

Thanksgiving Supplement.

WHAT IT MEANS.

Duties, Lessons and Pleasures of Thanksgiving Day.

Thanksgiving! From basement to attic the words resound. Were words ever sweeter than those made by happy children's voices? The tones proclaim the joys that are and the joys that are to last throughout Thanksgiving day. We watch their happy faces and listen to their merry voices intermingling with mirthfulness.

What does it matter if the curtains are awry, the legs of chairs where seats are wont to be, and picture books, forgotten, lie in all convenient places, and tents of rugs and tablespreads wherein the occupants are re-enacting the hairbreadth scenes of old? Now they are gathered around the glowing grate where mind pictures of the long ago are vividly portrayed, and from their countenances we infer that they are beholding the Northmen as they view from afar the wonderful new world, and the Icelanders as they land upon New England's shore in the year 1000 and realize the privations which they endured, and, too, the sailing of the Santa Maria, and later the Mayflower, laden with the Puritan fathers, and see the landing at Plymouth Rock. Were there ever more interesting stories than those relating the incidents which make up the history of this new world? And can lips other than those of the gray haired father or mother picture so clearly those scenes? Nor do their joys lessen at the sight of the Thanksgiving dinner, where epicurean skill appears to have reached its highest development. When the lateness of the hour compels them to don their white robes, we hear mingled petitions and thanksgivings more fervent than usual, and when their eyes are closed in slumber our thanksgivings arise to God above for the preservation of our little ones.

Thanksgiving to the housewife has a host of meanings. For several days turkeys, pumpkin pies and innumerable edibles have passed before her mind in stately procession. Cooked? Oh, no, waiting for her invitation to come, waiting for her busy brain to devise methods of procedure and her deft fingers to aid in the preparations, waiting for her aesthetic taste to approve or condemn and for her look of relief when at last the word "ready" is pronounced, waiting for her look of satisfaction as the guests gather around the ample board while the thanksgiving of a year are concentrated into one grand thanksgiving. Until now she has scarcely considered its import, for often the weight of our cares drag us to their level, but when a respite comes we view them from above and with a sense of freedom wonder how we ever became enslaved, and so the days, months and years bring their burden of cares, and at the closing of each we bid them adieu, expecting to awake at their bidding on the morrow.

Thanksgiving to the men of our cities and the country means not only a day of feasting and mirth, but a time to review in detail the blessings received during the past year. Oftentimes rich blessings are freely scattered in our path and we with averted eyes recognize them not.

Search your homes, search carefully, lest you overlook the little blessings which, taken severally, appear very small, but when combined make your home comfortable and beautiful, and with the atmosphere of love enveloping it, make it the dearest spot on earth. Inhale the atmosphere until your very being is pervaded, until such a one, as pure as delicate, as invigorating as ethereal, and, withal as enduring, is shed abroad by you. Nor look with disdain upon the clouds, for many a cloud has a silver lining. Look thoughtfully from the status which obscures your horizon to the high floating circus with tints so fair. The shadows they cast over your way may prove to be blessings in disguise.

Glance through your account books. Is the bank largely debtor?

Are your storehouses filled with grain ready for the market? If so, offer thanksgiving to Him who gave you strength that you might prosper. Have you enabled some unfortunate one to rise above the difficulties which surround him? If so, give thanks. Thank God for the friends you have on earth. Thank God for the friends you have in heaven, the remembrance of whose love draws you nearer that happy home where the atmosphere is never clouded and the sun never sets on Thanksgiving day.

THANKSGIVING.

Now the joyous year has flown,
Spring, with her green broderies
And starlike flowers, and leafing trees,
Is far off, faded and unknown.

Where, too, is summer's opulent fame?
The pomp of woods, the singing bird,
Are now of things not seen or heard
In autumn's ebbing, flickering flame.

But lately flashed October's blaze
Of battling beauty on our way.
Now, it with all the march from May,
Lies dead and hidden from our gaze.

But when the sun is in the sky
Memory will still reclaim the past.
And who shall fear the wintry blast
Or arctic cold when snowflakes fly?

The largess of the barn and bin,
The rick in many a garnered field,
The things the farm and garden yield,
Are ours, and they are gathered in.

Let us be glad the fleeting year
Has brought us gifts so manifold—
The beauty of the wood and world—
And for the thought that life is dear.

Let us give thanks for everything
Within the year's swift ebb and flow.
All lives must meet their cold and snow,
But at the end comes jubilee spring!

JOEL BENTON.

Survival of Thanksgiving.

Days set apart annually for national thanksgiving or humiliation are not likely to be long observed unless there are good and abiding reasons for their appointment. Even in overconservative England the days once kept in commemoration of the nation's deliverance from the gun-powder plot and of the murder of Charles have for many years ceased to figure among Anglican holidays and barely retain the notice of the many almanacs. That the institution of Thanksgiving day in America, originally prescribed by the Puritans as a substitute for Christmas day, should have survived almost to the close of the present century is therefore presumptive evidence of its propriety and its necessity.—New York Herald.

Thanksgiving in Europe.

Thanksgiving day comes down to us from New England's earliest times, and so does the turkey. The pumpkin pie had its birth in Massachusetts and Connecticut, though cranberry sauce has a less ancient and honorable history. But Thanksgiving was not original in New England. Days set apart for giving thanks to the Almighty were known in Europe before the reformation and were in frequent use by Protestants afterward, especially in the church of England, where they were a fixed custom long before they were in the colonies.—New York World.

Time For Thanksgiving.

The end of harvest time is universally set apart for Thanksgiving. Whether in the form of the American Thanksgiving day, the English harvest home, the Scotch Halloween, the Hebrew Feast of Tabernacles, the Roman festival in honor of the goddess Ceres or the Greek festival in honor of Demeter, the instinct prompting it is the same. Since men first became tillers of the ground their two greatest annual events have been seedtime and harvest.—New York Sun.

A Thanksgiving Fable.

Thanksgiving morn
Had just been born,
While through the barnyard straying
A gobbler proud,
With gobble loud,
Was to his yardmates saying:
"I am the poor
Of a chameleon—
You can bank upon my work,
That screeching thing
Is no longer king,
For I'm the 'only' bird."

With conscious pride
And stately stride
His goblets strode along,
With well poised head
And measured tread,
Gobbling a Turkish song.

Said the bantam cock
To the Plymouth Rock,
"Get on to his goblets' nobble!
Excuse my mirth,
But you'd think the earth
Were his to hear him gobble."

Said the Leghorn bold
As he scratched the mold,
"Well, I admire his gait,
But o'erlook his ways,
For the old saw says,
'Pride goeth before a fall.'"

"There's Master Max
With a glittering ax
He must be going to work
Well, dash my spurs!
Great chestnut burs!
He's guillotined the turk!"

"What did he say?
'Thanksgiving day
Will be dead enough in a minute'
To say the least,
A glorious feast,
And he'll be strictly in it!"

MORAL.

Don't get too loud,
Don't get too proud,
Repress undue elation,
Don't think by birth
You're heir to earth
And guard against inflation.

Don't grow verbose
O'er neighbor's woes,
When you have what he lacks
Misfortune's snare
May catch you where
The gobbler got the ax.

—Cincinnati Tribune.

Let Us Give Thanks.

The beautiful custom of setting apart one day in the year for thanksgiving unto God originated in the conviction that God is; that he, over all, the fountain of all blessing, the sovereign ruler and disposer of all events; that, however men may plan and prosecute, with him are the issues of life. In this conviction the custom is continued year by year and should be religiously maintained. Of all our national holidays it may be made the most beneficial and useful if observed in the spirit of the recommendations embraced in the proclamations by the president and by the governors of the several states. Pity that it should be allowed to degenerate, as the tendency seems to be, into a mere occasion for unseemly festivity and revelry and excessive feasting.—Christian Intelligencer.

Thanksgiving In Britain.

Wherever throughout the earth there is such a thing as a formal harvest there also appears an inclination to mark it with a festive celebration. In England this festival passes generally under the endeared name of harvest home. In Scotland, where that term is unknown, the festival is hailed under the name of the kirk. In the north of England, its ordinary designation is the mell supper. And there are perhaps other local names, but everywhere there is a thankful joy, a feeling which prevails all ranks and conditions of the rural people, and for once in the year brings all upon a level.—Montreal Star.

A Season of Recreation.

Thanksgiving day has long been a period of social happiness, and no one cannot fail to note a decided tendency to make it a day of physical recreation also. Both of these forms of enjoyment are valuable and desirable. Perhaps the ideal Thanksgiving day would be that in which all the activities of man—the intellectual, the moral, the spiritual and the physical—work in harmony for the accomplishment of the highest and noblest purposes.

FIRST THANKSGIVING PROCLAMATION.

The Annual Observance Due to a Woman's Influence.

George Washington issued the first presidential proclamation for a Thanksgiving observance. It may not be generally known that a woman was largely instrumental in bringing about the annual observance of the day, but such is the case. Sarah Josepha Buell Hale is the name of the woman who advocated the yearly Thanksgiving day. For several years previous to 1864 the custom had fallen into disuse. Through the columns of a magazine she edited Mrs. Hale earnestly urged a return to the annual custom, and President Lincoln ably seconded her pleadings by issuing in 1864 another presidential proclamation for a general Thanksgiving day. Since then the custom has not been changed, and it bids fair to stay as it is to the end of time.

And who would wish to change it? What would we do without the great family reunions, when the children, grandchildren and perhaps the great-grandchildren come back to the dear old home, bringing happy memories of her young days to the silver haired, settled faced mother as she clasps her children and her children's children in her eager, loving arms? It is a hallowed day, and old and young alike love its joyousness and generous good cheer.—New York Tribune.

THE GOLDEN PUMPKIN.

Queen of the Fruits of the Earth on Thanksgiving Day.

Of the fruits of the earth the pumpkin is queen upon this occasion. In her suit may be found modest quivering jellies, stiff necked ices, doughnuts, cookies or crullers. The pet receipts of each family, handed down from mother to daughter, should have their places in each home. Poor indeed is the child who grows to manhood with no fond recollection of what his mother used to make for Thanksgiving; which is, alas, only a sweet memory now, as his wife naturally but inconsiderately remembers only what her mother used to make and reproduces that. The pumpkin pie is the nucleus of the second half of Thanksgiving dinner. Take the pumpkin, scoop out the meat, as though a Halloween lantern were to be made, and use your ingenuity in turning this shell into as pretty a "horn of plenty" as may be. Fill it with grapes, red apples, oranges, figs, nuts, etc.—what you will—and let it, for the day, oust the silver epergne or the bowl of flowers and crown the table. With a little care a most beautiful and ornamental center decoration can thus be made, one most thoroughly in keeping with the occasion.

The season will decide whether autumn leaves may be a feature in decoration and the locality whether some perfect heads of wheat may not play the part of boutonniere as well as chrysanthemums. But, whatever you depend upon in the way of floral decorations, don't call upon the hot house flowers on this "the harvest home."

"Let us eat, drink and be merry." It has a riotous sound, but it is more than justifiable in many cases, and having justified our selves by sharing our goods with our neighbors it is the duty of every God fearing, true hearted American upon this day, inspired and assisted by King Turk and his noble train, to do justice to this mandate.—Phil. Press.

THANKSGIVING DAY.

A Happy Time When Family Circles Are Reunited—An Occasion When The Turkey Outshines The Eagle.

For a long time the observance of Thanksgiving day was an annual custom belonging almost exclusively to the northern states of the Union, but now the observance knows no north, south, east nor west, and everywhere over our broad land the beautiful custom rests upon us like a benediction. From far and near the members of the family circle who have flown away from the home nest find their way back for Thanksgiving, like carrier pigeons, bearing with them tender thoughts and remembrance of the loved ones who, with the poet, decided that "to stay at home is best."

There is no law saying that Thanksgiving shall be observed, nor is there need of any, for the law of custom has decided the matter, and the president issues each year a Thanksgiving proclamation setting aside a certain day in the latter part of November for the general celebration. The first public Thanksgiving day appointed officially in this country was observed by the puritans on Oct. 24, 1621. In 1778 the chaplain of congress recommended that "Wednesday, Dec. 30, be observed as a day of public thanksgiving and praise." In 1779, the first Tuesday in May was set aside and in October, 1779, Congressman Root suggested that the day be changed to Thursday, Dec. 9, but in 1782 Thursday, Nov. 28, was chosen, and from that time to the present the last Thursday in November has been the day decided upon for the great festival.

It is a good day to lay aside and forget all differences and to keep in one's heart only the tenderness and sunshine out of which the lips and eyes will make such loving smiles and glances.

After father and mother, the oldest grandchild and the newest baby, the next most important Thanksgiving personage is the turkey. He is a noble biped, and, while it may not be his aim in life to shine at the festal Thanksgiving board, it is most assuredly his end. The turkey is the great American bird, and on Thanksgiving days he outshines the lordly eagle in point of utility and as a subject for discussion of the most absorbing kind. The exact origin of the turkey is buried in obscurity, but he himself is so resplendent that his ancestry may be forgiven him, or rather the haziness of it may be. Any bird so thoroughly satisfactory and admirable as turkey must have had a noble ancestry, and the proud blood of some great and royal biped must perforce flow gladly through his veins.

Chestnut Stuffing.

Chestnut stuffing for a turkey is prepared as follows: Drop 25 (or thereabout) large chestnuts in boiling water and leave them for a few minutes; then take them up and rub off the thin dark skin. After this cover them with boiling water and simmer one hour; then take them up and mash them fine. Mince a pound of veal and half a pound of salt pork very fine. To this add the chestnuts, half a teaspoonful of pepper and 2 tablespoonfuls of salt and a cupful of soup stock or water; then stuff the turkey with this.—Boston Herald.