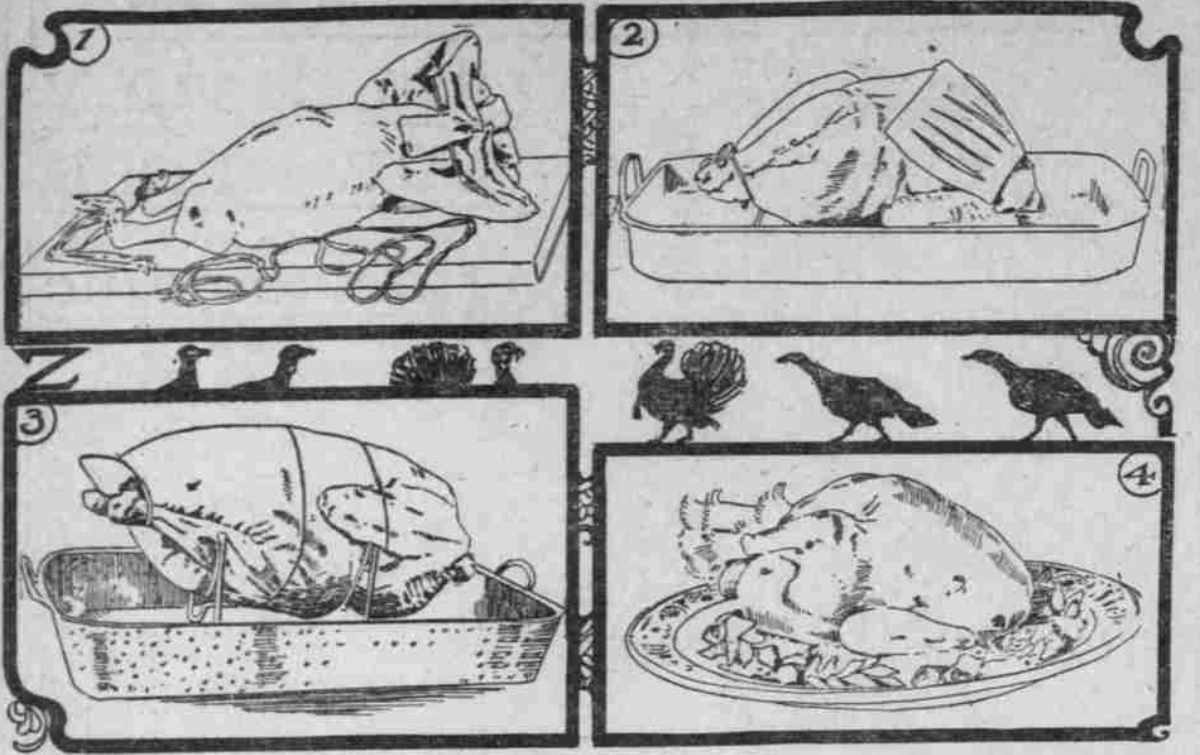


How Thanksgiving Turkey Should Be Prepared

Lillian Tingle Explains Gentle Art of Leading Great American Bird From the Gobbler to the Gravy.



1. Trussing the Turkey; showing position of wings at back and the use of trussing needle. 2. Turkey trussed for roasting, with sheet of salt pork protecting the breast. 3. Turkey trussed for roasting, showing method of cooking breast downward. 4. Turkey roasted and garnished with celery tips.

THOUGHTS of Thanksgiving day and of turkey are one and inseparable. A good Thanksgiving dinner means, first and foremost, a good turkey, and plenty of it—turkey roasted to a turn, rich brown without, tender and juicy within, and surrounded, as befits the king of the feast, by aromatic gravy, stews and vegetables, to say nothing of the all-important stuffing. Well has the poet sung of "The Festive Turkey":

Flow to all other fowls preferred—
Except perhaps our public bird
Of mighty beak and ponderous wing—
That, with a watering mouth, I sing!
Of all birds' dainties there is none
Like this, to thank the Lord upon.

But though you may "Love his breast and wings, legs, back, and other things," when the bird comes to the table, you may also, if you are a non-fledged, inexperienced housekeeper, regard him with very different feelings when his legs before you on the kitchen floor, pointing legs, incredibly long, lank neck, and most mysterious internal arrangements.

I could tell a serious story about one bride with her first turkey, who "shed so many tears over him that he scarcely needed either washing or salting," but instead I offer a few simple directions which may perhaps prove helpful in preventing similar tragedies. Many excellent cook books have a cheerful habit of beginning: "Dress clean, stuff and truss a ten-pound turkey and place in a dripping pan"—but I shall have to go a little more into detail; so if you know already how to do these things you may "skip" what follows.

Don't Look for Bargains.

First the inexperienced housekeeper should remember that if she wants a really good turkey she should not look for bargains. Bargains in food are apt to be dear in the end, especially in poultry and meats purchased by the unskilled provider. Turkeys at Thanksgiving time are of various grades and prices. The best way, and the cheapest in the end, is to order early from a man who has a reputation to live up to. In selecting a turkey you should know that feathers, inside and out, should be clean and many hairs, an old one; that pliable brittle in the breast bone is another sign of youth; that smooth black legs are most correct; and that, in spite of the use of the masculine pronoun, a hen turkey is usually preferable to a rooster. As for size, that of course, depends upon your pocket and the size of your party, but an eight or ten-pound bird is generally considered "a good, useful size."

Don't have the feet cut off. The market man will tell you that if you ask him to do so; but there are some advantages in drawing them yourself, and as my grandmother used to say, when I got into any childish difficulties, "It's all experience for you, my dear." The bird can be sent home drawn or not, just as you prefer, but the drawing also would be "experience" for you.

Drawing tendons makes a very great difference in the appearance and texture of the drumsticks. The easiest way to do this without any difficulty is to crack each leg an inch or so below the joint, over the edge of the table. Then make a cut, through the skin only, at this point and catch up each tendon separately with a strong skewer. Give the skewer a half turn, pull gently but firmly, and the tendon will come away from the drumstick without difficulty. It is easier than it sounds or looks and gives you a delicious "Little Jack Herring" feeling each time you pull one out. Don't ask me how many tendons there are, because I don't know. Just keep on pulling until they are all frisked out and the feet hang by the skin only.

Amputate the Feet.

Now cut off the feet and put them into boiling water. Later you can strip off the outer skin like a glove and use the feet to make nice gelatinous stock for the gravy. Dip the dark stumps also in boiling water and peel them too. Leaving on these stumps prevents the meat from shrinking, hardening and exposing a long, dry bone—an effect which is both unsightly and wasteful. The stumps also make neat trussing easier, and they can be cut off before serving so as to leave a clean, unburned joint.

Next after picking out all pinfeathers, give the bird a good bath in lukewarm water to which you have added a little soda or borax. Scrub with a clean little vegetable brush. You will probably be surprised at the amount of grease and dirt removed.

After drying each side singly. This can be done with a wisp of flannel paper or over the gas stove; but the neatest and cleanest way is to pour and rub on a spoonful or two of pure alcohol (not wood alcohol or denatured alcohol) and set it slight over the sink.

Now give the neck a sharp twist, just below the head, and cut off the latter. Hold the skin tight against the back of the neck and slit it down to the base. Lift the neck away from the skin and windpipe; push it back against the shoulder; break and cut it off. Put it into cold water and keep it to make stock. No bird should be allowed to come to the table with a headless neck waving wildly in air; but you need the flap of skin for stuffing and making a fine, plump "cheese." Separate the crop and windpipe from the skin and draw them carefully out.

Next turn your attention to the tail and remove the oil bag. If the bird was drawn in the market you simply put the cleaned gizzard, liver and heart into cold water with the neck; and make sure that the lungs, lying close against the ribs, and the kidneys, lying in hollows beside the back bone, have been completely removed. An unpleasant strong flavor results from an lack of attention to this.

If you are to draw the bird yourself begin by making a slit just above the vent, being careful to cut through the skin only. Put in your hand, keeping

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LINCOLN AT DECATUR CONVENTION

Joseph Gaston Corrects Speaker Cannon's Account of an Incident on That Historic Occasion.

PORTLAND, Nov. 21.—(To the Editor.)—The summary of the recollections of President Lincoln given in last Sunday's Oregonian by distinguished man still living, is exceedingly interesting. I will not assume to add anything thereto. But knowing the facts, I am constrained to say that the following statement by Speaker Cannon does not give a good picture of what occurred at the time.

Joseph O. Cannon met with Lincoln when he drove with a hotel-keeper of the little Illinois town of Decatur. As they passed along the street in their wagon the hotel man suddenly said, "There's Abe—Howdy, Abe!" "Howdy, Arch," came back the answer from a tall, spare man standing in front of the hotel.

The Illinois state convention, which was to elect a delegate to the National convention, was in session in Decatur, and it was no secret that Lincoln's name was to come up. Cannon went to the convention and there saw the celebrated rails brought in with the legend written on a long white cloth: "These rails were made by Dennis Hanks and Abraham Lincoln in 1830." There was a call for Lincoln, and though, as Speaker Cannon says, "Lincoln was a mighty

man," the crowd passed him over their heads to the platform.

"Abe, did you split those rails?" cried some one in the crowd.

"Dennis Hanks says I did," answered Lincoln. "I don't know whether I did or not; but I do know that Dennis Hanks and I made over 2000 just as good rails, nearly 30 years ago," and then resumed his seat.

When the excited crowd called for Hanks, Dennis was a short, stout man and he had to be assisted to get up on the platform. And as he turned his good humored face to the crowd with a smile about a yard wide, the cheering he received was fully equal to that accorded to Lincoln. Hanks was hardly equal to the occasion, and on recovering his wits he said: "Abe Lincoln says he don't know whether we split them rails or not. Well, gentlemen, I do know that we made those very rails in 1830. We made over 2000 rails and I built them into a fence that is still standing where I built it, and I took those two rails from that fence."

What did the rails have to do with Lincoln's future? In his "Life of Lincoln," Holland remarks: "It is the misfortune of great men who are candidates for office, that appeals must be made by them, not only to the voters, but to those on their behalf, to the groundlings." This was an unfortunate remark, unless the man simply meant the men who make their living from Mother Earth. Lincoln himself never made use of this rail-splitting incident, and he greatly resented that it ever did use it in his behalf. But it was a powerful factor in making him President. Every farmer and farmer's boy from the western boundary of New York to the Pacific Ocean, knew what making rails meant. It caught and held their attention. Here was a great man, esteemed worthy to be President of the United States. He had made rails for his living! It was hard, exhausting labor. He was one of them. He was not a carpet-knight or a tricky politician. He would sympathize with the plain, common people. He was one of

them and they would trust him—and they gave him the nomination and made him President.

On this occasion, I had the good fortune to meet the Great Emancipator and have a brief conversation. As the omnibuses rolled up from the railroad station, with their loads of delegates to the convention, Lincoln did not appear among them, and everybody around me was saying, "Where's Abe? Where's Abe?" Presently a bunch of men came up the street with a tall man topped out with a tall silk hat in the lead, towering above his fellows like the waving mast of a great ship. Then the cry was: "Here he comes. Here he comes. Here he comes!"—showing that the crowds were not thinking of anybody but Abe Lincoln. The hotel was approached by a broad flight of stone steps bound by a railing, and both sides of these steps were lined by men, and I was standing at the top near the entrance to the hotel.

As Lincoln came up the steps, he shook hands with every man on both sides, calling many of them by their first names. As he came along to me, he extended his hand and inquired: "And what county are you from?" On hearing my reply that I was from Ohio and not a delegate to the convention, he inquired what part of Ohio I hailed from; and on my telling him I was from Belmont County he quickly responded: "And do you know Judge Cowan?" On telling him I knew Cowan quite well, Lincoln inquired about his welfare and affairs, stating that Cowan was one of the first reliable anti-slavery wings and that the two had long been friends.

Mr. Lincoln then proceeded to relate to the crowd that had gathered around, an incident, as follows: "I think has never appeared in print, certainly not in any of the biographies of Lincoln that I have read. While Cowan was a member of Congress in 1842, Lincoln was in Washington, D. C. and meeting his old friend one day, Cowan told him he was going to the slave auction to see the 'sum of all villainies' in the deepest hell of its crime against humanity—the sale of a slave advertised as a beautiful woman nearly white, to be carried South in chains to

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