

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 viands 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 hobnobbed 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 celebruted 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 rology were scarvely numerous enough to have their own home feasts, so they all are and drank together, their guests being King Massault and nearly one hundred Indians of his tethe. What a wunderful sight it must have been-the Pilgrims, in their diano, in primeral contume, with the great old forests of America formed on three bides a background for the parture, and in front stretched away the bound owner, over which these

spection by the state of New York was in 1907. It toposted as far south of the mothers states produted it a beliefug. But that famous first Thomasgiving of the Pilgram was not given



What a Wonderful Sight It Must Have

a permanent national status until 240 years afterward, when, on the 20th of October, 1864, Abraham Lincoln, in grateful acknowledgment of victories schieved by the Union army, and the "hopes of an ultimate and happy deliverance from all our dangers and afflictions," asked all of his fellow eitizens 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 holfday 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 levied 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 colenists saw the good sense of the change, and the colonial governors finally renourred in making the last Thursday of the eleventh month the regular Thankagiving day.

So widespread has the observance of that dret, and now listoric feast mermer, frait mageneen Americatie empregate the wide world over the last Survine in November Bids the Stars and tirtues fing to lite irrors and HER CHARLESTONISM IN China, Stunia, Francis England, and cost in the wine of Affin gollec around a lectareous Scores and Assist. She tissue of July Steed. the size comparison sales processed to various battle offencied than offerin in Specia gree most most the good

THANKS for the little things, dear Lord-The baby's wavering smile, May's tiny shoes beneath her hed, Round arms upflung about her head

(She sleeping sweet the while).

hanks 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 Bill's rough cheek on my arm, The funny dent in baby's nose, The backward way May's red bair 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.



S THE American Thanksgiving day rolls round again; one thinks of the significame of that occasion in the early days of our land. Among all people thanks

hely dec. signifying their appreciation of the biresings which America af-Section. An easily on 1821, when thenermor Sirpellisted send forth men to procure game that the New England outsmire might offing a day of theaten giving in remembration of the fruits of their lebors during the year, the annual celebration was inscincted. In did not become an official public hollthey mattl 1603, and even the day of that year set spart was not at first thunkegiving. . It was a day of fasting and pruper for railed from the fundar which seemed imminent. Just then excepthing for the white man's necessity was produced on American soil, and a vessel laden with provisions had been so long at we that the red-mints begun to fear that they should enfor want before help was near. The ship arrived just before the lay of fasting, and from that the day was rhumped to one of thanksgiving and rejeiring. Thankegiving days were occusionally observed also in the New Netherlands after this, but not until 1644 was another official procisallon made to this end . A Thinks giving they was declared in hunor of

The first national Thanksgiving day, by proclamation of President Washfington, was set for Thursday, November 29, 1789,

In the interior various days in various months were set aside by state

From time to time other presidents of the United States proclaimed thanksgiving days, and for many years past 4t has been the annual practice of the executive official to name the last Thursday of November for a national day of rejoicing and expression of gratefulness to the Giver, of all good and perfect gifts. - Brooklyn-

******* His Time Has Come



CALL SECTION IN RESIDENCE PARK WAS and teneral with income buries. I'm barren ingelfing and place no a Miccol and little that has entroped por described in the spirits and

SHOOKED (STREET,



r WAS the night before Thanksgiving.

On the pantry window-sill a long row of pumpkin ples 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

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!"

appetites.

As he spoke, they all heard a soft fluttering of Wings, and when he had finished, there alighted on the wmdowsili the prettiest little fulry 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 frimmed with lace from the from of the black witch known as the

"All right, fully plex, you may have your wish," she said. No saying, she tourhed the pire with her want and up they jumped, the queerest little persons with far, laughing faces and long, thin logs.

trumpet." Then she drew, aside the poured, orrest and away west the Pampkin

As they can down through the garfirst the cultingen and currents shid pur- qual back have put there at all. onlys stared in corpeiss. Then then started to lengt, and how they did large. In fact, one calchage laughed so hard that he harst, which was very exertions of him, and wouldn't have happened if he had been holding his

But the Pumpkin Ple people didn't care. On and on they ran, through the orchard and past the barns. 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 ples.

Then the Pumpkin Ple 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 mire and rabbits scampered away. Away scurried the Pumpkin Pie people, back through the barnyard, the orchard and the garden and very, very that you will start us all figuring out quietly crept through the puntry win things that we have to be thankful few. "Thank you, kind Fairy," they for when you make a gemark lits that, said to the Thunksgiving fairy who and it will be an awful hore?" was validing for them. For answer, "There's one thing" and as seen as the cock hiere his efficer flow all! as before. Then she disap of the table. "There's one thing," he

> that no one would have dreamed nest due what a spire of mischief and adventure was in those pine, which the

The Gates of Thanksgiving

(6, 1921, Western Newspaper Union.)

T IS through the gates of thanksgiving That we enter the courts of praise; Our thanks for the little bountles That compass us all our days

Shall bring us to greater blessings And lead us to larger ways. O. Lord of the manifold mercles, As we number them one by one, From the least of Thy loving kindness To the uttermost gift of Thy Bon. Lead us on from our selfish gladness

To the marvelous Things Thou Hast

-Frank Herbert Sweet



DON'T know that I have any thing to be thankful for," complained the boarder in arrears as he sadly rattled a bunch of keys.

"What do you want to start anything like that . for?" inquired the surrustic hoarder, "Don't you know | smile slightly.

"And what is 117" asked the polite.

"The thing for us to be thunkful for

"Yes," continued the timed bearing,

man, and yet not too mean."

"That gives so two things to be thankful for," commented the mathematical boarder, counting on his fagers. "First, that Thanksgiving is ... near Christmas; second, that Thanks giving is so far from Christman-"

"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 ene egg-enting holiday per annum-same ly, Easter-which comes in the spring. We have one hollday devoted to the eating of fried chicken and ice cream -namely, the Fourth of July. The Thanksgiving holiday in the fail is sacred to turkey and pumpkin pie, and Christmas to plum pudding and mince

"One festival sacred to new hate 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 he here, and then we'll have everything! We'll have more money at Christmas time than we have sow, and things will be easier generally. The boss and the bachelor millionaire that we were so kind to will probably send us a effeck. Everybody loosess up at Christmas time if ever.

"No we can be thankful at Thanksgiving time that we are so near a good fred and the season when people are apt to come across, thus enabling us to loosen up and come across & little ourselves maybe."

Which message of good cheer brightened up all the faces around the table. even causing the boarder in arreass to

GOD PROVIDES FOR ALL

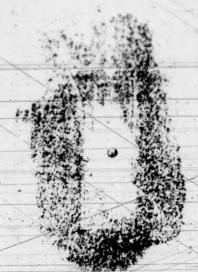
Well may we be thankful that God again the filled granacies, barns, but above ground prove that the good that is muriangeably hooing and has provided that the great chain of Jump the tity goat and the gr of more start not be bridgen the "Chap life, our bracks, our floor," be has provided for all, once again.

greating memoraped, 'so near Christo Advertise in The People

Overlana

By special arrangement! Your opportunity to make a personal inspection and have a complete demonstration of each remarkable feature of the wonderful new Overland Champion - "America's most versatile car." Sweeping public interest and demand lead us to hold a Champion

Demonstration Week Nov. 22 to Nov. 29 Inclusive



Plan now to come in! Learn all about this first real all-purpose closed car! Get acquainted with its unique benefits for the salesman, the merchant, the farmer and the family! Free demonstration! No charge! No obligation! Come in!

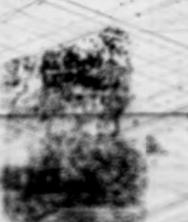








Get a Free Demonstration of America's Latest and Greatest Automobile Sensation



The Overland Champion was introduced . only a month and a half ago. It has taken the whole Nation by storm! Demand has nearly examped the factory! This is the car thousands and tens of thousands have been waiting for!

Stred body. Washable blue Spanish long.

grain uphoistery. Trunk at rear at small extra price. Triplex springs (Putented)rides like a big, heavy far ! Bigger new engine-loads of power! Wonderful economy. Famous Overland reliability. Come and see how truly this sensational our will fir your needs! Dun't now this opportunity.

JOHNSON MOTOR COMPANY Blackville, S. C.