

SEASON TO REJOICE

Reasons for Thanksgiving Are So Many as To Forbid Gloom.

THE world may well seem never to have been so troubled, never to have had so much to regret. The Great War has bred cynicism and despair. But Nature is not a pessimist. A year's sun, a year's rains, a year's labor, have not been without their fruits. In farm and factory, in public endeavor and in private struggle toward the light, the twilight of the year shows results that forbid the gloomy and inspire courage and good cheer. The instinct of thanksgiving belongs to courage. Gratefulness is the handmaiden of grit. Nature's whisper of well-being rises to a splendid volume of whole-hearted song. Whatever may happen in America's own life, or in America's relations with the rest of the world, the reasons for thanksgiving shine with an unquenchable light. No disaster threatened or possible can obliterate the great fact of piled riches in natural and human resources. The fixing of Thanksgiving as a festival at the close of the harvest era is, after all, but an adaptation of symbols. The symbol is worth having, since it always visualizes the eternal charity of Nature herself, and since it is an ever present reminder of the finest resources in human ideals, human aspiration, human will to win. It is from the gathered harvests, the assembled fruits of labor, the established signs of productive power in every activity of men and women that thanksgiving gets its meaning.

A Prayer of Thanksgiving

By LEWIS ALLEN

THAT we can see round about us the faces of friends: the deserving, that we may help them; the needy, that we may render aid; and little children, that we may rejoice:

THAT we can hear the kind words of loving friends, the sweet songs in church and home, the prayers of devout people, and the crooning of a Mother's lullaby:

THAT we can feel loving hands in ours, trusting hands of little children, comforting hands upon our throbbing brow; that we can feel the warm embrace of the old folks who receive us at the homestead, or of our own who, dwelling apart from us, have come back this day:

THAT we can taste the savory good things, which, by God's bounty, are this day set before us through the miracle of Nature, which is God:

THAT we can speak to give sincere thanks to him who, in his great goodness, has permitted us to meet once more on this day of Thanksgiving; that we can speak hope and encouragement to our loved ones; words of comfort to the suffering and the discouraged and the lowly, words of hope and cheer and promise to those who have fallen by the way:

THAT we can pray with a knowledge that the prayers of the sincere are answered, that he to whom we offer our prayers is full of loving kindness and pity and forgiveness, and that his help is assured:

TRULY, all these things are God's gifts, and without them there could be no Thanksgiving. Teach us to appreciate them for their own Glory. AMEN!

Being Thankful.

Thanksgiving is not a day. It is a habit. We cannot be thankful on Thanksgiving day unless we have been learning how every day in the year. Here are some simple rules: Walk on the sunny side of the street; live as much as possible in the best room in the house; think about your friends, not your enemies; talk about your good luck, not your bad. These are some of the ways of acquiring the spirit of cheerfulness which is the only soil in which the flower "Thanksgiving" will grow.

THANKSGIVING DAY



Mr. Gobbler—Yes, Mr. Duck, I'm in mourning. About 3,000,000 of my relatives lost their lives today.

OVERDONE



"Whew! Here I've chopped wood half the day to get an appetite, and now I'm too durned tired to eat."

AS SUNG BY POETS

Old and New Thanksgiving Sentiments Worth Recording.

RABINDRANATH TAGORE, the Hindu-English poet, recently contributed to the London Times the following verses on "Thanksgiving," which are as unlike the conventional Thanksgiving poem in sentiment as they are in form:

Those who walk on the path of pride crushing the lowly life under their tread, spreading their footprints in blood upon the tender green of thy earth. Let them rejoice, and thank thee, Lord, for the day is theirs.

But thou hast done well in leaving me with the humble whose doom it is to suffer and bear the burden of power, and hide their faces and stifle their sobbs in the dark.

For every throb of their pain has pulsed in the secret depth of thy night, and every insult has been gathered in thy great silence, And the morrow is theirs.

O Sun, rise upon the bleeding hearts blossoming in flowers of the morning and the torchlight rectify of pride hiding in its own aisles!

There is, of course, nothing new in dissent from that smug piety that returns thanks because its possessor is "not as other men are," be it in worldly possessions, in bodily health, in mental equipment or even in moral inheritance. Robert Burns long ago satirized one aspect of such self-complacency in "The Selkirk Grace":

Some hae meat and canna eat,
And some wad eat that want it;
But we hae meat and we can eat,
And we can thank the Lord be thankit.

William Blake, in one of those quaintly phrased little poems of his that have almost the flavor of esoteric wisdom, declares:

Since all the riches of this world
May be gifts from the devil and earthly kings,
I should suspect that I worshiped the devil
If I thanked my God for worldly things.

The countless gold of a merry heart,
The rubies and pearls of a loving eye,
The ideal man never can bring to the mart.

Nor the cunning hoard up in his treasury.
And in recent years Edmund Vance Cooke, a poet of whom Cleveland, the "sixth city," should be proud, has sung:

We thank thee. Yes, in the even tone
Of those who are glad of the goods they own.
We thank thee. Yes, that thou hast preferred
And blessed us more than the common herd.
We thank thee, part with the heart's intention,
But most, let us own, with the lips' convention,
"We thank thee." Lord! What a selfish prayer!

Thanks—while a beggar's breast is bare!
Thanks that our own full feast is spread
While another creature is lacking bread!
Thanks that our full fed blood runs warm,
While a starveling baby breasts the storm!

There is certainly no taint of Tartuffe or Pecksniff in the reason that William Ernest Henley gives for thankfulness in his "Invictus," but it has something of pharisaical arrogance notwithstanding:

Out of the night that covers me,
Black as the pit from pole to pole,
I thank whatever gods may be
For my unconquerable soul.

Algernon Charles Swinburne, in "The Garden of Proserpine" (from which, by the way, Henley seems to have borrowed his "whatever gods may be"), expresses a sentiment that in certain moods has an appeal to many men:

From too much love of living,
From hope and fear set free,
We thank with brief thanksgiving
Whatever gods may be
That no life lives forever,
That dead men rise up never,
That even the weariest river
Winds somewhere safe to sea.

But, after all, there is a healthier appeal than Swinburne's, and an appeal to a greater number of normal men and women, in such fine odes as that which the late Hezekiah Butterworth wrote in celebration of the first "Thanksgiving in Boston Harbor":

The Arabella leads the song—
The Mayflower sings below,
That erst the Pilgrims bore along
The Plymouth reefs of snow,
Oh, never be that psalm forgot
That rose o'er Boston Bay,
When Winthrop sang, and Endicott
And Saltonstall that day:

"Praise ye the Lord with fervent lips!
Praise ye the Lord today!
And praise arose from all the ships
Like prayers in Yarmouth Bay.

Thanksgiving Family Party

62 Donald Chamberlin

THE most delightful part of my life was that age when boys and girls freely mingle with each other as friends, half boy and girl, half man and woman.

There was one Thanksgiving when the head of our large family invited every member that could be reached to spend a week in his large country house, including Thanksgiving day.

Those of us of my generation went in for a good time together. The girls were of that age when a taste for mischief predominates. One night when I was getting ready for bed I found the legs of my pajamas sewed up. When I had ripped the sewing, got them on and tumbled into bed I found the sheets scratched. I had turned off the light, so, springing out of bed, I tiptoed hastily to the door, opened it and was in time to grab the last of a bevy of girls who ran away in the darkness.

Throwing my arms around my captive, I gave her a smack, she struggling to be free, then let her go. Slipping back into my room, I turned on a light, and there, sticking onto the breast of my pajamas, was an elongated pin of chased gold set in the center with a single sapphire.

The problem was to identify the girl I had kissed by discovering the owner of the pin. I consulted with my men cousins, and it was decided that I should put the article up at auction at the Thanksgiving dinner, bids to be accepted only from the men.

Accordingly when the nuts and coffee came on I took the pin out of my vest pocket and, holding it up before the company, said: "I found this ar-



"I Will Put it Up at Auction."

tle recently and would be happy to return it to the owner if he will claim it and prove ownership."

I swept the board with my glance, but saw no sign of a give-away on any girl's face. Then I continued:

"Since there is no claimant for the article, I will put it up at auction, reserving the right to bid to the men present of my own generation, the proceeds of the sale to go to charity."

I called for bids, and one of my cousins, Jack Somers, bid 25 cents. There was an exclamation of disapprobation for such an offer, and when another of my confederates bid 50 cents it was repeated. The gem alone could not have been worth less than \$25. When every man who was permitted to bid had done so, \$2.75 was the highest offer received.

I knocked the article down to the successful man, Jim Atwood, and he handed me the money. "What luck!" he exclaimed, holding the pin before him admiringly. "I've wanted something like this for a gift to my fiancée, and now I have found it."

The fact of another girl possessing her jewelry was too much for its owner. Becky Aldrich showed by her expression that she was at least to be suspected. I took the pin from Jim and tossed it to her. A telltale blush confirmed my suspicion, and, the eyes of all the company being concentrated on Becky, it deepened into scarlet. Then there was a burst of laughter, in which everyone joined heartily but Becky.

Becky pretended to be very much offended with me for the course I had taken. This caused me to feel uncomfortable, and I endeavored to placate her. Becky for a long while refused to be appeased.

To make a long story short, Becky played me as an angler would play a trout till I was madly in love with her. Having refused me, she seemed to be satisfied and thereafter treated me so considerably that I tried again and was successful. Naturally, the anniversary of Thanksgiving brings to me interesting memories.

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Message of Cheer.

The holiday season is here and with it comes a message of cheer and a quickening of the benevolent impulses of the heart. Thanksgiving day—a festival for giving thanks for the mercies of the closing year—is one of the oldest institutions in America. The Pilgrim Fathers held their first harvest thanksgiving festival in 1621.

Dollar Day Bargains

November 28th, 1917

8 Arrow Collars for	\$1.00
4 Pair Knox Knit Men's 1-2 Hose	\$1.00
4 Pair Interwoven 1-2 Hose, Sizes 9 and 9 1-2	\$1.00
4 Pair Men's Suspenders, 35c Grade	\$1.00
8 Pair Heavy Ribbed Hose	\$1.00
3 Men's Ties, 50c Grade	\$1.00
100 Pair Men's Fine Dress Shoes, Small Sizes	Old Prices
100 Women's Shoes, \$3.00 Grade, One Day Only	\$2.00
2 Dozen Men's Wool Shirts, \$1.25 and \$1.50 Grade	\$1.00
10 Dozen Men's Work Shirts, One Day Only	.75
2 Dozen Men's Scrivens Drawers, \$1.50 Grade	\$1.00
4 Children's Hats, 50c Grade	\$1.00
50 Men's Hats, \$1.25 and \$1.50 Grade	\$1.00
25 Style-Plus Suits at Old Price	\$17.00
2 Dozen Stetson Hats \$4.00 and \$4.50 Grade (one day only)	\$3.00
2 Pair Men's Silk 1-2 Hose, 65 and 75c Grade	\$1.00
Hundreds of Other Things Reduced for One Day Only. Please Give Us a Call.	

N. B. GRANTHAM

Smithfield, N. C.

DOLLAR DAY BARGAINS

Wednesday, November 28, 1917

4 Cans Garden Peas	.80	2 Pounds Our Special Roasted Coffee	.60
1 Can Red Pitted Cherries	.30	10 Cakes Jewell Laundry Soap	.50
	1.10		1.10
DOLLAR DAY 98c.			
2 Cans Salmon	.50	3 Maxwell House Coffee	1.05
3 Cans Fish Flakes	.45		DOLLAR DAY 94c.
1 Can Devil Crabs	.25	5 Pounds Morara Coffee	1.50
	1.20	½ pound W. Baker's Chocolate	.25
DOLLAR DAY 98c.			
3 Cans Fish Roe Large Size	.75	1 Can Lemon Cling Peaches	.30
2 Cans Kippered Herrings	.30		2.05
1 Jar French Mustard	.15		DOLLAR DAY \$1.86.
	1.20	3 Cans Salmon	.75
DOLLAR DAY 99c.			
2 Cans Garden Peas	.40	4 Pkgs. Dromedary Tapioca	.40
2 Cans Tomatoes Large Size	.40		1.15
2 Cans C. A. Saunders' Fish Roe	.40		DOLLAR DAY 99c.
	1.20	3 Edgerton Salt Brick	.75
ALL \$1.00.			
6 Cakes Octagon Soap	.45	2 Edgerton Poultry Tonic	.50
2 Boxes Stove Polish	.20		1.25
1 Can D. Cleanser	.10		DOLLAR DAY \$1.06.
4 Cans Mendleson's Lye	.40	4 Packages Argo Starch	.30
	1.15	2 Pkgs. Grandma's W. Powder	.15
DOLLAR DAY 99c.			
½ Pound Baker's Chocolate	.25	4 Cans Star Lye	.40
3 Cans Baker's Cocoa-nut	.45	4 Cakes Mascot Laundry Soap	.24
3 Bottles Sauer's Extract	.45		1.09
1 Can Pimentos	.15		DOLLAR DAY 98c.
	1.30	2 Pkgs. Aunt Jemima's Buck-wheat	.30
DOLLAR DAY 99c.			
2 Packages Cornflakes	.30	1 Can Golden Tree Maple Syrup	.60
1 Package Branzos	.15	1 Pkg. Dromedary Cocoa-nut	.10
1 Can Libby's Milk	.15	1 Pkg. Dromedary Minute Tapioca	.10
1 Can Temple Garden Coffee	.30		1.10
1 Large Bottle Sauer's Extracts	.25	2 Cans Lemon Cling Peaches	.60
	1.15	1 Can Instant Postum	.50
DOLLAR DAY 99c.			
			1.10
DOLLAR DAY 98c.			

PEEDIN & PETERSON

Smithfield,

North Carolina