THANKSGIVING IN OUR COLONIES

November 24 will be a great day in the history of our colonies, for on that day they will give thanks in American fashion for the first time.

The President's proclamation was issued simultaneously in the Philippines, the Ladrones, Cuba, Porto Rico and Hawaii, and the people there, after inquiring what it was all about, set to work to get ready to observe it.

If you told the people of Ireland that they were to have a day of Thanksgiving, they would drop upon their knees and thank God. They would plan a very elaborate church service, after which would follow another church service and fasting and prayer. That is the way they do things in Ireland.

IN HAWAII.

But in Hawaii it is different. Every nation celebrates according to its own peculiar lights. Thanksgiving Day in the Sandwich Islands means a day of great rejoicing, for a holiday is a holiday to the islanders, and they can't imagine such a thing as penance and prayer on a day of merrymaking.

The American turkey traveled to Hawaii a year ago, and was served up in very fine style upon the tables of the wealthy. The descendants of the turkey were carefully cherished, and now there are some very good birds to be found there. These will be sold at very high market rates and served up with gravy on Thanksgiving Day. The New England fruit, the cranberry, has also reached Honolulu, and cranberry sauce is on the menu of those who want a real delicacy. The cranberry does not grow as well in Honolulu as in Maine, but it can be shipped there, and has been sent there in great quantities. Barrels of Bermuda onions, baskets of sweet potatoes and enough cranberries for an army were received at Honolulu's wharf, within the past week.

The Sandwich Islanders always fete themselves by a revelry which consists of, among other things, dancing. The native Hawaiian girls are extremely light upon their feet, though rather heavy to look at; but they dance with the utmost rhythm and grace. Their dancing, though the height of poetry, is by no means sensuous. It is a noble dance; their song and the music they play upon loud-sounding instruments at the same time.

Our boys in the Sandwich Islands will enjoy the rare treat of an American dinner, served up with an accompaniment of dancing girls. All the great bounty of Hawaii are to be thrown upon on that day, and Uncle Sam's boys will be feted by the people as though they were guests of state. Many of the soldiers are positively embarrassed with the surfeit of good things given for them, and one soldier wrote that he expected to dine three times, respectively, at 12, 4 and 8, and take in no less than four native dances.

IN THE PHILIPPINES.

It is said that Admiral Dewey determined to check the National sport in the Philippines, and to that end put in work to stamp out cock-fighting in the Islands, but if so, it may be presumed that the American admiral gave it up as a bad job very soon, for cock-fighting is still, as it has always been, the native sport of the Philippine Islands.

The proclamation of Thanksgiving was received in the Philippines with great joy, although with a little fear mingled, because the islands are not yet certain where they stand. They want to belong to the United States, but, on the other hand, Spain is raising such a fuss in Paris about them that they will take part in it; and for the first time in its history, there will be Thanksgiving in that part of the world.

Thanksgiving, as you know, is a New England origin, for it was the Plymouth Rock people who thanked God for their first year's harvest; the following year they had others join them in thanking God, and, finally, the custom spread until now all the Nation thanks God on the last Thursday in November. On this date we must, as the President says, give thanks for whatever prosperity may have come to us as a Nation during the past year. As a strictly National holiday, it should be greater than Christmas, which is a holiday for the whole world.

In the Philippines they cannot have a holiday without the joyful indulgence in the cock fight or so, and the finest game cocks are kept ever ready for the pit. They do not fight "on the quiet," as here, in a small hidden spot, but the contest takes place in the open with an immense audience watching the animals meet each other.

The Philippine cocks have great spurs, with which they dig each other, and extremely sharp bills. They are bred as fighters for generations and the strain is kept pure and strong by killing the weaklings. If a cock, at the age of three months, shows no signs of warlike tendencies, and has no spur development, he is killed, and his room is devoted to his stronger brothers. It is a case of the survival of the fittest.

The cock fight in the Philippines is fought to the bitter end, for no cock of high strain will give up until he has

A holiday would not be a holiday without a sport of this kind, and for days before the beautiful sometimes-yellow moon know that Porto Rico is as Spanish as Cuba have prepared themselves for the great occasion, and their beautiful gowns of bright-colored silk are newly made, and the English ladies get new dresses for Derby day, and American women prepare for the Horse Show.

On the day of the fight they arrive at the great amphitheatre hours ahead of time, and there take seats in the balconies, gaily chatting and waiting the arrival of the matador.

Porto Rico's eldest matador was killed last year. He went to Spain to give an exhibition, and he met the fate of all bull-fighters. At the point of victory he was pinned down with a cruel horn. In Porto Rico the matador enjoys a very fine position socially, and when he feels inclined to accept an invitation he is honored like a teeny of the grand opera.

Porto Rico, with its new prosperity, its new coinage, and its peaceful condition, will have such an opportunity for a grand bull fight as it has not possessed recently, but whether the United States will allow it or not is yet an open question.

Cuba, while not strictly an American colony, is temporarily such, until the American army evacuates, which will be fully a few hours. Now it is so Americanized that it is scarcely likely that the bull fight will take place, for Americans will not permit it, and the others are too poor.

year, for the United States has thousands of good citizens, who will observe the day afloat. Never before have we had such a large party; never have so many of our citizens been destined to spend Thanksgiving on the ocean.

Navy rations, while plentiful, are seldom very epicurean, but the stewards of the navy have received their orders to serve up turkey on that day. It takes the best part of a bird to fill one of our vigorous sailors, and, for a ship like the Oregon, it takes more turkeys than you would imagine possible, yes, than you would believe, though you are the priceless purchaser of a ten-pound. The boys eat the Naval bird, neck, wing and gizzard, and when they have finished they can only say, with the Cheerful, pointing to a bone, "I can't all gone, after all."

They are to have boiled onions on the ocean, mashed potatoes, fish, green gravy and cranberries, unless they can't stand. Then they are to have pie and pie served in such a way as to prevent dropsy of it.

In the navy a pie-eating contest is one of the features of a Thanksgiving afternoon. The tars come on deck after dinner and seat themselves in a semi-circle, when pie is served to all. Each receives a whole one, and the game is to devour the pie as soon as possible; a committee judges. The sailor who gets outside of his pie the quickest receives the prize. The one who, at the top of the two-minute bell, has the largest piece left, is held up to ridicule.

There is a choice of pie, but lemon and custard are debarred, as they are too easy to swallow, when compared with mince and apple. It is only a sailor who would choose a lemon pie when all are out for fair play. The largest is selected, and consists of a rich crust and an inch thick. No bits of crust accompany the contest, and the pie is held in good proportion in the hand—but upon the palms of the hands.

IN THE ARMY.

The army boys will fare less liberally. Though they are to be given a fine taste of Thanksgiving. Five hundred Red Cross nurses, 50 volunteer cooks, 200 army chefs, 200 commissaries and 100 friends—those figures may not be exact, but they are approximately so—have volunteered to see that the 27,000 boys in camp and blue are enough to have turkey and pie for Thanksgiving. Those at out-of-the-way distant posts will receive their turkey already browned; those who are accessible will get it fresh roasted. All will have a choice of light and dark meat. Dressed and dismantled will be doled out with generosity and impartiality.

The army is very equally distributed among the posts on the gulf states, the military towns of Havana,

Thanksgiving Day, 1898, will be celebrated by the national sports in our colonies. There will be cock-fighting in the Philippines, bull-fighting in Porto Rico, Fandango dancing in Cuba and football playing at home. Our own loyal boys will celebrate by a grand Thanksgiving dinner in the Army and a very funny pie-eating contest on board the cruisers.

are trembling in their metaphorical boots all the time. Outside of Manila, back in the interior of the lake island, there are the Filipinos, always threatening, and the loyal Philippine Islanders fear that he, as an American soldier expressed it, "between heaven, the devil and the deep blue sea."

Notwithstanding this, there will be Thanksgiving in the Philippines, and the day will be observed with much joyful celebration. Even the Filipinos

literally croaked his last. People came from long distance to see them fight, cry battles, and in the cities high prices are charged for admission to the matches.

IN THE LADRONES.

The Ladrones are beautiful little islands, not as large as the Carolines, and not as large as the Philippines. The people there have the remarkable characteristic of being as they are directed, and if told to rejoice and give thanks they will glory in the best of their ability. One of the sports of the Ladrones is constant hunting, which they turn to commercial use afterward.

It is a pleasure to them, at this time of year, to go into their woods and gather cocoanuts. They cannot shake the trees, which are very tall, but they climb up and get the nuts. Along with the gathering of fruit, sailing is one of the pastimes of the Ladrones. Cock-fighting is also a sport in these islands, but the people are too busy, and too peaceful to often indulge in such a festivity. The turkey is a stranger to the shores, but next year he will be much at home, for a cargo of Vermont turkeys, live and vigorous, has been shipped to the Ladrones.

PORTO RICO'S FESTIVAL.

Little Porto Rico longs to be wholly and truly American, and for that reason it is doing its best to stamp out the bull fight, for it has heard that in the great and good United States they never fight the noble bull. Nevertheless, a Porto Rican turns toward bullfights, and to-day looking at an actually enjoyed as a genuine struggle between two bulls. The Duke of Veragua owns the finest strains of fighting bulls in the world. He says his bulls are built on the finest Spanish beefy plan, whose mother was raised in Salt, the United States, and several of his bulls are now owned by Porto Rican grandees.

Turkeys and cranberries with plenty of other Thanksgiving goodies, have been shipped in great cargoes to Cuba, and it is hoped that none will go hungry on that, our great day of Nebraska rejoicing. All are welcome to eat, even those who have fought us, and it is safe to say no one will be happier than those who will give thanks in Cuba.

ON THE SEA.

We have a colony on the sea this

the stations at Porto Rico and the cities in the Philippines and Hawaii; so, to get turkey to all is no light undertaking.

A typical American Thanksgiving consists of a dinner and a family gathering, if it be in the country; in town, there is a dinner and perhaps a theater party or a merry-making of some kind, but the army boys must be content with the dinner and their own good spirits.