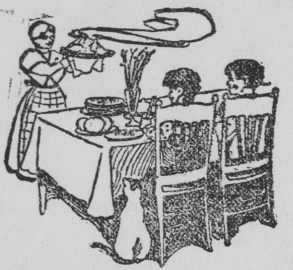


# THANKSGIVING DAY

BY FERNA MINER WHITNEY.  
 Gra'ma is the one that knows  
 How us boys likes thin's,  
 'Spec'ly at Thanksgiving time—  
 Oh! then's when fun begins!  
 Jes' as soon as it is light  
 Brother Ben an' me  
 We gets up—lots to do  
 'Fore we start, you see;  
 Cap an' mittens an' big coat,  
 Fur robes tucked in close,  
 Horses prancin', snowflakes flyin'—



Now we've got there—mos'!  
 Halloo Gra'ma! Halloo Gran'pa!  
 See 'em in the door?  
 Oh! we know what fun we'll have,  
 We've been here before;  
 Great big turkey, nice an' brown,  
 Cran'berry jelly, chicken pie,  
 Fruit cake, apples, nice sweet cider,  
 Nuts to crack—Oh, my!  
 More good times than we can tell—  
 Such lots of fun an' jolly noise,  
 For our gra'ma she jes' knows  
 What's good for us boys.



## Meg's Bank.

### A Thanksgiving Story.

Meg sat upon a low stool by the window with a sad little pucker on her pretty face.  
 Near by sat Mrs. Thompson, Meg's mother, sewing, sewing away, for times were hard and with father away off doing duty in the Philippines, the pale little mother had to stitch steadily day after day to keep the tiny home in comparative comfort.  
 "When did you say father might come home, mother?" The question was asked timidly for there had been so many disappointments.  
 "I hope he will be with us at Thanksgiving time, dear." A sigh was stitched into the long seam, and Meg did not notice it.  
 "Mother?" the low voice had a suggestion of a sob in it. "I had a beautiful plan, but I am afraid I must give it up."  
 "Never mind, dearie, there are other plans, you know, and you are only ten years old."  
 "But this was such a beautiful plan. I was saving my pennies for a Thanksgiving turkey. I was going to surprise you and dear, dear daddy. I had twenty-five cents in my bank. I began, oh, dreadfully long ago, but I had to take the money and now there is not a single cent." There was no mistake about the sob this time.  
 "What have you done with the money, daughter?" Mrs. Thompson set down her work and drew Meg nearer.  
 "Why—why—" with an effort at self-control, "we had to have some blank books and pads at school and I just would not ask you, and—and I bought them myself, and I hate them, or I did want the turkey so. I wanted, truly Thanksgiving dinner, for I now father hasn't had one since he went away, and, of course, you can't afford one, mommy darling, and o, and so—" The curly head went down in the mother's lap and Meg and a good cry.  
 "Now, never mind, dearie," said mamma at last. "You are a brave little soldier girl, worthy of dear soldier-daddy, and I am so proud of you but nothing else can make me cry just now."  
 "Listen, I have a plan. We may not be able to fill the bank with money or a Thanksgiving feast, but we can



so something better. Every time that we have anything to be really thankful about we will write it upon a slip of paper and put it in the bank. If father should be with us when we expect him we will open the treasure bank together and I think it will make him gladder than anything else to know we had so many blessings when he was far away. Now bring the bank, dearie, I must slip in a thankful

thought right now. I am thankful for my brave, unselfish little girl. Meg's tears were dried as if by magic, and she ran and brought the little iron bank to her mother.  
 "Why, I could fill it right up," she laughed merrily, "when I come to think, I have heaps to be thankful for!"

So that was the beginning and many were the white slips that found their way into the Thanksgiving bank.  
 One, the very best of all, had these words upon it:  
 "Daddy has really started for home! I am the grateful girl in the United States!"

Meg wrote very well for such a small girl, but her happiness made her hand tremble over those words. Now, about three weeks before Thanksgiving she had a wonderful experience. It was a warm day and her mother had given her permission to go for a walk in the park, which was not far away. Why she took the bank with her upon the walk Meg really did not know; perhaps she expected to have a thankful thing happen that must be recorded at once, who can tell? But she took the bank and a pencil and paper. Suddenly, while she was running along the leaf-strewn path, she heard music—low, sad music, that somehow brought tears to her merry eyes. She ran to the road nearby, and there, passing slowly, was a long funeral procession, and by the side and soldiers in uniform Meg knew that a "comrade"—she always called them comrades because her father did—was being carried by.  
 The sight made her lip quiver, and she ran back to a seat behind some

other day that daddy is tre-men-dous-ly fond of corned beef."

"The comrade got up just then and walked quite around the bench before he sat down. Finally he said: "Is there any objection to me putting in a thankful thought in that magic bank?"

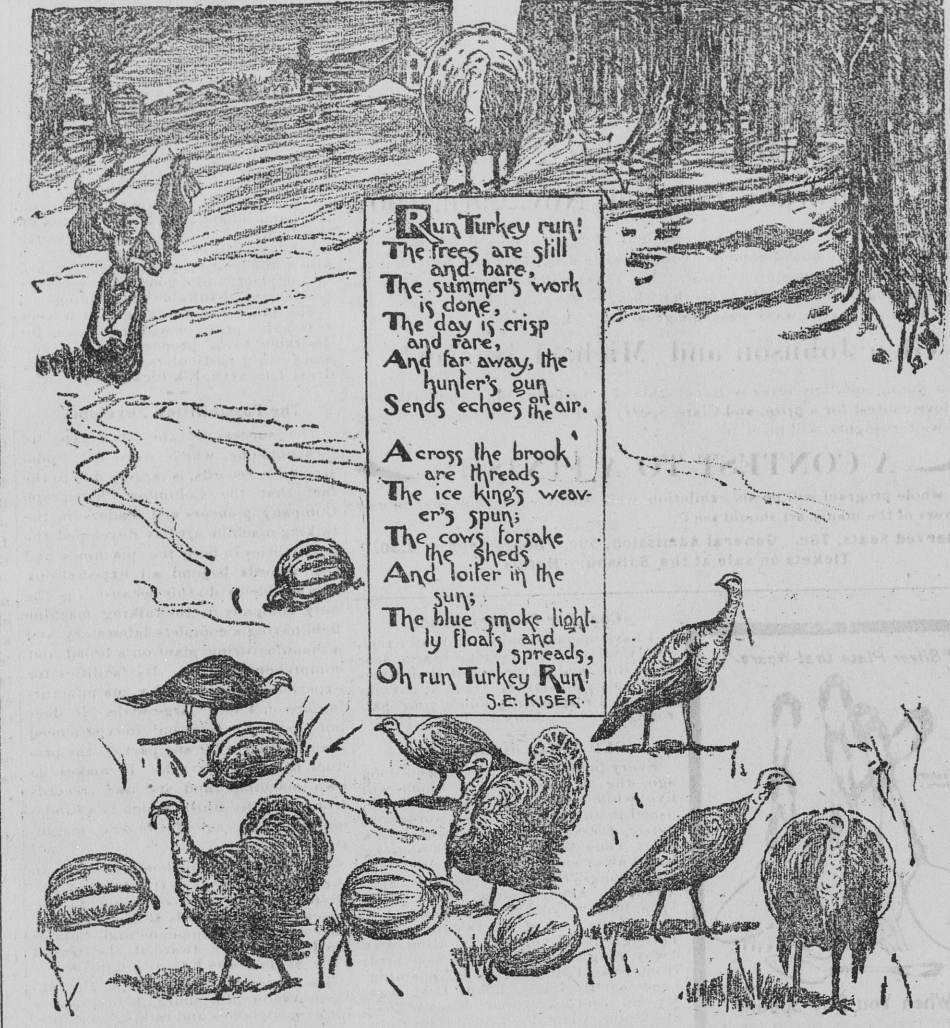
"Oh, no, sir," Meg was all dimples and smiles.  
 "I should like a comrade to know that another comrade is proud to have met his daughter. And you must tell me where you live, child, for I shall want to welcome your daddy home by and by."

Meg, in a flutter of excitement, prepared a slip of paper and the comrade walked again around the bench, while



THEY OPENED THE BANK.

he seemed to have some difficulty in settling his sword in place. The slip was written, Meg was told to turn her head away while it was put in the bank, and then, after a little further talk, the comrades bade each other a cheery goodby. That evening Mrs. Thompson heard all about the experience, and later, in the excitement of looking for her father, the affair was forgotten.

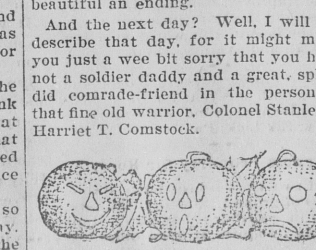


trees; then the thought came which brought about the experience. She took the paper and pencil and wrote slowly, speaking the words aloud as she spelled them:  
 "I'm 'shamed to be glad 'bout such a solemn thing, but I am thankful it isn't my soldier-daddy who is going by!"

Then Meg tore off the slip and began to push it into the narrow opening of the bank.  
 "Where is your soldier-daddy, my dear little girl?"  
 Meg jumped to her feet and almost screamed, but when she saw the kind face of a comrade gazing at her from the other end of the bench she changed her mind and smiled. He was a very splendid comrade in gold braid and shining buttons, but his face made her forget to be awe-stricken. It was the friendliest face Meg had seen for many a day.  
 "Sit down, little maid," the deep voice went on. "I was too weary to go further with my regiment, so I dropped out to find a little girl being thankful for a daddy who is not being taken away. Since I cannot follow my dead comrade, let me hear about my living comrade."  
 And then, strange as it may seem, Meg told the entire story of her simple little life, even to her turkey disappointment, and the Thanksgiving bank which was to be opened when the soldier-daddy came home.  
 The comrade beside her listened and nodded, and once he coughed and was obliged to use his handkerchief, for the coughing made his eyes water.  
 "Well, well," he said, "I think there is a regular nest of heroes at your house. It is really too bad that the Government cannot afford to feed such patriots on turkey at least once a year. Dear me!"  
 "Oh, I do not mind the turkey so much as I did," Meg hastened to say. "Mother happened to remember the

Two days before Thanksgiving, Meg's soldier father came home, and you should have been there to see the fun. Never were three people happier. All the clouds disappeared and it was sunlight every minute.  
 The evening before Thanksgiving the bank was opened and the slips read by dandy amid screams of laughter and merry jokes.  
 Suddenly Sergeant Thompson stopped laughing and said in surprise:  
 "What is this?"  
 "Oh! that's the comrade's thankful slip. I forgot to tell you, daddy," but just then Meg gasped in surprise, for out of the slip dropped two crisp five-dollar bills.  
 "Read what he wrote?" cried mother, her face very pale.  
 "He says," Sergeant Thompson read slowly, "I am thankful, comrade, that you have such a noble little daughter and thankful that I have had the privilege of meeting her."  
 "Please have turkey for dinner on Thanksgiving Day. It is more patriotic than corned beef!"  
 "I shall drop in to bid you welcome home upon that day!" and then was signed simply the name "John Stanley, Colonel Fifteenth Cavalry."  
 "Colonel Stanley!" gasped Sergeant Thompson, "he was wounded in Cuba. He is one of the bravest soldiers in the service. Tell us all about it, Meg." So Meg told the story that had had so beautiful an ending.

And the next day? Well, I will not describe that day, for it might make you just a wee bit sorry that you have not a soldier daddy and a great, splendid comrade-friend in the person of that fine old warrior, Colonel Stanley.—Harriet T. Comstock.



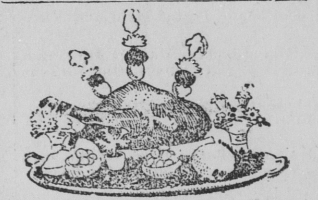
Menu for Thanksgiving Dinner

- Grape Fruit
- Oysters on the half shell
- Soup
- Salted Almonds
- Celery
- Boiled mushrooms on toast
- Roast turkey, Chestnut dressing, Giblet sauce
- Polonaise
- Cream, served with hard-boiled eggs
- Fruit salad
- Mince or pumpkin pie
- Cheese with toasted wafers
- Ice-cream
- Quiet Family Dinner:
- Oyster soup
- Pickles
- Celery
- Roast turkey, Bread dressing, Cranberry jelly
- Mashed potatoes, Browned sweet potatoes
- Cabbage and Celery Salad
- Chocolate nut cake
- Pumpkin pie

## SERVING THE TURKEY

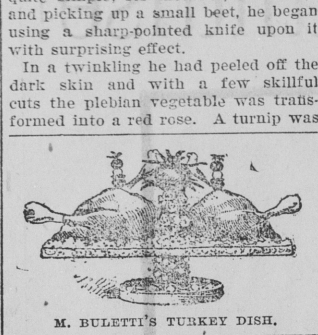
### Talks With Noted New York Chefs on the Subject.

You may have your own ideas as to the stuffing, trussing and trimming of the noble bird which is to be the piece de resistance at your Thanksgiving dinner. Perhaps your recipes have



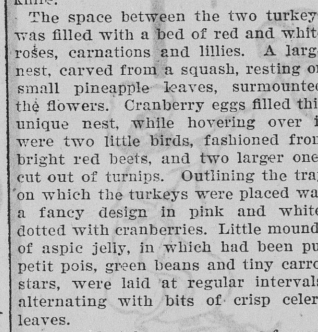
M. PASCAL'S TURKEY.

been handed down from a dear old great-great-grandmother, famous in her day for her well-seasoned sage stuffing and savory giblet gravy.  
 But, says a writer in the New York Herald, there are some of you who haven't grandmother's recipes to turn to, so that a few suggestions from some of New York's celebrated chefs may be of value.  
 "How would you trim up a Thanksgiving turkey?" I asked Mr. Pascal, the trim chef who makes such delicious dishes with which to tickle the palates of the habitués of Sherry's.  
 "Oh, well, perhaps, but it would be quite simple; for instance, like this," and picking up a small beet, he began using a sharp-pointed knife upon it with surprising effect.  
 In a twinkling he had peeled off the dark skin and with a few skillful cuts the plebeian vegetable was transformed into a red rose. A turnip was



M. BULETTI'S TURKEY DISH.

next converted into a double flower with thin curved petals.  
 Then, with a silver hotelet, the top of which appropriately represented a feathered Thanksgiving fowl, the speared first through the white rose, next the red one, and then through a crisp, pale, yellow lettuce heart.  
 This odd vegetable ornament he stuck into the breast of a turkey, garnished the platter with looks, and it was ready to grace the festive board.  
 To the good-natured Mr. Buletti, chef at the Hotel Plaza, I addressed questions on the same subject, and the decorations for a Thanksgiving turkey he showed me were beautifully arranged. Two turkeys placed with their necks together were brought in on a long, narrow tray. Though they were garnished elaborately, the turkeys were carefully arranged, so as not to be in the way of the carving knife.  
 The space between the two turkeys was filled with a bed of red and white roses, carnations and lilies. A large nest, carved from a squash, resting on small pineapple leaves, surmounted the flowers. Cranberry eggs filled this unique nest, while hovering over it were two little birds, fashioned from bright red beets, and two larger ones cut out of turnips. Outlining the tray on which the turkeys were placed was a fancy design in pink and white, dotted with cranberries. Little mounds of aspic jelly, in which had been put petit pois, green beans and tiny carrot stars, were laid at regular intervals, alternating with bits of crisp celery leaves.  
 The pedestal was a mass of cranberry and jelly eggs, while in the breast of each turkey was thrust a hotelet adorned with lemons and truffles.  
 Chef Grevillotte, of Delmonico's, was interviewed. The large, fat bird he



CHEF GREVILLOTTE'S TURKEY.

prepared rested on a mound of bread; watercress was laid around this, extending to the edge of the silver platter. In the centre at one side was placed a tiny pot with a flowering plant, the entire thing cut from one good-sized turnip. This was flanked by beautifully carved shells, made of the same vegetable, and filled with chestnuts and fresh mushrooms.  
 A large dahlia rested near the head, while at the opposite end was put a white turnip rose, its delicately turned petals faintly tinted with pink.

**A Thankful Note.**  
 Let's be thankful that we're livin',  
 That the good God is forgivin',  
 That His heaven ain't far above us,  
 That His world has friends to love us;  
 That for all its sorrows—sighs,  
 Weary hearts and weeping eyes,  
 We can see bright suns arise  
 In the stormiest of skies.

**Haman Vanity.**  
 Don't imitate the turkey's strut,  
 Because he has you beat.  
 You may be quite as handsome, but  
 You aren't good to eat.

## KEYSTONE STATE NEWS CONDENSED

### PENSIONS GRANTED.

New Coal Territory—Consolidated Banking Institutions—Burgess Injured—Shortage of Coke.

The following names were added to the pension list during the past week: George Wallace, Conneaut Lake, \$24; Franklin P. McGirk, Lewistown, \$10; George R. Harman, Shippenburg, \$10; Martin Thompson, Tarentum, \$12; William Ireland, Sheshequin, \$12; Samuel Hiekel, Hopwood, \$12; Wilson Doty, Dunns Station, \$10; Maggie E. Carter, McKeesport, \$8; Mary E. Hawki, Kipple, \$8; David A. Burtner, Natrona, \$6; Asa Osgood, Myrtle, \$5; Isaac W. Jones, deceased, Pittsburg, \$10; James P. Woods, Irvin, \$8; Benjamin C. Vance, Franklin Forks, \$12; Isaac Waltman, Columbia, \$10; Maria Jones, Pittsburg, \$8; Katharine Gross, Huntingdon, \$8; Hannah Carl, Dryville, \$8; Annette Tubbs, Franklin, \$12; William R. Moran, Altoona, \$12; Jacob Yohe, Homewood, \$10.

For three months past agents of a new company have been quietly at work securing options on all the available coal lands in and around Markle, Milligan and Murraysville. They have obtained options on over 6,000 acres of very rich coal lands. The new company back of the deal is known as the Cambria Land and Improvement Company of Johnstown, and has a state charter. It is capitalized at \$200,000, and will at once open up mines on the land that it has obtained.

The following postmasters have been appointed: Brinkerton, Clarion county, John L. Shumaker; Glassport, Somerset county, Martha Griffith; Hoover Hurst, Indiana county, J. F. Cooper; Nittany, Center county, William E. Kessinger; Pineton, Indiana county, Charles F. Farabaugh; Pleasant Gap, Center county, John Griffith; Fletcher, Fayette county, M. R. Reece; Spruce Creek, Huntingdon county, Bessie R. Miller; Tanoma, Indiana county, Roy R. Kinter.

A meeting of the parties interested in the building of the Wabash branch from Bishop on the main line south, through Canonsburg and Washington to Greene and Fayette counties, was held at Canonsburg. The proposition made by the company is that if free rights of way are secured the road will be built over this route. Many farmers have signed a release of damages. A complete survey from Bishop to Waynesburg has been made.

Spearman & McKeever, iron manufacturers of Sharpsville and Leetonia, have purchased the Graham and Weinschenk farms in Shenango township, Lawrence county, for \$37,000. Both are underlaid with limestone. It is said that two furnaces and a steel mill will be erected on the land.

The new capitol commission at Harrisburg, decided to use Winsboro granite for the exterior walls and decorations of the new capitol. The granite is quarried at Rion, S. C., and can be had ready for use all the year round, which fact had considerable weight with the commission.  
 In a general melee, which occurred at Blairsville, Burgess M. E. Brown was badly used up. Chief of Police Ginter was severely abused, Thomas C. Brown had to flee for his life, and a young man named Walter Baer, whose home is at Latrobe, was shot in the calf of the leg.

An unknown Italian workman in the stone quarry at Uniontown was instantly killed. He had placed a charge of dynamite and was stooping over examining it, when a fellow countryman, ignorantly closed the circuit. The man's head was blown off.

An organization, composed of 150 young men, has been formed at Mt. Carmel, who propose to boycott the young ladies of that vicinity who associated with the soldiers of the National Guard who camped there during the strike.  
 The jury at Hollidaysburg in the case of Mrs. Hester M. Griffin, against the city of Altoona, for \$5,000 damages for personal injuries sustained in a fall on a defective sidewalk, rendered a verdict for the defendant city.

At a meeting of the business men of Canonsburg a committee was appointed to secure rights of way for the Wabash railroad branch from Bishops via Canonsburg, to Washington and south into Greene county.  
 Clyde Allabran, aged 16, while hunting with two companions, at Punxsutawney, accidentally shot himself in the head, blowing the entire left side of the skull away. He was taken to the hospital, and will likely die.

In a freight wreck near Joannette, eight large dynamos from the East Pittsburg works of the Westinghouse Company being shipped to New York were thrown from the cars and badly damaged.  
 The McKinley and Raney blast furnaces of the National Steel Co. at New Castle have been closed for lack of coke. The steel plant at that place also has been forced to shut down.

At Brookville L. M. Miller, found guilty of complicity in the death of Agnes Tompkins, at Punxsutawney, was sentenced to pay a fine of \$250 and 20 days to jail.  
 The store of J. Kreiger & Co. at Monaca was entered by thieves and \$100 worth of goods stolen.  
 The four foreigners at Sharon, who were made violently ill by drinking wood alcohol, which caused the deaths of two others, will recover, but may lose their sight.

The stockholders of the Rochester Trust Company have decided to purchase the Rochester National bank and merge the two institutions.  
 The following postmasters were appointed: Durbin, Greene county, Lattie C. Goodwin; Garrison, Greene county, Joseph A. Phillips.  
 Rev. Louis J. Richards was ordained pastor of the Universalist church at Sharnsville.