

Thanksgiving In City and Country.

Urban and Rural Palace and Cottage Are One About the Savory Turkey and the Luscious Pumpkin Pie.

THE day on which we express our gratitude not by fasting, but by feasting, and when our incense ascends not from an altar, but from a savory platter of steaming turkey, is observed in the great cities much as it is in the country. Thanksgiving is so thoroughly an American holiday that it wipes out such artificial lines as those dividing urban from rural and makes all of Uncle Sam's large and growing family one people. What are outward circumstances, the presence or absence of a few houses or a few dollars, more or less, before a universal sentiment that fills a nation? The Lord has been very good to us as the months measured the year, we say, and we appoint a festival of joy and good cheer to express our gladness. It is most fitting, most characteristic of our land, most in keeping with the constructive and optimistic spirit of our people. This is true on Fifth avenue and just as true on the farms of the west and south, true at the Waldorf-Astoria and at the workman's table. Ordinarily we place too much emphasis on the individual differences and not enough on the social unity of our life. But on Thanksgiving the fundamental similarity becomes apparent—we are all human and all American, the walls of castle and cottage melt away, and we become of one genus, one mind and one heart.

On the farm the children gather from near and far, and there is an old-fashioned family reunion. Bill and his wife come from the neighboring county and Bob from the distant town. The old father and mother grow young again as the prattle of grandchildren in the house takes them back to the days when this same Bob and Bill were frowny headed and dirty faced boys. The turkey is home grown and home cooked, and therefore has any bird reared and roasted by we know not whom looking alien and unappealing. The pumpkins that make up the thick and meaty pies are from the corn lot back of the barn. Everything on the well filled table except the cranberries, coffee and a few dry groceries is the combination of our own section of American dirt. That makes everything worth while. Somebody



OSCAR CARVING A THANKSGIVING TURKEY.

ought to write an adequate poem about Thanksgiving on the farm, but still it is hardly necessary, for Thanksgiving on the farm is a poem in itself.

It is a far cry from our quiet countryside to the Waldorf-Astoria and yet not so far on Thanksgiving as at other times, for at the Waldorf folks eat turkey and pumpkin pies just as they do at home and it is dollars to doughnuts do not enjoy them one whit more. Oscar, the major domo about the big hotel, is famous for his pumpkin pie recipes, and what he does not know about buying, cooking and carving the royal Thanksgiving bird is not worth mentioning.

Here is Oscar's recipe for cooking turkey in a little different way from the usual method:

"Turkey, bourgeoisie style, is an excellent dish and a good substitute for roast turkey if one is tired of that fashion of cooking the bird. The turkey is singed, drawn and trussed as for roasting, but is not stuffed. Roast in a hot oven, basting well with butter until nicely browned. Put a few slices of veal in the bottom of a deep stewpan, put in the turkey and cover with slices of bacon. Moisten to its height with stock or broth. Then put in a bunch of sweet herbs and season to taste with pepper and salt. Let it simmer beside the fire. When cooked take out the turkey and place it in a hot dish. Skim the fat off the cooking liquor and strain through a fine hair sieve over the bird and serve."

There is a chance for everybody to have a Waldorf turkey at his own home. It sounds good enough to make even a pessimist thankful.

Had the Appearance.
"How is Jenks getting along in business?"
"He is something of a plunger."
"What is he trying to do?"
"Well, I looked over his books, and I thought he was trying to break into the poorhouse."

NEW SHERIDAN STATUE.

Unveiling of Heroic Equestrian Memorial in Washington Nov. 25.

The unveiling of an equestrian statue of General Philip H. Sheridan in Washington on Nov. 25 is an occasion of notable patriotic interest and marks the successful culmination of a movement originated a number of years ago. The site of the statue is Sheridan circle, at the crossing of Massachusetts avenue and Twenty-third street, a fashionable part of the beautiful national capital. The statue itself, by the noted sculptor Gutzon Borglum, is of heroic size, and the pose and treatment are such as to realize the popular idea of Sheridan as a hero of peculiarly dashing qualities. Quite naturally the historic scene when the brave general reined up his steed at the end of his famous ride from Winchester is chosen as the episode for reproduction. He is shown holding his army cap in



SHERIDAN STATUE, WASHINGTON.

his right hand and acknowledging the salutes of the soldiers whom he has rallied.

The committee in charge of the modeling of the statue had considerable trouble in suiting the Sheridan family as to a likeness, but Mr. Borglum's work is understood to be entirely satisfactory to both General Sheridan's widow and his son, young Philip Sheridan, now a regular army soldier.

It was in February, 1865, that Sheridan received the thanks of congress for his "brilliant series of victories in the valley of the Shenandoah, especially at Cedar creek." Four years later he was made lieutenant general by President Grant. On the retirement of General Sherman in 1883 he succeeded to the command of the army, and in 1888 by act of congress, approved by President Cleveland, the rank and pay of a full general were bestowed upon him.

Sheridan's parents were Irish and emigrated to this country from County Cavan in 1830. They went to live in Albany, N. Y., and there the future cavalry leader was born, March 6, in the following year. Soon afterward the family moved to the town of Somerset, O., where the boy went to school and for awhile worked in a store. Obtaining an appointment to the United States Military academy at West Point, he was graduated in July, 1853. The great soldier remained a bachelor until he was forty-eight years old. Then, in 1873, having been a lieutenant general for ten years, he married a daughter of General Daniel H. Buckner. She was a very beautiful girl, a belle in her day and is still a handsome woman.

GOODWIN'S FOURTH BRIDE.

Actor Is Second Husband of Former "Florodora" Girl, Edna Goodrich.

Mrs. Nat Goodwin, nee Miss Edna Goodrich, the former "Florodora" girl, is her actor husband's fourth bride, and Mr. Goodwin is her second bridegroom.

Mr. Goodwin's first marriage was to Elizabeth Weathersby, a comedy ac-



THE FOURTH MRS. GOODWIN AND HER ACTOR HUSBAND.

trix of distinction. They were married in 1877. She died ten years later. Maxine Elliot, starring in "Myself—Bettina," was the third and probably the most widely known "better half" of Comedian Goodwin's several matrimonial experiences. The present Mrs. Goodwin divorced her first husband.

THE POSSUM DINNER

A THANKSGIVING DAY POEM
By Goodloe Thomas
COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY GOODLOE THOMAS

NOW, eb'rybody ought to know dey's welkim as kain be.
So pitch right in an' he'p yo'selbs to eb'ryting yo' see.
Jes' staht dem biskits goin' round', fo' dat's yo' job, ol' man,
An' chase dem wif de sweet pertaters quick 's dey leab yo' han'.
(Now, Mose, yo' show yo' mannahs 'fo' dese folks, er Ah tell yo' Daih'll be a chile go hongry, an' he'll git a lickin' too).
Heah, Uncle Dan, is de possum meat—Ah's lookin' aftah dat—
An' heah's a piece espesh'ly youahs, all brown an' streaked wif fat.

WHA'S dat—de graby? Don' yo' fret; it's comin' right up daih,
An' sich! W'y, dat air possum fat enough, I do declaih,
To mek enough er graby fo' de ma'chin' Isralites.
Heah, Rev'end Mistah Fe'guson, be suah yo' gets yo' rights.
De smell am sweet! W'y, man, yo' tas' an' den I bet yo' shout
An' mek de neighbors wondah wha' de fuss am all about.
Heah's little Eph. Now, chile, I's sated yo' sumpin' nice an' sweet.
Wha's dat? Good lan'! Dis boy is sayin' he don' lak possum meat.



"NOW FO' DE POSSUM DINNER!"

HE saize he don' lak possum meat, an' him a son o' mine!
Now, honey, tuh'n to all dese folks an' knowledge up yo's lyin'.
Mek out 'tuz jes' a li'l joke to aggrivate yo' ma,
Or, 'clar' to goodness, Ah's jes' boun' to whup yo' till yo's raw!
Yo' speak de trufe, yo' li'l imp! Den wha's yo' doin' heah
A-settin' up wif niggah folks to mek yo'se'f appeah
A niggah, too, when eb'ry one kain tell, in spite youah black,
Dat tuh'nin' 'way f'um possum meat yo' ain't de hones' fack?

WELL, dere, yo' pa saize nebbah min', bekaze yo's such a mite;
Dat 'tain't youah fault yo' sun'ays missed youah nachul appetit.
Hol' out yo' plate; dere's plenty mo' to fill a chile lak yo'.
De good Lawd mek yo' suhtain ways. Ah sponse, dat's got to do.
But, lan'! Ah's 'feared yo' grow up wrong an' mebbe be a shame
To all de cullahd circle an' de 'spected family name,
Fo' ebbah sence Ah's ol' enough to stan' upon ma feet
Ah's s'pishoned any niggah dat would tuh'n f'um possum meat.

EMPEROR AT THE PLOW.

Peculiarities of China's Thanksgiving Celebration.

In China at the beginning of winter a thanksgiving festival is held at which the deities are especially thanked for the preservation of life and health during the preceding twelve

can partake. The feasting and rejoicing are kept up for days.

On the fifteenth day of the first moon the emperor of China goes in great state to a certain field, accompanied by the chief officers of his household, and prostrates himself, touching the ground nine times with his head in honor of the god Tien, and pronounces a prayer invoking the blessing of the great being. Then as high priest of the empire he sacrifices a bullock to heaven as the fountain of all good.

While the victim is being offered a plow drawn by a pair of highly ornamented oxen is brought to the emperor, who throws aside his imperial robe, lays hold of the plow handles and opens several furrows. The principal mandarins follow his example, and the festival, which is really a species of thanks in advance for good harvests, ends with a distribution of clothes and money to the poor.

"RABBIT HUNTING DANCE."

Odd Thanksgiving Festival Held by the Pueblo Indians.

The "rabbit hunting dance" of the Pueblo Indians at Zuni, Acoma, Taos and Isleta is a festival contemporaneous with that of the white man. In the dance the Indians give thanks and pray for future favors. The chief of each village designates a day in November for the festival, and the dancers, who are dressed in white cotton shirts and pantaloons and carry guns, chant and dance as long as breath and strength remain. They begin at daylight and after a pause for food at noon continue dancing far into the night. They pray fervently that the Great Spirit may give them power to slay plenty of rabbits and other game and also thank him for the game, the crops and the rain of the season past.



THE EMPEROR OPENS SEVERAL FURROWS.

Autumn and Winter Goods

Now on Display at
Menner & Co., Keystone Stores
Chic in Style. Latest in Cloth. Best in Fit.



Models to fit all forms in Ladies, Misses and Juniors Long Coats. Evening Cloaks, Fur Jackets, Collars and Muffs. NEWEST FOR 1908. Menner & Co.'s Department Stores.

MEANS MUCH

To the level-headed young man, a bank account, added to a determination to make it larger, means much. The names of many such are enrolled on our books and the number is steadily increasing. Are you among the number?

FARMERS' and MECHANICS' BANK.
Honesdale, Pa.

The Era of New Mixed Paints!

This year opens with a deluge of new mixed paints. A condition brought about by our enterprising dealers to get some kind of a mixed paint that would supplant CHILTON'S MIXED PAINTS. Their compounds, being new and heavily advertised, may find a sale with the unwary.

THE ONLY PLACE IN HONESDALE AUTHORIZED TO HANDLE CHILTON'S MIXED PAINTS IS JADWIN'S PHARMACY.

There are reasons for the pre-eminence of CHILTON PAINTS:
1st—No one can mix a better mixed paint.
2d—The painters declare that it works easily and has wonderful covering qualities.
3d—Chilton stands back of it, and will agree to repaint, at his own expense, every surface painted with Chilton Paint that proves defective.
4th—Those who have used it are perfectly satisfied with it, and recommend its use to others.

YOUR VERY BEST FRIEND.

The person who keeps a good account at a Bank always has a friend at hand when needed. OPEN NOW, either a savings or business account, at the HONESDALE DIME BANK, Where Thousands of People Keep Money.

* This institution handles large or small sums and does anything in the line of banking business.
* If you have children, teach them to save their pennies and dimes instead of spending them.
* If you do not have a household bank call and get one. IT IS FREE.

IF YOU DO NOT PAY YOUR BILLS BY CHECK, COMMENCE TO DO SO NOW. A CHECK IS ALWAYS A RECEIPT.
Three per cent. Compound Interest Paid.
MONEY LOANED TO HOME PEOPLE.
SUBSCRIBE FOR "THE CITIZEN" The Citizens' Paper. Published by The CITIZEN Publishing Co.