

### Let's All Give Thanks to Mother!

By CHARLES N. LURIE.  
WHEN father carves the turkey  
Tis then sweet scents arise,  
Our senses gratifying  
Through noses and through eyes.

Then father holds the center  
Of Yankee's bread stage;  
He stands there like a hero  
Of ancient lineage.



"FOR YOU HAVE CARVED THE PUMPKIN THAT MAKE THE GOLDEN PIE."

But who's this in the background  
So modest ideas from view?  
Come forward, mother worker,  
And take what is your due!

Let father carve the turkey.  
Ye are the greater prize,  
For you have carved the pumpkin  
That makes the golden pie.

### A WORLD THANKSGIVING.

Why should America have monopoly of the Holiday?

This being the Thanksgiving season, it should be the proper time to ask why the United States of America has a monopoly on the celebration of a day of thanks to the supreme Giver for the blessings he has conferred.

Why is there not a day of universal thanks, when all the civilized nations of the earth could get together for one day and proffer their thanks for the blessings they have received? Every civilized nation recognizes a supreme Ruler and Author of all good, and Christian, Jew, Mohammedan, Buddhist and Confucian could unite for one day at least in the brotherhood of thankfulness.

It would be a beautiful idea if we in America who instituted this day of thanks could pass its spirit all around the world and know that on this day, when we pause a while to offer thanks, every other nation was doing the same. That would be a unity which has never yet been attained, but of which no man of any faith can give any good and sufficient reason for its nonexistence.

There is absolutely no argument against a day of universal thanks, and if anybody—Jew or gentile—can object to it I should like to know the nature of his objection. The feeling of gratefulness is a common heritage of mankind, and, as it is, why should mankind hesitate to become a unit in its acknowledgment? We can have world expositions, world congresses, world societies, world tribunals, so why not a world Thanksgiving day?—W. J. Lampson in Letter to New York World.

**Give Thanks!**  
Praise God for wheat so white and sweet  
Of which to make our bread!  
Praise God for yellow corn with which his  
wailing world is fed!  
Praise God for fish and fowl and fowl he  
gave to man for food!  
Praise God for every creature which he  
made and called it good!  
Praise God for winter's store of ice, praise  
God for summer's heat!  
Praise God for fruit tree bearing seed  
"To you it is for meat."  
Praise God for all the bounty by which  
the world is fed.  
Praise God, his children all to whom he  
gives their daily bread.  
—Edward Everett Hale

Old ideas die hard. A dispatch from Holland speaks of "the concert of the powers."

In the matter of poverty's joys the majority of us are overjoyed most of the time.

The man who borrows trouble doesn't have to worry over insistent demands for its return.

The world old question of how the other half lives is fast being answered in the negative.

The next crop of European tourists will have a fine assortment of new ruins to inspect.

It often happens that a critical point in life comes to us disguised as an everyday incident.

The Hague is now located as a small section of peace influence entirely surrounded by war.

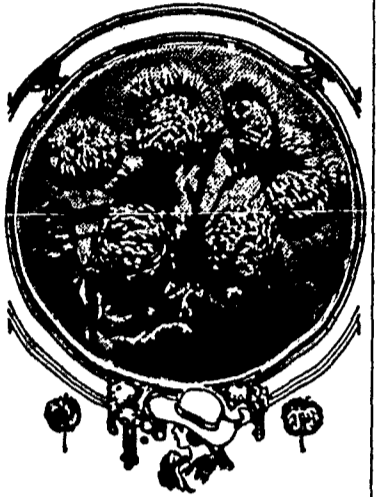
A man with a good conscience is not afraid when there is a knock at the door at midnight.

The optimist is a welcome visitor, but the pessimist's room is worth more than his company.

### Autumnal Glories For Thanksgiving

The autumnal glories left to us in the fields and woods in November in many parts of the United States furnish material for charming and seasonable table decorations for the Thanksgiving dinner. In addition, of course, the forest may be called upon, especially for the chrysanthemum, always a seasonable and favorite bloom.

While the smoked bamboo basket is well liked as a fashionable centerpiece table basket, the woman who is not fortunate enough to possess one may substitute a wicker basket and carry out a pretty scheme. This is to fill the basket with a mixture of oranges, late pears, apples and other fruits. Twine a mass of the silvery clematis around this and bring it over the edges, putting alternately red, brown or yellow oak leaves mixed with scarlet bitter-sweet in the decoration, extending it well out over the white cloth. To



THE CHRYSANTHEMUM, MAINE'S FAVORITE TABLE FLOWER.

brighten add berries and leaves where over taste suggests—in trailing lines of clematis and leaves or irregularly.

The table lights should be of candles in mahogany, glass, brass or silver sticks, shaded with autumn colors. To make these use a silvery gray paper and stencil or paint on the shades this autumn leaves or shape the four sides of each shade like a maple or oak leaf, tinting them with autumnal colors. A spray of bitter-sweet berries at each plate, with place cards to match the candle shades, completes the decorative ensemble.—Philadelphia Record.

### "THANKS-LIVING."

Proper Way to Show Gratitude is Doing Good to Others.

Thanksgiving presupposes thankfulness. One cannot give thanks unless he feels thankful, and this feeling is a cultivated habit. As an expression of simple politeness it is not an innate but an inbred trait. Much more is this the case when we consider the thanks that are due to a beneficent Creator in a time when luxuries are counted as necessities, a sense of repletion or dissatisfaction is often felt which makes us blind to the everyday, commonplace favors that we enjoy. Make a list of the essential and vital boons with which your life is blessed and your heart will begin to glow with thankfulness.

It is no accident that "think" and "thank" come from the same root. Thanklessness is usually the result of thoughtlessness. But we are more apt to be thoughtless about the favors that come from God through the workings of his beneficent laws than about the material gifts that come from the hand of a fellow man. Stevenson has well said: "Keep your eyes upon your mercies. That part of piety is eternal, and the man who forgets to be thankful has fallen asleep in life."

Above all, the true thanksgiving is thanks living, in the deed of the hand as well as the word of the lip. By giving some one else a reason for thankfulness through your kindness, you provide a proper outlet for the burning, overflowing gratitude of your own heart. For the common prosperity, for four individual blessings, for what you have not as well as what you have, "in everything give thanks."—Rev Robert J. Pilgrim of Pittsburgh.

**John's Chance.**  
Wife—Now, John, my sister Belle and her steady are coming to call on us to night. So you must act the part of an ideally happy married man. She's not quite sure of him yet. John sagaciously—Leave it to me! That lobster trim med me in a horse trade once! Leave it to me!—Boston Globe.

**Cured Her.**  
"I cured my wife of quarrelling about wanting her own way in everything."  
"How?"  
"I let her have it!"—Boston Transcript.

**Wrong System.**  
"Biggins doesn't get on."  
"No. He insists on figuring on the high cost of living instead of on how to get the price."—Washington Star.

**He that plants thorns must never expect to gather thorns.—Pilpay.**

**Wasted Effort.**  
Smith—H. Peck went on a silence strike the other day, but it did no good. Thomas—Why not? Smith—Mrs. H. Peck wouldn't stop talking long enough to notice it.—Judge.

# The Thankful Heart

For all that God in mercy sends,  
For health and children, home and friends;  
For comforts in the time of need,  
For every kindly word or deed,  
For happy thoughts and holy talk,  
For guidance in our daily walk.  
In everything, give thanks.

For beauty in this world of ours,  
For verdant grass and lovely flowers,  
For songs of birds, and hum of bees,  
For the refreshing summer's breeze,  
For hill and plain, for stream and wood,  
For the great ocean's mighty flood—  
In everything give thanks.

For the sweet sleep which comes with night,  
For the returning morning light,  
For the bright sun which shines on high,  
For the stars glittering in the sky—  
For these, and everything we see,  
O, Lord, we lift our hearts to thee;  
In everything, give thanks!

—Cupper.

### THANKSGIVING AT THE WHITE HOUSE

"HAIL to the chief!" That particular line of the patriotic hymn certainly applies at this season to the national bird—the turkey, and not the eagle. From the sun-kissed sands of the Gulf to the snow-capped mountains, crests of Alaska, from the burning deserts of Arizona to the bleak, storm-washed rocks of Maine, the turkey is king. Millions of Americans will pay him tribute. On the plain dinner table of the farmhouse, on the silver laden board of the city banker, in the cabin, in the mines and cars whirling along their tracks of steel, beneath the glow of electric lights and the sounds of music floating from behind palms or with the gleam of the tallow dip, the sovereign is the same, proudly resting



IN THE STATE DINING ROOM OF THE WHITE HOUSE

in his bed of brown gray, his portly sides crackling with deliciousness. Thanksgiving is a great day at the White House. The turkey intended for the president each year is a magnificent one, weighing about twenty eight pounds. It reaches the White House a few days before the great dinner by express, already killed. When roasted it is truly a sight to make Lucullus' mouth water with envy.

The turkey is cooked in a kitchen which is a model for cleanliness and comfort. On one side of the room is an immense range, at least twelve feet in length, and above hangs a large iron hood, which carries off any odor. The tables are two in number and covered with zinc. Above them is a hanging rod full of hooks, from which depend rows of shining saucers of all sizes. The floor is covered with linoleum in a pretty design, and the whole place is lighted by electricity. There are three cooks, but the number of "help" at the White House is sixteen, which includes the maids, handresses and waiters.

The dishes are washed in a patent affair. By means of a dumb waiter the meals are taken right up to the butler's pantry, which adjoins the dining room and contains the presses full of china of all administrations and of every variety of beautiful design. There are historic sets which have come down from the earliest days, for nearly every president's wife has added to the collection. Of china used by Lincoln there are about 100 pieces left, the figuring and coloring being quaint and the dish bordered by a rippling de-

sign inside of which is a broad band of color.

There are about the same number of pieces left of a set which was bought and used by the Grants. Roosevelt paid the sum of \$22,000 for a set of white and gold china, which numbered 3,000 pieces. One of the prettiest sets is that purchased by Mrs. Benjamin Harrison. The edge is a wide band of blue, and in the white center of the plate appears an exquisitely dainty picture of the American eagle resting on a shield.

The fish sets are all decorated with painted pictures of all kinds of specimens of the finny tribe, and the china used for game has pretty pictures of wild fowl in the air or standing among the reeds. There is even a plate which once belonged in the Confederate White House and one given to Washington by the Society of the Cincinnati. All of the silver at the White House is marked "The President's House."

Other than having a monster turkey to grace his table, the president's dinner will be about the same as that of any other well-to-do American.—Washington Star.

### When the Ancient Jews Gave Thanks.

Three thousand years ago witnessed the Jewish feast of tabernacles, with its magnificent rituals, melodious choirs and picturesque festivities. For eight days the people ceased their work to "eat, drink and be merry." During the time great throngs gathered in and around Jerusalem for several days, living in booths formed of the branches of the olive, pine, myrtle and palm and decorated with fruits and flowers. Grand public pageants were held, and, in addition to these, every household had its worship, its sacrifices and its banquet.

### AN OLD THANKSGIVING FAVORITE

By LYDIA MARIA CHILD.

OVER the river and through the wood  
To grandma's house we go.  
The horse knows the way  
To carry the sleigh  
Through the white and drifted snow.

Over the river and through the wood—  
Oh, how the wind does blow!  
It stings the toes  
And bites the nose  
As over the ground we go.

Over the river and through the wood  
To have a first rate play  
Hear the bells ring,  
"Ting-a-ling-ding!"  
Hurrah for Thanksgiving day!



THROUGH THE WHITE AND DRIFTED SNOW.

Over the river and through the wood  
Trot fast, my dapple gray!  
Spring over the ground  
Like a hunting hound,  
For this is Thanksgiving day!

Over the river and through the wood  
And straight through the barnyard gate.  
We seem to go  
Extremely slow—  
It is so hard to wait!

Over the river and through the wood—  
Now grandmother's cap I spy!  
Hurrah for the fun!  
Is the pudding done?  
Hurrah for the pumpkin pie!

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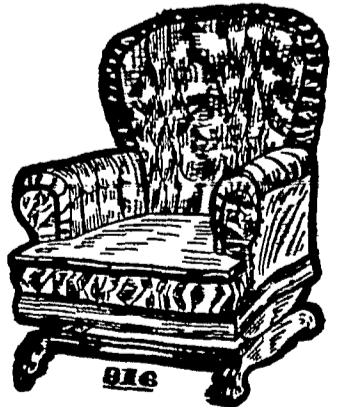
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