have bought—
 Thanksgiving! Thanksgiving!

For the homes that with purest affection are blest,
 For the season of plenty and well deserved rest,
 For our country extending from sea to sea,
 The land that is known as the "Land of the Free"—
 Thanksgiving! Thanksgiving!

A PRAYER FOR THE DAY
 Drawing by SATTERFIELD Words by CHARLES B. DRISCOLL

Lord of the Harvest, Mighty King, not hectacombs of cattle,
 Not any burnt nor butchered thing, nor sacrifice of battle,
 We bring to thee, but, blessed with peace beyond our power to merit;
 With fertile soil and Earth's increase, which ours is to inherit,
 We, humbly prostrate at thy feet, a free, united nation,
 Our hearts with gratitude replete, give thanks and adoration.
 Give us this day our daily bread, as thou hast ever given;
 As we forgive the quick and dead, so may we be forgiven;
 Help thou our unbelief, O Lord, and strengthen our endeavor;
 That we may all, with one accord, hail thee our king, forever.
 Guard thou, O Lord, our nation's coast, save us from conflict gory;
 A score with thee shall be a host, and thine shall be the glory!

be here, well taken care of where Margie and I can look after you. Mollie's married life must not be spoiled in the beginning by the interference of anyone."
 "Oh—oh—oh that I should live to see the day when a child of mine should say these things to me. Why don't you let me die—why don't you let me die?"
 "When is the wedding to be, mother?" asked Marys soft voice.
 "I'll have to get a new dress. I have nothing suitable for a church wedding."
 Mother Waverly came out of her hysterical fit immediately. "But Mollie said she was not going to have a church wedding," she said.
 "Oh, yes, she is," I asserted, seeing that Mary had diplomatically said the right thing. "She told me last night at Ellen's that she was going to let you engineer her wedding to keep you from thinking how lonely you would be without her."
 Mother Waverly brightened visibly. All was not lost if she could have a big church wedding.
 (Continued Tomorrow.)

TO MAKE SKIN CLEAR

Don't worry about skin troubles. You can have a clear, clean complexion by using a little zemo, obtained at any drug store for 25c, or extra large bottle at \$1.00. Zemo easily removes all traces of pimples, black heads, eczema, and ringworm and makes the skin clear and healthy. Zemo is neither watery, sticky nor greasy and stains nothing. It is easily applied and costs a mere trifle for each application. It is always dependable.
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PANTAGES

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 "The Lion's Bride"
 Tom Kelly and Violette
 "Neal of the Navy"—No. 9
 And Four Other Acts.

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CONFESSIONS OF A WIFE

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 Dick was home when I got back from Ellen's. Mary told me this morning that he came home very early and spent an hour telling her what a wonderful woman I was and how fortunate he was to have me for his wife.
 For a good many years I thought Dick told me the whole truth when he told me anything. I now know that while he usually does the thing of which he boasts and tells me the truth, he only tells that part of it that he wants me to know. This morning Dick did not refer to my being out at Ellen's the night before. Instead, he said with elaborate carelessness, "I heard last night that Eleanor had returned to the hospital."
 "Then she is better," I exclaimed; "I am so glad."
 "Is that the very pretty Miss Fairlow I have seen at your house so often?" asked Mary innocently.
 "Yes," answered Dick; "there is only one Miss Fairlow. She is not looking her best now, poor girl!"—then he stopped, realizing how he had given himself away.
 "Is she able to go back to nursing?" I asked, ignoring the fact that Dick's engagement the night before must have been with the fair Eleanor.
 Dick took the cue immediately. I will say this for that husband of mine—when he is driven into a corner he goes to battle cheerfully.
 "She said she thought she would be able to go back in the ward next Monday," he mentioned serenely, as though he had not intended me to think that he had heard of Eleanor's return from a rest in the country from someone else.
 "You had better send Eleanor some flowers tomorrow, Margie, and if Mary feels well enough have her come down with you and we will have lunch somewhere."
 "Tomorrow, Dick," said Mary. "I'm going to the book shop. I promised Mr. Seymour to meet him there."
 Dick looked at me inquiringly as though to ask: "Do you think this is the man Mary will marry?" I looked perfectly blank, for I was not going to give any of Mary's secrets away, even to my own husband.
 Just then Mother Waverly came in. Her eyes were red as though

she had been weeping.
 "I'm glad you are here, Dick," she began. "For I want to ask you what is going to become of me after Mollie is married?"
 "You don't expect, mother dear, that Mollie's wedding will have a necessarily fatal or even a serious effect on you," said Dick, trying to joke.
 "Don't treat this matter lightly, Dick. I feel as though this was the last straw. In the first place, I do not see how any man can separate me from my only daughter, especially as he, of course, knows what I have gone through in the last few years. When Chadwick Hatton spoke of taking a long trip with Mollie around the world I did not for a moment suspect that he did not expect me to accompany them."
 Dick threw up his hands and laughed. "You must excuse me, mother, but the thought of a man going on his wedding journey accompanied by his mother-in-law is too much."
 "Mother, for the love of Pete, be sensible just once," begged Dick, but before he could get any further his mother began to have a fit of hysterics. "Oh, why am I left alive? Why am I made to suffer this way?" Then a long scream and a sobbing cry.
 Dick was wild. He went over to his mother and shook her, not very gently. "For heaven's sake get a hold on yourself," he said. "you are not to be pitied, you will

FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS

(YOU GOTTA BE CAREFUL ABOUT YAWNING WHEN YER FULL!)

By Blosser



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