

# Our Thanksgiving Day

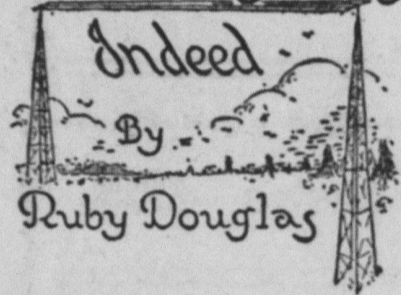


My Puritan grandmother swept and spun  
And prayed to God on Thanksgiving Day;  
Her soul content with a work well done  
And her heart too earnest for pleasures gay.  
But I like to think that her irksome load,  
Travail and labor and urge and goal,  
Was joy—because she was hewing a road  
A road that should be my way.

My Puritan grandmother blazed a trail  
And looked to God on Thanksgiving Day,  
And how can I dare to shirk or fail,  
If who have such a debt to pay?  
Teach me, Lord, as I kneel in prayer,  
To lift her torch in my hands, to dare  
To keep unsullied and straight and fair  
The road that she made my way.

L. MITCHELL THORNTON  
in American Agriculturist

## Thanksgiving



THE Mortons had moved their big round dining room table into the living room by the fireplace just for the day.

"The fire will be so cheerful for our Thanksgiving dinner and then we can sit around and listen to the radio," suggested Corinne, the younger daughter.

Mrs. Morton was trying bravely to hide the grief in her heart at the absence, for the first time from their holiday table, of her son, Tom.

There was an enforced air of cheerfulness as they all set to work to lay the forks and knives and make the centerpiece of pumpkin and chrysanthemums.

Tom had disappeared more or less mysteriously from the home town and



Arranging the Centerpiece of Pumpkin and Chrysanthemums.

the family circle more than six months before and no one, not even his mother nor his sweetheart, Beth Arden, had heard a line from him. The fact that he was a temperamental lad and had been possessed with the belief that he was a round peg in a square hole had led all those who loved him to believe that he had merely disappeared of his own volition but had not met with accident or foul play.

When the big table was fairly groaning under its weight of food and the turkey lay brown and tempting on the platter in front of Mr. Morton's place there was not a member of the party who did not want to quote the trite old lines. "There is no fireside, howsoever defended, but has one vacant chair." But no one said a word about the absent Tom.

"It is so nice to be included in your family party today," said Beth as she took her seat.

"We couldn't think of anything else with your own family so far away," said Mrs. Morton, kindly.

A general discussion of drumsticks and turkey anatomy followed as each of the children tried to be polite and yet make it known to father which part he preferred.

"Tom always liked the part that goes over the fence last," piped up Johnny, the youngest Morton, regardless of the danger of bringing tears to his mother's eyes.

"He did, dear," said his mother with trembling voice. But she smiled.

"How about a little music while we eat, son," said the father after he had helped himself to what was left of the bird.

David, the family radio enthusiast, was only too eager to tune in something and drag forth from the air some of his favorite music.

"Nothing like a little good music to jazz up a family party," he said, turning the dial with mastery hand.

He got a station that advertised a good dinner program and resumed his seat.

One piece of popular music followed another with announcements in between and it was not long before the Morton family had shaken off its haunting loneliness for the absent Tom and was enjoying the program and the dinner.

Suddenly came a voice from the loudspeaker—a voice that startled every member of the family—and Beth. It was, undoubtedly, Tom Morton's voice.

## Thanksgiving the Family Day

THANKSGIVING is a day of glory and substance. Such a day it was in the beginning and it is hoped it ever shall be. Its glory is the spirit of thankfulness that pervades the hearts of us all. The substance is the bountiful supply of food that is ours.

Perhaps these are the reasons that Thanksgiving is particularly a family day, a day in which all of the family are thankful to be gathered under one roof once more. Thanksgiving day, observes a writer in the Kansas City Star, was born in that spirit as the Pilgrims went to church over snowy trails and returned to eat dinner of wild turkey from the forest and cranberries from the nearby marshes.

One may follow the traditional menu for that day or one may improvise, us-



For the Formal Dinner the Bird is Carved in the Kitchen.

ing the turkey for the main theme, building such variations of flavors about it that you may have your own gastronomic symphony so perfectly planned that your guests will remember your Thanksgiving dinner, for the particular harmonies of color and table need not follow too closely the spirit of the day. Your decorations may be thoroughly modern or traditional, as you please. The bowl of fruits as centerpiece is the latter. It may be flanked by such decorations as glass blown herons or silver pheasants.

**An Early American Thanksgiving Dinner.**  
Roast Turkey Stuffed  
A Pair of Chickens Stuffed and Boiled with Cabbage and a Piece of Lean Pork  
A Chicken Pie  
Potatoes, Turnips, Squash, Onion Gravy and Gravy Sauce, Apple and Cranberry Sauce, Oyster Sauce, Brown and White Bread  
Plum and Plain Pudding  
With Sweet Sauce Mince, Pumpkin and Apple Pies  
Cheese

No longer does the table groan with food. The modern hostess places very few viands on the table. For the formal dinner the bird is carved in the kitchen and served from that quarter. For the informal or family dinner the bird may come to the table as the festive dish that graces the board. Turkey or any fowl may be prepared and stuffed well in advance of the dinner. Chicken, duck, goose or any fine roast may be served on Thanksgiving day. Your purse, your appetite and the personal tastes of the family should be considered.

## The First Harvest



IT APPEARS that in the year 1621, the Pilgrim Fathers were so overjoyed when their first harvest was gathered in that they held a service of gratitude to God. The New England colonists set apart a day for that specific purpose, and since then similar services have been held annually, the last Thursday in November being the day appointed. In 1864, Sarah Josepha Hale, who is the reputed author of the nursery rhyme: "Mary had a little lamb," advocated the granting of a general holiday throughout the states on Thanksgiving day. This was adopted.

## PILGRIMS' FAST DAY

PREVIOUS to the start of the Pilgrims from Leyden, Holland, on their trip to America, a solemn day of fasting was decreed, the day before leaving, the 21st day of July, 1620. After the landing in Plymouth, the Colonists experienced great hardships, and as a means of evidencing their reliance on Almighty God a solemn day of fasting was proclaimed for Wednesday, the 16th day of July, 1623. On this day no food was partaken of from sunrise to sunset, but the entire day was spent in religious observance and prayer.—Washington Star.

"It's Tom!" said every one.

"Listen!" said Mr. Morton raising a silencing hand.

The voice of the wanderer came clearly into the room.

"In the absence of P.N.D., our announcer for this hour, who wanted to join his family for Thanksgiving turkey, I will make the announcements for W.F.K."

"But what's he doing? How does he happen to be there?" asked the incorrigible Johnny.

"No one knows more than you do, Johnny," said his mother. "Wait and see."

"Anyone wishing to request special numbers from any of our artists may call Shopkins 8888." Tom's voice said after a number of singers had done their bit.

Mr. Morton rose quickly and went to the telephone in the rear hall.

The family seated around the dwindling dinner was breathless with interest and excitement.

By the smile she saw on Mr. Morton's face and the trace of tears in his fine eyes, the mother knew that there was no bad news for her son.

Mr. Morton sat down before he told his story.

Tom, it seems, had become dissatisfied with his slow progress in the home town and was ashamed to keep on moving from one failure to another and, in spite of what he knew was not the right way to do it, he had left to try some work he had always felt would be in his line—managing a sort of spectacular advertising department for a large store.

He had found a berth in a city nearby and had been very successful in conducting a radio studio for his firm. He had wanted to let his family hear of him in just this way because he felt



"Listen!" Said Mr. Morton, Raising a Silencing Hand.

that it would make it a real Thanksgiving for every one—most of all for him.

"And he's on his way here now—he here in an hour and a half," finished the father.

"And the turkey's tail is gone," lamented Johnny.

"Never mind. My son shall have a wonderful dinner and—oh, Beth, you will help us to try to hold him, now, won't you?"

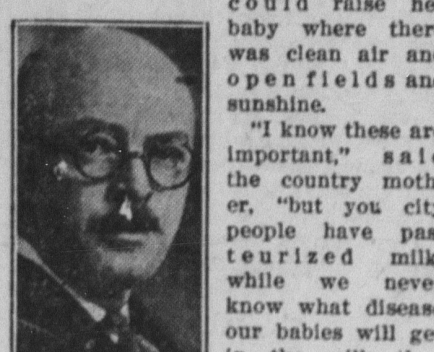
Beth nodded a little guiltily. Perhaps she had been partly to blame for his disappearance but she would make up for it now. Absence had taught her that she loved Tom.

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**Our Holidays**  
Thanksgiving day comes as nearly as any to being a national holiday. The President's proclamation calls upon the entire nation for observance of it. And it is a legal holiday in every state but Utah, where it is never observed. Holidays are appointed by the state legislatures and not by congress. There are, strictly speaking, no national holidays, although all states observe New Year's day, Fourth of July and Christmas.

Let Our Motto Be  
**GOOD HEALTH**  
BY DR. LLOYD ARNOLD  
Professor of Bacteriology and Preventive Medicine, University of Illinois, College of Medicine.

## YOU CAN PASTEURIZE MILK



A city mother was telling a country mother how lucky she was that she could raise her baby where there was clean air and open fields and sunshine.

"I know these are important," said the country mother, "but you city people have pasteurized milk, while we never know what disease our babies will get in the milk they drink."

The country mother was right. Pasteurization of milk is one of the greatest boons to health that the city offers children. Milk is one of man's best foods, but it is also a good food for germs. Germs grow well in milk. Milk from cattle certified to be free from disease and handled by persons free from disease is good wholesome milk, but unless this certification of health has been made, then a family should not take any chances on milk that is used for drinking or in the preparation of uncooked food. Unpasteurized milk may of course be used safely in cooked or baked dishes.

Milk, as stated above, is a food in which many kinds of germs thrive. Some of these are harmless to man, but, unfortunately, many are decidedly harmful. Among these are the tuberculosis, typhoid fever, septic sore throat and infectious diarrhea germs.

Pasteur discovered that when he heated milk to a certain degree for a certain length of time, these harmful bacteria were destroyed and the milk was safe for drinking. This principle is the one used in the large commercial pasteurizing plants in the large cities.

In a survey made several years ago we learned that 70 per cent of the population in Illinois outside of Chicago was without benefit of pasteurization.

So in the research laboratory of the University of Illinois we worked out a plan that would allow for home pasteurization. The various steps may seem complicated the first time, but after a little practice, you will find that the routine is very simple. Certainly much simpler and less worrisome than the care of a sick child would be.

We devised two simple temperature indicators containing chemicals that would "clear" at the desired temperatures. By the first you can easily tell when the right heat point is reached; by the second when the danger point of coolness is reached and the milk is no longer safe for the baby.

The heat-telling indicator is a sausage-shaped glass tube 11 mm. in diameter and 45 mm. long, into which 400 mg. of palmitic acid is placed.

The cooling-point indicator is a glass tube 4 1/2 mm. in diameter, approximately 8 inches in length, with a bulb blown at one end. This bulb is filled with menthol, and the open end of the tube sealed.

With these two tubes, a vacuum bottle of one quart capacity, and a pan of more than one quart capacity with a side lip to facilitate pouring of milk from pan into bottle, you are ready to go into the pasteurization business. The equipment necessary to carry out this method of pasteurization will cost less than \$3. If you want to pasteurize more than one quart at a time, then do not use a larger bottle, but get several quart bottles. The results are better.

**Pasteurization technique:**

1. Clean out vacuum bottle with hot soap water several times. Rinse well with water about 160 degrees F., fill bottle with this water and let stand.
2. Wash the stopper well, place in a pan of water and boil for ten minutes. Pour water out of pan, leaving the clean stopper in the pan.
3. Clean the lipped pan well and pour a quart of strained milk into it. Milk should be less than 12 hours from the cow.
4. Drop indicator No. 1 into the milk. Place pan on stove and bring temperature of milk up slowly, stirring constantly with a clean spoon.
5. When the indicator becomes transparent, the temperature of the milk has reached 145. Remove milk from stove immediately and take out indicator with the spoon.
6. Pour the hot water out of the vacuum bottle.
7. Pour the hot milk into the bottle. Seal with stopper.
8. Set the bottle in a warm cupboard in the kitchen.
9. Do not use this milk until it has stood in the vacuum bottle for at least one hour.
10. When ready to use the milk, hold one end of indicator No. 2 in the hand and put the bulb end down into the milk in the bottle. Hold for two to four minutes. If the milk is above 115, the bulb will clear. If below, it will remain opaque.
11. If the bulb clears, pour out enough milk for a feeding and replace the stopper, and put the bottle back into the cupboard.
12. If the bulb does not clear, the milk is unsafe for the baby. It can then be used in cooking or set aside to sour.

If this technique is followed carefully, the milk usually stays safe for about eight to ten hours, so that a pasteurization in the morning and one in the evening will give the baby safe milk all the time.

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## HOME HAPPINESS

"Would you marry for wealth?"  
"No," answered Miss Cayenne, "I couldn't think of being bothered with a person who is constantly worried about his income tax."

**Recognition**  
"Do you think we ought to recognize Russia?"  
"I don't know," answered Senator Sorghum. "Russians shouldn't expect to be mistaken for Santa Claus simply because they wear large whiskers."

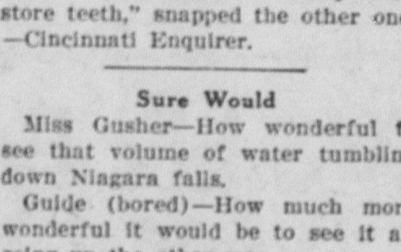
**Tribute to Grandpop**  
Employer—Rather strange, Fred, that your grandfather should be buried on the day that the ball game is in town.  
Fred—Yes, good old grandpa—a sportsman to the end.

**No Sale**  
"Why are you rushing about like this?"  
"I'm trying to get something for my husband."  
"Had any offers?"—Montreal Gazette.

**No Imagination There**  
"Most of the trouble we have is imaginary," said the philosopher.  
"Which proves you never have tried to eat molasses candy with store teeth," snapped the other one.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

**Sure Would**  
Miss Gusher—How wonderful to see that volume of water tumbling down Niagara falls.  
Gulde (bored)—How much more wonderful it would be to see it all going up the other way.

**BLISSFUL IGNORANCE**



"What delayed you for your dinner last night? The baseball season is over."  
"Shm! My wife doesn't know that as yet."

**Burned Kid**  
"I want to let you in on the ground floor," said the enthusiastic slicker.  
"Nothing doing," replied the intended victim. "I learned from one experience that all those ground floors are full of trapdoors that drop you down into the cellar."

**Blissful Ignorance**  
Tommy came home from school the other day and said: "Mother, we've got a poor teacher. Why, she doesn't even know a horse."  
"Oh," said mother. "What makes you think that, Tommy?"  
"Well, I did a drawing of a horse and she asked me what it was."—Ashington Collieries Magazine.

**The Bargain Hunter**  
"When does the next train leave for Chicago?" she asked.  
"At 2:50, madam," replied the station agent.  
"Make it 2:48 and I'll take it," she said absent-mindedly.—Pathfinder Magazine.

**Pursuit of Knowledge**  
"Is your boy Josh learning much in college?"  
"I don't know," answered Farmer Corntossel. "Judging by some of his favorite magazines, I'm inclined to think he has found out a lot of things he's keepin' to himself."

**Joint Account**  
"What's a joint account, pop?"  
"It's an account where one person does the depositing and the other the withdrawing."—Vancouver Province.

**Explanation**  
"There goes that Mr. Sharp. I wonder how he made all his money?"  
"Heaven knows!"  
"Ah, that must be why he always looks so worried."

## Does Away With "Awkward Age"

PATTERN 1978  
This is a frock for what used to be called the "awkward age"—the years between eight and sixteen. Styles like this have made it one of the most attractive feminine ages. The model is as young as youth, but designed with the skill of a woman's dress. Look at the front of that bodice with its nicked vest lines emphasized by cleverly placed buttons! See the way the panel idea is prolonged in the seams of the skirt! Don't you like the sleeves?—they can be short or long. And please don't overlook



the back view, with that nice pointed yoke.

Pattern 1978 is available in sizes 8, 10, 12, 14 and 16. Size 12 takes 3 1/2 yards 36-inch fabric and 3/4 yard contrasting. Illustrated step-by-step sewing instructions included.

Send FIFTEEN CENTS (15c) in coins or stamps (coins preferred) for this pattern. Write plainly name, address and style number. BE SURE TO STATE SIZE.

Address orders to Sewing Circle Pattern Department, 243 West Seventeenth Street, New York City.

**CRIMSON GULCH IN LINE**  
"What do you want with a school house?" asked the traveling salesman.  
"We don't want an ordinary school house," answered Cactus Joe. "We're going to start a college and issue diplomas."

"Why be so ambitious?"  
"For the sake of our politics. Nobody seems able to get a good job nowadays unless he's some kind of a college professor."—Washington Star.

**Were Beauties, Too**  
Magistrate—The policeman says that you and your wife had some words.  
Accused—I had some, sir, but I didn't get a chance to use them.—New York Journal.

**A Sure Sign**  
Mother—So you think your young man's intentions are serious?  
Daughter—Yes, mother. He is beginning to let me pay when we go out.—Washington Post.

**HER FAILING**



"Is she able to keep a cook?"  
"Peculiarly, yes. Diplomatic-ly, no."

**Explanation**  
"There goes that Mr. Sharp. I wonder how he made all his money?"  
"Heaven knows!"  
"Ah, that must be why he always looks so worried."

**The Leader**  
WRIGLEY'S SPEARMINT THE PERFECT GUM