

# THE OLD NEW-ENGLAND THANKSGIVING

BY SALLIE JOY WHITE

It is not so many years since Thanksgiving, "Independence day"—as everybody called the Fourth of July—and fast-day were the only days set apart legally for rest and kept as holidays. But Thanksgiving was looked forward to as the family festival of the year. It was the day of reunion—the day when all the children and grandchildren gathered together under the old roof-tree, forgot grown-up care and threw off grown-up responsibilities, and gave themselves up to the enjoyment of the time. Every one in the neighborhood knew



who was coming home to every other family, and how the friendly eyes watched as the train came in or the stage coach drove into town to see who would be the first arrival. And such preparations as there were going on in the old home for days before the festival! Why, the whole country about was redolent of spices and savory odors. There must be pumpkin pies, because "our Billy" would never know that it was Thanksgiving if he didn't have one of mother's pumpkin pies, and John would be terribly disappointed if he didn't have all the mince pie he wanted. There must be custard pie for Abby, who was in a distant city teaching school, for she said that since she had been away she had never tasted such custard as she got at home, so rich and golden with eggs and cream. And there was old-fashioned plum cake to be made for the little ones—not the rich kind that would make everybody ill who ate more than a crumb of it, but wholesome, spicy plum cake stuffed full of raisins—and the sugariest of cookies; for the dears would be sure to get hungry before dinner was ready, argued mother, "and they must have something to stay them."

Then how the clouds were watched for days for the promise of snow. It was not Thanksgiving—a real, true Thanksgiving—without a sleigh-ride. Nowadays people think that winter sets in early if there is snow at Christmas, and there is very audible grumbling if Thanksgiving finds the ground with its covering of white. There is as much difference in the menu of the new-fashioned dinner to be served at Thanksgiving and that which was served on the old-fashioned table as there is in the spirit and observance of the day itself. The present one includes soup, after the oysters, and goes regularly through several courses, with salad, ice-cream and all the new-fangled dinner notions. The other had roast turkey as the principal dish; and besides there was roast beef and roast pork, for fresh beef was as great a luxury as the turkey was to the visiting children. There was cranberry sauce, mashed potatoes, squash, boiled onions and turnips, plenty of relishes and pickles, then the plum pudding and all the array of pies. One had to be a valiant trencherman to face all this. Oh! and I forgot the big chicken pie, baked in a four or six quart milk-pan, and fairly oozing richness.

There could not be a Thanksgiving without turkey any more than there could be an English Christmas dinner without roast goose. Turkey has been the national dish for the day ever since the first Thanksgiving was kept



in Plymouth in the November of 1621. That was the day Governor Bradford had appointed on which the men and women of the stricken infant colony might come together and rejoice in a special manner for the small harvest and the promise that the brave hearts thought they read in it for future prosperity. It was considered just

and right to give thanks for blessings and mercies which had been vouchsafed before asking an increase; and so the first festival of thanksgiving was to be held. The hunters went scouring the woods for wild turkeys, which abounded about Plymouth, and which were to furnish the chief dish for the feast. Kitchens were put in readiness for the cooking and pretty Priscilla Mullins, she who played such havoc with the heart of stout Miles Standish, and drove handsome John Alden wild with her teasings before she gave him that memorable bit of encouragement, was put in charge of the biggest one of all, that belonging to worthy Dame Brewster.

But the dinner! That a notable feast it was, and how the good dames of Plymouth must have worked to set before their hungry guests such an array of tempting dishes! The place of honor was held by the turkeys, stuffed to bursting with beechnuts and savory herbs. Then there were oysters, brought by the Indians as their contribution to the festival, and the first which the white people had ever seen, and great bowls of steaming clam chowder, delicious stews, with dumplings of the flour of barley, cakes of all descriptions, such as Priscilla Mullins knew well how to concoct, with the fruits of the forest, wild grapes, plums and nuts.

Is it any wonder that Thanksgiving

Not That Sort of Bird.



Chorus of Boarders—"I'll take a leg—a leg, please—leg for me—leg, if you please!"  
Landlady—"Do you gentlemen think this turkey is a centipede?"

Changing His Gears.  
First Turkey—"Gobbler is misbehaving in a scandalous way."  
Second Turkey—"Yes; he hopes to save himself; he is trying to become a black sheep."—Puck.

A Fashion Note.  
First Thanksgiving Turkey—"How shall you be dressed for Thursday?"  
Second Thanksgiving Turkey—"Oh, cutaway, I suppose."—Harper's Bazar.

## THE SPIRIT OF THANKSGIVING

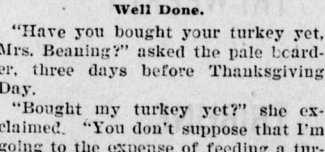


She comes, and the world is brighter; She comes, and the gloom is relieved; And the spirit of man is lighter For this blessing just received.

seems New England's own festival. And the old customs are not given up altogether, even though new ones may be introduced. The turkey is the chief dish of the dinner, and the oyster-gift of the Indians to their white hosts still finds a place on the table of the New Englander who lives near enough



Wild Game Appropriate.  
On the Thanksgiving table wild game of any kind is appropriate, suggesting, as it does, the fare of those early Thanksgiving days in Pilgrim and Puritan times. Except for the game of the forests and rivers the scant harvests which hard toil reaped from a wild land would not have been enough to save the colonists from actual starvation. No heavy laden ship bringing dainties from foreign lands reached our shores.



The Thanksgiving Dinner.  
Tomato bouillon Sautéed almonds Celery  
Roast turkey stuffed with chestnuts Cranberry jelly Spiced pineapples  
Mashed potatoes Creamed corn Baked sweet potatoes  
Cabbage and celery salad  
Waffle pumpkin pie Mince pie  
Rice pudding with chocolate sauce Thanksgiving cake  
Nuts Bonbons Fruit Coffee

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Thanksgiving Wonder Ball.  
A Thanksgiving wonder ball is wound of yellow wool to simulate a pumpkin. Trifling gifts, as tiny dolls, little whistles, lace pins, etc., are wound in it. As it is unwound the gifts fall out. The wool should be rolled up again as it is pulled off.—Ladies' Home Journal.

## GOSSIP OF THE WIND.

The wind is such a gossip,  
I must be very still,  
For every idle word I breathe  
He'll carry o'er the hill;  
And shrub, and rock, and bird, and tree,  
That I love jealously,  
May form some queer opinion  
Of poor old foolish me.  
—Philadelphia Saturday Evening Post

HUMOROUS.  
Hook—Time works wonders. Nye—You bet. I know women who 10 years ago were 30, but now they're only 25.

Wigg—Jones has been arrested for stealing a watch. Wagg—I always thought that fellow would wind up in jail.  
Harduppe—We should profit by our mistakes. Borrowell—I should much rather profit by the mistakes of other people.

"Tom Hood was the wittiest poet declared the Briton. "Oh, I don't know," returned the Yank; "w a Whittier."

"He had an eye to business w married Miss Ann Teek." "Why, isn't wealthy, is she?" "Oh, no; he's a collector of curios."

Mrs. Familytree—So you are really going abroad. Did your husband get a letter of credit? Mrs. Parvenue—No, sirree. We pay cash or we don't go.  
Mrs. Muggins—Does your husband like your new hat? Mrs. Buggins—I don't know. He never expresses his opinion about such things till the bills come in.

"I tell you, said the tonsorial artist, "a good barber must be born." "Yes," agreed the customer, who was watching operations in the mirror; "blood will tell."

Borrowell—"Don't you think it is better to give than to receive? Wigg—Well, in some cases I think it is better to give than to lend, and a heap more satisfactory.

Mamma—What's the matter, Willie? Didn't you have a good time at the party? Willie—Naw! "Why? Didn't you get enough to eat?" "Yes; but I didn't get too much."

Her Father—Can you support my daughter? The Suitor—I'm afraid—that is I don't think I can. Her Father—Neither can I. I guess you had better take her, anyhow.

Blobbs—There was a case of kidnaping at Youngpop's house last evening. Slobbs—Horrible! Blobbs—Oh, I don't know. It's the first time in my experience when the kid was asleep.

Mrs. Knowles—That is a beautiful recommendation you gave to your cook. Of course she deserved it? Mrs. Milton—Of course. Mrs. Knowles—But what do you really think about the girl. I have written recommendations myself, you know.

Norwegian Hotel Fire Escapes.  
Nor do the hotels themselves console you. Built of wood, their chief merit lies in the fire escape which is to be found in the chief room upon every landing. At Visnes I spent a happy night answering the questions of nervous travelers who came from hour to hour to see if the fire escape in my room was working properly. Angry assurances were powerless to convince timid if ancient ladies. Did I really think the rope would work? Was there any danger? Had I tried the contrivance myself? Excellent souls. As if the printed notice were not enough.

Ah, that printed notice. I have a copy of it by me as I write. It is the complete instruction in English to the traveler threatened by fire in a wooden hotel in Norway. Let me give it you as I found it:  
"Fire escape to throw out the window.  
"The plaited snorter shall be found in every room.  
"To increase the hurry, let down the body one by one until all shall be left."  
"N. B.—The cord shall put out the ground from the shoulder thereunder."  
—London Mail.

Saw a Midnight Rainbow.  
During the voyage of the steamer New England, which arrived at Vancouver, B. C., from the northern fishing grounds, a most peculiar phenomenon was observed by the members of the crew. On Tuesday, just after midnight, Captain Freeman, the pilot, was astonished to see a clearly defined rainbow from horizon to horizon, lying to the northwest of the New England's position.

A stiff gale of wind was blowing at the time and the moon was up, and though its face was frequently obscured for minutes at a time by black clouds the rainbow colors showed no evidence of fading, even when the moon was entirely obscured.

Captain Freeman called up the crew, who are mostly fishermen from Newfoundland, and none of them had ever seen anything similar to this phenomenon before. For half an hour the rainbow was in plain view, and then it began gradually to fade away from its eastern end. Part of the time it was so dark that another ship nearby could not have been seen except for lights; yet the rainbow was in full view.—San Francisco Chronicle.

Memorial Convant.  
The small convent which it is reported that the Empress Eugenie expects to erect at Farborough Hill, her English home, will be built in memory of her husband and their son. The grounds already contain a Benedictine some, which accommodates 30 members of the order.

The small boy who plays truant to go fishing hates his look and baits his nook.

## THE GREAT DESTROYER

### SOME STARTLING FACTS ABOUT THE VICE OF INTEMPERANCE

Effects of Alcohol—Testimony of a Physician Showing the Ravages of Rum on the Human System—The Enormous Size of the Liver in One Case.

I wish to refer very briefly to two cases that came under my observation later while acting in the capacity of a physician in Alameda.  
They were both victims of alcohol. I died while taking a so-called cure for the drink habit. They were similar, and so characteristic of the effects of alcohol on the organs of the human body that I bring them to your attention, while at the same time they show what terrible abuse kind nature will put up with and still keep the wheels revolving and the human machinery at work.

Case No. 1 was a man thirty-nine years of age, who was brought to the morgue after sudden death from the effects of a prolonged indulgence in liquor. He had been in good health, apparently, except that for several years he had drunk to excess. I found the stomach

liver almost black, the gall bladder completely atrophied, the spleen enlarged, the heart pushed two inches to the left of its proper site, was slightly enlarged, and its muscular fiber so degenerated that when taken between the fingers it came apart like a soft, decayed sponge.

Case No. 2 had a stomach and intestines similar to the first, but in addition I found the left kidney perfectly black, and so degenerated that when squeezed slightly in the hand it disappeared completely as a bit of the softest mud. The right kidney had a little more consistency, but was not firm enough to withstand any pressure. The liver in this case weighed nine (9) pounds, and extended to the right almost to the middle of the chest. The heart was three times its normal size and filled with bile. The heart was pushed two inches to the left of its proper site, was slightly enlarged, and its muscular fiber so degenerated that when taken between the fingers it came apart like a soft, decayed sponge.

What I wish to especially emphasize in these cases is the enormous size of the liver, the almost complete destruction of the kidneys, and the disorganized state of the muscular fiber of the heart, while the persons whose most vital organs were in this deplorable condition were apparently in excellent physical health, and were daily (when sober) attending to their ordinary duties. How is it possible for men with their organs practically destroyed to bear the appearance of health, and for years to be in a physical condition to labor steadily and with no sign of breaking down?—Charles H. Dale, M. D., in Pacific Coast Journal of Homeopathy.

After the Boys.  
During Major Hilton's meetings at Cincinnati he related a story of a boy in Chicago, nine years of age, who came to school drunk, and being taken in the arms of an officer, his head pillow on his breast, he coaxed the little one to tell him where he got the vile stuff. After thinking a moment he got up and felt in his pocket, which was filled with old nails, bits of string, a top, etc., but he could not see the thing he wanted; he looked on the floor and there he saw what he had dropped, a bright picture card, on the edge of which were small squares, and some of these were punched. "What is this?" the officer asked. "My beer card; each boy gets a card and each hole is a drink, and the boy that gets the most holes in a month gets a prize." There are three prizes, a pistol, a story of three devils and a whisky cocktail.

One of the Cincinnati teachers felt impressed to relate the story to a class of fifty-five boys. The eager eyes of the distressed looks will not be forgotten. Then they opened their hearts to her how men in Cincinnati "play pool," and the winner receives brass checks for drinks, and gives them to the boys at the baseball ground on Sunday. "Can I get some of them?" said she. "Yes'm." "Well, bring me some." During the rest of the week in the press of school duties the matter was forgotten by the busy teacher, but not by the boys.

When school was called on Monday morning the first question was, "Will you take the checks now, Miss R.?" and immediately four brass checks were handed to her, each bearing the name of the saloon-keeper and five cents.

This is the way the men push the saloon business. A man who is mean enough to sell rum is as a rule mean enough to do almost anything.—W. L. Hastings.

A Saloonkeeper's Price List.  
Here is the handbill of prices recently issued by a Missouri saloonkeeper. The list displays a skill at cross-purposes and this list of prices is given: Hobo corn whisky, seventy cents per gallon; Kentucky Lightning, seventy cents; Oscar Fresh, ninety cents; Oregon County Bush-head, sixty cents; Moonshine, fifty cents; pure Tennessee whisky, thirty cents; Corner's Pride, thirty cents; Undertaker's Friend, thirty cents; Persimmon Brandy, fifty cents; Gooseberry Brandy, fifty cents; pure Extract Juniper Berries, twenty-five cents; Embalming Fluid, twenty cents.

Here is a dealer who is sufficiently frank. He understands human nature and knows that it is always seeking perils.

Insist Upon Sobriety.  
The railroads of the United States employ almost a million men in various capacities. Not from any sentimental or even moral motive, but strictly upon the base of efficiency—accurate and safe performance of duty—the employers of this great army of men insist upon sobriety among their employes. Not less, probably, than half of the whole number are working under rules that positively forbid them to frequent the places where intoxicating drinks are sold, and almost a half are absolutely required to be total abstainers.

Cost of Intemperance.  
One of our most enlightened cities reports 23,000 arrests for drunkenness a year, and 8000 imprisonments. The fines collected amounted to less than \$25,000, while the cost of maintaining the prisoners was more than \$125,000. The net cost to the taxpayers, therefore, was more than \$100,000. If some one proposed to appropriate that amount for establishing a library or other public institution the matter would have a great deal of consideration, lest the city might be guilty of extravagance.

The Crusade in Brief.  
Let us continue to teach our boys and girls that alcohol is a poison; that the fact of its being oxidized in the body, if taken in small quantities, is not sufficient to constitute it a food, and that the normal man is never benefited by it in any quantity.

Alcohol is not needed in any form as a medicine. This fact is settled beyond contumely by the many thousands of patients treated in the London Temperance Hospital in recent years and in that of Montreal and Chicago and other places in which these stimulants are not used as a medicine.