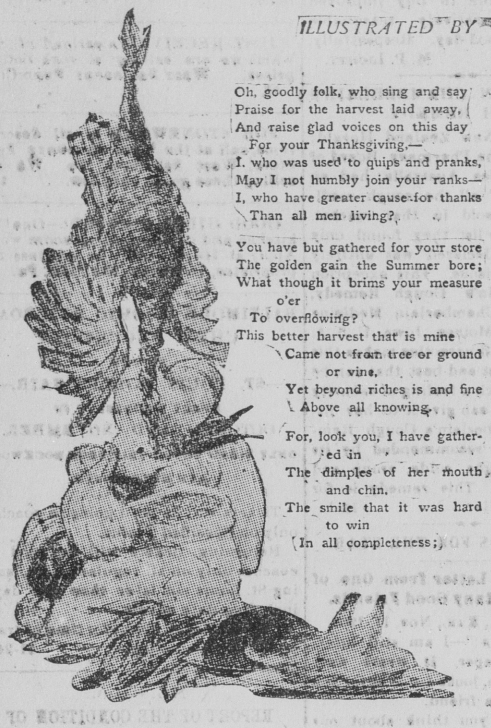


MY THANKSGIVING BY THEodosia GARRISON

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY HUTT



Oh, goodly folk, who sing and say  
Praise for the harvest laid away,  
And raise glad voices on this day  
For your Thanksgiving—  
I, who was used to quips and pranks,  
May I not humbly join your ranks—  
I, who have greater cause for thanks  
Than all men living?  
You have but gathered for your store  
The golden gain the Summer bore;  
What though it brims your measure  
Or  
To overflowing?  
This better harvest that is mine  
Came not from tree or ground  
Or vine,  
Yet beyond riches is and fine  
Above all knowing.  
For, look you, I have gathered  
In  
The dimples of her mouth,  
and chin,  
The smile that it was hard  
to win  
(In all completeness.)

The grayness of her eyes, the rare,  
Exquisite tears that gather there,  
The golden glory of her hair,  
Her maiden sweetness.  
Great be your gains at hearth and  
mart,  
But better mine, who, for my part,  
See the vast storehouse of my heart  
Filled beyond measure.  
Winter and storm may come apace  
But I have gathered in my place  
The tender beauty of her face  
To be my treasure.  
So, goodly folk, may I not raise  
My voice upon this day of days—  
I, who have greater cause to praise  
Than all men living?  
I, who have sown in Love's glad  
Spring,  
Have reaped all happiness, and bring  
To my heart's home my harvesting  
For my Thanksgiving.



—From Harper's Bazar.



The Way Uncle Sam Cooks His Turkey.

Here is what the United States Army Cook Book has to say about turkey:  
"Take and wild turkeys are prepared and cooked alike. The time for cooking is from fifteen to twenty minutes to the pound, depending upon the age of the bird. Success lies in cooking it long enough and frequent basting."  
"Put the turkey in a pan of cold water, rinse it inside and out in three or four waters. In the last water dissolve a teaspoonful of bicarbonate of soda. Fill the body with this water, shake it well, then pour it off and rinse with fresh water. Now wipe it dry inside and out and rub it inside with pepper and salt."  
"Next prepare a dressing as follows: Mix enough grated bread crumbs to fill the craw and body of the turkey, a half teaspoonful of pepper, one teaspoonful of salt, one tablespoonful of summer savory, thyme, or sage, with sufficient butter, beef drippings or lard to make the mixture slightly moist. After this has been thoroughly mixed stuff the craw and body with it. Now tie a string tightly about the neck, sew up the incision, tie down the wings and legs and then lay it on its back in the baking pan. Wet the skin, season it with salt and pepper and dredge it with flour. Distribute on the upper side of the turkey small pieces of butter. Bake with a brisk fire to a rich brown. Baste at least every ten minutes. If it browns too rapidly lay a wet sheet of white paper over it until the lower part is done. When the turkey is browned on the breast, turn it over in the pan while it is in the oven."  
"Now, again pepper, salt and dredge the back with flour, and bake until brown, basting as above. When baked remove the string from neck and body, put it into a hot dish and serve with a gravy prepared as follows:  
"Cleanse the gizzard, liver and heart of the turkey thoroughly in cold water, mince them and put them into a pot with enough cold water to cover them. Stew gently until tender and keep warm. When the turkey is removed from the pan add the giblets with the water in which they were stewed to the drippings remaining in the pan, put the pan on the fire, thicken with two tablespoonfuls of blended browned flour, stirring it in gradually, let it boil up once, then season with pepper and salt, pour it into a separate dish and serve."  
"Some prefer to omit the dressing from the body in order that the turkey may be more thoroughly cooked. The stuffing thus omitted may be made into cakes and fried. The turkeys may be stuffed with sausage meat, fresh oysters or roasted chestnuts."

The Art of Preaching

NO SERMON SHOULD EXCEED A HALF HOUR ADVICE TO HEARERS.

By Bishop Welldon.

THE art of preaching, difficult as it is in itself, is made still more difficult by the unbroken silence in which congregations listen to sermons. All preachers, and extemporaneous preachers most of all, would sometimes be thankful if their sermons could evoke at least some sign of sympathy, or even of dissent. They could not, indeed, or would not, use the interruption as political orators use, for quick rejoinder or repartee, but it would suggest something that they ought to say, but had not thought of saying; it would help them to make their meaning more lucid and more persuasive; at all events, it would give them time to take breath.  
Life is short; but many things in it, and sermons among them, are apt to be too long. Life is busy, too, nowadays; I do not think any religious service should exceed an hour and a half, or any sermon should exceed half an hour. As a rule, sermons gain point and power by compression.  
Extempore preaching is apt to be, like long preaching, a form of conceit. It is essential that the preacher should say what he means to say and not something else. It is better to preach too little than too much.  
There can hardly be too much pains spent upon the composition of a sermon. If a clergyman preaches easily, he may feel sure that he preaches badly. Rather should he spend a quarter of an hour in elaborating his sermon for every minute that he takes to deliver it.  
The preacher of today will be wise if he keeps his subject, as far as possible, clear of controversy. There is as much good sense as ever in Mr. Simonds' saying that "the servant of the Lord must not strive, even in the spiritual atmosphere which cannot be equally found elsewhere, and the effect of it will be edifying and sanctifying."  
The need, then, of the day is that preaching, at least, to cultivated congregations, should become not perhaps less intellectual, but more spiritual.

The "Stage Struck" Girl

By David Belasco.

ONE of the natural and most important qualifications for stage success—and I might add the most essential—is that the aspirant should have temperament. By temperament I mean that something within us which causes us to feel that we are undergoing the very emotions the author has imposed upon us with his lines. Unless we possess this to a marked degree no hope can be held out for ultimate success in this profession. It can be developed to a certain extent by study and work, but not sufficiently for the needs and purposes of the theatrical calling. There is one thing, however, which, if we do not possess it, can never be attained, nor can it be taught or assumed—and that is personal magnetism. Without this no young woman can ever hope for great success in the profession she has elected for her life's work.  
The average stage-struck girl who manifestly has not enough talent to rise above a speaking-part got only wrongs herself by persisting in this ambition, but wrongs others who might, if they had equal opportunities, surmount the barrier and attain success. The pay of the third or fourth class actress is so small that when the expenses of living are deducted a beggarly pittance is all that remains—scarcely sufficient to tide one over the long period between seasons. Seventy-five percent of the girls who go on the stage end in some traveling road-company, playing small parts, and enduring that most fearful of hardships, playing one-night stands. The awful rigors consequent upon bad hotels, ill-kept and ill-ventilated theatres, the jar of railroad travel, and the loss of sleep, rob a woman of her beauty, undermine her health and hasten her years. It were well for the young girl to think long and seriously before trying her fortunes in the dramatic profession.  
There is no royal road to stage success. It is embodied in one word—"work." Mrs. Leslie Carter has studied Shakespearean roles for eight years, and though the public has voted her a successful actress, yet at this writing she does not deem herself sufficiently versed in these parts to essay them. Salvini, the elder, studied "King Lear" six years before he even attempted to commit the part to memory. I have in mind a score of actresses who have given their roles a year's hard study before attempting even to announce a public presentation. In these days more work is necessary, because the public is a keen judge of acting.—Woman's Home Companion.

Extent of the Universe

By Prof. Simon Newcomb.

TO determine a single position of any one star involves a good deal of computation, and if we reflect that in order to attack the problem in question in a satisfactory way we should have observations of a million of these bodies made at intervals of at least a considerable fraction of a century, we see what an enormous task the astronomers dealing with this problem have before them, and how imperfect must be any determination of the distance of the stars based on our motion through space. So far as an estimate can be made, it seems to agree fairly well with the results obtained by other methods. Speaking roughly, we have reason, from the data so far available, to believe that the stars of the Milky Way are situated at a distance between 100,000,000 and 200,000,000 times the distance from the sun. At distances less than this it seems likely that the stars are distributed through space with some approach to uniformity. We may state as a general conclusion, indicated by several methods of making the estimate, that nearly all the stars which we can see with our telescopes are contained within a sphere not likely to be much more than 200,000,000 times the distance of the sun.  
The inquiring reader may here ask another question. Granting that all the stars we can see are contained within this limit, may there not be any number of stars without the limit which are invisible only because they are too far away to be seen?—Harper's Magazine.

The Merit of Resistance

By The Rev. Thomas Gregory.

ONE is born "heroic," or "good," or "depraved." When the "cynic" talks about the "goodness" which is "a matter of inheritance" he talks nonsense. There never was such a thing as inherited goodness, there never will be such a thing.  
Goodness—or, perhaps, we had better say character—is something that a person must acquire by his own personal endeavors. The carpenter can build my house, but my character must be built by myself alone, if it is built at all.  
Life is a battle between animal impulse and reason—the desire to live the life of the brute and the desire to live the life of the man; and we are successful as human beings, in proportion as we subordinate the impulse to the reason—the principle of the man to the passion of the beast.  
We are born, as a rule, with both tendencies, the animal and the spiritual, the tendency to gravitate downward, and the tendency to strive upward; and the only question is: Which tendency shall triumph?  
In other words, goodness, or virtue, or character, is a something that one has to fight for. It is something that comes to one by and through the fighting, just as muscles come by and through exercise, just as skill comes by and through practice.  
To be tempted by the lower nature, to resist that temptation, and to keep on resisting it until it is conquered—that is goodness, that is character.  
The trouble with too many is they do not try to resist; or if they resist at all, they soon get tired and give in, laying the blame, likely enough, to inherited tendency.  
But the plea is a cowardly one, and hollow as it is cowardly.  
Stop talking about the curse of heredity and do a little more thinking about the curse of your own moral laziness or cowardice. Fight! Keep on fighting! In that way is temptation downed and goodness won.—New York American.

A THANKSGIVING DINNER PARTY

By Bertha Esterbrooke Goodier.

"JESS an' me," began Larry proudly, "are goin' to have the best Thanksgiving dinner you ever heard about. You just ought to see the basket that come to our house this mornin'. My Lady, she sent it. She lives in a great big stone house down town, an' I take papers there, an' Jess does sewin'."  
"A Thanksgiving dinner? Glory! What are you goin' to have?" asked one of the little group of eager listeners gathered on the broad stone curbing in the crisp November sunlight.  
"Oh, turkey an' cranberry sauce an' celly an' plum puddin' an'—an' everything," was the proud reply.  
"Whoopee!" cried Billy Dornan, who went hopping about on one foot, while Maggie Todd, the flower girl, who had hobbled over on her crutch, begged, with eyes that were shining, "Oh, Larry, do say that again. It does sound so beautiful!"  
"Turkey any cranberry sauce an' celly an' plum puddin'?" he repeated slowly. Then, for Jess had often told him that he must never talk too much of himself, he hesitated to ask, "What you goin' to have for Thanksgiving, Maggie Tod?"  
The girl's eyes filled with tears as she looked away. "I guess we won't have much this year," she said, "just bread an' tea, an' maybe some meat or—  
"or something."  
Larry remembered suddenly that Maggie's father had died a few months before. Of course, she wouldn't have a nice dinner. Why had he asked the thoughtless question and brought tears into those blue eyes? He looked about at all the little dicks. Not one of them would have a Thanksgiving treat, of that he was sure. Poor little Sam, the bloodball, would spend his pennies for a bowl of soup at one of the kitchens. Spot, the raggedest of all a forlorn little foundling, who belonged to no one at all and slept in a great brick covered alleyway along with tramps and thieves, would be glad of even a crust, while Billy Dornan, whose mother took in washing to fill the hungry mouths of the six little brothers and sisters, would be lucky if he got anything for himself. Larry's heart gave a thump as he looked at the faces about him, then thought of the great basket, its sides fairly bulging with good things. Why, perhaps not one of them had even tasted turkey, and he had had it many times before his mother had died. A sudden thought flashed into his mind as he sat there. Well, why should he not? Jess, he was sure, would be very glad, for she had often told him that they must remember those poorer than themselves. Then, too, it would be such fun. "My Lady" had said she wanted the pretty

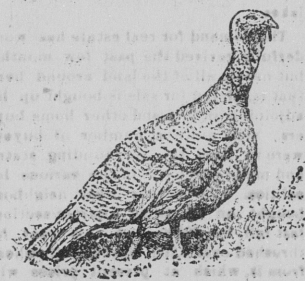
"Say," he began, joyfully, "I bet you they just have turkeys in heaven!" And they all agreed that heaven with out turkeys would be a very poor place.

Then the plum pudding, a wonderful brown ball, topped with a sprig of evergreen and all ablaze with a strange blue fire, came in. After they had tasted, snatched their lips and tasted again, they decided to amend their idea of future happiness, and added plum pudding to their sun of perfect bliss.

It was a very happy little group that went away down the narrow stairs, and a very happy boy and girl that sat, side by side, before the little fire, each living over again the beautiful dinner party which would soon be only a memory. At last Larry looked up into the sweet face above him and said: "I wish all the poor boys and girls could have a lovely 'Lady' like mine, so's they could give dinner parties, too. But, then," with a sigh that seemed to come from the toes of his boots, "I s'pose they ain't enough to go round."—Detroit Free Press.

THE TURKEY'S THANKSGIVING TOAST

Louise Lewin Matthews.  
I come, the monarch of the feast,  
Before ye lords so gay,  
On bended knees, without a head,  
To grace this glorious day.  
Be thankful all ye men so bold  
And maids of dainty tie—  
To grander feast than knights of old,  
Nor ladies' feet asure.  
I ruled the fowls like any king,  
My head was always high,  
Until to grace this humble board  
I laid me down to die.



Here's to the health of absent friends!  
Here's to the ones most true!  
A toast to those the future lends—  
Long life to all anew!  
Don't shed a tear for him who lies  
Disembled on his bier—  
He gave his life without a sigh  
And bade ye all good cheer!

EPITAPH.

He was a grand and tender bird,  
The best of all was he,  
And so with thankfulness we sing,  
And hope for more to be.

Given a National Character.

It was largely through the efforts of Mrs. Sarah J. Hale that the Thanksgiving custom became universal throughout the United States. "With commendable persistence she year after year importuned the Governors of States and Territories, urging that they appoint the last Thursday in November as a day of thanksgiving, so that the celebration might be given a national character. Mrs. Hale wrote President Lincoln, inclosing a copy of Washington's 1789 proclamation, and suggesting that he, too, proclaim a day of national thanksgiving. July 15, 1863; Lincoln issued a proclamation setting Thursday, August 6, as a day of national praise. Since then, with one exception, the last Thursday in November has been the day universally observed. It is, by the way, only a legal holiday in those States, which provide for its legality by special statute. The proclamations issued by the President and the various Governors are not authoritative and the people can exercise the great American prerogative of personal choice in the matter.

The Old Home.

There, there, mid clustering leaves,  
Glimmer my father's eaves,  
And the worn threshold of my youth, beneath;  
I know them by the moss,  
And the old elm that toss  
Their little arms up where  
Winds the smoke's gray wreath.  
—Benjamin Bussey Thatcher.

THE THANKSGIVING DINNER

- Blue points on half shell.
- Salts almonds.
- Cream of tomato soup.
- Olives.
- Roast turkey.
- Crabapple sauce.
- Current jelly.
- Mashed potatoes.
- Glazed sweet potatoes.
- Succotash.
- Onions with cream sauce.
- Mayonnaise of celery.
- Waters.
- Chesse.
- Pumpkin pie.
- Mince pie.
- Apples.
- Pears.
- Grapes.
- Polles.
- Sweet unfermented cider.
- POOR MAN'S FEAST.
- Consomme.
- Roast turkey.
- Cranberry sauce.
- Potatoes.
- Beets.
- Celery.
- Plum pudding.
- Chesse.
- Apples.
- Milk.
- Nuts.
- Candy.
- EPICURE DINNER.
- Curried oysters.
- Oyster soup.
- Turtle soup.
- Bird's nest soup.
- Quail on toast.
- Deviled hare.
- Road Birds.
- Wild geese.
- Roast turkey.
- Yemison.
- Chestnut sauce.
- Mayonnaise.
- Celery salad.
- Olives.
- Cranberry jelly.
- Bianc Mangle.
- Paradise pudding.
- Apricots.
- Plum pudding.
- Cafe au lait.

Oyster cocktails may take the place of "ray oysters." Here is a recipe for one dozen plates: Take seven teaspoonfuls of prepared horseradish, tomato catsup and vinegar, ten teaspoonfuls of lemon juice and one of tobacco sauce. Mix this dressing thoroughly, and put an equal portion in each glass, together with five small raw oysters. Both oysters and dressing must be as cold as possible.

