

The American Thanksgiving Dinner and Its Cost



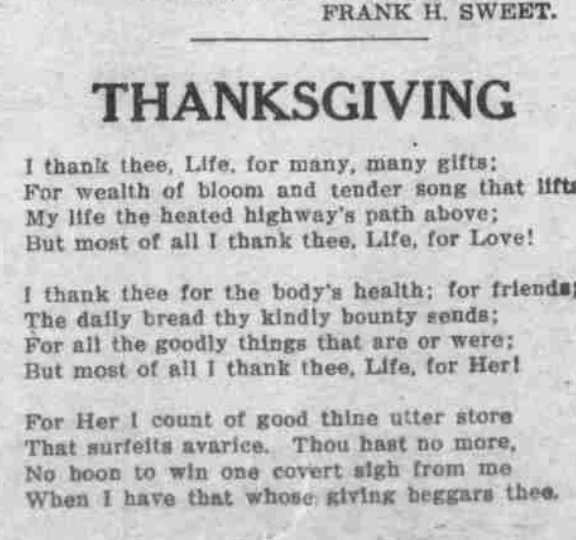
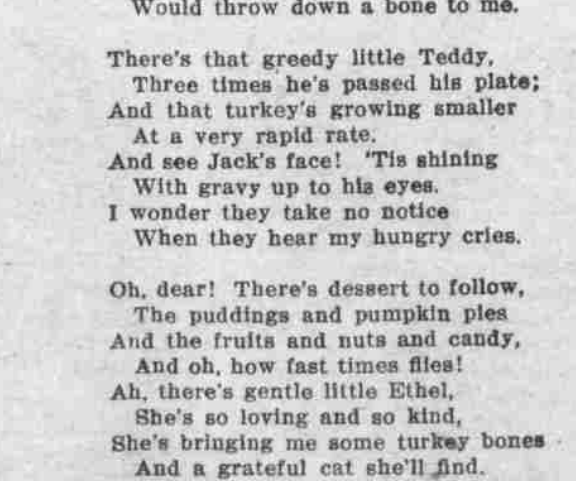
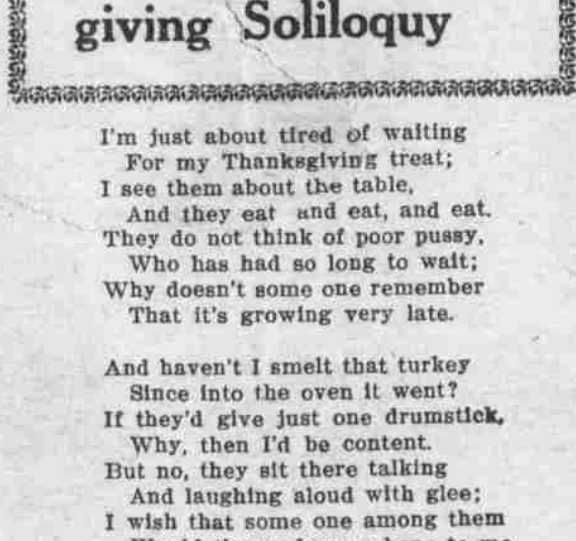
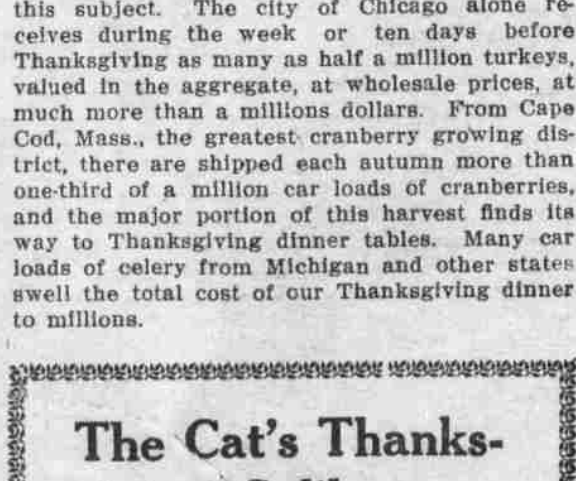
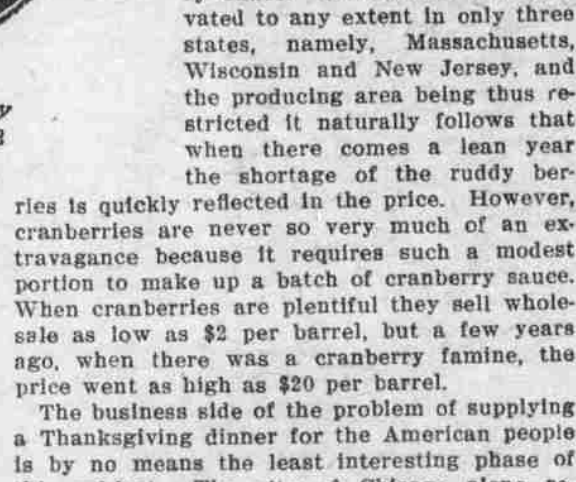
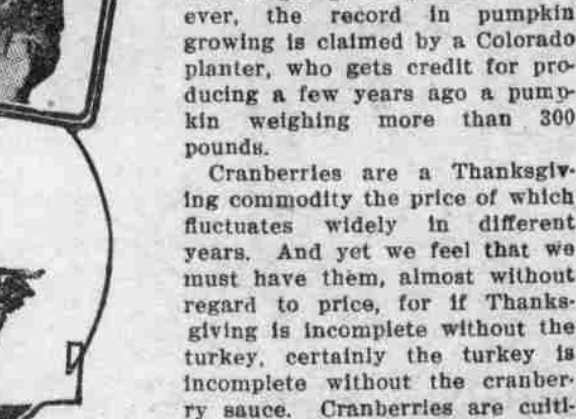
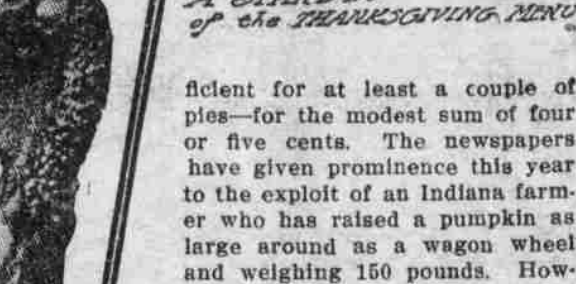
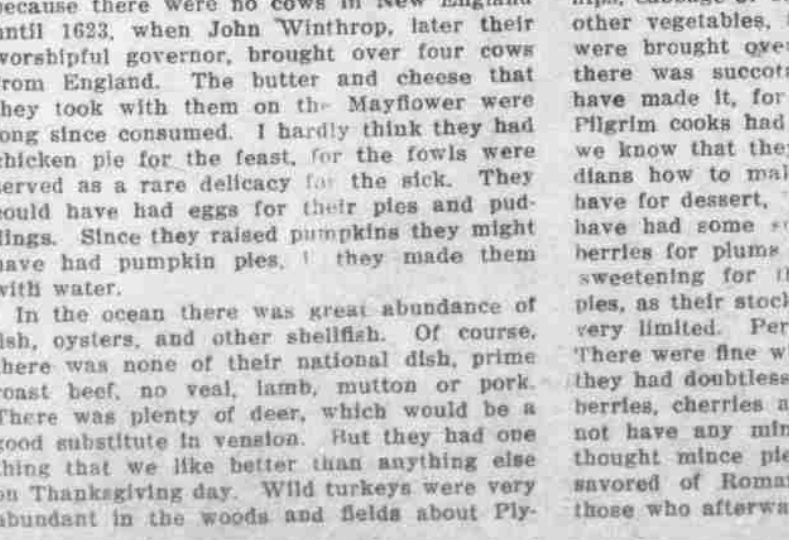
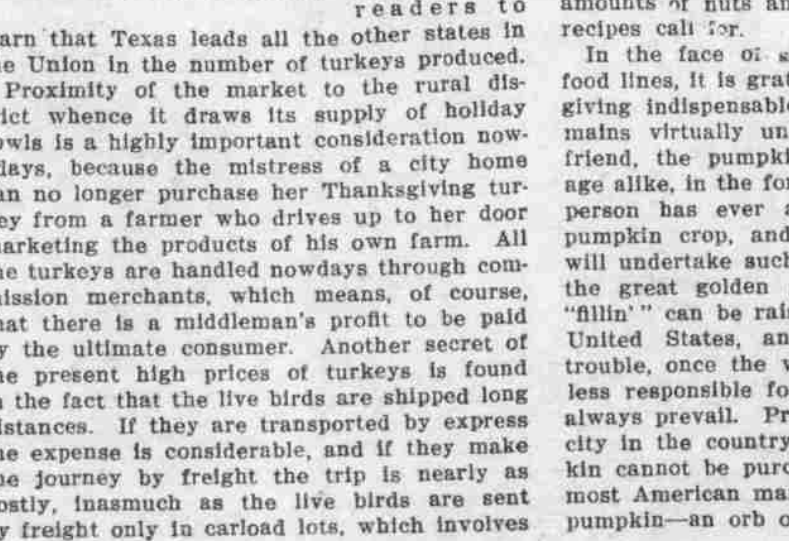
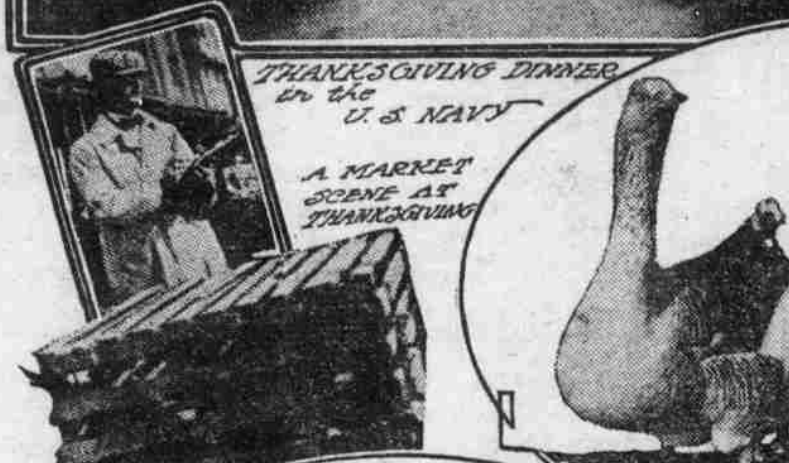
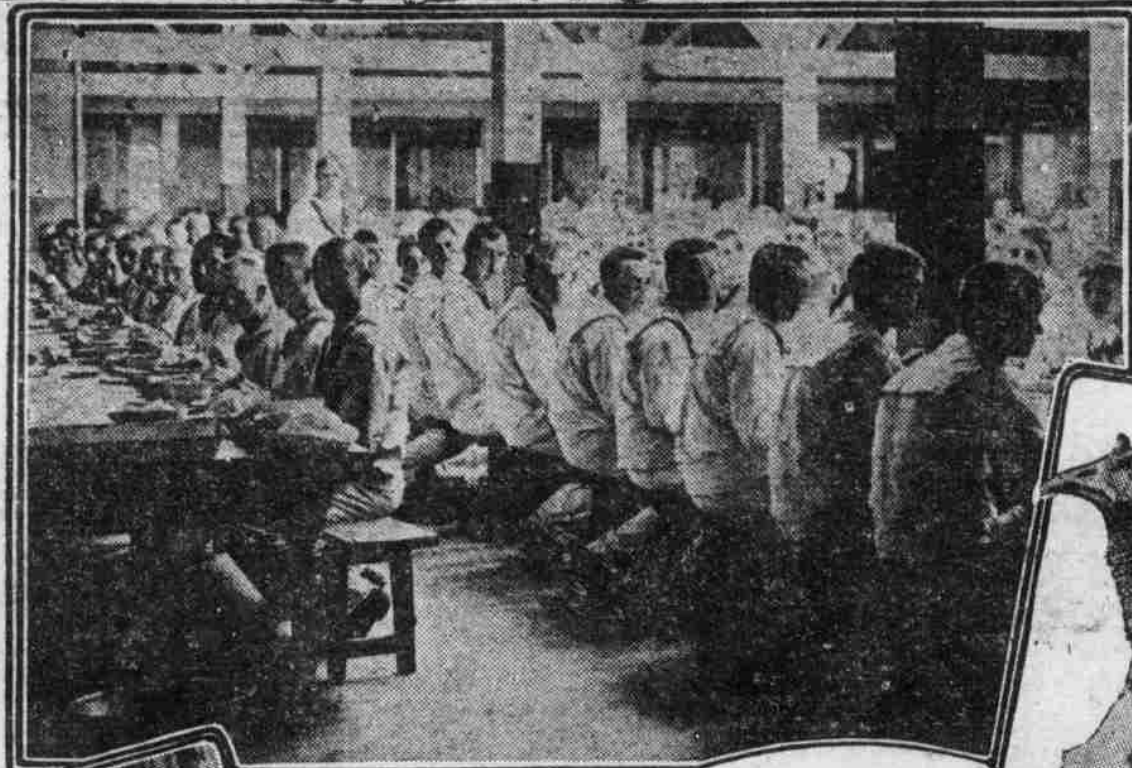
STEADILY growing in significance year by year and in the fame of its appetizing attributes the American Thanksgiving dinner has become very much of an institution. It might almost be said that it has become more of an institution than the American Thanksgiving itself. At least if the feast does not overshadow the holiday at home it does in foreign parts. For, he is known, the American Thanksgiving dinner is now eaten "around the world," and in these detached realms of American soil or sentiment

the dinner is decidedly the most important feature of the program, for, of course, there is no football game and no matinee such as many Americans rely upon for Thanksgiving diversion, and in the case of many the exiles who observe Thanksgiving overseas there is not even a Thanksgiving religious service such as is universal at home.

It is not merely, either, that the officers and men of our army and navy have introduced the Yankee Thanksgiving dinner to benighted lands long in ignorance of its delights. To be sure the epicurean bluejackets and the lads in khaki have been responsible for much of this gastronomic "missionary work," but it is also a fact that American diplomatic and consular officials, and indeed all classes of Americans resident abroad, have done their share to preserve all the traditions of the Thanksgiving dinner as a reality in every transplanted home. Especially, where there is a little "American colony" in an alien environment, is the Thanksgiving dinner right, jealously guarded.

But whereas the American Thanksgiving dinner has been winning its way around the world it has likewise come to enjoy more and more prestige at home. The one jarring note in any present-day eulogy of the Thanksgiving dinner is to be found in its greatly increased cost over the expense involved for a corresponding menu a few years since. No person who grasped the import of the "high cost of living" issue in the recent political campaign can fail to realize that the matter is a very grave one to the average housekeeper, and especially when it obtrudes itself in connection with a holiday repast which ought to be an occasion for care-free feasting instead of domestic perplexities.

The one consolation, if not compensation, in this situation is to be found in the knowledge that our Thanksgiving dinners in this day and generation are vastly better than the like holiday spread of years gone by. It is not so much that the dishes that go to make up the bill of



MRS. GOLDE NOT IMPRESSED

Agent's Talk of the Efficiency of "Touch" Merely Amused Old Man's Darling.

Laurence A. Tauer of the Citizens' union, was condemning in Albany certain features of the proposed New York charter.

"I don't want to see the city in the power of the bosses," he said. "I don't want to see the city placed in the position of old Gobsa Golde."

"Gobsa Golde, you know, married in his old age a beautiful young actress—a very regrettable thing."

"The fair young Mrs. Gobsa Golde was examining the royal suite in a 30-story hotel of cream-colored stone one day, and the hotel manager was pointing out the suite's manifold conveniences."

"You touch a button," he said, "and this onyx bath fills automatically. You touch a button, and the temperature of each room rises or falls. You touch a button, and a motor car is at the door. You touch a button—"

"But Mrs. Gobsa Golde, nodding mischievously toward her aged husband, said:

"Oh, I have no use for your silly little buttons. I only need to touch my husband, and diamond necklaces, yachts, ropes of pearls—anything I want—appear."

PHYSICIAN ADVISES CUTICURA REMEDIES

"Four years ago I had places break out on my wrist and on my shin which would itch and burn by spells, and scratching them would not seem to give any relief. When the trouble first began, my wrist and shin itched like poison. I would scratch those places until they would bleed before I could get any relief. Afterward the places would scale over, and the flesh underneath would look red and feverish. Sometimes it would begin to itch until it would wake me from my sleep, and I would have to go through the scratching ordeal again."

Our physician pronounced it "dry eczema." I used an ointment which the doctor gave me, but it did no good. Then he advised me to try the Cuticura Remedies. As this trouble has been in our family for years, and is considered hereditary, I felt anxious to try to head it off. I got the Cuticura Soap, Ointment and Pills, and they seemed to be just what I needed.

"The disease was making great headway on my system until I got the Cuticura Remedies which have cleared my skin of the great pest. From the time the eczema healed four years ago, until now, I have never felt any of its pest, and I am thankful to the Cuticura Soap and Ointment which certainly cured me. I always use the Cuticura Soap for toilet, and I hope other sufferers from skin diseases will use the Cuticura Soap and Ointment."

(Signed) Irven Hutchison, Three Rivers, Mich., Mar. 16, 1911. Although Cuticura Soap and Ointment are sold by druggists and dealers everywhere, a sample of each, with 32-page book, will be mailed free on application to "Cuticura," Dept. 17 K, Boston.

MERE SUGGESTION.



Miss Antique—I have so much on my mind; I wish I knew what to do for relief.

Miss Caustique—Why not remove your switch?

Poor Conversationalist. "Is your husband a good after-dinner talker?"

"No, indeed. As soon as he's had dinner he lies down on the couch and falls asleep, and I never get a word out of him."

Important to Mothers. Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it bears the Signature of *Dr. J. C. Fletcherson* In Use For Over 30 Years. Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria

Tenses. Teacher—Tommy, what is the future of "I give?" Tommy—"You take."—Life.

AFTER THE DOCTOR FAILED. Even the most stubborn cases of malaria yield to Elixir Babek. "In the summer of 1896, I contracted the disease known as Malaria. After a year's fruitless treatment by a prominent Washington physician, I was entirely cured by your Elixir Babek."—Brasie O'Hagan, Troop E, 6th U. S. Cav. It is equally good for bilious disorders. Elixir Babek, 50 cents, all druggists, or Kloczewski & Co., Washington, D. C.

The bright side is sure to be the right side.—Mary D. Brine.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets regulate and invigorate stomach, liver and bowels. Sugar-coated, tiny granules, easy to take as candy.

The man who is envious of evildoers will soon be one himself.

are for the November holiday have been greatly increased in number or variety. Your hearty diner demands on Thanksgiving the essentials such as turkey and celery and cranberry sauce and pumpkin pie, which were the stand-bys of the feast in the days of his father and his grandfather before him. The point is that some of the eatables are unquestionably more flavory than were their counterparts of several decades ago, and—with all due respect to the kind that mother used to make—some of the modern recipes seem to put it all over the old-timers in garnishes and the preparation of puddings and pastry, etc.

And, speaking of the changes that have come about, take the case of the toothsome turkey, headliner of the whole holiday menu. It would be futile to try to convince the high liver of the twentieth century who revels in his milk-fed or chestnut-fed turkey from Rhode Island or the middle west, that his forefathers ever enjoyed anything so delicious. Certainly turkeys have increased in size, too, judging by the average weight those that find their way to market. However, this latter development is clearly traceable to the tendency of turkey raisers to devote themselves almost exclusively to the Bronze, the largest of the six standard varieties of turkeys.

However, there are two sides to this turkey story, and the housewives who preside over small families are the ones who have had brought home to them the disadvantageous side of this boom in the size of turkeys. With the big bronze birds weighing from 16 to 35 pounds apiece—and usually nearer the latter than the former figure—crowding the market it is becoming every year more difficult for the buyer of a family of two or three people to find a satisfactory six, seven or eight pound turkey. It really begins to look as though the small families would be driven to hotels on Thanksgiving or else be compelled to take in boarders or entertain all their friends at the holiday dinner.

Turkey buying, too, is the phase of the Thanksgiving marketing where the increased cost of living most severely pinches the man with the stationary income. A dweller in any of our large cities may consider himself decidedly in luck these days if he succeeds in getting a tender turkey at Thanksgiving for 25 cents per pound, and he is much more likely to be asked any figure up to 35 or 40 cents per pound, which prices have prevailed every Thanksgiving in recent years in the New York and Boston markets for the choicest birds. The people of the central west have an advantage over eastern turkey eaters, because

Illinois, Indiana, Ohio and other states along the backbone of the country are the great centers of the turkey industry, although it will doubtless surprise some of our readers to learn that Texas leads all the other states in the Union in the number of turkeys produced. Proximity of the market to the rural district whence it draws its supply of holiday fowls is a highly important consideration nowadays, because the mistress of a city home can no longer purchase her Thanksgiving turkey from a farmer who drives up to her door marketing the products of his own farm. All the turkeys are handled nowadays through commission merchants, which means, of course, that there is a middleman's profit to be paid by the ultimate consumer. Another secret of the present high prices of turkeys is found in the fact that the live birds are shipped long distances. If they are transported by express the expense is considerable, and if they make the journey by freight the trip is nearly as costly, inasmuch as the live birds are sent by freight only in carload lots, which involves

the rental of a special type of car for the journey and pay for the services of a man who is sent along to feed the birds on route. Owing to the mounting prices of turkey and an occasional shortage of supply—although there is no prospect of a turkey famine this year—has induced an increasing number of families all over the country to substitute chicken, duck or goose for the regulation Thanksgiving fowl. The cost is much less and the satisfaction equally great—once a householder has freed himself from the tradition that Thanksgiving without turkey would not be Thanksgiving. Then, too, the increasing number of vegetarians and persons who have adopted a diet of nuts or other meat substitutes, have devised some very ingenious proxies for the Thanksgiving dinner—non-meat dishes that even simulate the appearance of a turkey. However, these new-fangled dishes can scarcely be recommended as cheap, owing to the amounts of nuts and the number of eggs the recipes call for.

In the face of soaring prices in so many food lines, it is gratifying to note one Thanksgiving indispensable, the cost of which remains virtually unchanged. This is our old friend, the pumpkin, dear to youth and old age alike, in the form of the pumpkin pie. No person has ever attempted to "corner" the pumpkin crop, and probably no person ever will undertake such a miracle. The fact that the great golden globes with their luscious "fillin'" can be raised in every section of the United States, and that, too, without any trouble, once the vines are planted, is doubtless responsible for the moderate prices that always prevail. Probably there is no town or city in the country where a good-sized pumpkin cannot be purchased for 50 cents, and in most American markets one may buy a small pumpkin—an orb of joy with ammunition suf-

mouth, and the Indians went out and shot a large number of them, and made them their contribution to the feast. Governor Bradford says in his history that they were delicious to eat. How fitting it is that the bird that is the crowning glory of our Thanksgiving board should have been the favorite meat of that historic first Thanksgiving dinner! There were, doubtless, onions, beets, parsnips, cabbage or colewort, squash, and perhaps other vegetables, for a good variety of seeds were brought over from Holland. Perhaps there was succotash, and the Indians must have made it, for it was something that the Pilgrim cooks had never heard of before, and we know that they learned later from the Indians how to make it. Now, what did they have for dessert, wonder? I think they may have had some sort of pudding with buckberries for plums. I doubt if they had much sweetening for their pudding and pumpkin pies, as their stock of sugar and molasses was very limited. Perhaps they had a substitute. There were fine wild grapes in the woods, and they had doubtless dried a store of wild strawberries, cherries and plums. They surely did not have any mince pies, since the Pilgrims thought mince pies were very wicked, and savored of Romanism. So they condemned those who afterward made and ate them.

Menu of First Thanksgiving Feast

What did our Puritan ancestors dine on at their first Thanksgiving feast? Surely they did not set the standard which is being followed today on the Thanksgiving dinner menu. We know that some things were lacking that they must have greatly missed. There could have been no butter, cream, milk, cheese, or any dish that is principally made with milk, because there were no cows in New England until 1623, when John Winthrop, later their worshipful governor, brought over four cows from England. The butter and cheese that they took with them on the Mayflower were long since consumed. I hardly think they had chicken pie for the feast, for the fowls were served as a rare delicacy for the sick. They could have had eggs for their pies and puddings. Since they raised pumpkins they might have had pumpkin pies. They made them with water. In the ocean there was great abundance of fish, oysters, and other shellfish. Of course, there was none of their national dish, prime roast beef, no veal, lamb, mutton or pork. There was plenty of deer, which would be a good substitute in venison. But they had one thing that we like better than anything else on Thanksgiving day. Wild turkeys were very abundant in the woods and fields about Ply-

The Cat's Thanksgiving Soliloquy

I'm just about tired of waiting For my Thanksgiving treat; I see them about the table, And they eat and eat, and eat. They do not think of poor pussy, Who has had so long to wait; Why doesn't some one remember That it's growing very late.

And haven't I smelt that turkey Since into the oven it went? If they'd give just one drumstick, Why, then I'd be content. But no, they sit there talking And laughing aloud with glee; I wish that some one among them Would throw down a bone to me.

There's that greedy little Teddy, Three times he's passed his plate; And that turkey's growing smaller At a very rapid rate. And see Jack's face! 'Tis shining With gravy up to his eyes. I wonder they take no notice When they hear my hungry cries.

Oh, dear! There's dessert to follow, The puddings and pumpkin pies, And the fruits and nuts and candy, And oh, how fast times flies! Ah, there's gentle little Ethel, She's so loving and so kind, She's bringing me some turkey bones And a grateful cat she'll find.

THANKSGIVING

I thank thee, Life, for many, many gifts; For wealth of bloom and tender song that lifts My life the heated highway's path above; But most of all I thank thee, Life, for Love!

I thank thee for the body's health; for friends; The daily bread thy kindly bounty sends; For all the goodly things that are or were; But most of all I thank thee, Life, for Her!

For Her I count of good things utter store That surfeits avarice. Thou hast no more, No boon to win one covert sigh from me When I have that whose giving beggars thee.

FRANK H. SWEET.