

**IRTH OF THANKSGIVING**

celebrated by the Pilgrims With Prayers and Feasting

adaunted by Toll, Ravages of Death and Indian Foes They Set Apart a Day to Give Thanks—Long and Earnest Prayers Offered.

Thanksgiving Day dawned coldly and cheerlessly two hundred and thirty-four years ago, when from the deck of their frail bark the Pilgrims gazed upon the forbidding sea of the unknown New England coast.

Edward Winslow, historian of the Plymouth Colony, has left us an account of the first Thanksgiving Day. It was celebrated in 1621, after a year of cruel cold, hardship, and afflictions overcome. The work of settlement had been hard, and the uses, of rough-hewn logs, had been slow. Exposed to the fury of New England winter, often suffering from hunger, constantly threatened by roving bands of Indians, these heroic souls, with sublime faith, could still thank God for benefits received. A row of graves lay on the sea, almost half the number of those who had landed the previous year, but, undaunted, they, inch by inch, fought the wilderness elements, and the savages. And they gave thanks that their condition was not worse.

Of just what the first Thanksgiving dinner consisted Brother Winslow does not relate, but contemporaries tell us that even in those remote times there was good cheer. They had turkeys, you may be sure, and fat geese, reminiscent of the feasts at home. There were also feathered game aplenty, and mison for the killing. Oysters lay before their very doors, and fish galle. Then there were the homemade barley loaves and cakes of Indian meal—a dainty borrowed from the aborigines. For vegetables they had peas and, of course, beans; parsnips, carrots, turnips, onions, cucumbers, beets, cabbages, and "coleworts." Then they had grapes—very sweet and strong," history tells us—with melons and other wholesome products of the vine. And at, but by no means least, copious supplies of what the Indians called comfortable warm water," but what the grim Puritan knew as "Holland."

Nevertheless, with all the feasting, religious things were not forgotten. The first harvest festival was shored in with prayer and the giving of thanks. The Indians were friendly, and King Massasoit and his stalwarts were bidden to the festivities with that New England hospitality which has continued ever since. Long-winded prayers there were, without a doubt, to which the passive Indians listened with stolid calm. A man who could not pray for a solid hour without repeating himself was not considered of much account those days, and it is pretty certain that the endurance of the worshippers was tested that day. So awned and waned the first Thanksgiving.—New York Globe.

**"Let Us Be Thankful."**  
For national blessings, for the gifts of the soil, for wealth and opportunities to gain material comforts, there are no people on earth under obligations so great as we are, tender thanks to the Most High. God has blessed us beyond all other nations. While in other lands there are complaints of hard times and decreasing business, the volume of our national trade is increasing, and abundant harvests have been given us.

For these blessings we ought to live thanks to God.

For our social blessings we ought also to render thanks. In spite of loomy prognostications our free institutions have been preserved, our government by the people and for the people has continued, and we are in no danger of usurpation, or of the attack of a foreign foe. In spite of the blunders of our legislators, in spite of greed and corruption, in spite of selfishness and the schemes of designing men, our Constitution as survived, and we are still the model of other nations and the envy of many. For the preservation of our civil and religious liberty let us thank God.

The best way of proving our thankfulness in every case is to make some one else happy. There are people all around us whose lot is hard, let us brighten it out of our own abundance. The kindly word, the kindly deed, even a kindly greeting, who can tell how grateful it is to the aching heart? We are travelers together through life, and if we can lift a burden, or smooth a weary span in the road, or cheer a sinking heart, we render a brotherly service which mayhap counts for more than we realize. "Go thou and do likewise," the Master said after telling the story of the Good Samaritan; it was a kindly injunction, beneficial to the man who had fallen among thieves, but still more beneficial to him who plays the neighbor's part.—Christian Herald.

**Pulling the Wish Bone.**  
She was a long time with thinking  
What her wish should be,  
He almost grew impatient  
So long considered she.

For she had many wishes,  
And he had only one,  
It took him but a moment  
To get his wishing done.

But, by and by they pulled it  
And Fortune was his friend;  
He was a happy mortal,  
For he had the longest end.

But she was not unlucky,  
For when the reckoning came  
It somehow dawned upon them  
That they had wished the same.  
—Philadelphia Inquirer.

**Dressing for the Turkey**

"Aren't you glad there's a Thanksgiving?" asked Geraldine, aged seven, of Gwendolin, aged ditto. It's bully to have all you want to eat."

"Yes, it's fine to eat like grown-up folks once in a while. What do you suppose Thanksgiving is for, anyway?"

"Why to eat turkey and all sorts of things, of course, you goose," replied Geraldine, sentimentally. "Then it's for football games. I heard Cousin Tom say so."

"Yes, but what about the poor people. They haven't any rights, anyway. I heard papa tell Cousin Tom so, Thanksgiving must be for people in society."

"Well, your papa ought to know all about poor people. I heard Uncle Howard say he's made more poor people in the last year than any man in the world. I wonder why. Isn't that funny? Your papa's one of the richest men in our church, isn't he? I heard the minister say so to mamma. And so devout, too, he said. I wonder what devout means."

"I guess it's when you give lots of money to the church and ask the minister to dinner every Sunday."

"I'm glad Thanksgiving is just for society folks, aren't you? Because we couldn't have it if it was for everybody."

"Yes, it's nice to be in society. But is must be awfully funny. They have such queer things. Aren't you dying to grow up so you can see them all? I never understand what they are talking about, do you?"

"No. Cousin Tom told papa the other day that it had cost him a pretty penny to get in the swim, and now that we belonged we could stay right in the push. What ever does he mean?"

"Oh, I suppose the swim is where all society people go. Sister Helena has lots of pretty bathing suits, so of course that's where she uses them."

"Oh, you don't use your bathing suits in the swim, I'm sure. For papa told mamma he'd give a hundred dollars to see her get one of hers wet. And she told him he was a foolish man; that they were not for that purpose at all."

"Well, then, I can't imagine what the swim is, but it must have something to do with water, for Cousin Tom says there's so many lobsters in our set it makes him dizzy. Lobsters are nice, I think. When I grow up I'm going to have all I want."

"Your sister Belle's got one now. I heard Tom say so. Anyway, he says she's been fishing so long it was time she was rewarded. Let's ask her what Tom means, will you?"

"All right. I'm not sure at all that I know just what a lobster is. Uncle Howard says our minister is a regular one."

"Then it must be something nice. I'll tell you. Mamma says the minister is awfully well read. Maybe that's what it means to be a lobster."

"Aren't they pretty and red, though?"

"Yes, but the minister isn't a bit pretty."

"I know it, but perhaps that's because he's a dead one. Tom says he is. How can he be a dead one and still be alive? I'd like to know, wouldn't you?"

"Some time let's get Tom to tell us all about society. He knows a lot. Do you know what sort of a thing a social lion is?"

"I believe I'd be afraid to meet one, for Tom says they are something fierce."

"They must be nice, Gwendolin, or they wouldn't have them in society."

"Well, I don't know, papa says there are lots of things in society that are not 'comme il faut.'"

"Don't you hate to talk French?"

"Yes, but we have to learn it to be proper. Mamma says it is awfully common to bring up your children with anything but a French maid."



THANKSGIVING HUMOR.

**Chortles.**  
Cranberries that make you laugh!  
Pun'kins that are great!  
Say now, come out in the yard  
And guess this turkey's weight.



"Sublime."



Ridiculous.

**Might-Have-Been Thanks.**

"I shall pay no attention to Thanksgiving Day, I have nothing to be thankful for."

"You haven't? Think a little. If you had received your just deserts regularly where do you suppose you would be to-day, eh?"

"In the White House at Washington, by Jimminy!"—Kansas City Journal.

**The Small Boy's Thanksgiving.**

I know it's right to be thankful  
On Thanksgiving Day an' I am;  
I'm thankful for turkey an' cranberry sauce,  
An' cake an' plum puddin' an' jam.

But when I think about eatin',  
('Cause that's what Thanksgiving Day's for.)

I know I could feel still thankfuler yet  
If my stomach 'ud only hold more.

**FOR THE THANKSGIVING PARTY**

**Dainty Little Favors That Serve as Souvenirs.**

Observance of national holiday party is not considered complete in these days of inventiveness without



the introduction of decorations or favors particularly agreeable to the occasion.

Most of the souvenirs are inexpensive, but the hostess who feels inclined to spend a good round sum on a certain centerpiece or a collection of small favors can find plenty of ex-



cess for so doing in this season's collection. For instance, she might select the football centerpiece pictured above with a mass of chrysanthemums rising from the center. The flowers are realistically fashioned from crepe paper and all the hues of the natural blossom are reproduced. Then there is the candy box, with its top of chrysanthemum petals, colored in the various college tints and appropriately lettered. Useful for candy or ices are the realistic receptacles in the shape of a plum pudding, or turkey, which do not rank among the high priced souvenirs.

**Dead Give Away.**  
"You used to put up some pretty good turkey sandwiches," said the fastidious guest. "I want the same kind of turkey you had last year."

"Dis is de same kind, sah," replied the waiter; "it's been in storage eveh since last yeah."—Chicago News.

**DINNER**

While custom is more or less elastic regarding the dinner appropriately served at Christmas, New Year's, Easter or the Fourth, tradition holds the Thanksgiving menu in too firm a grasp to be easily loosened. Thanksgiving without its turkey, with its stuffing and cranberry sauce, its pumpkin pie and American cheese, its native nuts and sweet elder, would be like the play of "Hamlet" with both Hamlet and Ophelia left out.

The festival is peculiarly American. Its object "lest we forget." Therefore, the day is not perfect if the feast be made from modern dishes or served after the fashion of any country but our own.

Bank the mantle if you like with fruit interspersed with ears of corn, heads of wheat and barley, autumn leaves and scarlet berries. If you have had forethought to collect and lay aside for this occasion such woodland treasures as our Puritan forefathers might have utilized, so much the better.

Fruit massed with an eye to color effect always makes an appropriate Thanksgiving centerpiece, and may be arranged on a silver salver, in an Indian basket or in a glossy half pumpkin, hollowed out and lined with autumn leaves or waxed paper.

The time honored Thanksgiving dinner is not a course dinner. In the majority of homes the turkey, pump, brown and smoking, with all its "fixings," must be on the table before the blessing can be asked with any degree of responsive feeling, on the part of the juvenile members of the family at least.

An excellent bill of fare, which contains everything that the children of the family feel that they have a right to expect, is the following:—

- Coffee.
- Oyster Soup.
- Celery. Pickled Peaches. Mints.
- Grape Jelly.
- Roast Turkey.
- Chestnut Stuffing. Giblet Gravy.
- Cranberry Sauce.
- Mashed Potato. Hubbard Squash.
- Cream Onions. Succotash.
- Cabbage Salad. Crackers and Cheese.
- Pumpkin Pie. Mince Pie. Cider.
- Butternut Ice Cream.
- Apples, Nuts, Home Made Candies.
- Coffee.

The secret of successfully serving a Thanksgiving dinner so as not to include a roast housewife as well is to have the greater part of it ready the day before. While there is a good fire for the Tuesday ironing the mince pies, cake and bread can all be baked, the cranberry sauce made and the pumpkin cooked and strained for the pies; then set where it will keep cold until Thursday morning, for pumpkin pies to be a delight should be baked the day they are to be eaten.

Go to the market personally, if possible, and select your own turkey. Avoid too large ones, as the meat is neither so sweet nor so tender as smaller ones. Pick out one that is smooth and fair, with short, plump breast and a scarcity of pin feathers.

Beware of long hairs or sharply scaled legs, which are the signs of a turkey's senility. If one prefers a chestnut dressing it is made in this way:—Cook a dozen large chestnuts in boiling water until the skins loosen. Remove these and again cook in slightly salted water until tender. While still hot rub through a coarse sieve or vegetable press. Add salt, a little white pepper, a grating of nutmeg and two tablespoonfuls of sweet cream. Toss six tablespoonfuls of bread crumbs in two tablespoonfuls of hot melted butter, add the seasoned chestnuts and mix thoroughly.

Other variations in dressing may be made with oysters, olives, mushrooms, chopped almonds or pecans and seeded raisins.

The question as to whether cranberry sauce should be strained or not is a matter of individual preference. Most housewives, however, believe it to be a culinary mistake to strain them, holding that the most delicious part of the peculiar acid of these berries lies in the skins, the flavor of which is developed in the cooking. The bright red Cape Cod berries are considered best and certainly make the more brilliant dish.

At the end of the Thanksgiving dinner there must be pie. This is absolute. While pies of apple, mince and cranberry are all in order, the rich, yellow pumpkin pie sung by Whittier holds the place of honor.

Pumpkin pies require a very hot oven. As the rim of the pies is apt to get burned before the inside is baked sufficiently, it is a good plan to heat the pumpkin mixture scalding hot before turning into the pie tins. Bake as soon as the crusts are filled or else the under crust will be clammy. The larger the number of eggs in the pie the less time will be required in the baking.

The pie should be accompanied with American cheese; and followed by home grown nuts. Fruit may be added if desired, while popcorn, nuts and raisins should be left on tap where the guests can help themselves whenever so disposed.

The drink with the dinner should be cider.

**WELCOME WORDS TO WOMEN.**

Women who suffer with disorders peculiar to their sex should write to Dr. Pierce and receive free the advice of a physician of over forty years' experience—a skillful and successful specialist in the diseases of women. Every letter has the most careful consideration and is regarded as strictly confidential. Many sensitively modest women write fully to Dr. Pierce what they would shrink from telling to their local physician. The local physician is pretty sure to say that he cannot do anything without "an examination." Dr. Pierce holds that these distasteful examinations are generally needless, and that no woman, except in rare cases, should submit to them.

Dr. Pierce's treatment cures in the privacy of your home. His "Favorite Prescription" has cured hundreds of thousands of bad cases. It is the only medicine of its kind that is the product of a regularly graduated physician. Some unscrupulous medicine dealers may offer you a substitute. Don't take it. Don't trifle with your health. Write to Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.—take his advice and be well.

Mrs. R. D. Monfort, of Lebanon, Warren Co., O., writes: "I have received the 'Medical Adviser.' A crisp, new five dollar bill could not tempt me to part with it."

On receipt of 31 one-cent stamps to pay cost of mailing only, we will send to any address a paper-bound copy of Dr. Pierce's great 100-page book, "The Common Sense Medical Adviser." Or, for 31 stamps the same in cloth binding. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

**The Original LITTLE LIVER PILLS.** First put up by old Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass., 40 years ago. Much imitated, but never equaled. Little pill, little dose, but give great results in a curative way in all derangements of Stomach, Liver and Bowels.

**What's In McClure's?**

One function of the up-to-date magazine is to reflect the moving spirit of the time, and this is the striking thing about the December McClure's. As befits a holiday number, it is filled with good, strong fiction, there is a Jack London story, one of his best, and six other short stories; but first in importance are the contributions of William Allen White, Ray Stannard Baker and the Rev. Charles D. Williams. William Allen White who, as a judge of public men has become almost the national oracle, cool, incisive, unerring, fixes the place of folk in national affairs. He tells of his great accomplishments in Missouri, measures the man, and finally shows that he is not big enough yet for Presidential timber.

"Railroad Rebates" is Ray Stannard Baker's second paper on the Railroad Question. He explains what rebates are, how they are paid, who pays them and how they affect industry; illustrating the whole process by specific instances, little human stories picked up from railroad men and shippers, the gainers and the sufferers by the system.

Jack London's "Love of Life" is a harrowing tale of human endurance, pitting against nature and against each other a starving man and a starving wolf. Blumenschein has illustrated it wonderfully, in color. In contrast to this tale of primitive strength is a delicate, fanciful Irish folk tale full of the nimble wit of the race in which Hermine Templeton introduces again Darby O'Gill, and the King of the Faries. Then there is the "Courtship of the Boss," the heart-history of a ringster, an amusing and true story; "The Deepwater Debate," a wholesome little tale of the excitements and the love-making of an old home town and stories by Jean Webster and Adeline Knapp.

Editorially appears a character sketch of Charles Evans Hughes who has been lifting the lid from Insurance in New York, and a critical estimate of Christianity in practice, "The Final test of Christianity," by the Rev. Charles D. Williams.

**Boy Wanted.**

A boy sixteen years old with fair common school education is wanted at this office to learn the printing trade. Full particulars as to work and pay will be given on application.

**HUMPHREYS' WITCH HAZEL OIL**

FOR PILES, ONE APPLICATION BRINGS RELIEF. SAMPLE MAILED FREE.

At Drugstores, 25 cents, or mailed, Humphreys' Medicine Co., Cor. William and John Streets, New York.

**NERVOUS DEBILITY,** Vital Weakness and Prostration from overwork and other causes. Humphreys' Homeopathic Specific No. 28, in use over 40 years, the only successful remedy. \$1 per vial, or special package for serious cases, \$3.

Sold by Drugstores, or sent prepaid on receipt of price. Humphreys' Med. Co., William & John Sts., N. Y.

The Pilgrim's Thanksgiving. So many glad Thanksgivings have been mine, oh Lord, and Thou, Hast so oft changed woe to blessing, I have blindly wondered how! But of all the days of goodness, this day surely stands alone, And the thankfullest Thanksgiving that my life has ever known.

For my country's fest is over, and her faith stands fast in Thee, And another land of freemen is established in the sea. On the hill tops and the house tops one more banner floating bright, With the wind of God beneath it to uplift it to the light.

Praise and thanks for freedom's conquest! Praise and thanks for peace restored;

For the myrtle on the pillar, for the wreath beside the sword, For the silent, shining cannon, for the handclasp and the vow, For the lengthened roll of heroes—for the martyr's love kissed brow.

And I thank Thee, God, I thank Thee, for the dear ones, mine and all, Who've come back with shouts and chaplets to the festive board and hall. Oh, the hand grasp and the heart grasp another mother's kisses clear, And the joy around the heartstone in the fullness of the year!

So I thank Thee, God, and Father, though my past with love is sown, For the thankfullest Thanksgiving that my life has ever known. Yea, around how many altars, in the sweet old hallowed way, Kneel the children of the Pilgrims on the Pilgrim's Thankful day. James Buckman in Leslie's Weekly.

**To Next Thanksgiving.**

'Tis not to him who has his friend And sits about his turkey, That we propose this humble toast, All hasty, short, and jerky: But unto him who sits alone And dreams of bygone revels; And unto him who dines to-day With well-known dark blue devils; And unto him that's sorrow's guest; And unto him who, chaffing, Drinks down the gall and hides it all Beneath a mask of laughing— We merry-makers lift our cups And cheer: "May next Thanksgiving Bring better luck to every chap Who's sorry now he's living!" —Kate Parsons Lathrop.

**Knew All About It.**



Chick—My goodness! You must have been hatched by a big bird. Baby—Yes—a stork.

**Grandmother's Pudding.**

Up from the gleam of the grate's glowing embers, Born where the wind in the chimney sings cold, Float the dim ghosts of the vanished Novembers, Bidding me dream of Thanksgivings of old: Bringing light echoes of laughter uproarious, Forming bright pictures of sunlight and shade, Teasing my palate with thoughts of the glorious Thanksgiving pudding that grandmother made.

Now, as dyspepsia and sad indigestion Season my food at the banquets of men.

Longing, I sigh for the past, and I question, Why mayn't I feast on such richness again?

Time, you old fraud, you have widened the waist of me, Heightened my brow with your scythe's gleaming blade. But ne'er a dainty you've brought with the taste of the Thanksgiving puddings that grandmother made.

—Joe Lincoln.

**Before the Slaughter.**

First Turkey—My, what rot! Second Turkey—What's the matter? First Turkey—Saying that worry makes a person thin!—Brooklyn Life.

**Same Old Misery.**

"S'pose dey wuz a turkey fer ever' po' man in de country?" "Wouldn't help matters any; dey'd sho' have wings enough ter roost out er reach."—Atlanta Constitution.

