



# THANKSGIVING FOR EVERY ONE OF US



## THE THANKSGIVING GIRL

By EDGAR A. GUEST



**Y**OU may boast of the maiden of summer—  
And king of the maiden of June;  
Your winter girl may be a hummer—  
To skate with and lovingly woo;  
You may boast of the lassie bewitching  
In hobbie skirt, store puff and curl,  
But give me the maid of the kitchen—  
The reliable Thanksgiving girl.

For you be the maiden entrancing  
With eyes that are soulfully brown,  
I'm married and done with romancing,  
Past forty and now settled down.  
No foot for the dance or the may,  
Delightfully soul stirring whirl,  
But I tell you, my lads, she's a daisy—  
The gay, buxom Thanksgiving girl.

I'm forty; there's no use denying,  
The lassies no longer attract  
Or set me to woefully sighing,  
I'm scrubbed matter of fact.  
I've long ceased to notice their dresses,  
I'm scolded, perhaps, and a scurl,  
But at forty a fellow God blesses,  
The gay, buxom Thanksgiving girl.

The girl who can get up a dinner  
Of turkey and stuffing and all,  
And set it before an old sinner—  
Well, just such a sinner as I—  
And smile at the kids while I'm carving  
Is a lulu, a peach and a pearl,  
Here, Nellie, although I am starving,  
God bless you, my Thanksgiving girl!

—Detroit Free Press.

## JOB TANNER'S THANKSGIVING DINNER

By HOPE DARING

**Y**OU can't give a Thanksgiving dinner this year, Brother Job. That's sure.

"Can't, hey? I'd like to know what's to hinder."

"Mrs. Abigail Skinner raised her hands in horror. 'Now, Job, you know the Tanner Thanksgiving dinners are noted among our relatives. You don't mean to tell me that you'd dare to give a dinner to our family—the Tanners—while Sally Long does your housework. The idea is outrageous.'"

Mr. Tanner made no reply. For the space of two minutes silence reigned in the dining room of the Tanner farmhouse—a silence broken only by the ticking of the clock and the drowsy purring of the big Maltese cat as she arched her back for the slow stroking of her master's hand.

At last Mrs. Skinner spoke with a degree less than her usual assurance. "Of course I'd do most anything for you. My years of service to you have proved that. Under the circumstances I am sure Mr. Skinner will consent to overruling the preparations. I will come Monday and—"

"Oh, I wouldn't think of putting you to the trouble," her brother interrupted her to say. "You tell about years of service. That's enough."

Mrs. Skinner's thin, dark face flushed, and she moved uneasily in the cushioned rocker. "You'll have to have my help, Job. Sally can't cook a dinner fit to set before our family."

"See here, Abigail," and into the shrewd but kindly blue eyes of Job Tanner came a look his sister understood. "There's no use talking about this matter. I shall give my usual Thanksgiving dinner, and I shall not need your services."

Job Tanner had never married. In his early manhood his only sister had been left a widow with four small children. Her share of their father's

them, and before it was explained she was the wife of Will Clemens.

The door was opened by Mrs. Clemens herself. She was a plump little woman with soft black eyes and a sweet voice.

"Why, Job, I am glad to see you. Walk in. I'll have to give you a seat in the kitchen, as there is no fire in the other room."

"How cozy you are here, Mary!" Then he plunged at once into his trouble. He told of his firm determination to give his usual Thanksgiving dinner and his still firmer resolve not to accept Abigail's proffered help.

"I want you to come and plan it all," he said in conclusion. "You can have all the money to spend and all the help you want. I don't mean that you shall work hard. Will you help me, Mary?"

A delicate pink colored her cheek.

"Mrs. Skinner—what will she say?"

"It's none of her business. Say yes, Mary. I'll pay you anything you like."

She raised her head a little proudly.

"Of course I will see you no more than any one else," she began, but he broke in gladly:

"Which means that you will come Thank you, Mary."

—All the way home Job Tanner was contrasting the cozy little house he had just left with his own spacious but lonely abode. Meanwhile Mrs. Clemens was assuring herself that she was regarded by her late caller only in the light of a capable servant.

She went to her field of labor early on the Monday morning before Thanksgiving. Sally was a warm admirer of Mrs. Clemens and helped in her usual careless fashion. All things for which Mary asked were provided, even to a box of cut flowers from a neighboring city.

Thanksgiving morning dawned, gray and overcast. About a o'clock Job entered the house from the barn.

"Miss Clemens, she said for you to come in the dining room and see how things looked," was Sally's greeting.

When he opened the door he stood speechless. The old room was transformed into a tower of beauty. The bay window was filled with evergreens and adorned with yellow chrysanthemums and silver leaved begonias from Mary's home. The quaint old mahogany sideboard was filled with choice bits of china and silver, glistening molds of amber jelly, a massive silver cake basket filled with slices of rich, dark fruit cake and a bowl of scarlet carnations. The long table was spread with fine linen and ornamented with amilies and roses. On a low vine draped stand between the side windows was a pyramid of apples, oranges and bananas.

"It all looks good enough to eat. And so do you," he went on, noting her well fitting brown gingham dress, white apron and pink ribbon at her throat. "Mary, you make my home a paradise. Stay here as my wife."

She grew very pale. Twice she essayed to speak, but the words died on her lips. It was not until he came nearer that she found her voice.

"No, no. You ask me because you are sorry for me and your home is lonely. I cannot be your wife on these terms."

"I do not see why you cannot. I will be good to you, Mary."

She smiled, although her lips quivered preciously. "I know you would, Job. There is something else."

"Not another man?"

"Oh, no. Please don't ask any more. I have a right to know. You must tell me why you cannot be my wife."

There was a grave dignity in his voice that she could not dismiss. She must tell him the truth.

"Because I love you, Job Tanner. Nay, do not interrupt me. You would indeed be good to me, but I know too well the result of a union where the love is all on one side, and so I will not be your wife. Now, not a word more on the subject. I have outraged my sense of womanly pride, but you made me speak. And before he could recover from his astonishment she had taken refuge in the kitchen.

"Where is Mrs. Clemens, Sally?" he asked.

Sally paused, disheveled in one hand and a half washed plate in the other. "Where, indeed?" He recognized the tone as one that marked the height of Sally's displeasure. "She's gone home, div—off by—that sister of yours! Hump! I'd just like to give Abigail Skinner a piece of my mind. I come right near doing it, but Miss Clemens—the lamb—she begged me to keep still."

A little skillful questioning put Job in possession of the facts. Mrs. Skinner had entered the kitchen and plainly expressed to Mrs. Clemens the surprise and indignation of the family concerning the widow's presence.

"Said as how they were all giddy as how she was a throwin' of herself at my head," Sally went on. "Mary

Clemens wouldn't marry you now—how if she would you'd be a bigger fool than you air now not to take her."

Job did not tarry for any more words. Pulling his hat well down over his eyes, he opened the door and set off toward the Clemens cottage.

Upon reaching the home of Mrs. Clemens he walked in without knocking. The lamp was lighted, and Mary was in the sitting room. She sprang up, hastily wiping her eyes.

"I know all about it, Mary," he began. "There is not a word of truth in Abigail's cruel speech. She is jealous, and, Mary, there is something else."

She looked at him wearily. "Please don't say anything more. After my mad words of this morning the greatest kindness you can do me is to spare me the mortification of seeing you."

"But it is what you call your mad words that I must speak about once, Mary," he said gently, yet in such a masterful way that she could not but listen. "I've made a discovery since morning—I again ask you to be my wife not because I am sorry for you, not because I long for the comfort your presence will bring into my home, but because I love you."

He took both her trembling hands in his firm grasp. "I've loved you all these years, Mary, but never understood until today what made my life so empty. Ah, this is a real Thanksgiving!" And Job Tanner gathered the woman he loved close in his arms.

## AN APOSTROPHE TO THE TURKEY

Yet the Noble Bird is Not Essential to Thanksgiving.

**TURKEY** roasted good and brown, stuffed with chestnuts and corn, served with luscious berry sauce; turkey that makes a turkey and needs neither a microscope to proclaim its existence nor a telescope to proclaim its value. It is the real Thanksgiving turkey, the property sanctified and made more so by the water in its cooking. It is the turkey that makes the turkey and the turkey that makes the turkey. It is the turkey that makes the turkey and the turkey that makes the turkey. It is the turkey that makes the turkey and the turkey that makes the turkey.

That is the sort of bird that grace every table in the land. Thanksgiving day. Of course not be found in every family. Its eyes are expansive and times are but in these holiday times. It is a poor sort of person cannot stretch his imagination enough to put a pair of wings juky breakfast. It is the turkey that makes the turkey and the turkey that makes the turkey. It is the turkey that makes the turkey and the turkey that makes the turkey.

Why and how the turkey came linked with the religious feast do not appear unless the ghost of old thought it but right and to feast the stomach and the neighbor and soiled the turkey cause of its many epicures who the stomach's best friend. It is to know that the festival day and proud bird are associated for all to come.

## THANKSGIVING PRAYER

By CORA M. W. GREENLEAF

FILL thou my heart with gratitude today  
For every friendly word and kindly smile  
And even the smallest blessing 'long the way  
That cheers my saddened heart a little while.

I thank thee for the sunshine and the rain;  
I thank thee for my laughter and my pain;  
I thank thee for the common things of life  
When want and need and poverty are rife.

I thank thee, Lord, that grief can't always last,  
That there's an end to sorrow's darkest day  
That give me gratitude for pleasures past,  
My joys that thou hast sent me to take away.

Oh treasures that were lent me for awhile,  
And then recalled, O help me, Lord, to smile,  
And say, "Thy will be done," sincere and true,  
And give me work these empty hands can do.

For all my cruel sorrow and mistakes  
I humbly offer thanks to thee today.  
If thus I've learned to soothe a heart that aches  
Or turn some wanderer's feet back to the way.

That leads to home and heaven and peace and God,  
Ours only can I thank thee for the rod;  
To help another mourner to bear his loss,  
Ours only can I learn to kiss thy cross.

## THE TURKEY IN HOTELS.

Two Chefs Give Their Methods of Preparing Thanksgiving Bird.

That noble bird the turkey, strains alluringly before the vision of every housewife in the country. Rene Anlard, chef at the Waldorf-Astoria, New York, tells how he cooks the Waldorf turkey in the "favorite American way," as he puts it. He says:

"Begin with the stuffing. Soak sufficient bread in milk and then strain through a cloth. Mix in chopped bacon, onions, a small quantity of chopped eggs, sage, chopped parsley and salt and pepper. This is the most generally used stuffing. Of course the turkey is cooked according to size. A very large bird would take two hours and a half. A medium sized bird would take from an hour to two hours. The bird should be poured on the upside of the bird while it is cooking to produce a rich yellow color. Then there is another stuffing that we prepare on state occasions. This is a fancy stuffing, with finely chopped flavored meats, truffles and Madeira wine. These ingredients are mixed with milk soaked bread."

Auguste Bisson, chef at the Hotel Astor, gave the following Thanksgiving day recipe:

"Bread soaked in milk and strained. Mix in sausage meat, chopped cooked chestnuts, a bit of pork, sage and salt and pepper. Every once in awhile pour the gravy over the breast until the desired color is attained. This keeps the bird juicy."

Nevertheless these chefs declare the old fashioned way is the best and that probably American housewives know more about the cooking of a turkey than they do—



property was gone, so Job unhesitatingly offered herself and family a home. For twenty years he had cared for them, educating the children and submitting to Abigail's exactions.

At last the boys and girls were all settled in life. Then their mother married Mr. Skinner. She was a grasping, covetous woman and upon learning that her new husband was a far less wealthy man than she had supposed tried to retain her olden sway over her brother's domestic affairs.

"I don't see my way out of it," Job admitted to herself. "Thanksgiving is only ten days off. Sally's good enough in her way, but she is a poor cook and no kind of a housekeeper. That was Abigail's strong point—she kept my house well. I'd as soon have Sally's work, though, as to have Abigail's scolding and whining. But it will never do to set company down to a Thanksgiving dinner cooked by Sally. Let me see—"

The November sunshine lay warm and mellow over the brown fields, heaps of russet leaves bordered the roadside, and the voices of the men at work in a field near by came to him on the clear air. His eyes swept the familiar landscape. Suddenly he started.

"If she only would! Mary's a prime cook, and they say she is glad of a chance to earn a little money. Poor Mary! It's a shame Clemens didn't leave her enough to take care of herself. Well, I'll go over and see her this evening."

The Widow Clemens and Job had been schoolmates. There had been a time when he had hoped that they might be still more to each other, but a misunderstanding had arisen between

## THANKSGIVING

For love that made us as the sons of God;  
For all the sorrow by that great love wrought;  
For burning pathways that our feet have trod;  
For all ambitions which have come to naught;  
For woe that made our courage true and strong;  
For cruel words that stirred to self control;  
For short delays that patience might be long;  
For sacrifice and therefore breadth of soul;  
For bitter pain and for that pain's surcease;  
For all temptations by our minds abhorred;  
For life, for death, and death's great daughter, Peace.  
We thank thee, Lord!

—Eve Brodtko.

**A Real Cause For Thankfulness.**  
A happy maid hugged her victor wildly in gloe  
In the shades of the Thanksgiving night,  
She laughed and exulted, with joy in her soul,  
Till her face was a beautiful sight.

The great game was over. The dread she had felt  
Was dispersed now by victory's sun.  
The football eleven has been crowned to  
Had finished the season—and won!

—New York Times.

**Thanksgiving Contrasts.**  
HE burglar is thankful that he's on,  
The politician that he's in,  
The new reporter for a beat  
The seasoned gambler for a squib,  
The tourist that at last he's off,  
The erstwhile victim that he's on,  
The climber when he has "arrived,"  
The auctioneer when all is gone,  
Some folk when with time is blessed,  
The turkey if he isn't dressed,  
—Eunice Ward in Puck.

## Thanksgiving—The Home Day

By REV. DR. N. D. HILLIS.

**T**HANKSGIVING is the home day. It is the day for the heart and its affections. It is a day for the dreams and the ideals of youth and maiden. It is a day for youth away from home to freshen their hopes and kindle anew their aspirations. Upon this day the son returns to his mother and the daughter to her father, together with the little flock. Upon this day the fire burns brightly on the old hearthstone, and those far off on sea or land look longingly toward the family festival, even as a bird after long travels longs for its nest. This festival of the family is wholly American, keeping no tradition, echoing no foreign custom, commemorating no hero, no epoch, no revolution. Our fathers founded this holiday that stood for the home as the typical American institution. America is the only nation in the world that has a holiday devoted to the home and the family.

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