

THANKSGIVING IN THE LIMELIGHT



GOD be merciful unto us, and bless us; and cause his face to shine upon us; Selah. That thy way may be known upon Earth, thy saving health among all nations. Let the people praise Thee, O God; let all the people praise Thee. Then shall the Earth yield her increase; and God, even our own God, shall bless us. God shall bless us; and all the ends of the Earth shall fear him.

From the 67th Psalm.

PRAISE HIM for This Most Precious Gift

ON AN evening of this week it occurred to a man, sitting alone in an upper room, that Thanksgiving day was right at hand. So he bestirred his mind to consider those things for which an American might sensibly offer up gratitude to God.

He reflected that across the Atlantic millions of human beings were at that very moment engaged in the dreadful task of killing other human beings with every invention which ingenuity and skill could bring forth from the laboratories of science and the workshops of industry.

In other lands at that very moment tens of thousands upon tens of thousands of helpless folk—feeble, aged men and women, mothers with babes clinging convulsively to their breasts, little children sobbing in terror, a vast army of the innocent and the anguished—were enduring the extremities of exposure, of hunger, and of despair as they fled from their wretched farmsteads and burning villages, escaping from the pitiless cruelty of savage men only to lie down to suffer and die under the pitiless skies of God in the winter and the bitter storms.

At that very moment most dreadful war hid half the world in the blackness of its darkness and from that horrid cloud rained destruction upon unhappy Europe—upon her ancient capitals, upon her pleasant cities, upon her villages, her fields, her temples, her treasures of art, upon all the accumulations of a thousand years of genius, of learning, of industry, of skill and of patient advancement of the happiness and the civilization of the race of man.

So he that considered all this wickedness that was being done under the sun, this drunken dance of death and hell above the fetid corpses and the multitudinous graves, this awful nightmare of indescribable woe and wrath, said in the bitterness of his heart that no God ruled over such a maniac world and there was no thanksgiving due to the Giver of Gifts that were not good, but everyone altogether evil.

And when the man had made an end of his thinking, he went and stood in a window and looked out upon the evening, because it was fair to see.

He saw in vision at that instant the vastness of the republic and the multitude of the good and happy folk who live under the shelter of its strength. He reflected how brief a time had thus magnified the works of our pioneer fathers and our pioneer mothers, those brave and simple men and women whose names should never be mentioned with anything but profound gratitude.

And to this American, glad with a great pride in the deeds of his people and the story of his country, and grateful to the Goodness which has guided and sheltered his fathers and his folk, lifted up his eyes to the night, to the quiet stars, to the brooding immensity above, and said in his heart:

"Thank God that I am an American!" And, citizens, that is the one outstanding, splendid fact for which each one of us should soberly and most gratefully thank God on Thanksgiving day this year.

The finest thing you possess or ever can possess is just your American citizenship. It is neither necessary nor becoming, on this day or on any other day, to cheapen this birthright of ours by brag or spangled declamation.

But it is highly becoming on this Thanksgiving day to feel a deep gratitude and a manly pride in this heritage.

And so we firmly believe you do feel. We all hear it repeated that patriotism is a thing of the past; that our people have become commercialized; that the masses have no deep-rooted loyalty to the country; that our rich men put dollars above the obligations of their citizenship; that our poor folk care little for the ideals of free government; that we Americans are decadent in the virtues and valor which marked our fathers.

That is not true. If there be any power in the world which plots war against us Americans and promises itself victory over us on the assumption of our decadence in loyalty, that power will find how terrible was its mistake when our country calls her sons to battle in her defense.

We have, it is true, in our capacity as a collective people, left undone things that should have been left undone; and there is more truth than there should be in much that is jeeringly said by those who hate us.

We acknowledge that much of our politics offends common decency.

We see, here and there, painful evidence of corruption among lawmakers and even among the judges, who should know only justice and integrity.

We see rich men who do betray their country and foul their hands and soil their souls with most infamous dealings and most shameful profits.

We see Americans who do put the dollar above every consideration of right and duty, above the claims of our common humanity.

But while these things are true, it is true also that the heart and conscience of the American people, take them as a nation, are sound and sane and wholesome.

The blood of our fathers still runs in the veins of their sons. The spirit of the nation may in-

U. S. TROOPS MAY USE CACTUS FOR WATER

In the pursuit of Villa and his bandits through the arid regions of northern Mexico the United States troops traversed a region whose only vegetation is the barbed and forbidding cactus. To any but a cowboy or a trained plainsman of the Southwest, inhabitants themselves of the "cactus belt," this plant seemingly has no more value than the veriest weed, but it may well be that it may prove of great value to the troops in the absence of water, fodder, or even food for human beings.

In the punitive expedition there are many cow punchers of the "cactus belt" serving as scouts, and in the cowboy and the Indian of the Southwest the lowly cactus has its greatest admirer, for they know what a game struggle for life this plant has to make against an unrelenting desert soil. Even their ponies and cattle and the poor beasts of the desert know of these uses of the cactus for water and fodder, says the New York Herald.

There are some thousand varieties of this monstrous vegetable family, not counting the 300 varieties of the agave, or century plant—incorrectly included by many—in northern Mexico. The varieties of the yucca palm and all other forms of vegetation known to the arid region have the same faculty of sucking up from the soil every drop of the all too little moisture in it and storing it up in their tough and leathery leaves and roots.

Of the many varieties perhaps the most remarkable is that member of the family known to those schooled in desert craft as the "water barrel." This plant is shaped somewhat like a beer keg and is about the same size. Through all the years of its growth it has been sopping up what moisture the parched earth contained and retaining it. It is the sole reliance of desert dwellers in time of drought, and the troops, far from water holes and with water scarce, may yet be obliged to drink from it.

The "water barrel" is tapped by slicing off the top with a sword or machete and pounding the pulp until the water contained in it wells up into

the saucer thus formed. The pulp itself is pure and the water stored in it is likewise pure and refreshing.

Not all the water-bearing cacti are as gracious to man, however, as the "water barrel," for most of them have protected themselves against the maraudings of those who would drink and live by imparting a bitter taste to the water they contain.

The "peyote" especially, which abounds in the plains and deserts of Arizona, has a trick of discouraging depredations upon it, for its plump and juicy pulp secretes a bitter and poisonous juice.

In the last dozen years scientists have interested themselves in the study of the cactus for its possibilities as food, fodder and economic by-products. Dr. Leon E. Landone, foremost in the study of this desert plant, several years ago conducted extensive experiments in Los Angeles to ascertain the value of the thornless cactus as an article of food for human beings. In an effort to prove his contention that it contains food properties sufficient to enable a man to work 18 hours a day, he and his two secretaries for two weeks lived on a daily diet of the leaves and fruit of the cactus, the former being served green or fried and the latter either raw or cooked. While the "cactus squad" survived the experience and professor to have enjoyed their novel diet, it is a fact that the cactus never has attained the popularity of a flet mignon.

In the whole vegetable kingdom probably there is not another plant family having so many differentiations of form as the cacti. For it is possible to find among them species that crawl and creep like vines, other than stand erect in a single unbending stalk, like a green living monument of the desert; still others that are rooted to the spot, with their highest growth close to the ground and bearing almost no resemblance to usual forms of vegetation, and others, again, that branch out in thick unblooming branches.

Speak to them of Bunker Hill and Valley Forge and Saratoga and Yorktown, and of the great Declaration—that most famous Charter of Human Freedom.

Tell them to thank God for their fathers' and mothers' hardihood and courage, for the wars they fought, for the victories they won.

Tell them to salute their flag with high and proud hearts.

Tell them to thank God this Thanksgiving day that they are Americans.

And then do you soberly, gratefully, proudly thank God yourself that you are an American.

Oh, dear and mighty motherland, what better gift or more to be desired could God give than to be born and to die, strong Daughter of Liberty, between thy shining feet!—From the Chicago American.

BALBOA HIGH SCHOOL PRINCIPAL



The most responsible educational position in Panama is held by Miss Jessie Daniels, principal of Balboa high school. All the students of the graded schools, except that at Gatun, come under her jurisdiction and she has proved herself to be a powerful link connecting those serving under the Isthmian government with all they have left at home.

Miss Daniels is young for her responsible position and has a prepossessing personality, as well as executive ability. She first went to Panama to visit a sister who was married to one of the zone officials and, feeling a desire to teach, she took a position in the graded schools at Ancon, where she taught for a time before receiving her promotion. She is a daughter of Andrew Daniels of Canton, O., and was born in the city made famous as the residence of the martyred president, William McKinley. She received

her education in the high schools at Canton and the Western Reserve university, graduating with honors to spare.

The new building for the Balboa high school is not yet completed, but when it is it will compare favorably with any in the States. It is being constructed of cement, the same as was used in the construction of the famous locks at Gatun and elsewhere along the Canal and will cost more than \$200,000. It is of pure Spanish type, with a patio to be filled with rare plants and flowers, and into which everyone of the classrooms will open. Only children of American citizens are permitted to enjoy gratis the educational benefits of the school, but more than 200 students have enrolled in the new institution.

BETHMANN-HOLLWEG A GREAT WORKER

Bethmann-Hollweg, chancellor of the German empire, is a prodigious worker. He has vigorous health and a tough, wiry body, and few men can spend more hours a day at a desk. At seven o'clock every morning he takes a ride of an hour in the park. Then follows the simple German breakfast, and the long day's work begins immediately after that.

But the day's work is with him a rather indefinite expression, according to a writer in the Century, for he often returns to it in the evening, and is sometimes kept at his desk till midnight. He is so absorbed in his work, and has withal so little liking for public functions and ceremonies, that his critics have sometimes seized upon this fact to blame him for being something of a recluse and showing himself too seldom in public. In fact, the chancellor has never utilized the spectacular possibilities of his position to advertise himself and thus strengthen his hold upon the people. He never even goes to theaters and concerts now, but he did allow himself before the war the occasional treat of a concert of good classical music.

At the general army headquarters in the west, where he has spent much of his time since the war began, in order to keep in close personal contact with the kaiser and the military authorities, his labors are less arduous. There he has time to visit the troops along the front. Such outings are no less a pleasure to him than to the soldiers, with whom he is very popular.



TRIES TO RETURN TO WAR

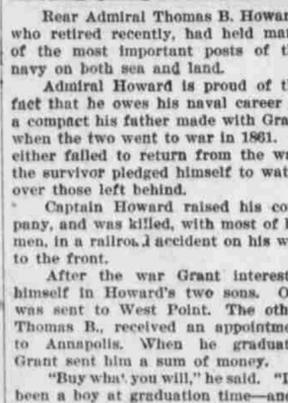


Having already lost a leg in the service of the allies, Lieut. Theodore Marburg, Jr., of Baltimore, son of the former American minister to Belgium, applied to the state department for a passport in order to return to his post as an officer of the Royal British aviation corps. His application was rejected on the ground that he had forfeited his American citizenship.

Lieutenant Marburg has been in this country since last April, when he returned to recuperate from his wounds, which were received while he was flying over the German lines in France. He was accompanied to this country by his bride, who was Baroness Giselle de Vavario of Belgium.

Young Marburg, who is twenty-two years of age, had met the baroness shortly before the outbreak of the war, while his father was still representing the United States at the court of King Albert. The young man had been at the front only a month when he was wounded. He was ordered into active service on November 9, and on January, 1915, was assigned to the Royal British aviation corps. At the time war was declared he was a student at Oxford university, England.

WAS PROTEGE OF GRANT



Rear Admiral Thomas B. Howard, who retired recently, had held many of the most important posts of the navy on both sea and land.

Admiral Howard is proud of the fact that he owes his naval career to a compact his father made with Grant when the two went to war in 1861. If either failed to return from the war, the survivor pledged himself to watch over those left behind.

Captain Howard raised his company, and was killed, with most of his men, in a railroad accident on his way to the front.

After the war Grant interested himself in Howard's two sons. One was sent to West Point. The other, Thomas B., received an appointment to Annapolis. When he graduated Grant sent him a sum of money.

"Buy what you will," he said. "I've been a boy at graduation time—and I know how many things you'll need."

One of Admiral Howard's most cherished possessions today is the sword he bought with Grant's money, an appropriate purchase for a military "grad." In the service, Howard has been known as a strict disciplinarian, but he has never failed to win the affections of his men in whatever post he has served. Whenever he changed ship an avalanche of requests flooded the navy department from the men who had come in personal contact with the admiral and wished to follow him.

