

Decoration for a Thanksgiving Dinner Table

THANKSGIVING is the holiday of all others that is most racy of American soil. It has not only a religious significance, but it is a day of festivities, a day in very fact of general thanksgiving, a smile should wreath every face and hospitality should be universal.

The first Thanksgiving celebration was held by the Plymouth colony in 1621 in New England. But it was not universally celebrated throughout the United States until after the Revolution.

The Middle States then adopted the custom, afterward the West recognized it, and finally it became a yearly celebration in the South.

Peace and plenty are emblematic of the day, and the dinner is an essential feature of it. It is even more of a family day, so to speak, than Christmas, and the dinner guests for Thanksgiving are usually relatives.

Times have changed somewhat and the Thanksgiving dinner to-day is either celebrated at 2 o'clock or an hour or two after sunset. Years since it was served many times a little after high noon. Custom has also changed the serving of the dinner.

How Ancestors Feasted.
In the olden days few courses were served, but an equal number of viands, and the housewife of past centuries

opposite, of either glass or silver, preferably silver. Half a dozen flowers



"The pies that were to figure on her table on that occasion should be of her own make."

with their foliage is sufficient for the average vase.

Only white linen should be used, and

berries. If the table is long enough place epergues at a suitable distance and fill them with fruit, and also place about them wreaths like the one encircling the centerpiece.

The best linen, glass and silver that the household affords should be used on the forthcoming holiday. The table should be set with great care, and all linen and the smaller accessories of the table should be looked over several days in advance to see if they are in perfect condition.

As has been stated, white linen only should be used, as a color of any kind introduced in the centerpiece or underneath a lace top cloth would detract from the color scheme furnished by either the flowers or fruit.

Too much care cannot be expended upon the laying of the cloth. For instance, the center fold in it should run perfectly straight with the room and the cross fold exactly divide the table at right angles to the other crease. The centerpiece should be placed on the exact point where the folds of the cloth cross in the middle of the table. The plates should be next placed in position, attention being given to the decoration on the china. If it be a monogram, that it is right side up; if flowers, that they are in natural position. Serving plates should never be omitted. By this it is meant that a plate should always be on the table and as rapidly as the soup, fish or other plate shall be removed that one

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Fish timbale can be made of cod, halibut or whitefish. It is essential that the meat of the fish should be perfectly white. Cut one pound of very fresh uncooked fish into small pieces, put it into a mortar and pound until the fibre is well settled in the meat; then press it through a puree sieve; to every cupful of fish pulp add one tablespoonful of bread crumbs soaked in milk or cream until soft, and then press through a sieve; add also the beaten yolk of one egg, ten drops of onion juice, one teaspoonful of salt, one-quarter teaspoonful of pepper and a dash of nutmeg.

Beat all well together and for some time to make it light. Then for every cupful of pulp beat in lightly the whites of two eggs whipped very stiff. Put the mixture into a well-buttered mold, filling it only three-quarters full; set it into a pan of warm water, covering three-quarters of the mold; cover the mold with greased paper and place in a moderate oven twenty minutes. Do not let the water boil. Turn the timbale onto a hot dish and pour over it a lobster sauce.

The lobster sauce consists of the meat of a lobster cut into coarse pieces, and to it add a pint of white sauce, also a little of the coral, which has been dried and pounded to a powder and a little paprika.

Potato croquettes can be made of either sweet or Irish potatoes. They consist of two cupfuls of well seasoned mashed potatoes, to which has been added the beaten yolk of two eggs, a teaspoonful of chopped parsley, half a tablespoonful of butter, a dash of cayenne and nutmeg; stir over the fire until the potatoes leave the sides of the pan; when cold form round or oblong croquettes, roll them in egg or bread crumbs and fry them in hot fat to an amber color; serve on a napkin.

One apple cut in dice should be allowed for every cupful of shredded celery. This can be served with either a Mayonnaise or boiled dressing. With it should be served toasted crackers and cheese balls made of cream cheese thoroughly mixed with a little sweet cream and chopped chives. The balls should be served on a bed of lettuce.

A delicious recipe for pumpkin pie consists of a pumpkin cut into small pieces in which the soft part and seeds have been removed. Cover and cook it slowly in its own skin until tender; then remove the cover and reduce it to almost dryness, being careful that it does not burn. Press it through a colander. To two and a half cupfuls of pulp add two cupfuls of milk, one teaspoonful each of salt, butter, cinnamon, ginger and one tablespoonful of molasses, two eggs and sugar to taste. Add the beaten eggs last and after the mixture is cold. Pour it into an open crust, bake slowly forty to fifty minutes.

Thanksgiving Day. Ah, on Thanksgiving Day, when from East and from West, From North and from South, come the pilgrim and guest, When the gray-haired New Englander sees round his board The old broken links of affection restored, When the care-worn man seeks his mother once more, And the worn matron smiles where the girl smiled before, What moistens the lip and what brightens the eye? What calls back the past like the rich pumpkin pie? O, fruit loved by boyhood!—the old days recalling. When wood grapes were purpling and brown nuts were falling! When wild, ugly faces were carved in its skin, Glaring out through the dark with a candle within! When we laughed round the corn heap, with hearts all in tune, Our chair a broad pumpkin—our lantern the moon. Telling tales of the fairy who traveled like steam, With a pumpkin-shell coach, with two rats for her team.



What Bob is Thankful For.
I'm glad I'm not a turkey, Strutting round so fat and perky; I'm glad I'm not a plump young duck Or a little baby pig; And I'm glad I'm not a yellow Pumpkin, like that fat young fellow, Waiting in my mother's pantry, Looking very smart and big.
Oh, there's lots of thing I'm glad about, But one thing I am mad about— It's that horrid "second table," Where they stow us boys away; Where they make you wait and wait, Looking at your empty plate, Till you wish you were your grandma, Even if she's bent and gray. For she's always "guest of honor."

The Old Yellow Pumpkin.
How dear to our hearts is the old yellow pumpkin, When orchards are barren of stuffing for pies. When peaches and apples have proven a failure And berries of no kind have greeted our eyes.

How fondly we turn to the rugged old cornfield. And gather the fruit we can never despise: The bright golden pumpkin—the savory pumpkin— The sweet, mellow pumpkin we make into pies.

Cheap Satisfaction.
"Say, fellows, come around by Murphy's. They've got a turkey, and yer can smell it cookin'."



"Tender Turkey—'What awful slang Gobbler uses!'"
"Toothsome Turkey—'Yes; you see, he's trying to be tough.'"

Neck or Nothing.
Father had carved the turkey and had given the drumsticks to two of the children, the thighs to two more, the wings to his old maid sisters, the white meat to mother and some of the other guests, the back to Uncle Bill, who took what he could get and murmured not, like a true philosopher; then father looked at the platter and mused. "The situation grows desperate." He turned the remnants over and over and went on, "It seems to be neck or nothing with me."—Judge.

Willing.
I tried to give my share of thanks For my small earthly store. I'd like an opportunity For giving many more.

What to eat at the Thanksgiving Dinner

- Roast Turkey
- Giblet gravy
- Cranberry jelly
- Sweet potatoes
- White potatoes mashed
- Cold slaw
- Tomatoes
- Canned peas
- Onions
- Corn
- Cheese
- Pumpkin pie
- Nuts
- Raisins

Corn Dolls.
"I wish we could play school," said little Edythe one Thanksgiving morn. "Just what I'd like. Let's make some puppets out of corn ears in the cornfield over there," said Viola; "and they shall go to school. I will show you how."



So when they were ready, she pulled back the soft husk from an ear of corn until a place large enough for the head was left bare. The silk served for the hair, and the eyes, nose and mouth were made by taking out grains of corn. The husk was the dress, and the part of the husk that had been turned down in making the head, looked like a large collar or a cape.

They made four dolls—they enjoyed making them—and stood them up against the trunk of the tree, and in the grass. Then they played school.

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A Thanksgiving Wish.
Just for a little to lay aside, Struggle and stress, and the moil of years, Just to drift home on a quiet tide, Out of the eddying whirl of fears; Just for a taste of the sweets of yore— Home for a holiday; home, once more.

Just to give thanks in the old-time way, There, in the little old house, again, Where, in the grace of Thanksgiving Day, Yearneth my heart for the "naught in vain." Just for a glimpse of the friendly hand, Just for a grasp of the kindly hand.

Just to look in, for a little while, Where there's a respite from heedless days; Just to go home, and to reconcile Runaway hearts with the old-time way; Just to say, "Father, I thank Thee"—then Back to the toil and the strife of men.

The Day Approaches.
Almost all animals know how to swim without having to learn it. As soon as they fall into the water or are driven into it, they instinctively make the proper motions, and not only manage to keep afloat, but propel themselves without trouble.

Exceptions are the monkey, the camel, giraffe and llama, which cannot swim without assistance. Camels and llamas have to be helped across water, and giraffes and monkeys drown if they enter it. Now and then both of the latter species manage to cross waterways when they are driven to extremities, just as human beings occasionally can keep themselves afloat through sheer fright.

A funny, though able, swimmer is the rabbit. He submerges his body with the exception of head and tail. The latter sticks away up into the air and his hind legs make "soapsuds" as he churns the water madly to get away. But with all his awkwardness

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FOR THE YOUNG FOLK

A Nonsense Calendar.
The Oyster is a stupid thing; He cannot dance, he cannot sing, He cannot even read or write— Indeed, he isn't very bright.
When in September school begins (A school of fish, I mean), The fishes come with shining fins And sit in rows with happy grin But Oyster isn't seen.

He just lies lazy in his bed, Although 'tis day; And so to oystermen o'erhead He falls a prey.

—St. Nicholas.

He Could Be Trusted.
The Rev. Richard Cecil, who lived to be a great and useful minister, was born in London in 1748. When a boy he was strong willed, but brave, straight-forward and thoroughly to be trusted, hating all that was mean, shuffling or deceitful.

One day his father, who had business in the city, took little Dick with him and left him in the door of the East India house, telling him to wait there till he should finish his business and return to him. Taken up with other matters, his father forgot all about him, and left the house by another door. Richard, in the evening, was missed by his mother. His father, now remembering where they had parted said: "Depend upon it, he is still waiting for me where I left him." Immediately returning to the spot, there, to be sure, he found poor Dick faithfully waiting, as he had been ordered to do!

Age of Animals.
Elephants live one hundred years rhinoceros twenty, camel one hundred and upward, lion twenty-five to seventy, tigers, leopards, jaguars and hyenas (in confinement) about twenty-five, beaver fifty, deer twenty, wolf twenty, fox fourteen to sixteen, llamas fifteen, chamois twenty-five, monkeys and baboons sixteen to eighteen, hare eight, squirrel seven, rabbit seven, swine twenty-five, stag under thirty, horse thirty, ass thirty, sheep under ten, cow twenty, ox thirty, swans, parrots and ravens two hundred, eagle one hundred, geese eighty, hens and pigeons ten to sixteen, hawks thirty to forty, crane twenty-four, black-bird ten to twelve, peacock twenty, pelican forty to fifty, thrust eight to ten, wren two to three, nightingale fifteen, blackcap fifteen, linnet fourteen to twenty-five, goldfinch twenty to twenty-four, redbreast ten to twelve, skylark ten to thirty-five, titlark five to six, chaffinch twenty to twenty-four, starling ten to twelve, cary seventy to one hundred and fifty, pike thirty to forty, salmon sixteen, codfish fourteen to seventeen, eel ten, crocodile one hundred, tortoise one hundred to two hundred, whale estimated one thousand, and, queen bees live four years, drone four months, worker bees six months.

Pity This King.
Those who have seen good pictures of the little king of Spain are not astonished by the news that he has developed consumption. A feeble body, obviously tenanted by a feeble mind, a narrow, sunken chest, a frightful heridity, and an environment as pitiable as a penitentiary—such is the seventeen-year-old boy whose destiny doomed to a lot about as unenviable as that of any of these fourteen millions of human creatures. He was born a king. He never knew what it was to have even the rare breaths of limited freedom enjoyed by an heir-apparent. He was born in a court that has never changed its etiquette from those dreary days when its kings and princes, queens and princesses used to go almost mad, from weariness in their exalted loneliness. He was born of a family that has become historic for stupidity, dullness and tendency to melancholia. He was born of the most degenerate and corrupted branch of that family. Finally, he was born to trouble and alarm, to heart-breaking sorrows and anxieties.

And now he has consumption. Probably never in his whole life, his sickly, isolated, companionless, etiquette-bound life, was there a burst of the real, the radiant sunshine of happiness such as most children, even fondlings and paupers, often bask in.—Collier's Weekly.

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The squirrel swims with his heavy tail sunk away down in the water and his head held high. He cleaves the waves like a duck, and a man in a rowboat has all he can do to keep abreast of the swimming squirrel.

One thing that none of the land-living animals does is to dive. No matter how hard pressed a swimming deer, rabbit, squirrel or other purely terrestrial animal may be, it will remain above water. But the muskrat, beaver, ice bear and otter dive immediately.

Helen Taylor's Rescue.
Helen Taylor was a little girl of four years. She was mamma's and grandmamma's darling, Daisy's little pet and Will's baby sister. Helen was indeed a very cute little girl, but she would often get into mischief. For this she was never punished, as she would look up so innocently into one's eyes that one could never even scold her. Daisy was her sister, a girl of twelve years, and Willie was 12. The three would often go out to gather wild flowers and autumn leaves.

One day, as they were coming home from one of these expeditions, Daisy, though it would be fine to get up a picnic. They could gather flowers, play games and eat their lunch in the woods. All the girls and boys in the neighborhood were invited, and the picnic was planned for the following Saturday from 10 o'clock in the morning till 5. The boys and girls could hardly wait for their holiday, and the week did seem to pass so slowly. The party was to meet at the Taylor home and then start for the little brook.

The merry-makers started out on the day set, but they were hardly in the woods before they heard a sudden cry, and looking around they saw poor little Helen in the brook struggling to get out. She had walked too near and had fallen in. All the boys and girls ran to the shore, but as none could swim, each feared to jump in. Two of the boys ran after a farmer who lived near by. Just then a little boy hurried from the crowd to the shore and jumping into the brook took Helen in his arms and carried her safely to the bank. By this time the farmer had arrived, and the frightened child was taken home and a doctor called. In a few days, however, she was the same sunny little Helen.

And although the pleasure of the day had been spoiled, no one regretted it, for they planned to repeat the excursion next Saturday.

Helen was kept close by the hand during the second expedition, and the children all had a delightful time in every way.—Ruth Cooper, in the Detroit Free Press.

An Unforgiving Cat.
She was called Tabitha. From kittenhood she never smiled, for her life was one long serious study of how to keep out of people's way. To avoid being trod upon, turned over on her back or hung up by her tail, seemed to be the main object of her existence. Added to all this, she was not beautiful, being of the ugly tortoise shell species, streaked with dirty yellow, with eyes of the last named unpleasant hue.

She was brought to Milly for a birthday gift, and as Milly had four big brothers and double the number of cousins, poor Tabitha early learned the sad lesson of self-defense. There came a time when the sound of a boyish tramp sent her scuttling to the nearest hiding place. Sometimes it was Milly's bed, sometimes Mamma's; once they found her among the strings and cords of the grand piano, into the shelter of which she crept when the lid was open. Another time it was the bathtub. Tabitha was always inventing new hiding places; her ingenuity was remarkable. But somehow, in spite of it all, she suffered at the hands of her tormentors in a way she would never have done had she been a sweet tempered cat. Sad to relate, she often provoked assault by scratching the unwary person who approaches her.

To Milly alone, she had been mild and forbearing, but on one luckless afternoon, as Tabitha lay curled up on the ledge of an open window, Milly happened by with a fan. She swayed it to and fro, sending a pleasant little thrill through the tortoise shell fur. In an ecstasy of delight, Tabitha rolled over on her back, purring with satisfaction. Milly kept on fanning, until suddenly Tabitha went too far; before Milly could prevent it, she had rolled out of the window, falling down into the back yard, and landing on her feet after the manner of cats.

She was unhurt, but she was angry; the slightest thing made Tabitha angry. Milly cast away the fan and rushed downstairs. Tabitha saw her coming, and springing up on the fence, ruffled her fur and swelled her tail in a most aggressive manner.

"Oh, you poor dear!" cried Milly, and she stretched out her arms, but Tabitha gave a "miaow!" of indignation. Milly tried to explain, but it was no use. Tabitha either could not or would not listen. In vain Milly asserted over and over again that it was not her fault—Tabitha knew better. From that moment she dropped all connection with the family and the neighborhood knew her no more.—Indianapolis News.

Too Much.
"Look at Mr. Meadows!" exclaimed the first Jersey suburbanite. "What's the matter with him?"
"The mosquitoes are simply driving him crazy," replied the other.
"Surely, he should be used to mosquitoes by this time."
"Yes, but he insists that they have been humming 'Hawatha' of late."—Philadelphia Press.



begin weeks beforehand to concoct dainties for the feast.

A hundred years since, yes, even twenty-five years ago, the menu of the Thanksgiving dinner consisted ordinarily of soup, roast turkey, an oyster or a chicken pie, which were served at the same time, and three or four vegetables. This course was sometimes followed by a chicken salad, but more often by the desert of pumpkin, squash and mince pie, with which was served American cheese, fruit and nuts and raisins being served with the coffee.

To-day the Thanksgiving dinner is not so heavy, but it is somewhat more elaborate in point of serving. An essential feature of the Thanksgiving dinner is the decoration of the table. With a little forethought tables can not only be made very beautiful, but extremely original.

Fruits and Flowers.
Autumn fruits and flowers are the most suitable embellishments, and fruits and flowers were never more lovely than this year. Chrysanthemums are the most seasonable flowers, and ever since their introduction into this country from the Orient they have become November's flower.

A charming decoration consists of a centerpiece of white chrysanthemums arranged in a bowl or vase not too high, at least not high enough to obstruct the faces of the people sitting

on it construct a vine around the table about two and a half feet from the edge, of white grapes, green leaves, as nearly as possible in the shape of the grape foliage, and if candles are used shade them with white.

Another timely decoration is to use a large pumpkin for the centerpiece. Cut off the top, scoop out the contents and cut the top of the shell in points. Fill it with white grapes and oranges and place four vases at the four corners and place in them two or three yellow chrysanthemums.

Again, autumn tones are most effective. For example, a bunch of reddish brown chrysanthemums can be used for a centerpiece, and low silver dishes or epergues placed at equal distances from the flowers at each end of the table. They should be filled with the brightest red apples that can be found and Tokay grapes. About these dishes and in front of the wine and water glasses make a vine of autumn leaves.

Some Pretty Decorations.
The table can also be successfully decorated with cobs of yellow corn, green russet and red autumn leaves, bitter sweet berries and fruit. Make the centerpiece of apples, grapes and oranges. They can be put either into a pumpkin shell or a silver dish. About this place a wreath, allowing a space of about six inches, composed of the rich yellow corn, the variegated leaves and the sprinkling of the bitter sweet

should be laid in their places. It is simply a matter of fancy how a table napkin should be folded. Ordinarily it is better to fold them in triangles and place them at the right of each place. Knives should be placed at the right, forks at the left of the plate, butter plates at the left of it, and all glasses at the right.

Old Customs Pass Away.
As the years go on the regulation Thanksgiving menu is not closely adhered to, and if one or two of the time-honored viands are served it is deemed enough.

An acceptable menu consists of caviar, oysters on the half shell, timbale of fish with lobster sauce, vol-au-vent in lieu of a chicken pie, roast ham, spinach, potato croquettes, apple and celery salad served with cream cheese, pumpkin and mince pie.

Caviar can be served in two ways. Foreigners universally serve it from the original package, which is a tin can, the can placed in a bowl of finely chopped ice. With it is passed small squares of dry toast, also quarters of lemon.

Oysters served on the half shell should always be opened on the deep, as the shell will then retain the liquor, which is a delicious portion of the oyster. Six oysters should be served to each person, and they should be placed on a bed of cracked ice and lemon and horseradish served with them.