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Although in the modern bathroom with its tiled dado and floor and enameled tub no furnishings seem required, yet some consideration may be given to the coloring of the rug and many distinctive touches given. Then a color scheme for the walls above the dado and the curtains to harmonize are to be considered. An old-fashioned wood-encased tub may be made to look quite modern by staining the wooden rim and painting the inside white. Give one coat of ordinary paint first, then the second of white bath enamel, as this is not affected by hot water.

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Simplicity and taste should be bedroom maxims, not expense. Repose, beauty and daintiness should be there, but elaboration is not considered good form these days.

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Airy, spindle-legged couches dressed in flowered chintz or cretonne are quite smart bedroom pieces. Dressing tables to match have voluminous drapings of the chintz or cretonne caught up with knots of ribbon. A canopy surrounding a round mirror with frames padded and tufted with tiny ribbon knots, and curtains tied back on either side finish the latter.

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Saucer bottoms are among the most desirable of the brass candesticks so much used now for decoration. These are tall and slender always, the low, squatty ones not being considered at all.

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Soft, red rep in heraldic design is a favorite stuff for upholstering long, high-backed settees of black oak.

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Shelves are never amiss in a modern room. Not the ready-made shelves of the shop, but those put here, there and everywhere, and stained by a carpenter. They are made all widths, too. One most stylish one seen lately was at least ten inches wide, and ran across just one side of the room. It was stained green, and the unusually large supporting brackets were ornamented to represent the head and neck of a pea-fowl.

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One decorator using stained floors always as being the most hygienic and artistic gives as his rule that the tone of the floor and the woodwork of the furniture should be the same.

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While too close an adhesion to so-called "matching" of tints results in monotony in house furnishing, yet too great contrasts and too great variety are equally to be avoided.

* * *

Undoubtedly these are the days of antiques and rooms in a special period in interior decoration, and the more ancient the piece or scheme, the more graciously it is smiled on by fashionable folk.—New York Tribune.

Chamber Walls.

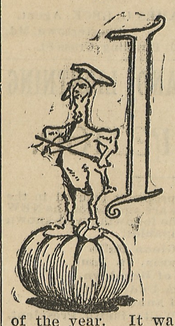
Nothing is more satisfactory in a chamber than a dull, rough faced wall. Inequality of surface, however slight, breaks up the monotony and furnishes a soft background for the few pictures and draperies with which the wall should be adorned. The ceiling should not be white, but a paler shade of the frieze. In a chamber, above all other rooms, a handsomely finished wood floor, with rugs, is best, both on account of neatness and health.

Roast Leg of Mutton, Bretonne—Soak a pint of navy beans over night or for ten hours. Boil and season without breaking them, then drain. Have ready a leg of mutton roasted and seasoned. Make gravy from the pan; pour this over the beans and serve with the meat.

Cream of Chicory Soup—Wash and boil for twenty minutes four or five heads of chicory, drain and cool, then squeeze out the water and mince. Melt a tablespoonful of butter in a saucepan, then rub in the same of flour; add gradually a quart of hot milk, the chicory, a teaspoonful of salt and one-fourth as much white pepper. Let it simmer fifteen minutes, then serve with croutons.

Mushrooms Baked in Milk—Peel the mushrooms and cut into pieces the size of an oyster. Use enough to make a pint of wild ones. Season with a saltspoonful of salt and a third as much pepper; add half a tablespoonful of butter in bits. Place in a buttered baking dish and pour over milk to nearly cover them; sprinkle the top with bread crumbs and bake twenty minutes in a brisk oven; serve.

Dumplings to Serve With Chicken—These are best baked. Rub a tablespoonful of butter into a quart of flour; add two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, a teaspoonful of salt, and mix thoroughly. Add sufficient milk (a cupful and a half) to moisten. Roll out half an inch thick; cut with a cutter about the size of a silver quarter; stand in a baking pan; brush the tops with milk, and bake in a quick oven for fifteen minutes. Break these into halves; run them back into the oven for ten minutes; put them around the dish and pour the sauce over them.



IT is not so many years since Thanksgiving, "Independence day"—as everybody called the Fourth of July—and fast-day were the only days set apart legally for rest and kept as holidays. But Thanksgiving was looked forward to as the family festival of the year. It was the day of reunion—the day when all the children and grandchildren gathered together under the old roof-tree, forgot grown-up care and threw off grown-up responsibilities, and gave themselves up to the enjoyment of the time.

Every one in the neighborhood knew

who was coming home to every other family, and how the friendly eyes watched as the train came in or the stage coach drove into town to see who would be the first arrival.

And such preparations as there were going on in the old home for days before the festival! Why, the whole country about was redolent of spices and savory odors. There must be pumpkin pies, because "our Billy" would never know that it was Thanksgiving if he didn't have one of mother's pumpkin pies, and John would be terribly disappointed if he didn't have all the mince pie he wanted. There must be custard pie for Abby, who was in a distant city teaching school, for she said that since she had been away she had never tasted such custard as she got at home, so rich and golden with eggs and cream. And there was old-fashioned plum cake to be made for the little ones—not the rich kind that would make everybody ill who ate more than a crumb of it, but wholesome, spicy plum cake stuffed full of raisins—and the sugariest of cookies; for the dears would be sure to get hungry before dinner was ready, argued mother, "and they must have something to stay them."

Then how the clouds were watched for days for the promise of snow. It was not Thanksgiving—a real, true Thanksgiving—without a sleigh-ride. Nowadays people think that winter sets in early if there is snow at Christmas, and there is very audable grumbling if Thanksgiving finds the ground with its covering of white.

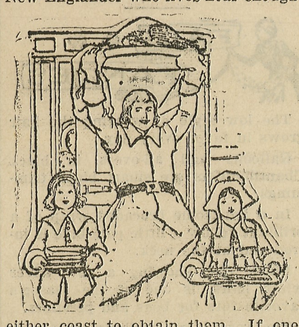
There is as much difference in the menu of the new-fashioned dinner to be served at Thanksgiving and that which was served on the old-fashioned table as there is in the spirit and observance of the day itself. The present one includes soup, after the oysters, and goes regularly through several courses, with salad, ice-cream and all the new-fangled dinner notions. The other had roast turkey as the principal dish; and besides there was roast beef and roast pork, for fresh beef was as great a luxury as the turkey was to the visiting children. There was cranberry sauce, mashed potatoes, squash, boiled onions and turnips, plenty of relishes and pickles, then the plum pudding and all the array of pies. One had to be a valiant trencherman to face all this. Oh! and I forgot the big chicken pie, baked in a four or six quart milk-pan, and fairly oozing richness.

There could not be a Thanksgiving without turkey any more than there could be an English Christmas dinner without roast goose. Turkey has been the national dish for the day ever since the first Thanksgiving was kept

in Plymouth in the November of 1621. That was the day Governor Bradford had appointed on which the men and women of the stricken infant colony might come together and rejoice in a special manner for the small harvest and the promise that the brave hearts thought they read in it for future prosperity. It was considered just and right to give thanks for blessings and mercies which had been vouchsafed before asking an increase; and so the first festival of thanksgiving was to be held. The hunters went scouring the woods for wild turkeys, which abounded about Plymouth, and which were to furnish the chief dish for the feast. Kitchens were put in readiness for the cooking and pretty Priscilla Mullins, she who played such havoc with the heart of stout Miles Standish, and drove handsome John Alden wild with her teasings before she gave him that memorable bit of encouragement, was put in charge of the biggest one of all, that belonging to worthy Dame Brewster.

But the dinner! What a notable feast it was, and how the good dames of Plymouth must have worked to set before their hungry guests such an array of tempting dishes! The place of honor was held by the turkeys, stuffed to bursting with beechnuts and savory herbs. Then there were oysters, brought by the Indians as their contribution to the festival, and the first which the white people had ever seen, and great bowls of steaming clam chowder, delicious stews, with dumplings of the flour of barley, cakes of all descriptions, such as Priscilla Mullins knew well how to concoct, with the fruits of the forest, wild grapes, plums and nuts.

Is it any wonder that Thanksgiving seems New England's own festival. And the old customs are not given up altogether, even though new ones may be introduced. The turkey is the chief dish of the dinner, and the oyster-gift of the Indians to their white hosts still finds a place on the table of the New Englander who lives near enough



either coast to obtain them. If one has wondered why oyster soup is always on the menu for the day, here is the reason. So the old and new are brought together, and olden tradition and newer habits and customs clasp hands cordially on this high festival day of America.—Woman's Home Companion.

Well Done.

"Have you bought your turkey yet, Mrs. Beaning?" asked the pale boarder, three days before Thanksgiving Day.

"Bought my turkey yet?" she exclaimed. "You don't suppose that I'm going to the expense of feeding a turkey from now until the twenty-ninth, I hope?"

"Oh, I didn't mean that," the pale boarder hastened to say. "I was merely thinking how much more tender it would be than last year's turkey was, if you would buy it now and keep it in the oven until the day of the feast."—Harper's Bazar.

Not That Sort of Bird.

Chorus of Boarders—"I'll take a leg—a leg, please—leg for me—leg, if you please!"

Landlady—"Do you gentlemen think this turkey is a centipede?"

Changing His Genus.

First Turkey—"Gobbler is misbehaving in a scandalous way."

Second Turkey—"Yes; he hopes to save himself; he is trying to become a black sheep."—Puck.

A Fashion Note.

First Thanksgiving Turkey—"How shall you be dressed for Thursday?"

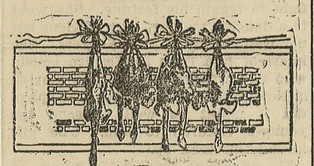
Second Thanksgiving Turkey—"Oh, cutaway, I suppose."—Harper's Bazar.

THE SPIRIT OF THANKSGIVING.

She comes, and the world is brighter;
She comes, and the gloom's relieved;
And the spirit of man is lighter
For this blessing just received.

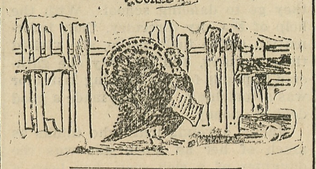
Wild Game Appropriate.

On the Thanksgiving table wild game of any kind is appropriate, suggesting, as it does, the fare of those early Thanksgiving days in Pilgrim and Puritan times. Except for the game of the forests and rivers the scant harvests which hard toil reaped from a wild land would not have been enough to save the colonists from actual starvation. No heavy laden ship bringing dainties from foreign lands reached our shores.



The Thanksgiving Dinner.

Tomato bouillon
Salted almonds Celery
Roast turkey stuffed with chestnut
Cranberry jelly Spiced peaches
Scalloped oysters and chicken
Mashed potatoes Baked squash
Creamed corn Baked sweet potatoes
Cabbage and celery salad
Cheese Wafers
Pumpkin pie Mince pie
Rice pudding with chocolate sauce
Thanksgiving cake
Nuts Bonbons Fruit
Coffee



Thanksgiving Wonder Ball.

A Thanksgiving wonder ball is wound of yellow wool to simuate a pumpkin. Trifling gifts, as tiny dolls, little whistles, lace pins, etc., are wound in it. As it is unwound the gifts fall out. The wool should be rolled up again as it is pulled off.—Ladies' Home Journal.

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