

# ALL ABOUT THANKSGIVING DAY

**W**HEN Captain Miles Standish, with his little company of 16 hardy pilgrims, discovered the first fresh water encountered by the Mayflower explorers after landing at what is believed to be East Harbor creek, on the shores of Cape Cod, the party sat down and drank, and as Mount records in his journal or story:

"We were heartily glad and drunke our first New England water with as much delight as ever we drunke drink in all our lives."

Thus was, with "Bisket and Holland Cheese, and a bottle of aquavite," the first New England Thanksgiving dinner eaten on the noon of November 26, 1620, around "a fire of sassafras, juniper and pine, which smelled both sweet and strong."

Later these hardy adventurers were able to feast on wild fowl and venison in plenty, as have those who came after them even unto the present day, for the forests of the cape abound with game, and the waters with fishes very much as in the days of the little Pilgrim band who in the Mayflower's cabin signed the first New England charter.

Although not set down in the laws, the reunion feast became an informal annual function, and there can be but little doubt that Thanksgiving day as known to us of the present had its origin in and was inspired by the ability of the pilgrim band to soften the strong waters of the hospitable Dutch with the spring waters of the new world, by chance shall we say? Or to what cause shall we credit the selection of the last week of November for the day of feasting and prayer now so eagerly looked for and as carefully observed as Christmas, the New Year or Independence Day? The day of thanks is more typically a national holiday than is any other. It is American and unique. Every country has one or more days set apart to commemorate independence or the granting of some great boon to its people that may be considered a step on the stairway to liberty, but the Thanksgiving day of the United States is without a close comparison in any land. Thanksgiving day begins the winter season.

Wherever you find an American you will, as the month of November wanes, find one who thinks more of being at home or at the home of intimate friends for Thanksgiving day. Clubs, hotels, public institutions, all see to it that their patrons, members or inmates are provided with a sumptuous repast for the one great feast day, and whenever and wherever possible a great, fat turkey graces the board.

The turkey should be our national bird, as it is or, rather, was everywhere in a wild state, and helped the original colonists to provide for their families. It has for 300 years been the chief feature at all important strictly American banquets, and may be safely called our greatest national food delicacy. The Spaniards in Florida, French in Louisiana, Pilgrims in Cape Cod and founders of the Virginia company all found the wild turkey ready for the sport and table in their new home, and the American of today, from the president of the United States to the hum-



blest citizen of the country, will enjoy the Thanksgiving turkey.

If one would enjoy a good old fashioned Thanksgiving day at its best the true road to the feast lies in the country. Thanksgiving on the farm is something to be remembered. There the whole family is taken into consideration, and it is safe to say that each individual member has been preparing for the day almost ever since the celebration of the last one.

Stores of mince, apple and pumpkin pies have been baked and range on the broad shelves of the store room; apple sauce, preserves, with home-made pickles, "put down" months before required for use; stores of grapes, apples, pears and nuts, carefully looked over; a goodly ham, freshened in cold water 24 hours, then carefully wiped dry and placed in a pot of cider to boil 15 minutes to the pound; a loin of pork, roasted to a rich, golden brown, to be served with apple sauce, and the feature of the feast—a turkey, fattened to about the 20-pound mark, the pride of the farmer and the joy of his wife.

The turkey, hatched on the farm and as carefully watched as any member of the family, fattened on grain and meal with a mixture of chopped nut meats to give it the proper flavor, killed one week before the feast and hung in an outhouse, where it is kept cold, but will not be injured by the frost, is brought in the night before for final treatment before being consigned to the oven.

The great bird is carefully plucked and drawn, the interior wiped out, not washed, which would destroy the flavor, and filled with what is known in the country as "the stuffing," a thick mixture of sausage meat, bread crumbs and eggs, with just a faint touch of sage and onion. When prepared and placed in the huge oven to roast it becomes the duty of one cook to watch the oven and baste the roast until it is evident to the practised eye of the heroine of many such conflicts that the turkey is ready to be served with fresh made cranberry sauce and a rich gravy, in which all the giblets have been stirred with some well-balanced chestnuts. Now, everything being ready,

the family and guests (and there are sure to be guests in country at a country Thanksgiving dinner) troop into the long dining room, to find the repast not only ready, but served with all the pomp and state the feast deserves.

The turkey is placed before the host, while the roast loin of young pig graces the opposite end of the table, with the boiled ham in the center, flanked with mashed white and baked sweet potatoes, turnips and cauliflower, with boats of gravy and bowls of sauce within easy reach of all. "Now pass up your plates," is requested from each end of the table, and the oftener this repeated advice is followed the more the face of the good matron glows with satisfaction. The great pitchers of foaming cider pass along the board and the diner at a farm Thanksgiving feast finds it all so novel and good that the vision comes up before him frequently while struggling with a complicated menu at his club or some hotel or mingling through the series of problems presented at a French or Italian table d'hôte dinner.

On every Yankee warship in the hot lands of the far away Malay islands, Cuba, Guam, Panama, the Sandwich islands and under the flag that floats over every American consul's home or office Thanksgiving day will be celebrated, and, like another stitch in the great bed quilt of liberty and Independence will knit the fabric closer together.

We do well to have a Thanksgiving feast. We thank the great Creator for our being, our sturdy forefathers for our great country, our Burly British ancestors for our love of country and good things to eat, our bustling energy for rapid progress, our wives and mothers for domestic atmosphere that makes life enjoyable and success certain and the rulers we have placed in power for unparalleled prosperity.

## NOTES FROM MEADOWBROOK FARM



The problem is not how much land you have, but how well you cultivate it. Make the hay land produce nine tons per acre, and four or five acres of hay will be enough. Make the corn land produce 200 bushels per acre, and cut down the area to one-fourth. Do the same with the other crops, and you will soon find that you have much more land than you can possibly cultivate.

The farmer raises cattle and hogs with a view of rapid development of fat, but the horse is used for mechanical power and should develop great bone and muscle. Muscular development cannot be attained in close confinement and the young animal should not be tied in a stall and fed corn and timothy hay to fatten him for the shambles.

Unless there is an experienced and successful corn breeder in the vicinity who makes a specialty of growing first-class seed corn, every farmer had better make his own selection from his own field or from the best fields of neighboring farms.

No kind of live stock can thrive and do well in ill-lighted, poorly-aired buildings. One of the first requirements in a stable is that it should be well provided with windows, and have means for letting fresh air in and foul air out.

The introduction of the English sparrow by its driving away the little native birds has been responsible for more damage by insects and weed pests than all other causes combined, including cats, and boys with guns.

If the hens are protected against the cold winds while they are enjoying the sunshine of the yards, they will surely lay more eggs than if not thus shielded, while the reduced feed bill will compensate for the expense incurred.

Paint the staves on all sides before erecting the silo, rather than to paint the exterior later on, since paint put on the outside afterward holds water in the cracks and causes the staves to decay more rapidly.

If the cows are stabled at night, much fertilizer is saved that would otherwise be dropped in the pasture and disintegrated by wind, rain and sun lose its strength and be lost.

Nine tons is a large yield of hay from a single acre, and few would expect this yield from Bermuda grass, yet such is the case, or at least from an acre of vetch and Bermuda.

The largest beet sugar factory in the United States is at Spreckles, California, which has a capacity of slicing 3,000 tons of beets per day, equal to 100 carloads of 30 tons each.

The women folks on the farm should assert their rights and have the modern and necessary equipments in the dairy, and thus produce, with less labor, a good article of butter.

If there is any doubt whether land needs lime or not, test it. One method is to grow common garden beets. This plant makes a very poor growth on soil which needs lime.

Fashionable folks are taking up horses again, the automobile having become too common for them. And farmers are buying automobiles to save their horses.

The dairy cow, if able to express herself in a way which the human family would comprehend, might well lay claim to being man's best friend.

For home use, the garden, the arbor, the boundary fence and even the veranda are the locations generally available for the growth of the grape.

The succulent grasses are rich in muscle and bone-forming materials and are loosening and cooling to the system.

Probably no one thing enters more into commercial fruit growing than proper packing.

No other branch of farming pays as well as a good orchard, if well taken care of.

Once settled indoors, the house plants must be sure of regular attention if they are to be a success.

Horse manure is much better to be mixed with other manure and worked over by swine.

A useful and ornamental plant is parsley. It may easily be kept for use all winter.

Marsh land is usually rich, and all it needs to make it productive is drainage. The fall of the year is the best time to drain—before the winter rains set in. If the ground is not too soft for the horses, one or more furrows may be run out with the two-horse plow. Hook three horses to the plow. An extra man should follow with sharp ax to cut the roots. The ditch may be deepened by the use of the lifting subsoil plow. To do good work a heavy match team in the hands of a capable plowman is necessary. After land is drained, turn the sod over with the three-horse plow.

It is now time to be thinking seriously of winter protection for small fruits. For strawberries, the usual covering of straw is good. In mild locations a layer of straw not less than four inches thick should be applied. In more severe locations this would be increased to six inches, and in the prairie sections it is desirable to use eight inches of straw, or even more.

The prevailing fence of today is the woven wire variety. No better fence was ever devised, provided it is put up well, and no other fence is so poor, ugly and inefficient if it is erected in a slipshod manner.

Pick the fruit, empty it onto the sorting tables and pack it right in the orchard. If this method is practised much labor is saved, for the whole work is completed as soon as the fruit is gathered from the trees.

It has been conclusively proven that hens kept in a yard and fed right will lay more eggs than hens that run at large all over creation. The feed bill will not be so large either, a fact that is worth considering.

If swine are kept penned and are given absorbents enough to keep them fairly clean and dry, they will nearly earn their keep in the amount of fertilizer they will make, and it is the best of its kind.

Apples will not be over-produced until every man, woman and child in the land has all the apples he or she can use, and gets them at a moderate price.

If not done, plant your gooseberries and currants this fall. Grape vine should be laid down and covered with straw. Even the old Concord cannot stand our strenuous winters.

Start the trap nests so it can be known which are the best winter layers. Almost any old hen will lay in spring and summer; it takes a good hen to lay in late fall and winter.

Not all regions and all soils are suitable for growing a good quality of onions, and only recently have onion growers found out that peaty, swamp lands made the best onion ground.

Nitrate of soda will force the growth of melons, tomatoes and other plants. A tablespoonful scattered about each tomato plant and slightly raked in will produce good results.

There is a great region of country where the blackberry may be called the poor man's fruit. This is true because of the ease and certainty with which it is produced.

Every foal at weaning age has cost the breeder considerable money, and the preservation and development of the foal has much to do with the profits of the farm.

In marketing onions the first essential is to properly grade and clean the bulbs, in order that they may present an attractive appearance when offered for sale.

Insignificant matters often do not attract attention, yet a little crack in the poultry house, if near where the fowls roost, will cause suffering sooner or later.

The sow that has proven herself extra valuable as a breeder and a mother should be one of the most prized animals on the farm.

In mending a steep place in the roadside, briars, brush and all fence row mowings make good material to lay down to place the dirt upon.

In erecting a woven wire fence one of the essential things to be considered is that of strong and well supported corner or end posts.

The great value of lime in the soil is its power to correct soil acidity, or sourness, and to improve its texture or physical condition.

Well bred heifer calves may often be purchased cheaply of people who live in town and keep but one cow for family use.

The market for small fruits is greater than ever, because the fruit is now bought up by the canning and preserving houses.

To make a success of dairying you can't know too much about your cows. No two cows are just alike.

The products of the dairy are perhaps the most useful articles included in the human diet.

Fall rains are searching. If there is any doubt about the roofs get at them now.

Location has much to do with the profitable disposal of second-class apples.

## THE REUNION

A Story of a Thanksgiving in a Tourist Car

By MINNIE E. OLIPHANT.

Genevieve and I were riding in a tourist car, headed away from Los Angeles, and slowly creeping across Death valley. Our thoughts were with the folks at home, who were getting ready for the Thanksgiving dinner, but we were talking of other things. Words are slow unless thoughts are producing them, and therefore, the conversation lagged.

Finally, Genevieve turned to me with the smile she always wore when a good plain plan had just struck her.

"Let's make believe," she suggested, "that the passengers in this coach are all relatives, and let's have a family reunion and Thanksgiving dinner."

"How can we?" I asked.

"I'll go around and tell them that this is Thanksgiving, and we are all relations, and they are invited to our section for a family reunion, and that they are to furnish their own share of the dinner."

I looked around the car to see what our "relations" appeared to be like. Just back of our section was a young man with a fretful baby, and little three-year-old girl. He seemed so tired, but patient, though awkward, with the children. I had heard him tell the young man who wore a striped sweater, and sat across the aisle, that he had just lost his wife and was taking the children back to their grandmother in Ohio. The young man in the sweater lolled around in his section, dividing his time between a magazine, the Los Angeles papers and the desert scenery outside. Back of him sat a middle-aged Jew, who talked to no one, and looked at nothing in particular, as if he had forgotten where he was. Just before us was a young lady, and all we knew about her was that she had golden hair puffed out in

the back, and that she tucked her scolding locks up every few minutes with a slender, ringless hand.

And these were to form our family party.

While I was studying the people, Genevieve was taking an inventory of our supplies.

"Go on with your invitations," I advised, "and, if they are accepted, I will look after the table."

She stepped back down the aisle and stood with her hand on the seat in front of our Jewish "friend to be." "I beg your pardon," she began, "but I want to invite you to come to our Thanksgiving dinner, and to furnish your share of it."

"Thank you," he looked up and smiled, as he lifted his hat, "but where is your dinner to be?"

"Down there where my sister is sitting." She nodded her head in my direction. "We are going to have a family reunion."

"Where is your family?" His smile broadened.

"All in this coach who will come."

Here the young man in the sweater turned round, and she addressed him. "Will you come, too? And—?"

"With pleasure, if I can be of any assistance."

"You can assist by furnishing something toward the dinner."

He pushed his hand down into his pocket. "I have a piece of chocolate and two sticks of chewing gum, which are at your disposal." The frank smile on the young man's face revealed no tendency toward freshness, but the older man, not being able to see his face, feared that he was inclined to make sport of my sister. Therefore, he leaned forward and said: "There is a diner on, and I think we could go in."

"No, no," interrupted Genevieve; "we don't want to go into the diner. We want a 'make believe' family reunion here in our 'private' car." Then turning to the young man, "Chocolate and chewing gum are acceptable, if they are the best you have."

The man with the children had been down to the end of the car, giving each of them a drink, and returned to his seat, just as Genevieve was ready to put the matter before him.

"We are to have a family reunion," she began, but seeing a shadow pass over his face, hastened to add: "This

is Thanksgiving, and we are all away from home, so my sister and I decided to play that you, and everybody else in this car, belong to our family, and to invite you home to our section, for a Thanksgiving dinner."

He saw what she meant, and the baby reached out toward her, as if it understood, too. Genevieve took the little one in her arms. "You see that the baby is willing, and a little child should lead you."

"Oh, of course, we will be glad to accept your kind invitation. If my children won't disturb the party."

"No, indeed," she assured him, "we need children to make a Thanksgiving dinner complete," and, with the baby in her arms, she walked down to the golden-haired lady.

"Will you join us in our dinner party?"

"Thank you," returned the girl, "but I have my dinner with me."

"Very good! We want you to put your dinner in with ours, and from the size of your basket, I should imagine you have more than all the rest of us put together."

"But I am going to Chicago," the young lady protested, "and I must make my lunch do for all the way."

"Oh, I see, you are afraid we will eat too much of it." She laughed, sitting down beside the girl, and still holding the baby in her arms. "If you will eat with us, you won't need to open your basket. It is not your food we want, but you."

The girl still hesitated. "My mother told me not to get acquainted with people on the train, for fear something might happen, because I have never been out of California before, and she is afraid for me to take such a long trip alone."

"Are you afraid of me and this baby?" asked Genevieve.

"Oh, no, I'm not afraid of ladies, but mustn't speak to gentlemen, unless I am introduced to them."

"Well, my dear girl, we won't enjoy our dinner party just behind you here, knowing that you are eating all alone."

The young man in the sweater told of his last Thanksgiving in Alaska, and our Jewish "relative" brought out the best jokes he had in stock. We laughed in the proper places, and asked for more. Then we agreed to name over some of the things we were glad about.

I saw the young man in the sweater give the golden-haired girl a look that made me wonder if he had noticed her dainty appetite and silence, or whether he was glad to have her present at our reunion. "I am getting back to Chicago," he said, "to attend my sister's wedding, and I suppose that I ought to add that I am thankful I am going to have a new brother next week."

"I'm going to a wedding, too." The golden-haired girl had forgotten that she was not to speak to a gentleman without an introduction. But she remembered in time to lean round behind me.

"Whose?" In coming to her rescue I had forgotten that no questions were to be asked.

"My brother's," she replied, somewhere back of my shoulder.

"Perhaps her brother is to marry my sister." The young man had heard her answer. "She is to marry a California chap that I have never seen. I barely know that his name is Harmon."

"Will Harmon?" Again the girl was startled out of her corner. "My brother will be to marry Miss Jenkins."

"Sure enough!" The young man reached across me. "Shake hands, for we are almost relatives."

Genevieve rose with as much dignity as she could command under the circumstances. "Miss Harmon, allow me to introduce to you Mr. Jenkins."

Our dinner was over, as everything eatable was gone. The porter carried the cups and saucers back to the dining car, and cleared away the paper sacks and crumbs.

The golden-haired girl sat alone no more on that train, and the young man with the sweater read no more magazines. They may have been talking about the coming wedding, but as we were about to leave the train at Salt Lake City, our Israelite "relative" said over the back of our seat,

"There may be more than one wedding."

"That is the romance of our Thanksgiving dinner," suggested the father of the children, whose baby was at last asleep, and he had time to enter into a conversation.

"Now, her mother can't blame us," put in Genevieve, "for they would have met in a few days, anyway."