

THANKSGIVING 1621

BY EMORY HARRING DUNLAP

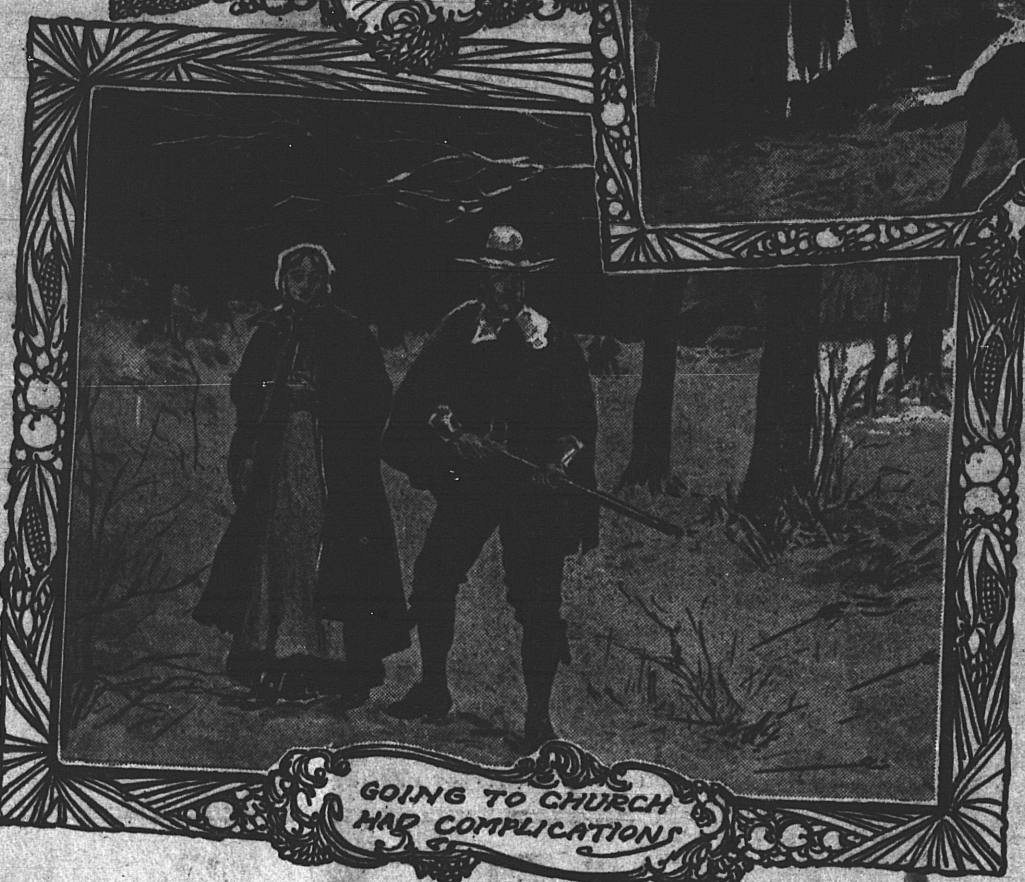
To 1908



LANDING FROM THE MAYFLOWER AT PLYMOUTH ROCK



THE FIRST INDIAN VISITOR TO PLYMOUTH



GOING TO CHURCH HAD COMPLICATIONS

T

THANKSGIVING and its story is one of the best known and cherished of the American institutions and lore. It never grows old. The little children still thrill at the recital of the bravery of the Plymouth colony. They exult in the prowess of Miles Standish and his brave boy soldiers and they weep over the hardships that the little boys and girls endured exiled in a foreign land. They laugh in merry glee at the first

Thanksgiving dinner with its Indian guests. Young people all love the sweet story of Friscilla, the Puritan maiden. Men and women turning a moment in busy lives to glance backward feel a deep satisfaction in the knowledge of the bravery of their fathers who laid the foundations of the nation and who left them a heritage of sturdy courage and democratic ideals.

The traditions of a country never grow old. They have a perennial youth. Stories and traditions become embodied in the epochs of a nation's life and literature from which the latter generations find sustenance. The tales of the brave men of a country, of their sacrifices, and noble deeds of courage, of loyalty and of strength, come to be a part of the nation's thought and its life. They form ideals toward which the character of the community grows and develops. The story of Thanksgiving is a simple one from many viewpoints; but it is so rich in substance that its inspiration is felt to-day all over the United States.

In England the Puritans were unhappy. They separated from the Church of England and held services in private houses or in the open air. These were called Separatists. They were arrested as law-breakers, and fined or imprisoned. About the time the Jamestown colony was planted, a band of these Separatists went to Leyden, in Holland, where they could enjoy freedom of worship. They stayed there 12 years.

These Pilgrims were mainly farmers, and had difficulty to earn their living in the Dutch cities or gardens. Their children were obliged to attend Dutch schools, and were fast losing the use of the English tongue. The sons of the Pilgrims entered the Dutch army and navy, and the young people began to intermarry. The Pilgrims feared that if they stayed in Holland any longer, their families would become Dutch. They decided that they would like to go to America. They sent two men to get permission of the London company to settle on its land. The company was glad to get them for colonists, and gave them a charter of privileges.

The race spirit had cried against its loss by absorption. The sturdy English men desired to keep intact their language and their racial characteristics and worship God as they deemed right.

It was in December that they made a landing on the coast of Massachusetts.

There were men with hoary hair
Amidst that pilgrim band—
Why had they come to wither there,
Away from their childhood's land?

There was woman's fearless eye,
Lit by her deep love's truth;
There was manhood's brow serenely high,
And the fiery heart of youth.

What sought they thus afar?
Bright jewels of the mine?
The wealth of seas, the spoils of war?—
They sought a faith's pure shrine!

Ay, call it holy ground,
The soil where first they trod;
They left unstain'd what there they found—
Freedom to worship God.

It was a terrible winter they lived through unused to the climate away from the comforts of civilization. Better times came. The summer was a fruitful one and autumn saw the little colony with stores that would keep them through the coming winter. The barbarous foes of the west had not molested them, although they lived there, a tiny colony, shut in from friends by the vast sea to the east and the forest primeval stretching to the north, west and south of them. They were thankful for their blessings and so set aside a day in which to express their gratitude to the Good All Father. They were not rich in worldly goods, but their hearts reached out to all humanity, and so on that feast day they invited to their table Massasoit, an Indian chief, and 40 of his braves. It was a great undertaking for that small group, yet they gave from their hearts in the fullness of their gratitude. This sweet and wholesome spirit has become a part of the national celebration. Thanksgiving is a day of festivity, of family reunion, of feasting and of gladness.

An atmosphere of satisfaction pervades it. The analytical mind can but make comparisons of to-day and yesterday, and speculate on the morrow. That mind sees how the great catastrophes that fell upon the nation have

passed by. It sees the onward trend of all things. It sees that for every hardship there is an alleviating condition, and so courage is taken afresh. This same mind counts its blessings and turns to the less fortunate.

There is no doubt regarding the satisfaction the Pilgrim fathers had in entertaining their Indian guests. They were expressing their gratitude by helping others and making other lives brighter. This spirit is the patron saint of Thanksgiving.

Many people feel that their mite is small. It counts for little compared with the needs! That is true, no doubt. But calculate the mites of the city of Milwaukee, and imagine the joy of the unfortunate. The Associated Charities knows of many families where a Thanksgiving dinner would bring joy to the hearts of little children, and hope to the sick. The mites would count there. One dinner will make a family happy and that organization knows of many places where there can be no Thanksgiving dinner, without the contributions of the open-hearted and those imbued with the spirit of the Pilgrims' Thanksgiving. Not far from Milwaukee are the sick poor, unfortunate men and women, through no fault of their own in many cases,

who are ill and suffering, cared for by the county. A donation of fruit or delicacies, of magazines, or of flowers to brighten their sad lives, would not leave the donor poorer, but would bring into some life a sweetness of restored confidence in humanity.

Not far away are the orphan asylums, where little

children bereft of parents still love all of those things that a father's or mother's thoughtfulness bestows, but which must sometimes be denied in an institution where there are many needs to be filled.

The old men and women at the Little Sisters of the Poor, Home for the Aged, appreciate the diversion of Thanksgiving day in their days of life's decline. The day can be made brighter for them, too, if the people of Milwaukee are thoughtful. The list is a long one where the mites may be sent and where they will help to make lives a little brighter. There is the Catholic Boys' home, the Home for the Friendless, the Lutheran Home for the Feeble-minded, the Milwaukee House of Mercy, the Wisconsin Home and Farm School, the Flower Mission, the Rescue Mission, the Children's Free hospital, the Women's hospital, Aid society, and others. Each family knows of some other family for whom the day can be made happier.

How much small things count is exemplified by an episode that took place in a poorer part of the city recently. It was told by a little girl. She leaned against

her teacher's knee and said naively: "You know, teacher, that the man that lives down our alley was arrested. He had a little girl like me. They took him away and he can't come home for a long time and bring them any money. That little girl she did not have any dress, only a torn one with big holes in it, and she would get cold through the holes. I had two dresses. So my mother she gave one of them to that little girl so she could go to school, because it is so cold at home. Nights, after I go to bed, my mother she washes out my dress so it will be clean the next day."

The spirit of Thanksgiving that has come to us from our ancestors of old Plymouth has permeated through our national life and is so well and so beautifully manifested in the episode of the poor woman and her mite.

The influence of that first Thanksgiving has spread over the land and here in Milwaukee it will be manifested by a generous outpouring from the grateful hearts. Do not hesitate because you have so little to give. That little may mean much to him who has nothing, and think of the accumulation of little. Let us be worthy of the institution of our fathers.

ISLES OF THE BLEST.

Western Ireland has been excited over a particularly clear mirage seen near Ballyconnelly, a town on the wild Connemara coast.

The spectacle of a beautifully situated small town, with buildings of different sizes and varying styles of architecture, was seen rising out of the sea apparently about six or seven miles westward. Hundreds gathered to witness the sight, which was visible from three until six p. m., when it gradually vanished.

Many old legends of Irish folklore speak of a mystic land far away in the western ocean, variously known as Tirnanog, Hoy-Brasil, Moy Mell and the Land of the Ever-Young.

In the book of the Dun Cow, preserved in the Royal Irish academy in Dublin—a volume more than 1,000 years old—the story is told how Prince Connla of the Golden Hair, son of King Conn of the Hundred Battles, was carried off by fairies to the Isles of the Blest.

Standing on the shore with his nobles and his royal father, Prince Connla saw a boat of shining crystal moving toward him. When the glittering vessel touched the shore, a fairy, like a human being, richly dressed, came forth, and addressing Connla endeavored to entice him to accompany her.

At last the fairy chanted a few stanzas like the Lorelei of German legend. Bewitched by her sweet voice, Prince Connla stepped into the magic boat, and, carried from sight in an instant, was never seen again in his native land.—New York Sun.

THANKSGIVING SPIRIT

By HELEN BRUGE WALLAGE

WHAT is the Thanksgiving spirit we bring to our holiday?

We know what it was in the good old days when savages lurked and famine stalked for the undoing of men and women who, tucked away in crevices among the ancestral cradles, candlesticks and tankards that cumbered the Mayflower, were finally dumped on an inhospitable shore.

We know what it is aimed to be. But what in reality it is, this spirit that is supposed to run rampant on the last Thursday of November?

How many Americans even remember the origin of the holiday and the purpose to which it was dedicated, much less even sum up their blessings, individual and national?

We've had merry Thanksgivings given over to pumpkin pie, turkey and catching up broken or stretched family ties; we've had frivolous Thanksgivings when we have shouted ourselves hoarse and run the risk of pneumonia for our favorite football hero, or, have laughed and cried with the rest of the holiday keeping matinee throng; we've had sad Thanksgivings when loneliness has caught us in her grip and the memories of brighter days have seared our quivering hearts; but who of us has had a thankful Thanksgiving?

Not many of us, if we would be honest enough to confess it.

Yet why not? It is what the day is for—to take stock of our blessings and give credit for them.

Who of us is so down in our luck as to be blessingless? Surely in 365 long days there have been a few when something good has come our way.

If there have been then it is only good manners, if nothing else, to make acknowledgment of them.

Somehow most of us are better mathematicians when we reckon our woes than when our blessings are computed. No adding machine is necessary to get at the sum total

of our misfortunes. We multiply with lightning rapidity the times our friends have failed us, our business has come a cropper, or our health has gone to the bad.

An hour of toothache makes more impression than a year without the dentist; one stock that drops will cause more agony of mind than a twelvemonth of inflation gives pleasure; a slight will rankle where a kindness is forgotten.

We can see how they, poor hungry, half-frozen terror-stricken Puritans had much to be thankful for; but if they had the Indian, we have the railroads to mutilate us.

If we haven't found any causes for Thanksgiving heretofore, it is for the good of our souls to make a systematic hunt. Rest assured it will not be unavailing.

It will make new women of us if we once learn to reckon our mercies. There is no greater sweetener of the disposition and smoother of the tangles of life, than to think on the things we have to make us happy.

If we would grow into sour, disgruntled women with whole baskets of chips on our shoulders and a bunch of grievances to make us the terror of our acquaintances, let us acquire the habit of thinking all the world better off in blessings than we are.

The Thanksgiving spirit need not, nay, should not be limited to one day once a year. Spread it over 365 days, and throw in the nights, but make Thursday, the 26th, a gala day of thankfulness when the accumulated mercies of many months will be summed up and gratefully acknowledged.

Gratitude is expensive, or should be, so the direct result of the true Thanksgiving spirit is to pass the mercies along.

From our store of blessings some scraps should be culled for those less favored. The lonely, the sick in the hospitals, those to whom Thanksgiving joys are unknown all should come in for a share of our attention, that their day may be made brighter and they, too, have a chance to reckon their causes of Thanksgiving.

More Biting the Stomach—Cure the Skin Through the Skin. When you have a scratch on your hand... Wash it and cleanse it and then the eczema cures itself.

Around the County

Gays. LOUIS WATKINS. Louis Watkins, aged 84, died in the asylum at Kankakee, Monday morning.

Illinois Central R.R.

will give fast and efficient train service to and from Omaha, across the National Corn Exposition in Omaha, December 2-10, 1908.

Fast and efficient train service to and from Chicago via the Illinois Central on account of the International Live Stock Exposition at the Union Stock Yards in Chicago.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE ESTATE OF John P. Jester, deceased. The undersigned having been appointed administrator with will annexed of the estate of John P. Jester late of the County of Moultrie and the State of Illinois, deceased.

FARMS FOR SALE

Two hundred nine acres of land for sale three miles from Shelbyville, Ill. New three room house fairly good barn; good water, all kinds of fruit.

Another farm of 165 acres four and one-half miles from Shelbyville, Ill. Good house and barn; good wells and spring. About 40 acres new timber land, black soil, all in good condition.

Don't Be Nervous Ladies, but get rid of the disease which is the cause of most of woman's nervousness, viz., female trouble. "I was very nervous," writes Mrs. T. L. Jones, of Gallatin, Tenn., "and suffered six years with every disease peculiar to my sex. I had headache, backache, and acute female inflammation. I took three bottles of Cardui and it cured me. I gained 35 pounds in weight. I tell my husband that

WINE OF CARDUI WOMAN'S RELIEF was worth its weight a gold to me, and I recommend it to all women. At all Druggists

Garrett Winings

Garrett Winings, over 80 years of age, died at his home in this village early Monday morning.

Owing to his feebleness in mind and body he had a conservator appointed over a year ago. W. E. Treat looked after him. He lived with his daughter, Miss Elta Winings.

Elder Rose filled his regular appointment at the Christian church Saturday night and Sunday.

Dr. Lawson and wife of Sullivan spent Sunday with Mrs. Lawson's parents, Dr. D. D. Griens.

Mrs. Farley Young spent Friday of last week with Mrs. W. O. Shafer.

Mrs. A. L. Blythe is visiting in Mattoon a few days this week.

Dee Treat, the fifteen-year-old son of W. E. Treat, has farmed a 120 acre farm this year, doing all the work that one man could do.

Harmony. Mrs. John Hoke fell from a chair and broke one of the bones in her left arm Monday.

Lovington

Mattoon beat Lovington in the football game Saturday by a score of 17-11.

Prospects are bright for the Coal Company. The shaft is now down 560 feet and going down at a rate of 100 feet a month.

Mrs. Nellie Bheal was shopping in Decatur Monday.

George Tohill and wife's baby is quite sick.

Revs. Lyles and Bicknell are holding a revival at Prairie Chapel this week. W. O. Wood is conducting the singing.

A Bible Sunday School Institute will be held in Lovington, Wednesday, Dec. 2nd, at the M. E. church.

Mrs. Alsip returned to her home in Ogden after a few days' visit with friends in Lovington.

Mrs. Lucy Howell of Arthur was visiting Mrs. Idall and family Saturday.

Generally debilitated for years. Had sick headaches, lacked ambition, was worn-out and all run down.

The little babe of Tona Knapp and wife is in a critical condition.

Ruby Bragg is on the sick list. Miss Lenna Lee was an Allenville visitor Sunday.

Miss Alta Reed visited with Oscar Hughes and family in Sullivan from Friday until Saturday.

Miss Effie Beck of Stewardson gave a talk to the Epworth League Sunday night.

Oscar Hughes and wife of Sullivan were visiting friends here last Friday.

Misses Myrtle and Marie McDaniel were Sullivan visitors Tuesday.

Several from this vicinity attended the school exhibit held in Sullivan last Friday.

John Lewellyn spent Sunday with home folks in Louisville.

James Edwards is having a cistern dug. Newt. Niles and James McDowell are doing the work.

A concrete bridge is being built one-half mile south of Bruce, near the school house.

J. R. Bean of Sullivan shipped a car load of hogs from here Monday.

James Edwards, Emucett Cocher and James West were Sullivan visitors the first of the week.

Farmers, mechanics, railroaders, laborers rely on Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil. Takes the sting out of cuts, burns or bruises at once.

Todds Point. C. H. Beck and wife spent Sunday afternoon with friends in Bethany.

Frank Nutall finished husking corn Saturday morning.

W. H. McKinney and wife spent Thursday with Mrs. Rachel Roney.

Mrs. A. J. Turner and Miss Grace Jones were shopping in Findlay on Tuesday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Beck and James and Walter Nutall attended the Corn Day exercises in Sullivan last Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Nutall were in Sullivan on Monday, called there by the serious illness of Mrs. Nutall's uncle, Mr. Jeff Williams.

atives. Mr. Glover has purchased a farm on which he is living and doing well financially and his appearance bespeaks good health.

Chester Burnett of near Dunn was in our village Sunday.

We came near having a fire Monday morning when the kitchen of John Spauld caught fire, but it was put out without much damage.

Those who had diphtheria last week are about over it now and no new cases.

Mrs. Julia Black is suffering with a sore foot.

Mrs. Louie Conwell had a bad spell of neuralgia of the stomach Monday.

Kirkville. Mrs. S. T. Spicer of Findlay spent Sunday with her niece, Mrs. Dan Francisco.

Isaac Alvey and family and Essie Howe spent Sunday with Budd Jeffers and family.

William Womack received the sad news of the death of his uncle, Abe Womack, at Enid, Oklahoma, last week.

There was a number from here attending the quarterly conference at Findlay Saturday and Sunday, and the re-dedication of the U. B. church.

Elder Spades preached at the U. B. church here Monday afternoon and night. He was much pleased with our new lights, which were placed in the church, recently at a cost of \$60, if satisfactory after a thirty days' trial.

Mrs. William Hillard and Mrs. Geo. Beaber were called to Sullivan by the serious illness of their father, Jeff Williams.

Mesdames Stumpf and Earp, and Mr. Howe of Findlay; Mr. and Mrs. Johnson and daughter Irene, were entertained at dinner Monday at Amos Kidwell's.

Quite a number of the Findlay people attended the services here on Monday afternoon and night.

Mr. and Mrs. Otto Jeffers are at the home of the former's parents, Willard Jeffers and wife.

Goldie Creech of Dalton City visited with a cousin, Anna Elliott, Sunday and Monday. T. H. Granthum and family and Minnie Reed also were guests to dinner Sunday.

Homer Boyd and family of near Allenville and James Pritts and family spent Sunday with Jesse Pearce and family.

Cleve Merritt was a business visitor near Decatur Monday.

The children of Mrs. Mae Jeffers are on the sick list.

Both the Nazworthy and Reedy schools dismissed for the Corn Day at Sullivan last Friday. The Reedy school had 45 in the march and carried away three blue ribbons and one red.

Dorman and Devier Frederick on the best popcorn, Jay Graven on yellow corn and Orval Gustin on sweet corn. Mrs. Mae Jeffers and Miss Ivanora Vaughan are the teachers.

T. H. Granthum and family took dinner with Z. T. Deeds and wife in Sullivan last Friday.

There were three births in this neighborhood last week: Andrew Pultz, Jr., and wife, a son; Ed Kidwell and wife, a son, and Joe Steele and wife, a daughter.

Saturday night of last week a number of neighbors and friends stole in on Isaac Alvey's and had a regular old-fashioned house warming. Mr. Alvey had caught on to the game, but, nevertheless, went ahead papering the dining room as his good wife had ordered.

All were busy assisting, and he enjoyed the laugh as heartily as any one. The guests departed at a late hour, with many bright and happy wishes to them in their new house.

Julian (Too late for last week.) We are having fine weather for husking corn and everybody is busy.

Miss Jennie Harrell returned Saturday from a week's visit with Mrs. John Murphy.

Mr. John Bohau visited at C. L. Crawford's, Sunday.

Benjamin Lowry was a business visitor in Sullivan, Wednesday.

Joe. Dickson returned to his home at Cowden after husking corn in this vicinity.

Several attended the basket supper at Fuller's Point last Friday night. Charley Welch and wife, also Fred Hill and wife, spent Sunday with C. W. Crowson and family, enjoying a splendid time all day, and after supper the two couples attended services at Mt. Zion, Ora and Sada accompanied them.

E. J. ENSLOW Unusual Values Offered in DRESS GOODS AND LINENS For the Last Weeks in November. Thanksgiving Offering of Fine Table Linens—Unusual Values. Sale Commences Friday, Nov. 20th, and Ends November 27th.

COAL Buy your coal now and get the benefit of the following prices: 6-inch lump, delivered 2.50; 6-inch lump, on cars 2.25; No. 1 washed nut delivered 2.75. GIVE US YOUR ORDER FOR HARD COAL NONE BUT THE BEST HANDLED. SULLIVAN ELEVATOR CO. L. R. MCPHEETERS, Manager

HUGHES "THE SHOE MAN" SOUTHWEST CORNER HIGH CUT LOW CUT RUBBERS FELTS WARM SHOES HOLE-PROOF SOX EVERYTHING FOR THE FEET