

An Inspired Thanksgiving Proclamation.

"Make a joyful noise unto the Lord all ye lands. Serve the Lord with gladness, come before his presence with singing. Know ye that the Lord he is God: It is he who hath made us, and not we ourselves, we are his people and the sheep of his pasture. Enter into his gates with thanksgiving, and into his courts with praise; be thankful unto him and bless his name. For the Lord is good. His mercy is everlasting, and his truth endureth to all generations."—Psalm 150.

THE SPIRIT AND FEAST OF THANKSGIVING

Side by side with the "long, unbroken custom handed down to us by our forefathers" of setting apart annually a special day for Thanksgiving has also dwelt with us the idea that we must have as nearly as practicable the same kind of a feast as that enjoyed by the first settlers upon these shores. From a sentimental viewpoint this theory is undoubtedly correct, and would really work out beautifully were it not for certain changed conditions affecting our supply of seasonal provisions. A regulation plan of directions for getting up a proper Thanksgiving dinner even this year would suggest the providing of oysters, turkeys, chicken for chicken pie, with vegetables, fruits, rich pastries, and delicacies in abundance. The idea is to arrange a composite meal which shall comprise as nearly as may be the various fruits and products of the earth. And a good and praiseworthy idea it is, too, if only everybody had the wherewithal to purchase these fruits; but unfortunately this must be an oysterless and a turkeyless Thanksgiving for many persons. The causes contributing to this state of things cannot be discussed here; nor does it much matter to the man who enters a meat market and sees a turkey which he longs to purchase for his family, but which he knows he cannot afford, just why the commodity, with many others, is so far beyond his means. The thing is he knows it is beyond his means, and therefore he will have to do without it. He must to some extent give up the idea of trying to imitate that first Thanksgiving dinner in the forest.

In some respects the preparation of that feast, or the obtaining of the articles comprised in it, must have been a comparatively simple matter. The settlers had but to take down the fowling piece, go into the woods, and bring home the wild game. Well-filled oyster beds lay quite near the shore. The harvest was fruitful; grain, wild fruits, such vegetables as they knew how to raise were abundant; nuts of various kinds were plentiful—what, then, was to hinder the making ready a feast that should fitly supplement the public Thanksgiving rendered unto the Lord? There is the point. The feast is but the outward sign or token of that which underlies the whole Thanksgiving idea. It is the feeling in the heart, the sentiment of gratitude for good received, that, after all, constitutes the real Thanksgiving. With this feeling present the absence of the turkey, even though he is everywhere acknowledged to be the king of the feast, need not be counted a misfortune.

We are too apt to forget just how things were with the settlers. We take the idea of that great historical feast into our minds, and we overlook the dark shadows that must have been in that first Thanksgiving picture. It would be a good thing if we would try to remember the "little graveyard by the water's edge," and make an effort to recall what the record says, that not one household in the New Massachusetts colony had recently been visited by death or severe and protracted illness. But still the preparations for the feast went on, and at a convenient time they "solemnized a day of thanksgiving unto the Lord." Surely we can learn a lesson from the simple faith of these pious souls. We are not called upon to-day to suffer the privations which were the lot of our forefathers, but any year may bring changed conditions which may necessitate more or less self-denial on our part. If the man who finds himself unable to buy material for an expensive dinner knows that his family circle is complete and unbroken, and everybody in health and fully able to enjoy the dinner when it is prepared, he surely has good and sufficient cause for thankfulness.

AFTER THANKSGIVING.



How Johnny Green Dreamed He Looked.



Said Turkey Great to Pumpkin Big: "Long have I been, my friend. King of the barnyard, but my reign must soon come to an end. Thanksgiving Day is near—'heigh-ho!' Said Pumpkin Big. "Yes, that is so."

And yet, with you, I'll have to go." Said Turkey Great, "Yes, that is so." "But still," said Turkey Great, "when cooked. King of the feast I'll be." "And in the pies," said Pumpkin Big. "Will shine my royalty; Our fate might be much worse, you know." And then they both sighed, "That is so."

APPOINTING THE DAY OF THANKSGIVING

PROCLAMATION FROM THE WHITE HOUSE IS ONE OF THE MOST SERIOUS DUTIES THAT DEVOLVE UPON THE PRESIDENT.

The only piece of really pure literature ever officially issued from the White House is the proclamation appointing a day of thanksgiving. All other papers written by the president are business documents, the phraseology of which is technical; but this annual message to the people is always a painstakingly worded and grateful composition. A fairly illustrative example will be found in Mr. Roosevelt's proclamation setting aside the last Thursday of the present month for the Thanksgiving of 1906.

It is the duty of Mr. Loeb (who runs the machinery of the president's business, arranging all his engagements for him) to call Mr. Roosevelt's attention to the fact that Thanksgiving approaches, and to remind him that a proclamation must be written. Of course, it requires considerable time to do this, and so busy a man as the chief executive of the nation might be excusable if he handed over the task to some subordinate, contenting himself with affixing his signature. But custom demands that the work shall be performed by the president himself.

Accordingly, when the proclamation has to be prepared, the president devotes some time to thinking out a new shape in which to put the more or less stereotyped ideas which are to be expressed, and, as he does so, jots down a few memoranda in pencil on a paper pad. Then, touching a buzz-button, he summons one of the dozen stenographers who are always in attendance, and dictates to him carefully the wording of the document. It is short—not more than 400 or 500 words—but daintily and tersely phrased. This, however, is only a rough draft. It is copied in typewriter by the stenographer, with lines twice the ordinary distance apart, so as to be convenient for corrections and interlineations, and in this shape is handed back to Mr. Roosevelt. He alters it a bit, modifying a sentence here and changing a word there, until it suits him—whereupon a fair copy is made, again submitted for correction, and finally sent over to the department of state.

At the department of state the proclamation is beautifully engrossed on a great sheet of fine parchment by a clerk highly skilled in this kind of penmanship. It is a considerable task, and occupies some days. At the end of which the document is sent back to the white House to receive the president's signature, and is thereupon returned to the department to be signed by the secretary of state and sealed with the great seal of the United States.

This seal, by the way, is a sort of federal fetich. It is the most sacred of all things that belongs to the government; and no print of it is ever allowed to be given away or sold—though, of course, it is attached to all military and naval commissions, and to various other executive documents. It was made by a New York jeweler at a cost of \$10,000, and is kept in a beautiful rosewood box at the state department. In order that it may be used for stamping the Thanksgiving proclamation, a printed order to that effect must be signed by Mr. Roosevelt.

The department of state is the permanent depository of executive proclamations. All the Thanksgiving proclamations ever issued by the presidents of the United States are filed away in its archives—back even to 1795, when George Washington set aside the 19th day of February, in that year, as a date on which the people should "thank God for exemption from foreign war and from insurrection." Consequently, the engraved proclama-

tion is retained by the department "for keeps," and it is a copy that is sent by special messenger to the government printing office, to be put into type. Printed copies are given to the newspapers, or to anybody who wants them; but there must be typewritten copies for the governor of each state and territory of the union, and these are made at the White House and mailed from there.

It will thus be seen that the issuing of the annual Thanksgiving proclamation is, from beginning to end, quite an elaborate piece of business. There is no law to compel the president to make it, and Mr. Roosevelt, if he had so chosen, might have omitted it this year or during his administration. Or, if it should seem proper to him next year, he might choose another day—say, the 1st of January—instead of the last Thursday in November. But it is reasonably certain that he will do neither of these things, for custom holds fast in the bonds of usage the chief magistrate of the nation equally with the plainest citizen.

As everybody knows, the celebration of Thanksgiving day dates back to the Puritans. At irregular intervals, after their arrival in this country, they set dates by public announcement for prayer and feasting, in recognition of blessings vouchsafed from on high. Following this example, in the early history of the republic, days of thanksgiving were appointed by the president for special reasons.

But somehow the pious custom fell into abeyance, and for many years there was no national Thanksgiving, until, during the civil war, a woman, Sarah Josepha Hale, who had been chiefly instrumental in raising \$50,000 to complete the Bunker Hill monument—took up the matter, and persuaded Abraham Lincoln to take an interest in it. Thus it came about that Mr. Lincoln issued a proclamation in 1864, appointing the last day of November of that year as a day of prayer and rejoicing. Since then the custom has held, and there has been an annual Thanksgiving celebration for the entire nation, at the instance of the president.

At the White House, Thanksgiving day is always very quietly spent, without any special celebration—barring the fact that each married member of the official staff, including the policemen who guarded the premises, receives a fine turkey. Nearly 70 fat birds are distributed by Col. Crook, the executive paymaster, who is himself an interesting personage, inasmuch as he has been attached to the White House staff, in various capacities, since Lincoln's time. Mr. Roosevelt usually has several turkeys, which are sent to him as gifts.—Rene Bache, in Brooklyn Eagle.

Miles Standish's Triumph.

Miles Standish, the redoubtable captain of Plymouth, looked complacently at the well roasted turkey, flanked with gravy and cranberry sauce—if cranberry sauce had indeed been invented.

"Mehitable," he said to his venerable housekeeper, "prithce on this Thanksgiving day do I return thanks for many blessings. It has been a year, has it not, since that young Alden married the Priscilla woman?"

"A year and several moons," said the housekeeper, as she helped him to some of the dressing.

"I see by the Colonial Thunderer," continued the stern old warrior, as he balanced a roasted crestant on his fork, "that Alden has applied for a divorce on the ground that she is a common scold. He hasn't been able to speak for himself since they were married."—New York Herald.

THANKSGIVING HOSPITALITY

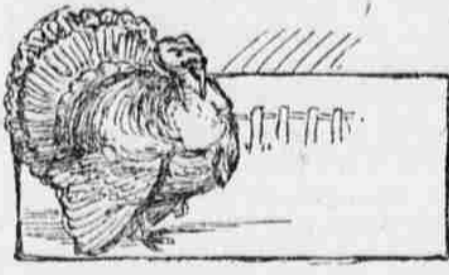
The waning year grows brown and gray and dull. And boots sing November bleak and sore. But from the bounteous garnered harvest store, With grateful hearts we draw Thanksgiving cheer.

Occasionally, these days, we get a glimpse of real old fashioned hospitality, the kind that creeps right into the marrow of your bones and makes your blood tingle with the true spirit of good fellowship.

Never is this feeling more universally or potentially expressed than on Thanksgiving; the occasion for festive home gatherings, reunions, and where strangers are made welcome as one of your own kin.

Lucky and blessed is the woman who can extend hospitality on this day, and lucky, too, is the host who can preside at his own board, among congenial spirits.

It is a very serious mistake to keep your guests at the table for three or four hours, as is frequently the case;



though, to be sure, part of this time is taken up at the conclusion of the dinner, as the men linger over their coffee and cigars, and with the inevitable flow of gossip throughout the meal.

The foundation of the dinner consists of an appetizer, soup with relishes, turkey with vegetables, a salad, a dessert of pies—pumpkin, mince and apple—to which may be added an ice and a steamed pudding if desired, nuts, raisins and coffee.

Three indispensable pies are pumpkin well seasoned with brandy, since and apple with cheese. Steaming hot Indian pudding or plum pudding with a stiff sauce is equally appropriate. An ice is sometimes served, such as lemon or orange. Coffee demitasse follows, together with assorted nuts, raisins, dates, figs and bonbons. For



a formal dinner Brie cheese and hard toasted crackers accompany the black coffee.

An unique name card is given in this article.

In place of the pumpkin pie, pumpkin fanchonettes, pastry shells with pumpkin filling, make a novel substitute. And a chestnut compote is equally pleasing and out of the beaten track. An excellent Thanksgiving cake, which may be served with tea, is made of spices, a cup of strong, black coffee, chopped raisins, nuts and melted marshmallows, covered with icing (vanilla colored with rose water or orange) and halved pecans or pig nuts.

KING OF THANKSGIVING.



The King of Thanksgiving! Behold him in glory! He tells to beholders A wonderful story. He tells how our fathers, A brave little band, Bowed down in thanksgiving On reaching the land; How from that time to this We hold one day a year Apart from his fellows, A day of good cheer.

Cheap Thanksgiving Dinner.

Yvette Guilbert, the famous French actress praised at a dinner in New York the festival of Thanksgiving. "It is a pleasant festival," she said. "I am sorry that in France we have no such day of gratitude for the year's harvest. It is a great day with you. You have novels, tales, anecdotes and poems based upon it."

"An actor this morning told me a Thanksgiving anecdote. He said that a penniless young man entered a cheap restaurant one Thanksgiving day, and said:

"What do you charge for a plate of turkey?"

"A quarter, sir," the waiter answered.

"Any charge for bread?"

"No, sir."

"Or for gravy?"

"No."

"Then bring me a large plate of bread and gravy."

How Katy Made Thanksgiving for Her Father and Uncle Will

Although a vain, bronze turkey rustled his gorgeous feathers in a corral, and there was a box of cranberries and some raisins and other "fixings" which showed preparation for a Thanksgiving dinner, Katy Holt grew thoughtful every time that Thanksgiving was mentioned. She had a large scheme on hand that needed tact, courage and good luck to carry it through.

Tom Holt, her father, was a generous man, hospitable, friendly and square, but his temper was violent and flashy. One year ago, when Thanksgiving was drawing near, William Holt, her father's only brother, had been her father's partner in the Red Dog gold mine. In some way a quarrel, the first of their lives, had arisen between the two brothers. They did not eat their Thanksgiving dinner together, but went angrily apart.



Katy.

William decided his share in the Red Dog to Tom, and Tom gave papers to William for a share in the Golden Wonder mine, on the other side of the mountain, some miles away.

No more partners, both sad at heart, but both too proud to acknowledge that he was the least in the wrong, they shook hands coldly and separated civilly enough. Since then they had not seen one another. Katy Holt kissed the girls at the school good-bye, took her books in a grip-sack, turned her back on the classroom with something of a choking sensation, for she liked study and the association of the young girls at the school, and the next day her father was surprised to see her just at night-fall come into his camp.

"Good old dad," she said laughing gaily and saucily, "I'll bet that we will have a lot of fun here together. I have been awfully lonesome away from you and I know that you wanted to see me all the time. I have brought my books home and will study when I am not housekeeper."

Tom Holt smiled, the first time in a month, and felt better already.

Three days before Thanksgiving a large package was brought into camp by Indian Jack. It was addressed to Miss Katy Holt. She took it and gave orders that no one was to open it.

"What is it all about, Sis?" asked her father.

"Something for Thanksgiving—the best of all, and a surprise if I can keep it so."

Then the next day a letter came for Katy, which she opened hurriedly and read with beating heart. It was from her Uncle Will. As she turned the pages—there were many of them—a twenty-dollar bill rustled out. On it was pinned a slip of paper with the words, "For Katy."

A sudden light came into her eyes. She called her father and told him that she wished to ride to the town at once and wished Indian Jack to go with her. Consent being given, she was soon under way, galloping over the trails with speed.

"Such a pretty idea," she said; "and so romantic. Where did I get it? Wouldn't the girls think it too sweet for anything?"

Part way to the town the trail forked. One fork went to the other side of the mountain to where her Uncle Will's mining camp was. She turned her horse sharply and rode in that direction, Indian Jack following close after.

"Hello, Uncle Billy," she cried, as she reached the camp. When she was particularly fond she always called Uncle Will "Billy," and he understood and liked the nickname when she spoke it.

She leaped from her horse, fairly dragged Uncle Will into his cabin and there talked with him for a long time. He shook his head repeatedly, stamped two or three times and would have said some hard words but that Katy each time covered his mouth with kisses and then she bugged him and said:

"Now, Uncle Billy, you know you will make your little girl the saddest of any one in the world if you say 'no,' and she will be the happiest if you say 'yes.'"

"Well," answered Uncle Will, "it is the bitterest pill of my life, but I will do it; but mind you, Katy, it is all for you."

"Thank you, dear; you are the best Uncle Billy in all the world."

"But mind, not a word to Tom."

"Not a word, Uncle."

Then she went to town and there bought two gold rings with her 20-dollar bill and inside of each she had the words engraved, "Day of Thanksgiving." With these rings she went home, and on the way made Indian Jack promise that he would not say where they had been.

When she rang the bell for her father to come in he stood speechless and in surprise to see that the table was set for three.

"How is this, Kitty?" he asked, hastily. "Whom have you asked to come to dinner with us?"

Katy pretended to be busy taking something out of the mysterious package that Indian Jack had brought in some days earlier. Suddenly she said: "Why, here is a letter from grandma, addressed to you, dad."

"And say, dad, just see what grandma has sent to you! Don't you know how you used to say that, when you were a boy, you used to go to grandma's pantry and find an earthen-jar full of sugar cookies that she had made, and how you used to hook some of them to carry away to your baby brother?"

"Hush, Katy; no more of him. He has gone his way and I have gone mine. No more."

"And, say, dad," went on Katy, now bravely disobeying her father, "and don't you remember what you said grandmother told you one time, after you had stolen the cookies and she found out that you did not eat them, but gave them to your baby brother—'I shall look to you to care for Billy'?"

"Katy," cried her father, "I see it all now. Was this what made you leave the school, where you were so happy?"

Katy nodded, breathless.

"Well," said her father, "if you did that you deserve a reward, but let Billy come to me."

Katy went to the door and called "Uncle Billy."

From the creek below Uncle Billy came toward the house. His face was a little red, but it was not more red than her father's.

She slipped out of the house to let them meet when no one was by. She made a pretense of being busy outside. When she came back to the cabin she saw the two brothers sitting on a wooden bench, each with an arm about the other and lovelight in their eyes.

What a dinner that was! There never was such a turkey before. And as for a housewife, Tom said there never was one like Katy, except her mother before her.

When the turkey had been attended to and the other delicacies, also, Katy said: "Why, dad, here is your letter from grandma. Did you read it?"

"Yes, Katy; but it will stand reading again. Read it aloud to Billy."

"My dear Tom and Billy," so read the letter. "I am happy to-day to think how blessed you are in the love of one another. I send you a jar of sugar cookies—such as mother used to make to help out."

"Our love for one another—that is just it," said Tom. "It is like a message that we both needed."

"Just the thing," agreed Billy, reaching out his hand.

Then there was a call for the sugar cookies and they were produced—jar and all—just like the old times; in fact, the old jar.

"And now," cried Katy triumphant-



"Such a Pretty Idea."

ly, "here are two gold rings, exactly alike, except for size. For my sake, wear them always from now on in memory of this day and of your loving Katy."

That was the crowning moment as Katy handed over the gold rings, and her father and Uncle Billy accepted them and found that they would fit.

"I think," said Tom Holt to Katy, "that we can afford to send you back to school again."

"Yes," said Uncle Billy, to college too.

"Thank you dears, I would like to learn some more."

"But," added Uncle Billy, "it must be with the agreement that you must come home to help us celebrate Thanksgiving every year."

"It is a go," said Katy, in true minor fashion, as she extended one hand to her father and the other to Uncle Billy.—David H. Walker in San Francisco Chronicle.