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**A Homemade Thanksgiving Dinner**

By ELEANOR MARSH

Roger Chamberlin lived at home with his mother and an older sister. The Chamberlins were well to do and kept two servants. Until recent years a cook and chambermaid were considered essential in every well regulated family. Half a century ago excellent servants were to be had at reasonable wages and were a great relief and comfort, but nowadays, when women work in factories, servants are scarce, independent and not of the former grade. If the Chamberlin family kept a servant six months they thought they were doing well. Even then many of the choice bits brought to the table were spoiled in the cooking. Take it all together, the servant question was with them what it is with most families, a destroyer of domestic comfort.

A few days before Thanksgiving Mrs. Chamberlin's cook left her. The family were invited to dine with a relative. Mrs. Chamberlin and her daughter accepted, but Roger preferred his club.

Now, there was a girl, Alice Woodruff, who had been for some time trying to land Mr. Chamberlin, but he had stood off, and she had been unable to get a "glitch" on him. She heard that he was intending to dine on Thanksgiving at his club and conceived the idea of putting a bait before his eyes with a hook in the shape of a Thanksgiving dinner cooked by herself, for she was a natural born cook.

Miss Woodruff wrote Mr. Chamberlin inviting him to dinner on Thanksgiving, stating at the same time that there would be no turkey, no cranberry sauce, no boiled onions, no pumpkin pie. What would be on the table would be cooked by herself. They would dine alone, her mother, who was not well, dining in her room.

A hundred dollar bill dangling over Mr. Chamberlin's head could not have pleased him so much as this invitation. It was not only getting rid of the turkey and other Thanksgiving appointments, but she spent the interval before the dinner conjuring up delectable dishes that would be on the table. He accepted at once.

Now, Miss Woodruff's plan was either a stroke of genius or doomed to a dreadful failure. Not one woman in a hundred is fitted to carry out such a plan. A cook, like a poet is born, not made. Many ladies have never studied cooking, many have studied and not learned it, and many who can prepare a good dinner must come to the dining room with a flaming face and apparel covered with grease spots, to say nothing of a coiffure awry—a repellent sight to a lover.

Now, listen to what Alice Woodruff did. She cooked that dinner in snow white apparel, her best dinner costume. When Mr. Chamberlin was announced she kept him waiting but a few minutes, when she went directly from the kitchen to the drawing room. Then she excused herself for a few minutes to put a few finishing touches on to the viands and returned to her guest, while her maid put the dinner on the table.

"I thought," said Mr. Chamberlin, "that you were to cook the dinner yourself."

"I have cooked it myself and with no one's assistance."

"But the maid?"

"She simply serves it and acts as waitress."

"You don't mean to say that you cooked a dinner in that costume?"

"I do."

"But you look as if you had just come out of a bandbox."

"I have just come out of the kitchen."

The first course was a soup, the like of which Mr. Chamberlin had never tasted before. Then there was a skip of the fish course, and a spread eagle chicken was produced. There were cream potatoes with it, but the name does not describe the dish. These cream potatoes are a luxury in themselves. They were fine chopped, and one eating them could scarcely tell the cream from the potato, while the parsley gave the whole a delicious flavor. With this course was a dish of spaghetti cooked with tomatoes—marvelously tasty.

"This is not a course dinner," said the hostess when these viands were finished. "There are many kinds of dinners, but a dinner to be cooked at home by a member of the family should consist of few dishes."

"And every one delicious, as in this case."

When Mr. Chamberlin saw the dessert come on he looked disappointed. It was ice cream, and men don't usually care for ice cream. But when he put this ice cream into his mouth he cut up his eyes, and a pleasant smile passed over the lips that had just closed upon it.

"Why, it's made of cream," he said. "Certainly, no confection in it."

"You made it yourself?"

"Certainly, except that the maid turned the freezer."

After Mr. Chamberlin had been helped three times to the ice cream and the cake that melted in his mouth the dinner was finished.

The rest of the work fell upon the maid, while hostess and guest retired to a sofa before a bright fire. What occurred there is a matter between themselves, but the next Thanksgiving the two dined together as man and wife.

**PRESIDENTS' MESSAGES.**

They Traveled Slowly in the Days Before the Railroads.

In the brave old days before railroads were built the utmost exertions were made to expedite the conveyance of a president's message, and stage-coaches bearing copies of one of these important documents established new records in transportation.

There were famous drivers in those stagecoach days, and they did their greatest feats in speeding to the westward messages of presidents. One of the most expert reinmen was Homer Westover. With copies of a special message sent to congress by President Van Buren, Westover drove from Uniontown to Brownsville, a distance of twenty miles, in forty-five minutes. This message of President Van Buren was taken from Frederick to Wheeling, 222 miles, in twenty-three and one-half hours.

Another famous driver was Redding Bunting, who guided the six matched horses that drew the big mail coach of the Stockton line. Seymour Dunbar, author of "A History of Travel in America," says that perhaps the greatest of Bunting's great accomplishments was performed when his coach carried copies of President Polk's message, in which the country was notified that war with Mexico had begun. On that occasion Bunting drove 131 miles in twelve hours. His passengers recovered.

In the early decades of the nineteenth century presidential messages were awaited by the public with great interest, but that was not the only reason why stage lines made their best time when carrying these documents.

These lines carried the mails, and the postoffice department attached much importance to the speed that was made by coaches while conveying a president's message in the mails. We are told by "A History of Travel" that for occasions of this sort the most ambitious and expert drivers were selected, and as one of them sped across the country, urging on his six horses from the top of a heavy and careening vehicle, the population of all the region along the road gathered to watch and cheer him. There was no profit to the stage lines in this business. Relays of horses had to be provided at much more frequent intervals than was usual, and valuable animals were ruined by the exertions to which they were forced.

President Monroe's message of Dec. 7, 1810, was seventy-eight days on its journey from the national capital to Little Rock, not arriving there until Feb. 22, 1820. But President Jackson's annual message of Dec. 8, 1820, was hurried from Washington to Little Rock in the "astonishing time" of fourteen days, and on Dec. 20, 1823, the Arkansas Gazette said, "Thus have the improvements which have been made in the expedition of the mails brought us, as it were, sixty-four days nearer the city of the general government than we were ten years ago."

**FIRST GRAND OPERA**

Peri's "Dafne" Marked the Start of a New Era in Music.

**WAS SUNG ONLY IN PRIVATE.**

Its Performances Were Confined to the Palace of Corsi, and the Score is Lost to the World—The First Opera Given in Public Was "Eurydice."

There is no form of music so generally popular with all classes today as opera—the combination of action and music. Opera has made extensive strides during the last century, although its origin is very remote. It came through a gradual course of development from almost the beginning of the Christian era. Earliest librettists were such eminent men as Aeschylus and Sophocles, who accompanied their spoken drama with a band of lyres and flutes.

But grand opera, as we understand it today originated about the end of the sixteenth century, when Jacopo Peri's opera "Dafne" was first presented. It originated through the gathering of a small party of music lovers at the home of a Florentine nobleman. These patrons of art set themselves in the spirit of the renaissance to rediscover the music of the Greek drama.

Theories grew into actualities when a performance of "Dafne" was celebrated in the palace of Corsi in 1600. This opera was successfully performed several times, but always in private, and now the score is not discoverable.

The public had the privilege of hearing opera five years later, when two settings of "Eurydice" were made, one by Peri and the other by Caccini. Both the operas were produced in part during the marriage celebration of Henry IV and Marie de Medici at the Petit palace on Oct. 6, 1600.

Measuring the accomplishments of these enthusiasts with the opera of not many years later, the former must appear ridiculous and very wide of the mark. But here at least was a step in an untrodden path. Opera was now on a basis which admitted of development. Its career had begun.

"Eurydice" was the first Italian opera ever performed in public, and the work excited an extraordinary amount of attention. The score was first published in Florence in 1600 and was dedicated to Marie de Medici, and it was printed in 1608 in Venice, a copy of the latter being well preserved in the library of the British museum.

For fifty years "Eurydice" remained the luxury of nobles, being performed only before courts during special festivals. Monteverde added the overture to the Peri opera.

The next important operatic work to be produced was that of Monteverde, entitled "Orfeo," which was presented in 1607, and a year later "Arianna." These two operas left Peri and his comrades far in the rear. Work along this line developed slowly until 1637, when the Teatro di San Cassiano was opened at Venice, which was the first public opera house. Now that the masses had a voice in the matter, it soon became evident that the people must be pleased and the Florentine ideals forgotten.

Later in the century the melody of the aria was enriched by two composers named Cavalli and Costi. The opera, by stimulating solo singing and by reviving a taste for the beauties of popular melody, supplies the necessary incentive for the elaborating of sweet sounding and finished melodic themes. Cavalli was a tireless worker, and he produced close to forty different operas, none of which has survived.

Scarlatti, who followed, was another tireless worker, his first opera having been produced in Rome in 1670, after which he brought out more than sixty others. From that period to the present day the Italian composer has held its place with the greatest of any countries and has produced more operas than all the other countries combined.

The earliest operas in France were composed by Lully at the end of the seventeenth century and Rameau at the beginning of the eighteenth century, but they were little more than imitations of the Italian style. The basis of the French opera was laid by Gluck in the latter half of the eighteenth century. Meyerbeer, Rossini, Gounod and Thomas represented the most popular of the successors of Gluck, with the more modern Massenet and Charpentier.

In Germany until the rise of Wagner the opera was marked by little national originality. Mozart was the first opera writer among the German composers. To Weber especially will remain the glory of having first founded a distinct German operatic style.—Washington Post.

**HOW**

To Plant Trees So That They Thrive Wonderfully

I CANNOT understand why so many of the trees I planted last spring failed to grow. They were as fine a lot as I ever saw, straight, shapely and well rooted, and I set them out with more than ordinary care, but nearly one-half of them never put forth a leaf. What do you think was the reason?

Complaints of this sort are frequently received from disappointed tree planters, and we believe the most frequent cause of failure is careless handling of the stock after it leaves the nursery. Sometimes this carelessness is the fault of the purchaser, but more often of the dealer who buys trees in large quantities for his retail trade. The nurseryman as a rule packs the stock carefully, knowing full well the danger of exposure of the roots to air and sunlight.

Exposure of the tender rootlets of trees and shrubs to sun and wind for even a short time is extremely injurious and should never be allowed. They should be carefully wrapped and kept damp from the moment they leave their native soil until they are transplanted.

Frequently the thoughtless or inexperienced planter is to blame rather than the dealer. Perhaps he is not quite ready to plant when the stock arrives and, instead of "heeling in" the trees or shrubs or storing them in a dark, damp place, allows them to remain exposed for some time until the roots are so badly dried out that they are practically dead before planting. Such neglect, whether the fault of shipper or purchaser, is a frequent cause of failure and discouragement in tree planting.

**HANGING PICTURES.**

Why Some Pictures Belong Only to Certain Rooms.

The personality of the owner should be expressed in the pictures in the home, according to Miss Araminta Holman, instructor in domestic art in the Kansas State Agricultural college.

"A picture may be suitable for a room, but quite out of place in another," says Miss Holman. "For hanging reception room should pay homage to the good taste of the guests. The family bedroom may be filled with many heirloom portraits, but in any room family portraits are best in the closet or drawer unless the original stood for some trait of character worthy of emulation or unless their portraits were painted by masters.

"Any one can purchase photographs of the best. A poor original is worthless, while a good reproduction of a masterpiece may be priceless in the formation of one's own taste and character.

"Do away with the inevitable mountings of fish and game in the dining room. A dead rabbit on a scale, a fish out of harmony with the table service and is not conducive to an enjoyable meal. For a deft blue dining room Dutch pictures repeating the color scheme of the room are good. Otherwise the same kind of pictures may be used in the dining room that are used in the living room."

**How to Make Your Child Grow Up to Be Beautiful.**

Every mother desires that her child shall be beautiful, but beauty on the outside is born of health on the inside. The same is true of beauty of disposition or of what we are wont to term "goodness" in the child. It is exceedingly difficult for people of mature years, possessed of some degree of self control, to be bright, cheerful and amiable with a body suffering with ill health. How much more so for the child!

Every child may not be endowed with perfect symmetry of face and figure, but the sunny disposition, the clear complexion, the rosy cheeks, the gleaming eye, the ruby lips, the pearly teeth, the plump form, together with perfect poise of body, which all may cultivate, will lend even a greater charm.

Early beginnings count for much in matters pertaining to health, as with all other things connected with child culture. Upon the right treatment of the little babe during the first year depends much of its subsequent well being.

**How to Bake Cookies Like Mother Used to Make.**

The secret of making good cookies is to use just enough flour to roll them without sticking. To do this take several thicknesses of white muslin, or part of an old sheet folded to fit the board will do. Sprinkle with flour. Take part of the dough at a time and roll with light touch, never pressing hard on cookie or doughnut dough. The following recipe is fit for a king: A cupful of butter or melted butter and lard, one-half cupful of sugar, three good tablespoonfuls of cold water, in which dissolve a level teaspoonful of soda; two eggs, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, a teaspoonful of cinnamon, small teaspoonful of cloves, a cupful of dates and nuts (not chopped, but cut fine). Bake in quick oven not too hot.

**How to Mend Broken China So It Won't Show Cracks.**

The best means for mending china, porcelain or pottery of any description is white oil paint. Buy a tube of a good make and use it like tube paste. If you have a box of oil colors add enough of any tint to the white to match the broken article, but the white paint does not show and is astonishingly effective.

**One View of Golf.**

Many anecdotes are told of some of the curious ideas held about golf by people to whom it was a new and strange game before its modern popularity had set in. One woman who had evidently had a near view of the game said: "It is played by two men. One is a gentleman and the other is a common man. The common man sticks a ball on a lump of dirt, and the gentleman knocks it off."

**One of the great lessons of this life is to learn not to do what one likes, but to like what one does.—Hugh Black.**

**Coddle the Cows.**

Cows are tenderly cared for in Holland. They are blanketed in damp or cold weather in the pastures.

Repentance is the golden key that opens the palace of eternity.—Milton