

THANKSGIVING IN THE WOODS

URBANITES need not think they are the only persons who have a good time on Thanksgiving day, for if they could but peep into the activities of the people on the farms and see how they observe the holiday it would not be surprising if just a tinge of envy should be incurred.

Thanksgiving day on the farm is a day of festivity and justification. It is a genuine product of enjoyment, dependent sometimes largely upon conditions of the weather and upon the natural facilities provided for enjoyment, and it is entirely unadulterated with the more modern and perhaps superficial (at least from a ruralist's viewpoint) contrivances for entertainment which the city affords. If a nation can be judged by the manner in which its national holidays are observed the character of the people who inhabit the country and the city can be determined by the application of the same rule.

Probably the majority of the men who on the farm turn their thoughts to hunting on Thanksgiving day. The instinct to go out on Thanksgiving morning and shoot a turkey for the holiday feast is still quite strong in the average ruralite, although the birds have become few in number. There are comparatively few places now in the United States where a hunt results in the capture of a turkey. Those good old days, when people did not need to consult the market price of turkey when planning their Thanksgiving feast have gone by, and even on the farm some thought is given to the market price of the fine young gobblers before it is decided to serve him up for the holiday dinner instead of shipping him to the city market.

But the leader of the pro-pleat farm family is generally well filled and perhaps less thought is directed to the Thanksgiving dinner as to the manner of sport and recreation that can be obtained out of the day. Loads of some kind of a way to be found to abundance about the farm and the preparations for the dinner require but little time on a farm when a decision is made as to what the menu shall consist of. And, besides, time has just passed and in the case of the smoke house, or plenty of possibilities that would enter the mouth of an urbanite waiter.

So thoughts turn to the best food for a day's hunting. And it seems to be about the only day in the year when usually every man and boy old enough to handle a gun goes hunting. The farmer will let the hunters from the city hang about all over his farm during the early part of the season when game is plenty. If it ever is, but he will keep right ahead husking his corn, baling his hay, hanting in pumpkins, etc., until Thanksgiving day comes around. Then he gets the hunting fever.

There is no work done on Thanksgiving. It would be almost a heathenish act not to "make the day off" no matter how urgent the farm work may be. If there is snow on Thanksgiving it is a regular day in paradise for the



NEARLY EVERYONE HUNTS ON THANKSGIVING

men and boys, for then it is quite an easy matter to track Mr. Rabbit to his hiding place and chase him out to be some target for the hunters. The rabbit being about the only kind of game that cannot be exterminated, but sticks like the faithful dog wherever space is cleared away for a home in the forest, it is the most common game that is hunted on Thanksgiving. Although there is often about one hunter for every rabbit, this does not seem materially to diminish the sport, for after the day is over those who are short in their string of game take consolation in the fact that they "had a good time anyway."

Aside from rabbit hunting, there is other game to be found in most country districts, such as pheasants and quail. But whether all this game has been killed earlier in the season by professional hunters makes little difference to the people in the country, for they will have their annual hunt on Thanksgiving day at any rate. It is an annual custom with them, and the woods and fields constitute a sort of Mecca to which they make their visits as regularly as the holiday comes.

But with it all the Thanksgiving dinner is looked forward to with a sort of primary importance that indicates that the farmer and the resident of the city are not so much unlike in their holiday inclinations after all.

THANKSGIVING THOUGHTS.

Most newspaper men will admit that besides furnishing good stories for the front page around Thanksgiving the turkey also makes good inside matter.

Those who knifed Caesar claimed they loved him. The turkey is a bird Caesar in that those who love him best are apt to be the first to cut him.

Americans are born parliamentarians. Even at dinner on Thanksgiving day somebody will take the chair, and then the cook will move that the turkey be laid on the table.

"Da mortuus nil nisi bonum" is Latin that at this season may be translated, "Of the dead say nothing but good in the presence of their bones."

A THANKSGIVING COUP.

How Pugley Repulsed Advance of His Mother-in-law.

"Perhaps General Grant was more actively insupportable than I am, and possibly G. Washington shrank from the duties of host with greater skill," said Pugley, with a self-congratulatory grin, "but I can boast some victories in that line myself."

"You see," he continued, "my wife decided that it was up to us to have the family for Thanksgiving dinner this year. I did oppose the appalling proposition. I did not. Did I comfort and encourage her in her nefarious scheme to introduce a dinner and strife into the bosom of my home? I did. What's the use of war when diplomacy will land a solar plexus?"

"I aided and abetted her with the utmost enthusiasm and liberality. I did she think a fifteen pound turkey pounder do? I insisted upon a thirty pounder. Did she calculate that two chickens would make enough salad? I decided that six were barely sufficient. Did she figure on a gallon of ice cream? I wouldn't be content with less than



I INSISTED UPON A THIRTY POUNDER

"I insisted upon a thirty pounder," said Pugley, "and she took it all through the menu. Wherever she proposed to spend a dollar I immediately insisted upon spending at least two. Of course she knows all about my affairs, and I could see that she was getting uneasy and frightened as she saw how lavish and extravagant I was determined to be. So I promptly bestowed my reckless prodigality several notches higher. Still she didn't back down. It was getting pretty near time to do the inviting, and I was desperate."

"So I led her to run into the city and pick out fresh paper for the hall and dining room. That pretty nearly brought her down, but still she was erred, probably on account of wanting them so badly. So I added that while she was at it she should get a new carpet for the parlor, and a new set of dishes, and see the dentist about sending some men out to dislocate."

"That felled her, though it was pitiful to see that heroic woman's struggle between what she knew was her duty and her desires. But she knew that our mortgage was getting clamorous and she told me, 'I was done.' I told her that if we were going to do it at all we couldn't let the family go away saying how shabby we were and what a failure I must be."

"That settled it. The family did not visit us in the end Thanksgiving time and we go in peace."

"No, maybe I couldn't win the Heavy weight championship or capture the title of New York single handed, but I can keep the leader out of my humble domicile all right."—Philadelphia Press.

A Thanksgiving Centerpiece.
Try to have your Thanksgiving table and everything that is served look at all as if the gift of time is to be simple and try to have something new this year. If you can take time to arrange a centerpiece it will pay you. A flat oval basket resting upon a high wire frame is filled with moss, the frame being concealed by wild grape vines, golden pears, pink and white grapes are piled high in the basket and the fine clusters of grapes, wired to each end. At the base purple, pink and white grapes are heaped on a mass of leaves.

REMEMBER THE HYPHEN.

Would it not be well for those who have been blessed with an abundance to make this division of the day:

Thanks-Giving?

Thanks-Giving? Would it not be well for those who have been blessed with an abundance to make this division of the day: Thanks-Giving?

HUMOROUS QUIPS AN UNADULTERATED THANKSGIVING DINNER

Why Is It?

There are ways of making cash With a minimum of toil. Man need never feel the lash Nor yet burn the midnight oil. There are chances everywhere— We can sit around like Turks; Fortune whispers in the air— Yet most everybody works.

Lures beset us on our way To the desk or to the bench. "Tut, tut, no more," glad voices say, "In the pan or hog or wench; Put a dollar there or here— Then the rest that each one craves." No one needs to work; that's clear— Yet most everybody slaves.

Nearly every one you meet Knows a game that's sure to win. Grab it now, for time is fleet Working a job a form of sin. 'Tis 'til you part all need. I've got from each chain that binds From this car we can be freed— Yet most everybody grinds.

—Denver Republican

Unusual.

He was the very greenest recruit that had ever listed beneath the British flag, and he was doing his first guard. Among those the orderly officer on his rounds.

"What would you do in the event of anything unusual happening?" snapped the officer, wishing to test the "troopie's" knowledge.

"At one alarm the guard," replied the sentry, gliding orders from memory. "I should be ready to march. I should be ready to march. I should be ready to march."

"Come now, my man, ordered the officer sharply. "What would you do in the event of anything unusual occurring?"

"A moment longer the sentry thought hard, then his face brightened. "Well, sir," he replied slowly, "if I was to see that there sentry box of mine walk away."—London Answers.

Still Going On.

At a picnic party for the children, one of the tables in charge took the youngsters for a stroll while the others pushed up the dishes and remnants of the dinner. Retiring an hour later, she inquired anxiously whether or not a certain fat woman had remained on the dinner. "No, not quite," the strollers were about ready to return, and she noted as she went. The other ladies had not seen the child, and there was also missing a tisker of cutables.

As a result of the incident and present by the table of the basket were discovered later.

"Why, what?" asked one of the ladies, "what have you been doing since dinner?"

"The boy looked up and sighed blissfully. "There hasn't been no since," he said. Ladies' Home Journal.

High Finance.

While playing at a fashionable country club near the national capital a certain federal official had the misfortune to lose a \$100,000—especially vigorous stroke at the precise moment when a disapproving looking darky crossed the edge of the course. The result was that the ball struck the negro and he fell. He realized consciousness a five-dollar check was sent into his hand by the golfer.

"Thank you, boss," said the injured man after an examination of the bill. "When is my game to be played again?" "Again, sah?" Harper's Magazine.

That Settled It.

At a cricket match an appeal was made against a batsman for obstructing the field. The out side were not quite clear as to his umpire should be asked so some asked one and some the other. "I'm not sure," said the umpire. "I'm not sure," said the umpire. "I'm not sure," said the umpire.

"I used to find that method effective, but it isn't any more. How do you manage it now?" "By giving her a nice big check," said the umpire. "By giving her a nice big check," said the umpire.

Growth.

"Whenever I have done anything for which I want my wife to forgive me, I begin by handing her a nice little check. In this way she may use the money in any way she pleases."

The Unexpected Happened.

The struggling lawyer (pompously) Anything unusual happen while I was out?

"Office Boy (after some thought): Yes, there wasn't any debt collectors called. London Id Bits.

A Fitting Person.

Shakespeare ought to have made Hamlet give that speech about rather being a dog and baying the moon."

"Why should Hamlet have said it?" "Wasn't he a great linner?"—Baltimore American.

Appreciative Patient.

"Your doctor always starts out by putting you on a simple diet."

"Yes, and it's considerable of him, in that way I may be able to pay his bill."—Washington Star.

Said She, Yawning.

Mr. Stayton—My watch has stopped. I wonder how long I've been talking. Miss Bored—You'll find a calendar in the hall.—New York American.

MR SLYVERS presented himself

at the Kranke luncheon at half past 1 o'clock in the afternoon of Thanksgiving day so hungry that while seated in the front room and talked blithely to his esteemed host he felt it would be only by the most heroic self-restraint that he would refrain from leaping at the bright gilded cage that swung in the window and swallowing the canary bird, feathers and all, without salt or pepper.

This savage attitude of Mr. Slyvers was due to the fact that he had gone into rigorous training for the turkey barbecue at Mr. Kranke's.

"You come from out of doors," observed Mr. Kranke, "probably rode on the street cars great carriers of disease street cars. But never mind. Sit here for awhile. The atmosphere is well filled with formaldehyde, which I am vaporizing over the lamp, and any disease germs you may happen to have about you will be destroyed."

Mrs. Kranke and her daughter gazed in softy and shook hands with Mr. Slyvers in the same enthusiastic manner in which they might be expected to look up a deceased cut-throat by the wall.

"Don't be afraid to eat heartily," said Mr. Kranke gently. "You'll not get typhoid fever by eating these oysters as I know you fear, although you were no well bred to say so. These oysters are not taken from ocean water but filled with germs from the cities. In fact they are not oysters at all. They are made from oyster plants raised on my father's farm down to the country."

Next came the soup. No deadly hint of ptomaine poisoning lurked in that



"I ALSO FIND ORTHOHYDROXY BENZOIC ACID HAS BEEN PUT ON THIS TURKEY."

soup. Mr. Kranke said so himself. It had been strained five times through a sieve.

"What kind of soup do you think it is?" asked Mr. Kranke, smiling at his guest.

"Bated hay," were the words on the tip of Mr. Slyvers' tongue, but he checked himself and said, "Why, mulligatawny, isn't it?"

Mr. Kranke frowned as if to indicate that if he ever knew of a mulligatawny running around in his kitchen he would catch it in a steel trap and cut its tail off close up behind its ears.

"No," he replied, "this soup is made of four herbs that grow down on our farm."

The maid then reappeared, bearing a great brown juicy turkey on an immense platter. Mr. Slyvers wanted to throw both arms around the turkey and to his head on its shoulder and weep for sheer joy, but he confined himself with an effort and waited for Mr. Kranke to order.

But instead of taking up the carving knife Mr. Kranke waited until the maid came in with a little tray on which were three or four test tubes. Mr. Slyvers looked at the test tubes, and then his eyes rested fondly and regretfully on the turkey as he hispered softly, "Goodly, Mr. Turkey."

"The butcher sent us this turkey yesterday," said Mr. Kranke, "and following my usual custom, I took small bits of it and put them in these various solutions for investigation."

"Ha," said Mr. Kranke as he examined the first tube, "as I suspected Mr. Slyvers can you believe me when I say I also find orthohydroxy benzoic acid has been put on this turkey?"

"Well," said Mr. Slyvers nervously, "that's all right. That is to say, you know, I like orthohydroxy acid. Yes, at home we used to have it on the table all the time. Of course some people like chutney sauce best, but I—"

"Why, Mr. Slyvers," said Mr. Kranke, "you don't understand. I could not permit a guest at my table to eat poison. Take the turkey away, Maggie, at once."

As the turkey went out the door Mrs. Kranke said she was sorry she could offer her guest nothing to drink because the test she had made that morning showed a large percentage of chicory in the coffee and that she had sent the milk into exile because it was suspected of harboring formaldehyde in its clothes.

It was late in the afternoon, and the white garbed student in the bacteriological laboratory at the medical college was getting ready to lock up and go home when Mr. Slyvers in a highly demoralized condition burst in.

"Hey, barshen'er!" shouted Mr. Slyvers. "Make me a germ cocktail and put a bishillus in it."—Chicago Tribune.

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