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All Southern Oregon to Observe Thanksgiving Thursday



Across the Editor's Desk

Vinegar-ettes
A teaspoonful of vinegar added to water in which old potatoes are boiled will prevent them from turning black.

A lump of sugar saturated in vinegar will stop hiccup.

To restore the color of a carpet. After removing dust, wipe over with a cloth wrung out of hot vinegar and water, using one part of vinegar to three parts of water.

Hot vinegar applied with a cloth will immediately remove paint marks from glasses.

Hot vinegar and water is a splendid thing for sponging serge uniforms and other bonnet strings.

—Mrs. G. H.

Painted Walls Provide Harmonious Backgrounds
A room may be either made or marred by the appearance of its walls. Even the costliest furnishings and the most artistic arrangement are ineffective unless the background provides a harmonious setting. Many people find painted walls the most satisfactory because they combine beauty with economy and sanitation. They may be washed as often as is necessary if the entire surface is gone over. Attempts to clean spots are usually unsuccessful because they result in film.

To wash painted walls, dissolve a small cup of mild soap or a small cup of quill soap in a quart of boiling water. Add to this solution another quart of boiling water in which two ounces of glue have been dissolved. A little flour may be added to thicken the solution, and sal soda or washing powder to make it stronger. Greasy kitchen walls will require the stronger solution plus some ammonia.

It is best to apply this jellied compound with a soft sponge, working from the bottom up. The wall should then be wiped down with a cloth. If the surface is quite solid the solution remains for two or three minutes to loosen the dirt and wash it off with clean water and a clean sponge. Another good cleansing compound for painted walls is made by combining soap suds with turpentine in the proportions of one ounce of soap, 16 ounces of water, and three ounces of turpentine. Stir the mixture rapidly and apply it with a brush or sponge.

Defends the Cat
A correspondent comes to the defense of the much condemned cat. Admitting that her cat caught about a dozen birds last year, she estimates on the other side of the ledger that the cat destroyed fully three hundred field mice. Then she says—"Ask any farmer what mice can do toward ruining all sorts of things. I have husked corn where mice have stolen as many as four ears of corn out of every four shocks. At seventy-two shocks to an acre that means nearly a bushel of corn taken out of every acre."—Humane Review.

Old Time Buckwheat Cakes
These snappy morsels call for a substantial breakfast and I know of nothing better than good old cake.

One cake yeast soaked in warm water, 1 cup milk, 2 cups water, 1 teaspoon sugar in yeast, 1 cup white flour, 2 of good buckwheat, using enough of this proportion to make a rather stiff batter. Salt to taste and in the morning thin with warm water in which 1/2 teaspoon of soda is dissolved.

Special Menus for Thanksgiving

As Thanksgiving time is here again the housewife should keep in mind the old Thanksgiving customs that have grown up with the American people.

Roast turkey and dressing—just as popular today as they were at that first Thanksgiving feast more than three hundred years ago. That meal included the culinary masterpiece of each woman present. So should the modern housewife make up her Thanksgiving dinner of the best things she can select and prepare.

Modern cookery offers a hundred ways of preparing and serving the cranberries and the vegetables, and it insists on a crisp fresh salad to balance the heavier puddings and cakes that inevitably appear on the dinner menu.

Cranberry Special
One pound cranberries, 1 cup sugar, 1/2 cup sugar, few grains salt, 1 cup evaporated milk. Wash and pick over cranberries, add 1 cup of cold water. Cook in covered container until mushy. Run through sieve to remove the skins. Add the sugar and salt. There should be 2 1/2 cups of pulp. If less than this quantity, add cold water to make up to required amount. Pour into refrigerator tray, partially freeze, and fold in the whipped milk. Freeze until firm.

Grandmother's Pudding
One-half cup shortening, 1/2 cup sugar, 1/2 cup molasses, 1/2 cup boiling water, 1 1/2 cups whole wheat flour, 2 teaspoons baking powder, 1 teaspoon ginger, 1/2 teaspoon cinnamon, etc. Cream the shortening and add gradually the sugar and molasses. Beat until mixture is light, and add the boiling water. Mix together the whole wheat

Thanksgiving
By J. Mitchell Thornton
I am glad and I am thankful for so many happy things. For the gold of summer mornings. For the pink and blue of springs. For the purple of the autumn. As the year triumphant goes onward to its serene mantle. Cut and fashioned out of snow.

Caramel Pumpkin Pie
One egg well beaten, 1 cup of pumpkin, 1/2 teaspoon nutmeg, 1/2 cup granulated sugar, 1/4 teaspoon salt, 1 pint rich milk, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, 1 teaspoon vanilla. Melt sugar in frying pan, stirring constantly. When melted to a light golden brown add slowly 1 cup milk, stirring until the caramelized sugar is dissolved. Let it cool while preparing remainder of pie. Line pie pan with good crust. Combine ingredients for filling and bake 1 hour.

Rice Dressing
One pint stale bread crumbs, 2 medium sized onions boiled and mashed, 1/2 cup boiled rice, 1/2 teaspoon salt, 1/2 teaspoon pepper, 1 tablespoon melted butter, 1/2 cup milk. Combine ingredients and stuff fowl. This dressing is best for goose.

Sour Cream Cookies
One cup raisins cut fine, 1/2 teaspoon cinnamon and nutmeg, 1/2 teaspoon salt, 1/2 cup nut meats, 1/2 cup melted shortening, 3 cups flour, 2 cups light brown sugar, 1 cup sour cream, 1/2 teaspoon soda, 1 teaspoon baking powder, 2 eggs. Mix together sugar, salt, and spices. Stir in sour cream, add eggs and melted shortening. Beat well for several minutes, add 1/2 cup flour, baking powder, and soda which have been sifted together. Add raisins last. Mix well and drop from spoon on well greased pan. Bake in hot oven. These are delicious. The cookies remain moist, yet are not too soft for packing.—Household Magazine.

THANKSGIVING ODE
(By Mary O. Carey)
The harvest time has come and gone. The autumn tints are here. Most homecomers wait the harvest. Thanksgiving time draws near. We thank Thee, Lord, for plenty. All has come from Thee. A land of peace and plenty— Then let us thank Thee.

Help us, Lord, to share our joys. Where no harvest song is sung. Help us, Lord, to send it on. A true Thanksgiving song. We lift our hearts in praise. And know Thou art the giver. We share our plenty and rejoice. And give Thee praise forever.

Let not mere feasting ere suffice. Nor craves heart give earnestly. But let each heart give earnestly. A prayer of thanks to Thee. Twice better far, to fast and praise. As in the days of old. And with a longing for His love. Draw closer to His fold.

Helping Others True Cause for Thanksgiving

Said one woman to another: "Thanksgiving day has no longer any charm for me. We have lost the old-time spirit of our forefathers. They were probably thankful, and felt they had reason to be, but we do not know the meaning of the word. To us the day represents a big dinner, requiring any amount of work to get up, and affording little enjoyment to anybody. If people gave thanks sincerely and honestly there would be no complaint. A neighbor said the other day that 'Thanksgiving wouldn't be Thanksgiving without turkey—think of it.' As if being thankful depended on being able to have a certain article of food. Doesn't that prove that very little of spirituality is left in the celebration? We've usually gone home for the holiday, but last year I had such a fuss with my sister that I vowed never to go again. I've a good mind to forget the date and have just an everyday dinner!"

"Do, and ask me to help you eat it," smiled the other. "Then we'll persuade the real Thanksgiving spirit to join us at the feast!" There was an instant's hesitation before the voice went on: "Dear, may I tell you how I think this could be done? You have everything to be thankful for—that I am sure you must admit—a pleasant home, a good husband and children, plenty to do with. Suppose by way of resurrecting that old-time spirit whose loss you deplore, you give somebody else cause for thankfulness. There are many who need a bit of cheer even though they do not talk about it. The only way to be truly thankful and happy is to help make others so. It is the only panacea for discontent. Let us prove it—you and me together. And I wish you would write that sister and ask her to spend Thanksgiving day with us—even if we are to have a 'dinner of herbs.' Better that, where love is, you know, than roast turkey and a fuss therewith!"

"There was a gleam of light on the air and not a sign of disturbance as the two walked away, proving conclusively that a glad Thanksgiving Day was in the making."

America's Own Bird



An intimate closeup of Mr. Turkey Gobbler, "America's Own Bird," who will lose his official head, with many other members of his family, to grace the tables of America on Thanksgiving day.

Thanksgiving Proclaimed by the First President

WHEREAS, it is the duty of all nations to acknowledge the providence of Almighty God, to obey His will, to be grateful for His benefits, and humbly to implore His protection and favor; and whereas, both houses of congress have, by their joint committee, requested me "to recommend to the people of the United States a day of public thanksgiving and prayer, to be observed by acknowledging with grateful hearts the many and signal favors of Almighty God, especially by offering them an opportunity peaceably to establish a form of government for their safety and happiness;"

Now, therefore, I do recommend and assign Thursday, the 26th day of November next, to be devoted by the people of these states to the service of that great and glorious Being who is the beneficent author of all the good that was, that is, or that will be; that we may then all unite in rendering unto Him our sincere and humble thanks for His kind care and protection of the people of this country previous to their becoming a nation; for the signal and manifold mercies and the favorable interpositions of His providence in the course and conclusion of the late war; for the great degree of tranquility, union, and plenty which we have enjoyed; for the peaceable and rational manner in which we have been enabled to establish constitutions of govern-

Thanksgiving Depends on the State of Mind

By Raymond W. Settle
THANKSGIVING day was meant to be something more than a mere period of time between Wednesday and Friday of the last week in November. It may be something more than a holiday, or it may have none of the characteristics of one.

What it is depends upon the state of mind.

The number of things for which we may be thankful has nothing to do with the observance of the day. One man may be thankful because he has a million dollars, and his neighbor because he has a dollar. The spirit of the occasion may be a stranger to the hearts of those who command whatever they desire, and dwell richly in those who seemingly have small occasion for gratitude.

The state of mind which induces the spirit of thanksgiving comes, not as a result of striking a balance and finding the credit side the heaviest, but in a deep, unshakable confidence that in the last analysis all is well with mankind and the world. The grateful man is he who on a summer's day enjoys the warm sunshine, the singing birds and blossoming flowers, though a cloud may partially obscure the sky.

Thanksgiving or thankfulness. There may be a world of difference between the two. The one may be an outward, formal compliance with established custom's policy, though meaningless acknowledgment of favors received. The other is a fire glowing in the heart—a spontaneous expression of unmixt gratitude. It knows no days or seasons, and, like the song of a lark, breaks forth impulsively.

The progression of the months brings Thanksgiving day. Your state of mind brings thankfulness. Thanksgiving day without thankfulness is but a jangling, raucous discord. Thanksgiving day is marked on the calendar of the month, but the spirit which hallows it and makes it a sacred, holy day, is engendered by a thankful state of mind.

Children's Pleasure Column

EXPLOITS OF A THANKSGIVING TURKEY
By Adna Byrd
"JUST think," said Jenny, "she and her twin brother went out to feed the turkey; 'only two more days until Thanksgiving!'"

"Yum! Yum!" answered Joe.

"Gobble, gobble," cried the turkey, as he saw the children coming toward him.

"Yes, gobble old fellow," shouted Joe. "Thanksgiving day, I'll gobble you."

Father had brought him home from a turkey shoot, two days before, and entrusted him in their care. They were to feed and water him, which they had faithfully and carefully done. "Here, Jenny, hold the feed until I clean his drinking cup and feeding trough," commanded Joe.

He opened the door of the coop and reached in for the cup and trough. Hereupon, the turkey had retreated to the back of the coop and waited quietly for his feed. But this time, to Joe's utter surprise, he rushed belligerently forward and pecked him severely upon the cheek. The lad drew back, covering his face with his arms and cried out with pain. The turkey darted through the open door and ran.

"Joe! Joe! He got out!" exclaimed his sister.

"Run!" yelled Joe, jumping up and rushing after the turkey. "Help me catch him!"

The turkey dodged around the corner of the house. When the children arrived, he had climbed upon the fence, and he continued to flutter and jump until he was up on top of the highest rafter of the house, while the amazed and helpless children gazed on.

"Turkey! Turkey! Come, turkey!" coaxed Jenny, holding up the bucket of feed. The gobbler craned his head sideways and peered down at them.

"Gobble, gobble," said he.

"Yes, come on down, turkey," pleaded Joe. "But the turkey turned right around and looked the other way. 'I could climb up and catch him, if I had a ladder,' declared Joe, bravely.

"Could you, really?" gasped Jenny.

"Course."

But Joe never had the chance to try such a feat of daring. For the most astonishing thing for the children happened. The turkey rose upon his feet and, with a little hop, away he flew.

The children raced around the house to see where he would light; but, when they reached the other side, they failed to see the turkey.

"Where did he go, Joey?" cried Jenny, almost in tears.

"I'll bet he lit down in Mrs. Hansen's chicken pen," declared Joe, with conviction. "Let's run tell mamma." They ran into the sitting room, where their mother was sewing, and unfolded their tale of woe. Their mother put on her sunbonnet, and the three went out to search for the turkey. They stopped in to see Mr. Hansen. Al-

Give Thanks

I'm thankful for my mother, for my good friends and kindred and for good things I have had.

I'm thankful for my lessons that I learn at school each day. And I hope I'll know more thankful.

More thankful—every day.

Proving Thankfulness
We have prospered in things material and have been able to work for our uplifting in things intellectual and spiritual. Let us remember that, as much has been given us, much will be expected from us; and that true homage comes from the heart as well as from the lips and shows itself in deeds. We can best prove our thankfulness to the Almighty by the way in which on this earth and at the time each of us does his duty to his fellow men.—Theodore Roosevelt.

Day's Spiritual Side
American citizens enjoy the greatest material benefits of any people on earth. A war which nearly destroyed European civilization left her comparatively unscathed. Her destiny lies in the future. Her greatest concern, however, should be the retention of that faith which is at once the recognition of human frailty and a firm confidence in the ability to conquer that which lies ahead. There is no better time to express it, to lay a more firm hold upon it, than on occasions such as Thanksgiving, which, without a definite spiritual anchor, would become little better than the orgies of boasting and indulgence of pagan days.—Chicago Journal.

Thanking Ourselves

Probably the most of us have living and getting good out of life. Our debt to our fellow men, and to all that made them what they are, is pretty heavy. We have the facts twisted in our minds when we spend much time giving credit to ourselves. Civilization and religious influences of many kinds have made America what it is, and we share in the benefits, receiving far more than we could contribute.—Ohio Farmer.

THE SPIRIT OF THANKSGIVING

CENTURIES have wrought changes in the customs of Thanksgiving day in America, but the spirit of the occasion remains the same. William Herschell comments, in the Indianapolis News. We may not go over the woods to grandmother's house in a one-horse sleigh, owing to the fact that the venerable gentleman and grandmother have announced their intention of motoring to the city for Thanksgiving dinner in a hotel. There is not room for feasting in a two-room apartment with kitchenette, such as their children occupy in the city, therefore the hotel becomes the center of a family reunion. Dinner over, the ensemble hies away to a movie or to a football game.

All this in broad contrast with the situation when Governor Bradford of Massachusetts proclaimed a day of thanksgiving and prayer in 1621, the purpose being to thank Providence for a harvest that had been saved from marauding Indians only through eternal vigilance and trusty rifles.

George Washington is credited with being the first president to proclaim a day of thanksgiving. The congress, in 1784, recommended that a day be set apart for prayerful expression of gratitude because of the return of peace. Washington again appointed such a day in 1789, after the constitution had been adopted. Still another period of rejoicing and prayer was observed in 1795, based on the many benefits derived from a good harvest and growing prosperity. The last Thursday in November was the generally accepted day for the expression of gratitude, and President Madison followed Washington's example, in proclaiming a day of thanksgiving. Then the custom died out, and was not renewed until President Lincoln, in 1863, called on the nation to bow before God in humbleness and prayer. The Civil War then was at its height. Every president since Lincoln has continued to proclaim the last Thursday in November as Thanksgiving day, and the occasion is observed in metropolia and countryside alike, although the manner of observance may be vastly different.

In the rural districts, particularly in the West, Middle West and South, many of the customs of the forefathers still prevail, although the advent of the automobile has brought great changes.

