

# THE TURKEY, ITS ORIGIN AND HOW IT MADE THE TURKEY FAILS

On Oct. 3, 1863, President Lincoln invited the people to set apart and observe the last Thursday "of November next" as a day of national thanksgiving, praise and prayer. It was the first national Thanksgiving proclamation issued by a chief executive of the United States. The Weekly Pioneer and Democrat, published in St. Paul, printed the president's proclamation, but without comment of any kind.

A Dr. Muhlenberg, writer of the hymn, "I Would Not Live Always," had made a metrical version of Lincoln's proclamation, and the doctor's friends obtained the consent of the president to call it "The President's Hymn." It was first sent to the New York Tribune with the request that the editor publish it and use his influence to induce the people throughout the loyal states to sing it in the churches on the approaching Thanksgiving. The first stanza was as follows:

"Give thanks, all ye people, give thanks to the Lord,  
Alleluia of freedom, with joyful accord;  
Let the East and the West, North and South roll along,  
Sea, mountain and prairie, one Thanksgiving song."

There were nine stanzas, and after each one the following chorus was sung:

"Give thanks, all ye people, give thanks to the Lord,  
Alleluia of freedom, with joyful accord."

The day after Thanksgiving the Pioneer and Democrat published the letter that had been written to the New York Tribune, and also the hymn, but, of course, it was then too late for use on Thanksgiving day.

**No Celebration Reported**

If there was any celebration in St. Paul on the first national Thanksgiving day, the weekly newspaper main-

tained a discreet silence in regard to it. A short local item in the paper of that week states that "Tuesday there was but little ice running (in the river) after noon, but the river continued to fall steadily," and that "the cutter came in about 5 o'clock with two barges from Red Rock, with one passenger car and a lot of railroad iron, left behind yesterday."

But whether it grew colder and there was skating for the first Thanksgiving, or whether Thursday was a beautiful Indian summer day the weekly saith not. But a year later there was really "something doing" in the way of celebration. The St. Paul Daily Press printed in its issue of Thursday, Nov. 24, 1864, Abraham Lincoln's second Thanksgiving proclamation, also the proclamation of Gov. Stephen Miller. The latter was the first Thanksgiving proclamation issued by a Minnesota governor.

"In compliance with the statutes of Minnesota, the recommendations of the president of the United States, and the sentiments of the Christian people of the land," it began, "I, Stephen Miller, governor of the state of Minnesota, do appoint Thursday, the 24th day of November next, as a day of solemn and public thanksgiving and praise to Almighty God, and recommend that, suspending their usual avocations and repairing to their customary places of worship, the people do, on said day, humbly and earnestly acknowledge the innumerable blessings which have crowned the year. And there was much more in the same devotional strain.

**Press Takes a Day Off**

The leading editorial in the Press that Thursday morning was entitled, "Thanksgiving." "Today is set apart," it said, "both by the national and state executives—a happy improvement which nationalizes a good New England custom of the olden times—as a day of thanksgiving to the Supreme

Ruler for His mercies toward us in the past year—as eloquently recited in the proclamations of the president and governor, to which attention is called. To enable the Press printers to enjoy the festivities of the national holiday, this office will be closed tomorrow and our next issue will be on Saturday."

The final sentence demonstrates the honesty of the editor's attitude toward Thanksgiving, though there is nothing in the editorial, or in any other portion of the paper, to explain why it was celebrated on Friday instead of Thursday.

The editorial on "Thanksgiving" was immediately followed by a facetious one entitled "The Turkey." It was exceedingly eloquent, indeed, it was an apostrophe to "the sacrificial bird," "Royal turkey, symbolic bird—fat and fourteen pounds—" he wrote with enthusiasm, "all hail! Not when Jephthah smote the Ammonites from Aroer even unto Mennith, did Miriam, sole daughter of his house and hope, fall a fairer sacrifice to celebrate a grander occasion, or make a rarer roast than thou, O fat and festive fowl—oleaginous and good to eat—which Miriam wasn't."

**An Ungallant Comparison**

Comparisons are always odious, and we think this one which compares the gentler sex with the Thanksgiving fowl was particularly unfortunate. Nevertheless, no one can deny after reading the editorial its value as a literary effort. In the issue of Saturday, Nov. 26, we read that "Minnesota enjoyed a pleasant and tranquil Thanksgiving, the day was cloudy, but mild enough to render it comfortable for old and young to be out doors and enjoy themselves on skates and in other ways."

But the Press has to admit that "as a whole the churches were not remarkably well attended, though," it added, "perhaps as well as could be expected, considering the congested state of the city." The paper reported faithfully the many eloquent sermons that were delivered that Thanksgiving day, but it is noticeable that as the years glided on and as more and more Thanksgiving days were celebrated in the growing

town the newspapers were called upon to report social festivities as well as sermons.

For many years the charity ball held in St. Paul on Thanksgiving eve has been closely associated with the annual feast, and the social columns were filled with accounts of dinners and dances with which the people made merry. But in this city as well as other cities, Thanksgiving day, like Christmas day, was always regarded as a family festival and in most of the social gatherings the guests have invariably been limited to near relatives.

**Festival of Ancient Origin**

Americans like to think that Thanksgiving day is their own idea, but a search through their Bibles must convince them that the festival dates back to Biblical times at least. The feast of the ingathering, observed by the ancient Hebrews, was probably the beginning of all Thanksgiving days. In Exodus it is mentioned "the feast of the harvest, the first fruits of thy labors, which thou has sown in the field, and the feast of the ingathering, which is the end of the year, when thou hast gathered in thy labors out of the field." The Greeks had their feast of Demeter, goddess of the cornfields and the harvest, and the Romans observed the harvest festival of Ceres, which was as ancient as the reign of Romulus. The old English Harvest Home festival was observed as early as the time of the Saxon Egbert and of Albert.

In the light little "Is" the farmers of Kent kept up the custom of offering thanks once a year in harvest time, and Queen Elizabeth herself once issued a Thanksgiving proclamation. "On Thanksgiving day no servile work may be performed," commanded the royal bachelor girl, "and thanks should be offered for the increase and abundance of His fruit upon the face of the earth."

Oliver Cromwell appointed a day of Thanksgiving, and when George III. came to himself after a fit of insanity, the happy occurrence, and the day on which this celebration took place was called Thanksgiving day.

It is to be regretted that during the

reign of Elizabeth the Thanksgiving festival became something of a nuisance, for not content with one festival day, the English farmers had many, and frequently the crops were permitted to rot in the field while the men and women celebrated the harvest festival. Finally a law was passed forbidding the observance of any holidays, until harvesting was over. In Germany, in France and in other European countries, special thanksgiving days have frequently been observed, but England, perhaps, is the only country that acquired the Thanksgiving habit, and the English people the only people who had to be restrained by law from celebrating it.

It is probable that Thanksgiving day meant more to the New England colonists than to any people who celebrated it before or who have celebrated it since. For the colonists celebrated it only when they had good reason to be thankful, and since they were God-fearing people, and since the precarious existence they were forced to lead made them, in a peculiar sense, dependent upon their faith, there was the true Thanksgiving spirit in their festivals.

The first account that is given of a Thanksgiving day in New England serves to explain why the turkey has become synonymous with the festival. Says this account:

**Turkey's Fame Accounted For**

"On the ingathering of the harvest in September, 1621, the corn and barley having yielded manifold, a public thanksgiving was declared." The account further states that four hunters were sent out to procure wild fowl, and that they returned with an abundance of turkeys. Had they brought any rabbits merely, the festival today would not be written in letters of black in the turkeys' calendar. A second public Thanksgiving took place in 1633. There had been a long spell of dry weather and the crops on which the colonists' existence largely depended withered. A record kept of that second Thanksgiving says:

"The Lord sent them such seasonable showers, with interchange of warm weather, as caused in time a

fruitful and a liberal harvest; for which mercy, in time convenient, they also solemnized a day of Thanksgiving unto the Lord."

But even after that second Thanksgiving the colonists had a hard time of it. Lieut. Gov. Dudley, in a letter written home to the Countess of Lincoln, observed pathetically: "Having yet no table nor other room to write in than by the fireside, upon my knee, in this sharp winter, to which my family must have leave to resort though they break good manners and make me many times forget what I would say, and say what I would not." The winter of 1621 was very severe and disease and famine stalked through the colonies.

"The people were very much tired and discouraged, especially when they heard that the governor himself had the last batch of bread in the oven," wrote a chronicler sadly. But in England, laden with provisions, came on the very day that had been appointed by the governor for fasting and prayer, so the governor promptly changed it to a day for thanksgiving. As the years went by the festival became a formal yearly celebration in New England.

**Three Thanksgiving Days in 1863**

On April 10, 1863, President Lincoln "recommended to the people of the United States, at their next weekly assemblages in their accustomed places of public worship," that they give thanks publicly. Then came the great victory at Gettysburg and the capture of Vicksburg in July, 1863, whereupon the president set apart Thursday, Aug. 6, 1863, to be observed as a day for national thanksgiving. Again, in October, 1863, he invited the people to set apart and observe the last Thursday "of November next" for a Thanksgiving day. So it will be seen that in 1863 three Thanksgiving proclamations were issued by the president of the United States.

In the old colonial days the Thanksgiving festival was invariably preceded by a day of fasting and prayer. This custom, however, did not survive the colonial period. As the nation grew and increased in prosperity the people evinced less and less liking for fasting. Yet it was probably their reverence, sometimes enforced by circumstances, frequently voluntarily observing, that caused the colonists to celebrate with such great fervor the festival of Thanksgiving.

The issue of the weekly Pioneer and

Democrat which contained the first proclamation also contained Lincoln's Gettysburg address. The former was quite as notable a piece of literature in its way as the latter. Its opening paragraph was:

**Lincoln's Proclamation**

"The year that is drawing toward its close has been filled with the blessings of fruitful fields and healthful skies. To these bounties which are so constantly enjoyed that we are prone to forget the sources from which they come, others have been added which are of so extraordinary a nature that they cannot fail to penetrate and soften even the heart which is habitually insensible to the ever watchful providence of Almighty God," and the concluding one: "I do, therefore, invite my fellow citizens in every part of the United States and also those who are at sea, and those who are sojourning in foreign lands, to be observing and partaking the last Thursday of November next as a day of thanksgiving and prayer to our beneficent Father who dwelleth in the heavens, and I recommend to them that, while offering up the thanks justly due to Him for such singular deliverances and blessings, they do also, with humble penitence for our national perverseness and disobedience, commend to his tender care all those who have become widows, orphans or sufferers in the lamentable civil strife in which we are unavoidably engaged, and implore the interposition of the Almighty Hand to heal the wounds of the nation."

Many Thanksgiving proclamations have followed that first national one, but certainly none of these has been more unmistakably stamped with sincerity.

**The Five Popes**

There are five popes in the world, each claiming universal authority, and with such contempt for competitors that they will even notice them. First, there is the pope of the Latin Catholic church; at Rome; next, the Pope Nicholas, czar of Russia; then the Father of the Faithful, ruling at Constantinople, and the Dalai Lama, who lately ran away from Lassa, leaving his 500,000 subjects temporarily without a religious head. Finally, there is the Mahometan pope, who is a very good fellow, but is a little hard up at present, or aims to be, but that is no new thing in their historical development. The wonder about their finances is that in this age of keeping and its expectation of some sort of a return from all investments, anybody can be found to contribute to them.—New York Tribune.

## TALES THAT ARE TOLD

"JUST got a letter from my old pal, Arthur Haggood, the tramp reporter," said the veteran newspaper man to the rest of the staff, after the last sheet of copy had been sent down to the composing room. "It is a typical Haggood letter, and tells me about the country weekly that he floated away from up in a small town in Massachusetts."

"Happy was working on the Boston Herald, not so very long ago, and broke up a poker game one night. He cleaned up a few hundred dollars from the game, and then placed the roll on Colonial Girl to win the World's Fair handicap in St. Louis this summer. As you know, the girl romped in an easy winner, and Happy counted up an even \$1,700 after he had cashed his ticket."

"No good tramp could ever think of working with so much money in his pocket. Happy threw up his job and started out to enjoy life to the fullest extent. He was long on this enjoyment feature, and in the course of the next twenty-four hours set himself back to the tune of a hundred dollars. Then he met a newspaper man from near Worcester, who owned a country weekly, and the pair started to see who could drink the greater number of high balls."

"The country newspaper man must have been a human sponge, for when Happy woke up he only had \$200 left, and found himself the sole owner of a newspaper plant worth about \$700, for which he had paid somewhere in the vicinity of \$1,300. He accepted the situation like a true tramp, and started for his new home, to assume the active editorship of the sheet."

"Happy was about everything that a man possibly could be on that paper. He hustled advertisements, wrote editorials, looked important to his own reporter, grapevined telegraph, wrote features, took photographs, made up the forms, and even ran the press when his pressman went on a protracted spree. He made a rattling good weekly out of it as far as the news was concerned, but the advertisements did not amount to sufficient to pay Happy's cigarette bills, and the end soon came in sight."

"Happy, though, was one of those people who never thought of the end. As long as he had a good suit of clothes, a place to sleep, and fair prospects of eating, he did not worry. He lived on the principal of sufficient unto the day is the life thereof, and that it was better to let your creditors worry than to worry yourself. These maxims might have been all right for Happy, the tramp reporter, but for Happy, the publisher, they were not."

"Bills accumulated and were stuck into the waste basket with careless abandon. Collectors were invited out to have a drink and start off in a masterly style. Happy still wore his good suit of clothes, and managed to get enough money out of the poker game down in Worcester to supply his immediate wants."

"But the crash was inevitable, and one day in walked the sheriff, armed with a big paper bearing a red seal."

"'Sorry, Arthur, but you don't own this paper any more,' said the sheriff. 'I have to take it over.'"

"'On the level?' said the cool tramp publisher."

"'No two ways about it, Arthur,' answered the sheriff."

"Happy sat back in his chair, lighted a cigarette, and smiled. He was doing some tall thinking, but could find no way out of the mix."

"'All right, old boy,' he said to the sheriff. 'She's yours, and may the good Lord have mercy on your soul. Don't fire the cub. He's a good sort. Come out and buy a drink. I'm all in.'"

"The sheriff purchased, for he was really a good natured chap, and hated to turn Arthur out, and was surrounded by a few high balls Arthur went to his boarding house, packed his grip, and poured a hard luck tale into the ear of his landlady. Then he laid down and rested for a few hours, until darkness set in."

"Then he pulled off his grand finale. Taking a side street, he approached his former office, which contained, among other things, his dearly beloved typewriter, for which he had paid the sum of \$95 cash. Carefully opening up the window, he climbed into the office, locked the cover on the typewriter, and crawled out onto the ground, and ten minutes later was on board a trolley car, making twenty miles an hour for Worcester. Landing in that town, he bought a ticket for New York, spending his last \$5 note, and the next he heard of him he was down in Charleston, S. C., reading proof on the News and Courier. He didn't care a continental for the parting of the ways between him and his country weekly, but

he absolutely refused to stand for the loss of his old friend, the typewriter."

**Bings and the Telephone**

Bings no longer believes in the telephone as the great saver of American muscle and expenditure. In fact, Bings has just put out his phone, refused to pay his bill, and even stripped the wires from the roof of his house.

About three weeks ago a smooth solicitor from a telephone company approached Bings, and made overtures regarding the installation of a time-saver in Bings' residence. It took about thirty-five minutes to compel Bings to sign a contract, and two days later the telephone, in all its glory, was installed in the library.

This in itself was not a bad omen. But Bings was the proud possessor of the best servant girl at Lonesomehurst, the suburb in which his cottage stands. The servant girl was better-looking than the average kitchen superintendent, and a leader in the local 400 club of the Servant Girls' Social and Pleasure association. Her name was Lillian Schmitzheimler. She was fair, buxom and in the estimation of her friends a divine dancer.

Lillian attended a dance every night in the week. She had more gentlemen friends than all the other servant girls in Lonesomehurst put together, but all this did not count with Bings. Lillian was a model of neatness around the house, and moreover, thrifty and satisfied with her position. She was a permanent fixture in the Bings establishment, and Mrs. Bings was the envy of all her neighbors who never could succeed in keeping a girl for more than three weeks at a stretch.

But the telephone ended it all. Shortly now reigns in the Bings household instead of the jovial Lillian, and Mrs. Bings, with a faraway look in her eye, is haunting the employment offices to find a substitute for Lillian.

Lillian attended six dances last week. She went out visiting Sunday



morning, after cooking Bings' breakfast. Mrs. Bings and the two little Bingses were away with mother-in-law there was nothing to keep Lillian home, and as Bings wished to see her enjoy herself and remain contented, he allowed her to leave the house shortly after breakfast.

Bings himself is a lover of comfort. He does not go to church on Sunday morning. Instead, he dons a dressing gown, and reclines in a Morris chair in his library. He usually takes the Sunday paper, and after reading all the local news, stretches out for a cigar. After the cigar he takes a nap. After the nap, a magazine, then a hot toddy, then another cigar, and then another nap. This is the acme of Sunday enjoyment to Bings.

Last Sunday Bings were different. Bings decided that he would don the dressing gown, and stretch out on his couch in his bedroom. He had just dived into the morning paper, and was reading an interesting article on the war in the far East when a whirling ring at the telephone bell interrupted.

"That's Jinks telling me where to meet him this afternoon for one round of the golf links," he thought, and eagerly rushed across the hall to the phone.

"Hello!" he yelled through the phone. A strange voice answered.

## ISADORE RUSH, BEAUTIFUL ACTRESS, WHO FELL A VICTIM TO THE SEA



"Say, you, who are you?" yelled back the voice, aggressively. "You the butler. What right have you to call Miss Schmitzheimler by her first name? That's my right. She's my steady. See? I'll take a crack at you and put you queer, you razzle-dazzled booby!"

"Cut it out," yelled Bings, as he hung up the receiver and went back to the couch.

Bings was lighting his cigar, when again the telephone rang. He thought this must be Jinks, so again made haste down stairs.

"Hello!" shrilled a feminine voice. "I want to talk to Lillian. Not in? O, I'm so sorry. But you'll do. Just tell Lillian this is Maude, who works at the ribbon counter at Slater's. Tell Lillian I didn't get a chance to talk to her at the Meat Cutters' ball last night, but I just thought that her dress of burnt onion was simply too sweet for anything. 'And, oh, tell Lillian when she comes in, that I've got a date with Billy Thomas to meet him and Eddie Kennedy at the corner of Seventh and Robert streets tomorrow night to go to the Grand, and I want her to come. I do think Lillian is the nicest, sweetest—"

In disgust Bings again hung up the

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receiver, and went back to his couch. He finished the cigar, and was just breaking into his nap. He was dreaming of making a record-breaking drive on the Lonesomehurst links, when with hundreds of people applauding, he again awoke up, to find that the apparatus was only the frantic ringing of the telephone.

Once more he rushed to the library. "Lo, dere, I wanter speak ter Lilly, see! Mouch, and get yer gloms on her quick, see," commanded a harsh voice.

"Sorry, my gentle friend, but Lillian is out attending a meeting of the union," said Bings.

"'Soy,' yelled back the voice, "who yer callin' gentle. I'm no gentle critter, see! Dis is Jimmy. A letter wot drives the meat wagon for Slicem's grocery. I'm Lillian's best. See. And, say, just tell Lillian dat I'll be up ternite, and I'll smash you, yer fresh lobster. See!"

Again Bings went back to the couch. He had just dipped into the toddy, when a fearful buzzing of the bell was again heard. He rushed down, expecting that at last it was Jinks.

"Say this Main 6571," yelled a male voice. "Best call Lilly to the phone, will yer?"

"Lillian is not in," said Bings, thoroughly disgusted.

"Not in, eh, sonny. Well, tell her I got stuck on her last night at the dance, and I wanter meet her. Tell her dat I'm the feller that danced the twostep with her, and that wore the checkered suit and the tall collar, and the new red and green necktie. An' don't yer fergit!"

Bings slowly tottered back to the bedroom. He gathered up the materials for morning toddies, picked up papers and magazines, and went back to the library. He moved his Morris chair to within striking distance of the telephone.

Thoughtful Bings.

Two minutes later came another ring. It was the first tough gentleman.

"'Soy,' he yelled, 'is Lillian in yet?'"

"Yes, she just came in," answered Bings, with a diabolical expression on his face.

"Tell her her steady wants ter speak to her."

"Say please," softly, spoke Bings.

"Ter the wavy wild yorks," yelled the voice. "Git her to the phone, quick, see."

"Awfully sorry, but she just went out again," said Bings.

The conversation broke off in a wave of profanity. Bings was grinning all over his face.

For two solid hours the telephone rang on an average of five minutes per ring. Bings was wearing a haggard expression. His hair was tossed, and he was spending the time between rings in putting hot toddies out of business.

At last he stole out of the library, and with a stealthy tread wended his way to the wood yard. Here he selected the largest, thickest ax and returned to his station in front of the phone.

"BUS-2-2-2-2-2," rang out the phone.

The ax swung around in a circle. It crashed the phone into kindling wood.

"That for yours," said Bings.

"The line is out of order," said the girl in central, answering the request of Mamie Finnigan for Main 6571.

Yesterday Lillian threw up her job. Things had arrived at a pretty pass when a girl was losing all her friends because her boss was no gentleman. Besides, she didn't have to work. Her father had a good express business, and her mother was a first-class milliner. She wouldn't stay in any place where her friends could not be treated as ladies and gentlemen. So there, now, just you go and get another girl. She was no slave. No, siree. Not Lillian!

Now Bings refused to pay his bill. He was down town last evening, consulting his attorney regarding a suit for damages, for the loss of one servant girl, the best in the business. And the telephone as a manner of saving time and trouble is forever banished from the Bings mind and the Bings household.

receiver, and went back to his couch. He finished the cigar, and was just breaking into his nap. He was dreaming of making a record-breaking drive on the Lonesomehurst links, when with hundreds of people applauding, he again awoke up, to find that the apparatus was only the frantic ringing of the telephone.

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