

Thanksgiving Prayer

The autumn, perfect as your love,
Lies over all the land;
And in each field, each glowing tree,
We see your precious hand.
And so in every meadow church,
Our grateful hearts we raise,
To thank you for your mercies, Lord,
Upon this day of days!

—Christian Herald



Thanksgiving Day in Honolulu

Think of a picnic on this day in our climate—the thought is enough to induce chills!
To my great regret I could not be at two places at one time, and, as there was another number on the program for this day—a "luau" or feast for indigent Hawaiians—I booked myself at an early hour of the afternoon to Lunnilo Home to witness the ceremony from beginning to end.

Arriving in good season there was opportunity for making various observations.

The "laying of table" is by no means a neglected art with the Hawaiians. A grassy strip of lawn is thickly covered with "tie" (pronounced tea) and fern leaves, plates and bowls are tied up most dexterously with these leaves, which are smooth and seem particularly adapted to their various needs.

The bowls were filled with "poi"—a pasty substance prepared from the taro plant, the latter being their staple product, every part of which is used for one dish or another. This plant belongs to the caladium family, and the butt only is used for this national dish.

Each plate contained a generous supply of roast pig, which is, indeed, a rare delicacy, prepared after their fashion. The modus operandi follows:

Odd Form of Oven.

An oven of stones is arranged out of doors and heated, some boulders, also well heated, are placed inside of the carefully prepared pig, the latter is wrapped in the leaves (the latter imparting a fine flavor to the meat), and the bundle entrusted for about seven and a half hours to the slow and steady heat of this model stove.

The accessories to the pig and poi were seaweed and a preparation of kerkiri kaka, very salty and a fine relish to the poi, which is without any seasoning and rather tasteless (varying in acidity from day to day as it ferments); sweet potato was the vegetable served.

After the vigorous ringing of a large bell our old friends, lame, decrepit and many of them blind, but all decorated with leis (wreaths) filed out and got into position. Sitting down on the floor may be easy enough, but the getting down is a serious performance for rusty joints, and it took them some time before the weary members would fold under properly.

A short prayer having been offered by one of their class, they all entered the contest with a vigor and relish that did one's heart good.

As our native brethren believe in loyalty to their ancient customs, their fingers did service instead of modern table appointments, and it was curious, as well as interesting, to observe their etiquette.

Their poi was of two-finger consistency—that means that it was thin enough or of just such thickness that two fingers were necessary to manipu-

late it to the mouth—the first and second digits are thrust into the bowl and twisted out in such a manner that a large mouthful is the result—the process being repeated as long as contents hold out. With equal dexterity they separate the meat particles and pick the bones of their favorite roast pig.

No Fear of Microbes.

The microbe theory has evidently not reached the ears of these children of nature; at any rate they do not trouble themselves about anything so abstruse, for one pitcher of water was passed to any one whose thirst made itself manifest, and I noticed how carefully the left-over poi was scraped out of the bowls, only to be consumed later on by attendants.

It was intensely fascinating to follow their actions, and volumes could be written about their various personalities; but one blind man, who had lately taken unto himself a wife, much older than himself, and, perhaps, an Indian squaw, seemed to mostly interest the few chosen spectators.

This worthy disciple of Hawaii must have dieted especially for the occasion. It was ludicrous to see him, after he had finished his own portion, reach over to his wife's side and slip away a big mouthful of poi or pig. She did not mind it until she observed the attention it was causing, when she gently remonstrated, and he very courteously desisted from further appropriations.

Little Trouble to "Clean Up."

Not the least interesting was the conclusion. As the old folks were helped to their feet—which the majority could not do unassisted—the attendant very skillfully rolled up this mass of leaves, patch by patch, the bowls and plates having previously been denuded of their verdant dress and set aside, and the debris carted away. In a few minutes everything was absolutely clean. Not a vestige

His Last Picture



was left to betray the previous location of the festive board.

One old native became ecstatic and chanted to a child as though his very soul's existence depended upon keeping it up without taking breath—the little one, evidently being accustomed to such demonstrations, did not seem to mind the snapping of fingers, waving of arms and grinning and howling like one possessed. These chants are called melees, or olioli, according to the intensity or kind of emotion expressed.

In Bradford's Footsteps

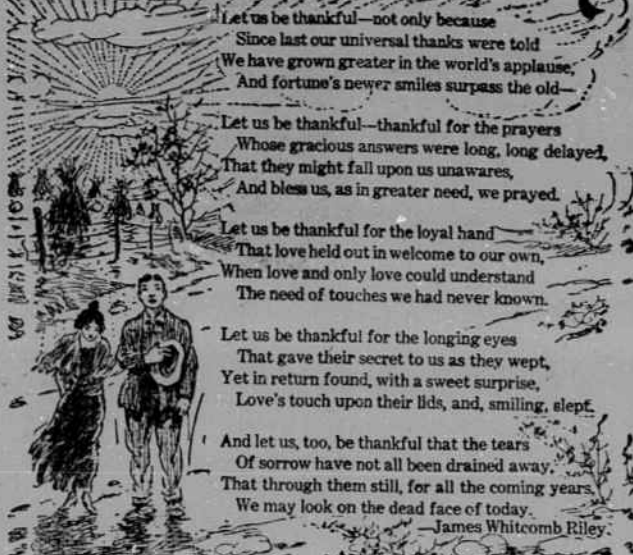
Before this year President Pierce, a son of New Hampshire, issued the last previous proclamation to come from the Presidential desk of a native of New England.

Here's to the Thankful Day



Oh, here's to Harvest Time, the end of the fall!
The last month of autumn—the best of them all!
The month of Thanksgiving, with turkeys and plums!
The month before Christmas, when Santa Claus comes!
I like old November, because it is not
Too wet nor too dry, nor too cold nor too hot,
Just jolly and sunny and full of good things.
Oh, here's to Thanksgiving, with all that it brings!

Our Plea Today



Let us be thankful—not only because
Since last our universal thanks were told
We have grown greater in the world's applause,
And fortune's newer smiles surpass the old—

Let us be thankful—thankful for the prayers
Whose gracious answers were long, long delayed,
That they might fall upon us unawares,
And bless us, as in greater need, we prayed.

Let us be thankful for the loyal hand
That love held out in welcome to our own,
When love and only love could understand
The need of touches we had never known.

Let us be thankful for the longing eyes
That gave their secret to us as they wept,
Yet in return found, with a sweet surprise,
Love's touch upon their lids, and, smiling, slept.

And let us, too, be thankful that the tears
Of sorrow have not all been drained away,
That through them still, for all the coming years,
We may look on the dead face of today.
—James Whitcomb Riley

No Turkey, but Thanksgiving

By H. LOUIS RAYBOLD

Janet Thorn sat in the couch hammock on the shaded lanai and looked out across a purple blue sea to some far invisible shore. Somewhere beyond that misty horizon lay home. Not that home meant very much to Janet since the death of her only relative, an aunt. But, somehow, around Thanksgiving time a stranger in a strange land is likely to be homesick.

And this beautiful Hawaii, with all its glories, still had no adequate substitute to offer for the cold wintry skies and bleak harvested landscape, for the cranberry sauce and aroma of roasting turkey with which the national holiday is associated.

Therefore Janet sighed and found herself wishing that Jim Deming, the good-looking young principal of the school where she taught, were not engaged to the daughter of the island's wealthiest sugar planter.

If he hadn't been—oh, if only he hadn't been! Then the friendliness he had shown her since her arrival could have meant so much more to her—the fore-runner, perhaps, of something so much more satisfying even than friendship!

Janet rose and, with an almost unconscious gesture, stretched out her arms toward the purple sea. "What does life hold for one?" she murmured wistfully.

"A trip to Hilo and the crater!" Janet thought for an instant that someone had spoken, then realized that it was merely her own thought. That little inn within which represented a great longing as yet unfulfilled had taken this moment when loneliness surged within her and time hung heavy on her hands to prompt her. Why not use the emergency fund, and take the trip to Hilo? Not that it would take the whole of it, at that, only, since the meager board were broken into, it would not again easily withstand temptation.

For Janet had decided to lay by each week out of her small salary a little contribution toward an amount to take her home should the occasion ever arise. To draw on what little she had already accumulated would be to put the goal still farther away.

Yet the psychological combination of the moment proved Janet's undoing. "I'm going to Hilo! I'm going to Hilo!" She sang the words, pirouetted madly on one foot, and turned indoors to get ready.

If that same little wicked demon within her whispered that she knew she was going to Hilo because Jim Deming had told her she ought to, she pretended not to hear. What influence ought he, engaged as he was to the haughty Gloria Tremans, to have on her life? Janet felt sorry for Jim. In fact, she had felt sorry ever since the day when Gloria had called for him at the school, had found him telling her about the wonders of Kilauea, and had peremptorily summoned him to her side with the most frigid of glances at Janet. Jim engaged to that iceberg!

Two days later, seated luxuriously in the party automobile which runs to the crater of Kilauea for the benefit of tourists, Janet wondered why she was not happier. Here she was, temporarily seated in the lap of luxury, hired though it was, about to gaze on one of the world's greatest sights, the bubbling, restless lake of molten lava which is the crater of Kilauea. It must be because she was, in spite of the score or so of effervescent, gushing tourists, in reality alone. She had no one with whom to share the wonder.

Then, as she stood on the very brink of the vast lava sea, she saw him—the man who had been so persistently in her thoughts. He was alone, and had withdrawn apparently from a second group of tourists whose automobile had, no doubt, preceded hers. He stood with arms folded, gazing down to the colorful depths below.

Where was Gloria? Janet's puzzled eyes searched the crowd in vain. Then, resolutely, she crossed over to him.

"It's my first visit, Mr. Deming," she said abruptly, "and I'm even more impressed than I had expected."

At the sound of her voice he turned and Janet found time to wonder at the look of surprise in his expression. "Janet! But what—why—"

"Yes," laughed Janet. "That's what I want to know! What are you doing here, and why are you not spending the holidays with—"

"My—er—former fiancée?" Jim gave a strange little laugh. "Miss Tremans and I are no longer engaged. In fact, the affair was broken off because of—"

Janet drew back. "I—I don't understand," she murmured.

"We had a—er—little disagreement. She accused me of being interested in you, too much so. Wait, don't look that way, Janet. I'm telling you this because—oh, Janet, my darling, it's true!"

The gathering darkness was cloaking the two of them as Jim drew nearer.

Janet's heart had leapt within her but she held herself sternly in check.

"I—oh, can't you see that even if I cared, we couldn't accept this at the expense of another's happiness?"

Jim smiled grimly. "Don't worry. I have suspected for some time that Gloria was tired of me. You merely served as an excuse. And she saved me from doing what I should have had to have done in justice to her—and you!"

Some time later, Jim explained how he had reached the bungalow where Janet boarded just after she had left; how he had missed the steamer, but joined a party going over in their own



He Was Alone.

yacht; how he had planned to tell her everything at the very summit.

"And now—no more homesickness, Janet!" he admonished her tenderly after hearing her part of the story. "Our honeymoon shall be a trip to the States!"

Janet smiled. "It doesn't need turkey and cranberry sauce after all to make a Thanksgiving. This is the realest Thanksgiving I ever had!"



Domesticating Wild Turkey

Turkeys are not naturally shy, and it is thought that it should not be difficult to propagate them under conditions of semi-domestication—protecting them and helping out their food supply, while interfering with their liberty as little as possible.

The readiness of the wild turkey to accept domestication is evidenced by the fact that, notwithstanding its acquired shyness, it is forever mixing itself up in barnyard affairs. Every now and then a gobbler of the woods annexes a flock of tame chickens, knocking out their vigorous marches off with them.

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