

How Our Presidents Have Given Thanks

HE two dozen and more men who have in the course of a century and a decade served as presidents of the United States have manifested quite a variety of tastes and preferences in their observance of our great national holidays—or, rather, all the holidays save one. The one exception in the category of holidays has been Thanksgiving. One and all, our presidents have, save under the most unusual circumstances, observed the November day of prayer and thanksgiving in pretty much the same way. Indeed, it is something of a marvel that men of widely differing temperaments living at different periods of our history have found it possible to conform so closely to what has now almost become a set of unwritten rules at the White House.

None of the veteran employes of the presidential mansion has even been able to advance a wholly satisfactory theory as to why our chief magistrates have followed so closely in one another's footsteps in the observance of Thanksgiving when they have allowed themselves considerable latitude with regard to other holidays, such as Fourth of July. One supposition is to the effect that the religious significance of Thanksgiving prescribes a certain form of observance. Another theory is that it is the fact that Thanksgiving is so pre-eminently a family holiday—a day for family reunions. And finally, and perhaps it is the most plausible, is the premise that precedent once firmly established at the White House is pretty likely to be rigidly adhered to.

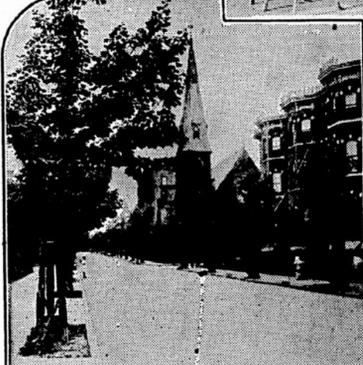
Whereas the program of a president of the United States on the last Thursday in November does not differ much from that of many an ordinary citizen, the Thanksgiving event requires attention from him earlier than from the average individual, who, perhaps, does not give it a thought until the good wife reminds him that he had better engage a turkey, or the son and



WHERE THANKSGIVING DINNER IS SERVED AT WHITE HOUSE

It is pretty safe for the president of the United States to count on a house full of people on Thanksgiving. The holiday is recognized as the occasion for family reunions, and when, as in the case of Roosevelt and Taft, there are a number of children, the young people have all come home for the occasion—like as not accompanied by school friends, who account it a real treat to be entertained at the White House over a holiday. In the case of presidents who, like McKinley, have had no living children, there have usually been nieces and nephews and other relatives to make up a merry circle, and one mistress of the White House—the beloved Mrs. Hayes—made it a custom to entertain at dinner on such occasions all the employes of the presidential offices and their families. However, in justice to latter day First Ladies of the Land, it should be explained that such hospitality would be no slight chore when there are dozens of employes, to say nothing of the couple of dozen policemen who are detailed to guard the White House.

In some administrations it has been the custom to spend the evening of Thanksgiving day very quietly at the White House, but latterly, with the principal meal of the day postponed until midnight, it has been the rule for the dinner party to adjourn to the spacious and historic East room for social festivities of one kind or another. There is always music on such occasions, the \$15,000 "gold piano" being ready to hand in one corner of the big room, and when young people have been in evidence, as at every Thanksgiving celebration in the White House during the past decade, there has usually been some dancing—the old-fashioned dances, such as the Virginia reel, being the favorites on such occasions. President Taft



WHERE PRESIDENT ATTENDS THANKSGIVING SERVICE



PRESIDENT TAFT LEAVING CHURCH

PRESIDENT TAFT—DURING HIS AFTERNOON HORSEBACK RIDE

heir begins to discuss the prospects of the Thanksgiving day football contest. The forethought of the president in the matter arises from the responsibility which rests upon him for the issuance of the official Thanksgiving day proclamation which fixes the date and formally calls upon all the people of the country to assemble in the churches and give thanks for the blessings of the year.

As it is, there is no surety and little likelihood that a busy president will, on his own initiative, assume the role of herald of the Thanksgiving. Accordingly one of the clerks at the White House, whose duty it is to keep tab of the president's engagements and act as a human memorandum pad, reminds his chief along about the first week in November that it is time to issue the customary Thanksgiving proclamation. Or perhaps the proclamation, beautifully engrossed, comes over to the White House from the state department all ready for the president's signature. And this lets a secret out of the bag—namely, that not all of our presidents have written their own Thanksgiving proclamations. Roosevelt, who rather prides himself on his literary abilities, insists on doing so, but most of the occupants of the White House have been only too glad to fall back on precedent and allow this call to be properly phrased by a man named Smith, who holds a confidential position in the state department and has been, for so, these many years, acting as the chief executive's proxy in writing holiday proclamations and composing those ceremonial letters of congratulation and condolence which our ruler is called upon to send every now and then to sovereigns overseas.

With the proclamation of the way the president does not need to bother any further about the preliminaries of the feast—since kind-hearted admirers of the chief magistrate can always be depended upon to send him especially choice gobblers as gifts. Why, one prosperous farmer in Rhode Island has not missed a Thanksgiving for considerably more than a third of a century in the donation of a White House Thanksgiving bird. Apparently he does not let his own politics influence the size of the birds he sends either, for Grant and Cleveland and Roosevelt all received from this source turkeys that tipped the scales at close to 35 pounds apiece.

Thanksgiving day, when it arrives, is a morning when the president does not have to tumble

out of bed at any particular hour, because the president has no office hours on Thanksgiving. To some of our presidents, such as Roosevelt, who were never tempted to oversleep, this is an especial boon, but it is something of a blessing to the present occupant of the White House, who is by preference a late riser. The White House offices are open on Thanksgiving, as they are on every other day of the year, and the president may stroll over to dispose of the most urgent mail and telegrams, but there is nothing obligatory about this, and there have been Thanksgivings in which the chief magistrate has not set foot in his workshop.

The one pre-eminence and invariable duty of Thanksgiving morning for the president is attendance at divine worship. Having advised other people to repair to the churches on this occasion to give thanks it would be accounted odd if he did not do likewise, no matter what the weather conditions. Very often the president has walked to church on Thanksgiving, and he is almost certain to find his route lined with spectators who avail themselves of a certainty that does not characterize a president's church-going at other times. Almost all our presidents, from Washington to Lincoln, attended Thanksgiving services in quaint little St. John's church—nicknamed the "Church of the Presidents"—which stands just across the park from the White House, but later presidents have worshipped in different edifices. President Taft goes to a Unitarian church about one-third of a mile from the presidential mansion, but Mrs. Taft and Miss Helen go to St. John's, to occupy the pew that for nearly a century has been reserved for our president's families.

Of late years the president has on some Thanksgivings attended two church services in succession, and this brings him home late for luncheon. Just here should be mentioned one of the few changes that have ever taken place in the White House program for Thanksgiving day. Years ago it was the invariable custom to serve the Thanksgiving dinner at noon, but latterly most presidents have preferred to have dinner served at 7 or 7:30 o'clock in the evening.

An American president is allowed some latitude as to the manner in which he spends the afternoon of Thanksgiving day. He may spend it visiting with his family or reading, but almost invariably the later afternoon is devoted to a constitutional. A long walk is an excellent appetizer for the turkey and cranberry sauce, although some of our late presidents, including both Taft and Roosevelt, have ridden horseback in the twilight of the autumn holiday.

Good Reasons For Thankfulness

There is no one so old nor so young that he cannot spare a cause for thankfulness. It merely for the philosophical reason of not being as some one else.

When you do not see the necessity of being grateful for what you are and have, so probing for what you have escaped. From this point of view the national holiday will not seem a hollow mockery of your hard luck.

The woman who thinks herself too trouble pursued to give thanks may, "take another think" and say fervently: "It is to be grateful that for me: 'The stealing of my morning paper will not ruin my temper and a belated breakfast will not put me in a grocer for the day."

"There is no waiting my time for a barber to make me a daily sight with lather while he converses at length.

"There is open enjoyment in a bit of gossip without feeling bound to pretend my sex never indulged in such a pernicious habit.

"A mirror need not mean surreptitious glances lest I be thought vain, and if I happen to be loud in my tastes I need not subdue them to somber hues or else go clad in ties, socks, and vests that are the joke of the club.

"There is no need for inventiveness to explain nights out and I can take my pleasure less wearing than in 'whooping it up.'

"The first of the month means merely my own bills, or some one to pay them, not settling accounts for a whole family.

"A collier is an accustomed sensation of waiting to be asked, not a nerve racking fear of being a masculine will flower.

"There may be a dozen strings to my bow without achieving the reputation of being a gay deliver and running risks of getting my hand called if I pay marked attention to two fair ones at once."

A GRIM REMINDER.
"Doctor," said the desperate heavyweight, "give me something to make me weigh less."
"That sort of thing merely makes you dangerouser."
"I don't care if it does."
"Very well. But I can't see why you should go to all that trouble merely to make labor a little lighter for your partner."

NATIONAL CAPITAL AFFAIRS

Adding Two More Stars to the Flag



WASHINGTON—Now that it seems certain that two new states will be added to the Union by March 4, New Mexico and Arizona being slated for promotion from territories, the flag factories run by the government are for some busy times. It will be necessary first for the departments here to decide how the new stars shall be placed on the flag. The field of the flag is becoming crowded with stars and it is no easy matter to rearrange them so that the section reserved for constellations may not be unjustly jumbled. This duty devolves upon officials of the army and navy departments who must meet and decide how the new stars representing the two new states are to be placed on the field of the flag. Then the work of rearranging the field on all the flags owned by Uncle Sam will be begun, and a gigantic task will be.

The army flags are all remade at the various government depots, the work being given to women who are widows of army men or daughters of veterans with some claim on the government for employment. The navy flags are usually fixed up by the sailors themselves, the Jackies being just as handy with the needle and the sewing machine as the women and

as they have a great deal of leisure time the sailors manage to do their own official needlework when the flags are called in for the addition of stars and the rearrangement of the field of stars.

The addition of one star to the flag sometimes proves an easy task. The amount of work involved depends upon the position of the stars already on the flag. If there is room at the bottom of the last row of stars for the addition of another then it is merely a matter of adding that extra star and this is a comparatively easy job. But the field of stars seldom lends itself in that kind of manner to the work of adding additional stars. The symmetrical arrangement of the stars is a matter of the utmost importance and this requires much thought and skill on the part of the officials to whom is entrusted the work of designing a field with the extra stars added.

The first work when the design of the new flag has been sent out to the arsenals, is to rip off the stars that have to be placed in different positions. This work is done by rows of women who are armed with sharp pointed knives. They place the star to be removed on a padded base that holds the cloth taut. Then they carefully rip out the stitches until the star is removed. This work goes on for weeks and sometimes months, for all the flags in the country must be rearranged. As the stars are ripped off they are dropped in baskets and not used again, new stars being sewn on to replace the discarded ones. The new stars are cut by means of a die.

Uncle Sam Teaches Filipinos to Farm

NOTED professor from the University of Chicago, who spent several months in the Philippine Islands as lecturer at the teachers' vacation assembly, conducted by the bureau of education every year at Baguio, the summer capital of the islands, returned recently to the United States. "Other nations one of these days will be coming to the Philippines to see how the educational triumphs have been won," he said, in reference to the work of the schools.

Without question one of the triumphs of America in the wonderful work that has been accomplished during the past ten years during the ten year educational system. From a meager of pupils, and an expenditure of few thousand dollars in the work has developed a system that reaches into every town and every village of the island, and the Philippine government spent more than \$10,000,000 on the local revenue for education.

The services of more American and Filipino teachers are being employed on the islands as supervisors of the educational work.

'Federal List of Immortals' Growing

THE so-called "list of immortals" of the United States biological survey—a roster kept by that bureau of all hunting fatalities in this country—already this year has added to it 47 names. From this information the bureau hopes after a few years to be able to deduce general principles which will be of value in framing "life-saving" federal and state game laws.

"One fact which we have learned during the three years we have kept this record," said Dr. T. S. Palmer, chief of the bureau, "is that there are practically no deer hunting accidents in states which prohibit the shooting of deer. This is because in those states the hunter hesitates a moment before firing to determine whether the animal is a doe or a buck. In two-legged variety that brief pause before pulling the trigger is enough to save human life." More than 150 persons were killed last year in hunting accidents. This was considerably larger than the number in 1909, which in turn was 50 per cent. in excess of the 1908 fatalities. "Of the 47 killed so far this year," said Dr. Palmer, "the largest number were reported from Michigan, with 15 deaths, Washington and New Jersey being tied for third place with three fatalities each.

"In proportion to its population the United States leads the world in the number of hunters within its borders. Unfortunately it also leads in the proportion of fatal hunting accidents. There is five times more interest in game laws in this country than in any other country. We estimate that there are almost 5,000,000 American hunters. In several of the western states the hunters constitute as much as 13 per cent. of the population."

Pay Girls to Paw Over Waste Baskets

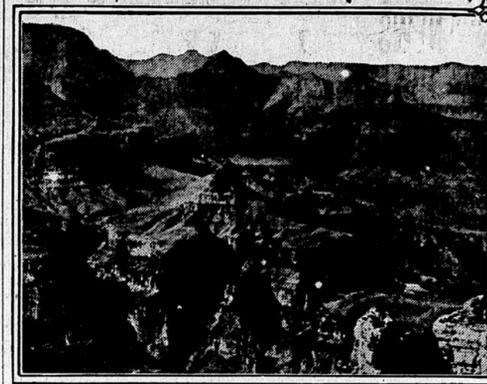
UNIQUE among government "jobs" is that of the two women who sit aside by side down in the basement of the treasury department and spend the entire day going through the contents of the department waste baskets. They are searching for stray bonds, checks and bills that may through some mishap have fallen into the baskets. The positions of the two women are more important than their place on the treasury rolls would indicate, for some time back one of them fished up a \$10,000 United States coupon bond. The two women have been doing this work for years.

Not a scrap of paper is permitted to be carried out of the treasury department until it has passed the censorship of the official examiners of the waste baskets. There is a rule in the service also that no envelope, letter or slip of paper shall be thrown into a basket until it has been torn

Good for American Detectives.
Detectives who discovered a copy of the Oliver Wendell Holmes poems in the suit case left behind by a burglar decided that they had a good clew to the man's identity. They figured out what a man who read Oliver Wendell Holmes poetry would probably look like, and when they saw a man who answered their mental picture they examined him. Of course, it was the very man. American detectives lead the world.

Baptized in Irrigation Ditch.
History for the first time in the world of irrigation a new member of the church was immersed in an irrigation ditch in a baptismal ceremony, just west of Irrican, in the Canadian Pacific railway's irrigation block, Alberta. J. S. Culp, a farmer, and also pastor of the Church of the Brethren, officiated at the ceremony, and Mrs. E. Stoddabaker was the member who embraced the faith and was immersed in the irrigation ditch.

WONDERS OF THE GRAND CANYON



VIEW OF GRAND CANYON

SOME three hundred and eighty miles west of Albuquerque, N.M., on the main line of the railroad is situated the little city of Williams, Ariz. The place received its prosaic name from the noted pioneer scout, Bill Williams, who lies buried at the foot of Bill Williams mountain nearby. The city has a picturesque location, 6,750 feet above sea level, and is at the junction of the Grand Canyon railroad which leads to the wonderful erosion, some 60 miles north.

The Grand canyon is acknowledged to be incomparably the world's grandest natural wonder. Within the gigantic stretch of the canyon, varying from five to twelve miles in width, the Colorado river and its tributaries wind their ways for over 200 miles. Most of the walls of the canyon rise to the incredible height of 5,000 to 6,000 feet, and display every variety of curving ridge and ravine, of fell precipice and rocky gorge.

Fully 100 tourists, on route to California, daily switch off here for a view of the Titan of Chasms—the most gigantic example of erosion on the globe. The marble and gigantic walls of this stupendous water-worn trench are from 1,900 to 6,500 feet high, often very precipitous and perpendicular, sculptured into wildly fantastic forms, and brilliantly tinted in deep red, and yellow, brown and gray, purple and black. The canyon is about 240 miles long; and, through the rocky gorge, the work of centuries, the turbulent river winds its way with varying descent. The channel contracts and then expands into a tortuous ribbon of silver, whose boundaries of objects, though gigantic in size, are lost to sight in the magnificent environments.

Scene of Splendor.
In some places these huge cliffs fairly overhang the water, and the boatman, looking upward, can see but a narrow strip of blue sky. Frequently clouds gather over the top of the gorge, and one floats along in a misty haze. From the rim above, the rushing and the whitening of the waters below may be seen, but the distance is so great that no sound is ever heard. Stolid, indeed, is he who can front the awful scene and view its unearthly splendor of color and form without quaking. This labyrinth of immense architectural forms is endlessly varied in design, fretted with ornamental devices, festooned with lace-like webs formed from talus from the upper cliffs and painted with every color known to the palette in pure transparent tones of marvelous delicacy.

Never was a flower more harmonious; never a flower more exquisitely beautiful. The Grand canyon country is not only the hugest, but the most varied and instructive specimen of earth building and destruction on the globe. Nowhere else on earth is there such an example of deep gnarling of water high-carving. New York may boast of its Niagara; California, its Yosemite; Kentucky, its Mammoth Cave; Virginia, its Natural Bridge, and Wyoming, its geysers—all wonderfully elaborate and grand in their way, but here, in an altitudinous mesa, is a chasm that would hide them all and then be but partially decorated, much less filled.

Wonders of Chalcodony Park.
While the Grand canyon is the greatest, they are by no means the only objects of interest in this land of wonders. With its castle domes, thumb buttes and solitary sugar-loaf peaks; its mesas of bare rock, beds of ashes or tangles of yellow and vermilion sands, Arizona abounds in strange and wonderful. Chalcodony park, in Apache country, covers 2,000 acres, amid a vast desert of sandstone and lava, with the fragments of thousands of gigantic planes and cedars brought by flood or glacier and changed by nature's chemistry into brilliant minerals of exquisite crystal jewels, miles and miles of them, so brilliant as to dazzle the eyes and make Aladdin's fabled cave a rushlight in comparison. Onyx, chalcodony, carnelian, Jasper, agate and every variety of delicately veined marble, with masses of turquoise, of garnet, of rose quartz, of topaz, of emerald—all bewilder and surprise the beholder.

And this is not all. In many localities along the shelving terraces of the mountains, under beetling projections of the strata are to be seen the most elaborate of the quaint cliff dwellings, divided into several compartments by "cemented" walls. The Tonto basin has the largest of these "bridges" in the world, being 200 feet high, 600 feet wide, an arch six feet thick, with an orchard on its top and miles of stalactite caves under its abutments. Here is the famous yucca plant, growing as a tree, the fruit of which the Indians and Mexicans use for food, its stems for soap, and from the leaves make horse blankets, ropes, twines, nets, hats, shoes and mattresses. Here the

Misleading Address.
Ralph E. Bradley, a Chicago lawyer, had a client who had some differences with a farmer downstate. Mr. Bradley wrote in the interest of his client on a letterhead showing the address of the lawyer's firm in the Rookery. He received no reply, and was obliged, eventually to make a trip to close the litigation. Meeting the farmer he asked why he had not shown him the country. The man said: "Well," said the downstate, "I noticed 'the Rookery' on your letterhead and it bothered me. I am not an educated man so I had some one look 'rookery' up. He told me it meant a den of thieves, and I concluded not to have anything to do with you."

Johnny's Triumph.
A teacher in one of our public schools, after laboriously and exhaustively explaining to her pupils the meaning of the word "income"—told little Johnny to go to the blackboard, write a sentence containing the new word, and read it aloud to the school. And Johnny, his freckled face fairly radiant with the pride of his newly acquired knowledge, marched to the board, and after considerable tongue-chewing evolved:
"In come a cat!"—Mack's Monthly

Cattle in the Low Countries.
The raising of cattle forms one of the most important agricultural industries in the Netherlands, and the Dutch herds, some of which can trace their pedigree back to captives, are justly famous. The standard color is black and white in irregular blotches set red and white and mouse-gray and male have also been raised.

BELIEVER IN THE MONODIET

Unskilled Diner Tells Waiter That He Wanted Mayo's Sauce Dressing on a Plate.
The stories of the embarrassment of unsophisticated diners when faced by highly sophisticated menu cards are endless—and usually amusing here is one, taken from the Chicago Evening Post:
A man whose career had confined

himself to a single course, with his order slip and pencil in hand.
The delay was noticeable and irritating to the unskilled diner, and finally he pointed bluntly to the middle of a page with his finger.
"Give me some of that," he said.
The waiter looked over his shoulder and remarked:
"That's mayonnaise dressing, sir."
"I know it, I can read."
"But"—apologetically—"what you have it on, sir?"
"On a plate, you bonehead! Do you feed your customers in troughs here?"

The Lady and the Mouse.
"Henrietta," said Mr. Meekton, "I know that you have the courage to face most kinds of peril and fortitude for all ordinary emergencies. But there are exceptions, and you ought to hold one fact in grateful remembrance."
"And what is that?"
"It was one of us mere men who invented the mouse trap."

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