

Thanksgiving Pumpkin Pie

YOU may talk about your foreign cooks and all the things they make, The thousand dainty dishes that they stew and boil and bake; You may prate about their wondrous skill in culinary arts, And deftly they can manufacture puddings, pies and tarts; So praise the French and German chefs and the Italians, too, For making salads, sauces, soups and fancy dishes new, But for a toothsome morsel upon which I can rely Just give to me a solid wedge of Yankee pumpkin pie!

Let those of fashionable tastes turn up the nose in pride And think it quite plebeian to be simply satisfied; Let them eat their pate de foie gras, their truffes and such stuff With foreign names, suspicious looks and odors rank enough:



JUST GIVE TO ME A SOLID WEDGE OF YANKEE PUMPKIN PIE!

Let them eat those airy pastry puffs they think so very nice Cause they've got outlandish names and cost a mighty price, It, say, to curb your appetite and your stomach satisfy There's nothing like a great big chunk of Yankee pumpkin pie!

Let beef may have more nutriment, more body building worth; Let mutton, lamb, be nourishing and stretching of your girth; Let chicken, duck or turkey may suit palates very fine, Let these can take a back seat when I'm passing down the line. Let fish, flesh and fowl may serve to stay the appetites of some, Let you must treat me better when I to your table come. Let me have out the high toned viands, let each dainty dish go by, Let me get my face fast in a piece of pumpkin pie!

—John S. Grey in New York Tribune.

HIS TURKEY WAS CROW.

By the Fine Old Gentleman Hates Practical Politics.

"The finest Thanksgiving I ever spent?" said the fine old gentleman who has unconquerable antipathy to practical politics. "It stands out in my memory like an obelisk on a plane, and was not so very long ago either."

He had been induced that fall to run an important public office. It was against his better judgment and under great pressure, but when a man enters such a fight he wants to win. I was in a close district and determined to put up the very best fight that the circumstances would permit. I advertised at once for an extra stenographer and from the many who responded selected a beautiful, bright and dashing young woman who justified my immense faith in her ability. She did all private correspondence, knew as much about the inside of the campaign as I did, working day and night with illingness that was surprising, and took from one of my shrewdest secretaries the list of voters in the strong-section with which I had to contend, with full instructions as to how to most influential persons among whom I could be won to my cause. It was great work, and yet I fell several days short of the normal party



BEAUTIFUL, DASHING YOUNG WOMAN

My successful opponent lived in a neighboring town and graciously invited me to be his guest on the following Thanksgiving. It would have seemed surly to refuse, and I went. It really an admirable social function, but the few hours I put in there were torture. The host met me with aarty hand clasp. Turning he said, "wife." Resplendent in satin and as I saw my stenographer. "Love war," she murmured. "He thinks as visiting my old home in New land." I held my peace, but that turkey tasted like crow."—De-Free Press.

Fatherly Advice. "The farmer," said the young turkey, "seems to be very fond of me. He throws the choicest morsels of to me every day and in many shows his admiration for me." "I tell," advised the old turkey, "I didn't let it go on if I were you, are apt to lose your head over

THANKSGIVING IN FRANCE.

M. Blanc's Surprise For His American Guests.

"The most un-American Thanksgiving I ever spent was in a French hotel ten years ago," says a woman contributor to the New York Globe. "The proprietor was a friendly old soul and liberal to a fault. He not only invited all the guests in the house to dinner, but he sent invitations to ex-guests as well. One family who had spent the previous winter with him had gone home to America, leaving their daughter at school. Old M. Blanc sent an invitation to the school, and the demoiselle Americaine and a governess came to Paris and spent the day at the hotel. I had a country house near Paris then, but M. Blanc did not forget me either. So I went into Paris, taking my two girls with me. The hotel was a small one, but well known, and it was a rendezvous for many interesting Americans. The tables were decked with holly and mistletoe. M. Blanc in his ardor had mixed up our American fetes. He moved about, smiling mysteriously and whispering to questioners that he had a surprise in store for us—a dessert which would make us all feel as if we were not in Paris at all, but back in that faroff 'chez vous' whence we had come. There were much laughing and merriment, and we drank M. Blanc's health in his best wine as a mark of appreciation. His waiters soon appeared tottering beneath the weight of a huge plum pudding wreathed in holly and bearing an American and a French flag. Of course we heaped him with praise. He beamed and beamed, poured brandy over his chef d'oeuvre and lighted it, served it himself and said to each person as they thanked him: 'Did I not tell you you would feel chez vous? It is good and hot. Your national dish! Will you have some more fire?'"

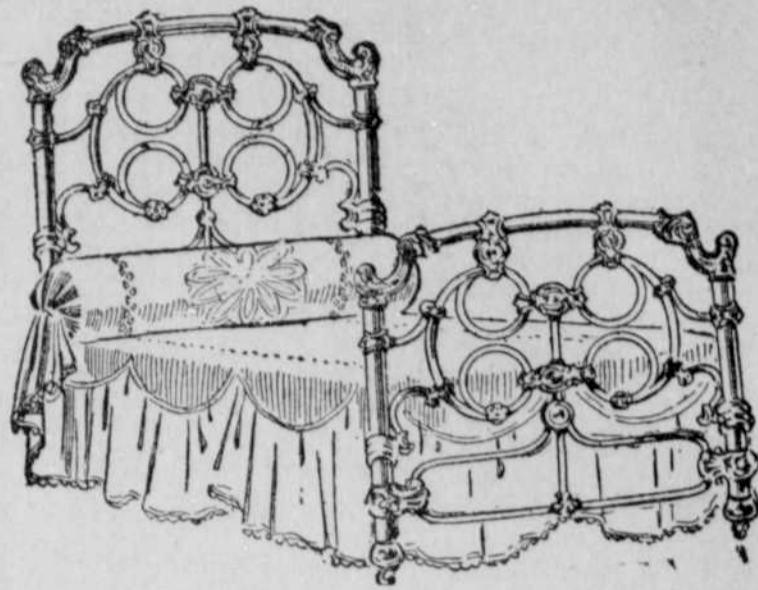


"YOUR NATIONAL DISH."

The Athletes' Dinner. De Style—What makes you think the Farrants are going to have a regular athletic Thanksgiving dinner? Gunbusta—Why, they had their turkey killed with a golf club and stuffed with tennis balls.

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Forest Grove

Oregon

Ted's Turkey

A Thanksgiving Story by Epes Winthrop Sargent.

(Copyright, 1908, by M. M. Cunningham.)

"Do you think it's a square deal?" demanded Teddy. "There's Tom Bolan. He works in his blacksmith shop all day and gets his face as black as an end man. Then he goes home and washes up, and he's all right. What difference does it make if I daub on zinc instead of dirt?"

"It isn't all that, Ted," said Sally. "Somehow you seem different."

"Just because you saw me," he laughed bitterly. "Biff Brattle told me I was the limit, but I didn't suppose I was bad enough to queer my luck with you."

"I can't explain," said Sally impatiently. "But somehow when I saw you last summer with all the people laughing at you I—I couldn't be proud of you any more. I just felt ashamed to sit there and remember that I was engaged to you."

"And you waited all this time to tell me," he said scornfully. "Let me live on in that food's paradise all this time? Why, I could have gone with the Fordhams this winter if I had wanted to, but I told Blakeley that I'd come on to quarters just so I could be near you."

"I'm sorry, Ted," she said dully. "I like you still when I see you, but then every little while your face gets all white with the red marks on it, and I want to cry."

"Brattle was right," he said bitterly. "Let circus folk marry circus folk. They look deeper down than makeup." "I suppose I ought to," said Sally. "But I just can't, Ted."

"All right," he said brusquely, trying to keep back the tears that would rise to his eyes. "I don't want the old ring back. I ain't got any one else to give it to. So long."

He climbed into the tiny road cart, cracked the whip, and the four ponies trotted off.

It was only four miles to Carstonville, where the Blakeley hippodrome, menagerie and circus lay in winter quarters, but every revolution of the little wheels seemed to put Sally—and happiness—miles behind.

Ted Stevens was a circus clown—not a very good one, but good enough for the one ring wagon show he traveled with. Last spring he had come down a few weeks before the opening to rehearse some bits of comedy, and he had met Sally Myerly.

when explanation was made, for the "old man" had youngsters of his own and a soft spot for children, and presently the gay little team was trotting down the frozen road.

Dick was brought to the window, well wrapped up, but he only waved a languid hand at the clown and turned his head away. Ted unhitched them and put them through their tricks, but with no greater success, and after he had put the team in the barn he went into the house.

"That's the first kid I ever saw that wasn't stuck on them ponies," he said. "What's the matter with him?"

"That's what we want to know," said a grave faced man who had been talking with Sally. "The little fellow seems to be sunk into a sort of coma, and we cannot rouse him. He will not eat, and unless we can give him a desire for food and interest him in things we shall just have to watch him slip away."

"You want to come out and look at them ponies, doc," said Ted suddenly. "Come on out to the barn."

The physician paused a moment. Then something passed in the glance of the two men, and they went out together. For half an hour they sat on an old wagon box and talked, and then the physician went back to the house and Ted hitched up the ponies. He drove out of the yard with a flourish of the whip toward Dick, who had been brought to the window to see him off. The little fellow answered with a weary wave of the hand, and Ted gritted his teeth as he drove off.

The next morning dawned clear and bright. It was almost Indian summer, and the windows were open in the Myerly home. Dick sat at the window, listlessly watching the people go driving by to church. Mrs. Myerly divided her time between the kitchen and the front parlor, to which Dick had been moved. A trumpet call sounded down the road, and she came hurrying in.

Around the bend there dashed a rider all crimson and gold, mounted on a black horse gandy in crimson housings. With a swing he was in the yard, and just before the window he blew another blast on his trumpet.

"A turkey for Master Myerly fit for a king!" he announced in approved ringmaster tones. Then the black horse backed away, bowing to the astonished child, and wheeled and dashed up the road again.

Presently the herald returned at a more stately pace, preceding the most curious procession that had ever traversed the Huntville road. Just behind the rider came a fantastic clown, either foot on the back of a milk white horse. Behind him lumbered a huge elephant drawing a glittering chariot ablaze with gold and mirrors.

Slowly the procession lumbered into the yard. At the gate the clown dismounted and threw handsprings up to the very door. There he paused expectantly while the elephant ponderously turned into the yard. Then the doors at the back of the chariot swung open, and out fluttered a turkey six

feet high. The clown sprang forward and with his whip made the bird face the window.

"Dick," he called, "here's your Thanksgiving turkey. If you don't eat every mouthful of it I'll make the elephant bite you."

"Elephants don't bite," laughed Dick, his face aglow with excitement. "This one does—bad," said Ted darkly. "You wait and see. Turkey, bow to the gentleman what's going to eat you."

Solemnly the bird pranced forward and bent its neck. Then it followed Ted around to the back of the house, and the cavalcade followed, turning into the road. Down beyond the bend Ted was waiting with the bird, but the cambric skin covered with turkey feathers, the making of which had kept Ted up half the night, had been removed, and it was merely an ostrich that was bundled into the best chariot of the Blakeley outfit.

Late that night Ted turned up at the quarters. There had been a Thanksgiving dinner in the training ring, and all, from the "old man" to the hostlers, were sitting about on the benches swapping stories.

"Well," said the "old man" kindly, "did it work, Ted?"

"Did it work?" echoed Ted. "Say, I'm afraid the kid's more like to die of indigestion than starvation. He's all to the good. Everything's all to the good."

And the little group crowded about to shake his hand, for they knew that a romance seeking girl had at last really found the heart of the clown beneath the motley.

Nine Days' Thanksgiving. In the time of Grecian prosperity and power that nation celebrated a feast very much resembling that of the Jews and supposedly borrowed from the latter. It was called the feast of Demeter or the Eleusian mysteries, Demeter being the goddess of the cornfields, by whose especial favor only good harvests might be expected. The celebration continued during nine days, and offerings to the goddess were made, consisting of oblations of wine, honey and milk.

November. The melancholy days have come. The flowers fade away. The crickets upward turn their toes, And early dies the day.

The mourning turkeys now are led To death, and, worse perhaps, The partridges, with muffled drums, Are sadly sounding taps. —Judge.

The Roman Cerealia. With the idea of returning thanks for a bounteous harvest the warlike Romans set apart some days in the autumn of each year for what they termed the Cerealia in honor of the goddess Ceres. This observance is said to be as ancient as the reign of Romulus and was altogether an outdoor frolic. There were gay processions to the fields and rustic merry-makings, alluded to by the poet Virgil.



SLOWLY THE PROCESSION LUMBERED INTO THE YARD.

"Dick liked 'em so, and the doctor says that perhaps they'll rouse him."

"I'll see the old man," said Ted. "I guess it'll be all right, though. They need a run."

Permission was easily obtained