

BAD MONEY.



Ancient Thanksgiving

BY GEORGE ALLAN ENGLAND
 Long before the Pilgrim Fathers landed in the New World and there ordained the festival which has grown into our "Thanksgiving Day," the Old World was in its own way offering up its harvest gratitude with feast and prayer. If you look in the twenty-third chap-

ter of Leviticus, fortieth verse, you will find these words—the command for the early Hebraic Thanksgiving: "In the fifteenth day of the seventh month, when ye have gathered in the fruit of the land, ye shall keep a feast... seven days... And ye shall take upon the first day the boughs of goodly trees, branches of palm trees, and the boughs of thick trees, and wil-

lows of the brook... It shall be a statute forever..."
 Such was the law in 1490 B. C. Three hundred years later Homer writes that the Greeks celebrated a Feast of Ingathering. Apollo seems to have been chiefly worshipped at this feast; a sacrificial offering was made to the Sun-god, and cakes or lumps of dough were flung at the head

of the slaughtered animal.
 Herodotus enlarges a bit on the description. According to him, Apollo did not receive the homage of the rustic or peasant population at harvest-home festivities. The "pagani" or "village-folk" seemed to have preferred a feminine deity, Vacuna by name. Images of her were made from barley, wheat, rye or ordinary straw, and were borne about with cheerings and sometimes a trifle boisterous revelings. The modern English custom of bearing flower-crowned images made of straw and called "Ceres," is not hard to trace from this ancient Greek rite.
 In antique Egypt, "Leith," the mother of the Sun, received due homage at Thanksgiving-time. Offerings of wheat were made to her, in solemn procession. The Scandinavians and Teutons made thankful sacrifices to "Frey," the god of rain and sunshine.
 The old Scotch "Mell Supper" is another of these survivals of prehistoric worship—and in some parts of Scotland the custom still survives today. "Mell" seems to have meant "melee," or fight, because of the intense rivalry which existed between different factions of the reapers to see which band should first finish off the appointed stint of harvesting. Each reaper used to leave a handful of the grain standing. The prettiest lassie was accorded the privilege of gathering these last sheaves. From them she made a "corn-baby," which was brought home in triumph, set up at the feast and preserved for the remainder of the year. The lassie went by the name of Harvest Queen, much as our American girl is the corn-shuckings is entitled to queenship through finding the red ear of corn. Sometimes at "Mell Supper" the wheat, instead of being made into a doll, was fashioned to represent a horse, at which the reapers cut with their sickles until it was destroyed. At the end of the feast, a small package of corn, called the "Corn Lally," was hung up for planting next year—a symbol of the perpetration of life through the winter.
 We Americans, over our turkey and cranberry-sauce (if so be the trusts permit us such luxuries) hark back more than three thousand years of recorded history, and probably numberless other thousands of unrecorded years, to that primal concept of mankind—the universal Thanksgiving at the end of harvest-time for the bounty which a kind nature has vouchsafed in recompense for toil.

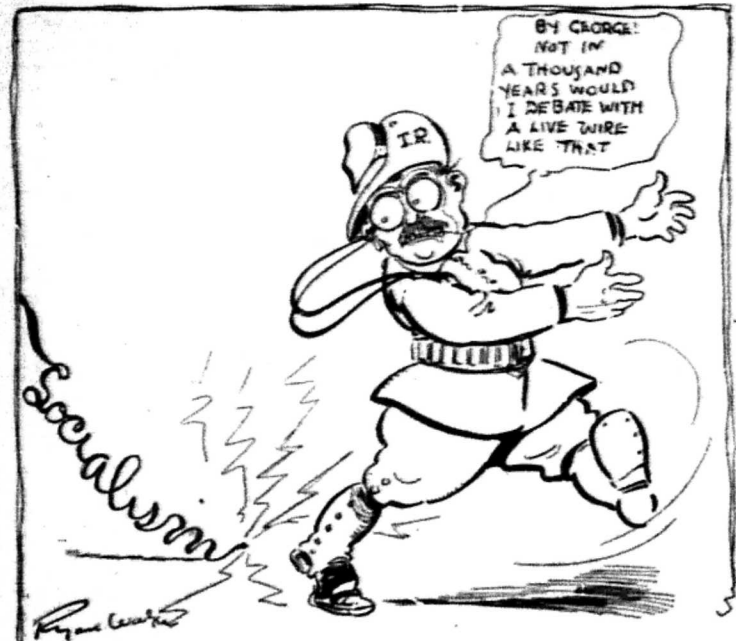
The Red Wind Comes

BY JOHN G. NEIHARDT

Too long mere words have thrall'd us. Let us think!
 Oh ponder, are we "free and equal" yet?
 That July bombast, writ with blood for ink,
 Is blurred with floods of unavailing sweat!
 An empty sound we won from Royal George!
 Yea, till the last great fight of all is won,
 A sentimental show was Valley Forge,
 A mawkish, tawdry farce was Lexington!
 No longer blindfold Justice reigns; but leers
 A barefaced venal strumpet in her stead!
 The stolen harvests of a hundred years
 Are lighter than a stolen loaf of bread!
 Oh, pious Nation, holding God in awe,
 Where sacred human rights are duly priced!
 Where men are beggared in the name of Law,
 Where alms are given in the name of Christ!
 The Country of the Free? Oh wretched lie!
 The Country of the Brave? Yea, let it be!
 One more good stand, O, brothers, ere we die,
 And this shall be the Country of the Free!
 What! Are we cowards, are we doting fools?
 Who built the cities, fructified the lands?
 We make and use, but do we own the tools?
 Who robbed us of the product of our hands?
 A tiger-hearted tyrant crowned with Law
 Whose flesh is custom and whose soul is greed!
 Ubiquitous, a nothing clothed in awe,
 We sweat for him and bleed!
 Religion follows proudly in his train!
 Dait Freedom raves her fealty at his side!
 Surviving kingship, he eludes the vain
 Misguided dagger of the regicide!
 Yea, and we serve this insult to our God!
 Gnawing our crusts, we render Caesar toll!
 We labor with the back beneath his rod,
 His shackles on the soul!
 He is a system—wrought for human hogs!
 So long as we shall hug the hoary lie,
 And gulp the vocal swill of demagogues,
 The fat shall rule the sty!
 Behold potential plenty for us all!
 Behold the pauper and the plutocrat!
 Behold the signs prophetic of thy fall,
 O, dynast of the fat!
 Lo, even now the haunting, spectral scrawl!
 Lo, even now the beat of hidden wings!
 The ghosts of millions through thy banquet-hall,
 O, guiltiest and last of all the kings!
 Beware the furies stirring in the gloom!
 They mutter from the farms, the mills, the slums!
 No lies shall stay or mitigate thy doom—
 The Red Wind comes!

Come Have A Smile On Us

A LIVE WIRE



Things Worth Knowing
 J. W. BABCOCK.
 Now that the difficulty between Professors Johnson and Jeffries has been satisfactorily settled and T. R. has arrived the nation may again devote its attention to such indifferent and unimportant subjects as the Panama Canal Steal, The Pittsburg Graff cases, The New York Legislature's Fire Insurance Matters, The Lorimer Bribery Scandal, The Capitol Contract Cases, (in almost any state) the general incompetence of the Milwaukee Socialists and The Weigh in which the Sugar Trust Conducts Its Affairs.

A cabbage head weighing forty pounds was exhibited recently in the Louisiana legislature. This, by the way, is not remarkable; cabbage heads are frequently found there.

"Have you read 'By the Candle's Glare'?"
 "Oh! Yes!"
 "How did you like it?"
 "Not very well; I found it pretty light reading."

"Jones is in quite a quandary."
 "How is that?"
 "He can't make up his mind whether to get married or buy a talking machine."

The American King
 The child was asking the mother questions about a picture in a story book.
 "What man is that with sharp points on his hat?"
 "That is a king."
 "Who is the lady with sharp points on her hat?"
 "That is a queen. She is the king's wife, and, together, they rule the country."

"Who is our king?"
 "We have no king in this country."
 "And no queen?"
 "No. No queen."
 The child thought awhile.
 "I guess, then, all we have is a jack."

The Maker.
 "James A. Patten has a fine house in Chicago," said a New York broker. "I dined with him there one night last month."
 "After dinner I admired a superb statue in the drawing room."
 "Splendid statue that," I said. "What's it made out of—bronze or copper?"
 "I made it out of cotton," said Patten.—Tribune.

Why They Were Built.
 They had been spending the morning inspecting some working class dwellings. Finally, as they were leaving, the journalist in a tone of deep disgust, asked:
 "Mr. Squeezem, tell me truly, did you really put those traps up for human beings?"
 An emphatic "no" was the owner's reply.
 "You didn't! Ah, I see the point: You mean that you put them up for hogs?" was the next query.
 "No," was the second answer.
 "Then, good heavens, man, what in the world did you put them up for?"
 "I put them up for Rent!"
 Deep silence ensued.—Johannesburg Voice of Labor.

Equal Rights.
 "What's parlor Socialism?" asked Maybelle.
 "Having two callers at the same time and letting each hold a hand," Grace explained.

FLINGS AT THINGS

S. D. M. S.

Always Impending.
 I hope that Pierpont Morgan's cook performs his work with care. Conducts his kitchen by the book. And fashions well the fare; If Pierpont's food did not agree With Pierpont it is plain to see How he in wrath might make a fuss And wuers it would be hard on us.
 Suppose the biscuits weighed a ton. The coffee came on pale. The bacon to a frazzle done. The eggs a trifle stale. His wrath would be a awful thing For then the groochy, uncrowned king in rare might telephone his clerks To shut up shop and stop the works.

We cannot of his whims make light So much on them depends; If he is fed and watered right He graciously subsides. The cook should nobly do his part; Who knows what stomach ache might start; His mission to keep Morgan sweet Because the world at large must eat.

Made a Difference.
 "What is the prisoner charged with?" asked the judge without looking up from his favorite morning paper in which he was busily studying the markets. The judge didn't believe in letting pleasure interfere with business.
 "Looting a bank, your honor," replied the prosecuting attorney.
 "Life sentence," growled the judge.
 "But, your honor," exclaimed the dazed lawyer for the defense, "you do not understand. He was the president of the bank."
 "Why didn't you say so?" said the judge visibly annoyed. "How was I to know that he wasn't a safe blower who came in with a dark lantern and a jimmy? I withdraw that sentence, under the explanation. He will be fined five cents and costs. Call the next case."

As of Old.
 The price of bacon hits the sky. Bread follows in its wake; The paper, as in the days gone by Must live on pie and cake.
Also Had Doubts.
 "Can't you see your way clearly to give me a small increase?" asked the chief clerk mildly.
 "What are you getting now?" said the boss questioning, although he knew to a cent what the clerk was receiving.
 "\$1.20 a year, but I can hardly live on it."

"Can't live on \$1,200 a year. Who do you think you are?"
 "Sometimes I almost fancy that I am a human being."



Coming.
 The labor builds the stately pile. And labor swings the shining hoe. It moulds the fashion and the style And bids the throbbing engine go. It makes the stubborn waters flow; It wields the shovel and the pick; For this what does it have to show? A rust, a novel and a kick.
 Some day when it can stand erect And need not lean on any boss It will with new-born strength object And handing out the double cross To men of profit and of loss Will say "Enough of this for me" This work out system it will toss Into the scrap heap and be free.

Unappreciative.
 "I don't know why we can not keep a girl."
 "Are you good to them?"
 "Sure. We let them look at the pictures on the wall when they are dusting them."

Good for a Day.
 The small combine kicked up the dust And raised its easy money flag. Till gobbled by a larger trust And then it wasn't funny. It had quite overlooked this item: Small trusts have bigger trusts to bite 'em.

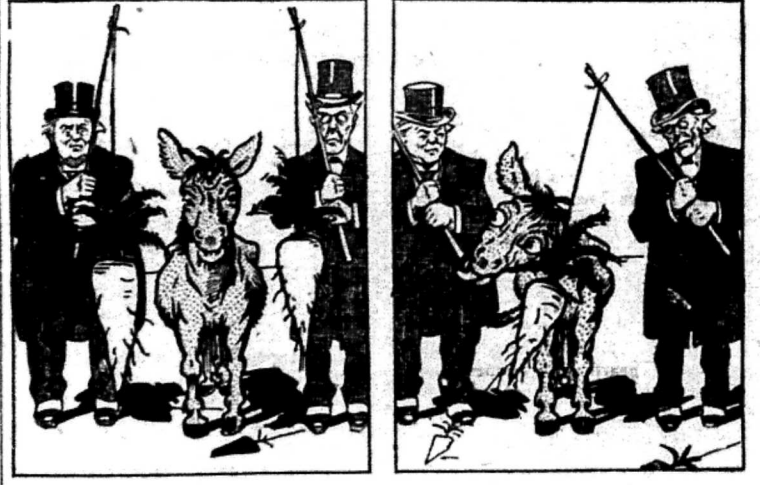
Might Stand It.
 "Ma, what is a plutocrat?"
 "A plutocrat is a very wicked and naughty man who oppresses the poor."
 "Ma, aint you glad pa aint a plutocrat?"
 "Of course I am, but still it would be my duty as his wife to overlook it if he were."

Foreshortened Flings.
 Help the blind. Hand them a Social-ist pamphlet.
 The meanest man is he who asks his family to live on a workingman's wage.
 Continual dropping will wear away stone and impress a blockhead. Speaking of the next step, do you notice how the starvation cure is being boosted?
 Inviting the workers to get off the earth is irony unless the request is accompanied by a present of an airship.

Costly Dressing.
 Mrs. Washington Terrace consented to be interviewed.
 "What? Dress on six hundred a year?"
 She made a wry grimace with her face and hands.
 "Why, I couldn't dress my salads on six hundred a year," she said.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Judge—Did you ever earn a dollar in your life?
 Vagrant—Oh, yes, I voted for your honor once.—Knoxville World.

THE PHILOSOPHIC ASS.



I. It really is a joy to see How these old friends provide for me.

II. Let from this one, I must admit I get but little benefit;



III. And though I need some nourishment I get none from the other gent.

IV. The thing's a mystery, alas! But one thing's clear; I'm an ass! —From the Labor Leader.



Capitalism: Appointed for life! With a supreme court like that I am safe as long as they pass decisions.