

# The Feast of the Pilgrims



**M**AKING the times and the facilities for dinner-giving into account, the Thanksgiving feast which loaded the rough-hewn tables of the Pilgrims was no mean one. Served on the dainty linen tablecloths which had come over in the Mayflower with their owners, the vands and meats must have looked fit for a royal banquet. There were turkeys, bigger and fatter than their descendants of today, and with a gamy flavor which the bird of the domestic barnyard has lost. Whole sides of venison hobbled with denizens of the briny deep. Indian meal appeared on the table in many forms, evolved by the ingenuity of the doughty Pilgrim mother.

It was about three hundred years ago that Thanksgiving was first celebrated in this country by the Pilgrims, in grateful acknowledgment of the first harvest in the colonies, and perhaps in all the varied phases through which the day has passed there was never one more picturesque in surroundings, or more hearty in thanks. The families in the little Plymouth colony were so severely numerous enough to have their own home feasts, so they all ate and drank together, their guests being King Massasoit and nearly one hundred Indians of his tribe. What a wonderful sight it must have been—the Pilgrims, in their quaint, home-made garments, the Indians, in primitive costume, while the great old forests of America formed on these sides a background for the picture, and in front stretched away the broad ocean, over which those families of a nation had safely come.

New England practically recognized the Thanksgiving holiday for nearly two centuries. Still, its celebration was gaining advocates, and its time passed discussions were frequently started by different states as to its adoption. Its first official recognition by the state of New York was in 1817. It was adopted in far south as Virginia in 1822, and in 1863 eight of the southern states proclaimed it a holiday. But that famous first Thanksgiving of the Pilgrims was not given



What a Wonderful Sight It Must Have Been.

a permanent national status until 240 years afterward, when, on the 20th of October, 1864, Abraham Lincoln, in grateful acknowledgment of victories achieved by the Union army, and the "hopes of an ultimate and happy deliverance from all our dangers and afflictions," asked all of his fellow citizens to join him in thanks to God. Lincoln's proclamation was followed by proclamations by the governors of the states, and this custom has been a yearly one since.

It is claimed that the authorities of Harvard college were the first promoters of the movement to fix a set date for Thanksgiving in the New England states. Until 1680 the holiday had been celebrated, off and on, in winter or summer, just as the spirit moved the colonists. In consequence of this all sorts of disorder prevailed among the college students because some portion of them was celebrating Thanksgiving the whole year round. When a day was set for the feast in the place where a student lived, of course he wanted to be there, and equally of course his parents wanted him. There was no way to prevent this state of affairs, so the wisdom of the Harvard professors was leveled upon for a way to abolish it. Their cogitations resulted in the proposition to advocate a fixed date, and they gave it widespread publicity. The colonists saw the good sense of the change, and the colonial governors finally concurred in making the last Thursday of the eleventh month the regular Thanksgiving day.

An widespread has the observance of that day, and how historic facts became that wherever Americans congregate the white world over the last Thursday in November from the Stars and Stripes flag to the bottle and our courtesies in China, Russia, France, England, and over in the wide of Africa getting around a business hour and some the cover of all food for the pilgrims and pilgrims, which have attended their efforts to give a great feast over the globe.

## Our Thanksgiving

**T**HANKS for the little things, dear Lord—  
The baby's wailing smile,  
May's tiny shoes beneath her bed,  
Round arms upflung about her head  
(She sleeping sweet the while).

Thanks for the kindly things, dear Lord—  
The kitchen's westward view,  
Bill's patience when the meals are late,  
The goldenrod beside the gate,  
The old cat's friendly mew.

Thanks for the human things, dear Lord—  
Bill's rough cheek on my arm,  
The funny dent in baby's nose,  
The backward way May's red hair grows  
Like her own perverse charm.

The big things are Thy keeping, Lord—  
Life, Truth and Love and Peace,  
But little, kindly, human things  
Are like the touch of angel wings,  
Whose blessings never cease.  
—Margaret W. Jackson, in Farm Life.



**A**S THE American Thanksgiving day rolls round again, one thinks of that occasion in the early days of our land. Among all people Thanksgiving days have always been, but the American annual celebration is unique.

There have up beside victims of fat, savory turkeys and tempting mince pies, the pictures of harvest gatherings as we have learned to think of them in the days when the Pilgrim Fathers instituted the holding of a holy day, signifying their appreciation of the blessings which America afforded. As early as 1623, when Governor Bradford and forth with to present year that the New England colonies might enjoy a day of Thanksgiving in commemoration of the fruits of their labors during the year, the annual celebration was instituted. It did not become an official public holiday until 1863, and even the day of that year set apart was not as now intended to be a day of rejoicing and thanksgiving. It was a day of fasting and prayer for relief from the famine which seemed imminent. Just then everything for the white man's necessity was produced on American soil, and a vessel laden with provisions had been so long at sea that the colonists began to fear that they should suffer want before help was sent. The ship arrived just before the day of fasting, and from that day was changed to one of thanksgiving and rejoicing. Thanksgiving days were occasionally observed also in the New Netherlands after this, but not until 1844 was another official proclamation made to this end. A Thanksgiving day was declared in honor of the victory of the colonists over the Indians.

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## His Time Has Come



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# The Pumpkin Pie Frolic

By Mrs. D. Jones  
in Family Herald

**I**T WAS the night before Thanksgiving. On the pantry window-sill a long row of pumpkin pies lay, rich and mellow, waiting the next day's feast. The well-picked turkey lay on his platter in silent majesty and from the cookie jars certain spicy odors wafted prophecies of happy-satisfaction for keen appetites.

All was still, for everyone had gone to bed. Through the window, presently, the golden rays of the autumn moon stole, pausing gently to rest on the pumpkin-pies. "Ah, me," sighed a plump, jolly-looking pie, "How often we have watched that same moon from our place in the fields! How I wish we were back there again!"

As he spoke, they all heard a soft fluttering of wings, and when he had finished, there alighted on the window-sill the prettiest little fairy they had ever seen. Her eyes were as blue as the lake on a sunny morning, and her hair as lovely as the silken floss of the corn. On her head was a crown studded with frost sparkles and her dress was trimmed with lace from the loom of the black witch known as the Spider.

"All right, jolly pie, you may have your wish," she said. "No saying, she touched the pie with her wand and up they jumped, the queerest little persons with fat, laughing faces and long, thin legs.

"You may travel whenever you wish," she said, "but you must come back as soon as the cock blows his silver trumpet." Then she drew, aside the screen and away went the Pumpkin Pie people.

As they ran down through the garden the cobwebs and crows and just steps staved in surprise. Then they started to laugh, and how they did laugh. In fact, one cobweb laughed so hard that he burst, which was very serious of him, and wouldn't have happened if he had been holding his

side.  
But the Pumpkin Pie people didn't care. On and on they ran, through the orchard and past the barn. The pig eyed them with a sleepy grunt, but they were going so fast that he didn't think it worth his while to try to catch them. Finally they came to the



The Pig Eyed Them With a Sleepy Grunt.

broad field where all summer they had hidden under the broad leaves from the hot rays of the sun, and where they had been so happy till that dreadful day when they had been taken away and put into pies.

Then the Pumpkin Pie people took hands and danced and sang. So happy were they, and their music had so much magic in it that even the frozen leaves of the Pumpkin vines turned green again and waved in time with their dancing. The rabbits and field mice came from far and near and stood about with their arms folded, gravely watching the joyous scene.

All too soon the sound of the silver trumpet came over the field. The pumpkin vines withered up and lay stiff and lifeless as before and the mice and rabbits scampered away. Away scampered the Pumpkin Pie people, back through the barnyard, the orchard and the garden and very, very quietly crept through the pantry window. "Thank you, kind Fairy," they said to the Thanksgiving fairy who was waiting for them. For answer, she touched them with her wand, and they sank to their places on the window sill as before. Then she disappeared.

But no one would have dreamed that she was a spirit of mischief and mischief was in those pies, which the cook had never put there at all.

Advertisement in The People.

## The Gates of Thanksgiving

(© 1922, Western Newspaper Union.)

**I**T IS through the gates of thanksgiving That we enter the courts of praise; Our thanks for the little bounties That compass us all our days Shall bring us to greater blessings And lead us to larger ways.

O, Lord of the manifold mercies, As we number them one by one, From the least of Thy loving kindness To the uttermost gift of Thy Son, Lead us on from our selfish gladness To the marvelous Things Thou Hast done.  
—Frank Herbert Sweet.

## Things to be Thankful



**D**ON'T know that I have anything to be thankful for," complained the boarder in arrears as he seditiously rattled a bunch of keys.

"What do you want to start anything like that for?" inquired the sarcastic boarder. "Don't you know that you will start us all fighting out things that we have to be thankful for when you make a growl like that, and it will be an awful loss?"

"There's one thing," announced the timid boarder in a still, small voice from away down at the staircase end of the table. "There's one thing," he repeated after clearing his throat.

"And what is it?" asked the polite boarder, cockily.

"The thing for us to be thankful for at Thanksgiving is that it is so near Christmas."

"Oh, yes?" cried the pretty teacher, enthusiastically.

"Yes," continued the timid boarder, gratingly, "to see Christ-

mas, and yet not too near."

"That gives us two things to be thankful for," commented the mathematical boarder, counting on his fingers. "First, that Thanksgiving is so near Christmas; second, that Thanksgiving is so far from Christmas—"

"I'm thankful that it doesn't come near the Fourth of July," declared the fat-and-saucy boarder. "The arrangement of our holidays throughout the year is exactly right. We have one egg-eating holiday per annum—namely, Easter—which comes in the spring. We have one holiday devoted to the eating of fried chicken and ice cream—namely, the Fourth of July. The Thanksgiving holiday in the fall is sacred to turkey and pumpkin pie, and Christmas to plum pudding and mince pie."

"One festival sacred to new hats and flowers," burst out the poetic boarder, "one devoted to speeches, patriotism and picnics, one for family reunions, and one for the giving of presents."

"As I said before," resumed the timid boarder, "Thanksgiving is just the right distance from Christmas. We can say to ourselves: 'We can't get a turkey or a new suit of clothes or a new house or a new automobile this Thanksgiving, but Christmas will soon be here, and then we'll have everything! We'll have more money at Christmas-time than we have now, and things will be easier generally. The boss and the bachelor millionaire that we were so kind to will probably send us a check. Everybody loosens up at Christmas time if ever.'

"So we can be thankful at Thanksgiving time that we are so near a good feed and the season when people are apt to come across, thus enabling us to loosen up and come across a little ourselves maybe."

Which message of good cheer brightened up all the faces around the table, even causing the boarder in arrears to smile slightly.

### GOD PROVIDES FOR ALL

Well may we be thankful that God provides for all that His power has made, that even now He has given them and is food to His people! Once again the blessed granaries, barns, herds, stockpiles underground and above ground prove that the good that is unchangeably loving and has provided that the great chain of life between the sky and the ground of our earth will be broken through. "Our life, our health, our food," he has provided for all, once again!

Advertisement in The People.

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