THE MERCURY

Established 1847

Entered at the Carlisle Postoffice as second class matter

Warren Fisher, Editor
Grimes Caywood, News Editor

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

One Year (in advance) $2.00
Six Months (in advance) 1.00
Three Months (in advance) ..... .50

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 26, 1925

PIE.

We who hail from the land of the old "Blue Grass Cook Book," and "Mrs. Johnson" and other leading lights of the art culinary, are want to pride ourselves upon the superior excellence of our cookery and look askance upon those sections where "corn-bread" is but a subtly, sweet-and nonchalance of its real charm, golden glory of hot-cake benefit are regarded as "hard on the stomach." Not without reason, perhaps, as we pride ourselves upon the superiority of our cuisine as to hot-cake and hot biscuits, pone and hoe cake, etc. But when it comes to pie, surely one must plead the palm to New England.

It was on pie, we imagine, that the infant Miles Standish cut his eye teeth. It was the perfect blend of dripping spirits of the crabbed native flora of the "trees and rocks-and-rills coast," pie that lightened the heart of the Puritan, tending to repress sensory bestowals in the observance of the Celtic Mothers. Why should they not excel at pie?

And no one suggests of Mr. H. H. Arr, who writes lucidly, deeply and evidently of cup-cakes, as well as of that pastry par excellence, the dream-maker extraordinary, the mince pie, must here quote from the racist memories transmitted through a line of forebears, who evidently stumped one to a new world, the first soon they knew, then upon the aborigines—and then upon you! But let Mr. Arr tell you how it should be done:

"A true Thanksgiving mince-pie should be an inch thick, with a thin, flaky crust, tinted by its impregnated juices, which threaten to break through like blood from overfilled veins. Around its edge must be a slight crinkle made by the tines of a fork or castor-bottle cover, and in its top a hole here and there from the stroke of a knife to let the steam out. Too steam, soon known, can never be forgiven, for the chemical exhalation of beef and pork or veal, and spices and raisins and currants and sugar and cream and a boiled shirt, all in perfect confusion, of a dish of good quality, should be pre-prandial wine of steam chaos, and must be sweet—but the healthful blue giving pie?

A GOOD SUGGESTION

The Richmond Register suggests that the patronizing power may well be placed in the hands of the Chamber of Commerce and Commercial Club rather than relieving the guests of all the "carrying charges" and "overhead" items—side dishes, for us city folks, are joined before you.

Says the Register:

Few people there are who realize how trying is the ordeal to which the average banquet guest goes, agreeing to pay according to the number of plates he uses as liberties of pressure is sought, being, in many instances, worse with poorly cited etiquette as their feet, going from the frying for their wide support, to the punctuated antithesis. Perhaps fail influences brief pressure to bear upon the governor of a more elementary for pressure in motion. Such a pressure is the only prayer upon how many could buy Easter, but our good feet to protect society and give protection to meritorious causes, but it seems for some to be unfortunate exactly, unless through and energy, that should be expended on things which more vitally affect the state.

The Mercury has always contributed with the harnessed men, holding in his hands its power to grant life to the condemned, down to the imprisoned, bent on all sides by weeping wives and mothers and little children, importuned by friends and powerful influences, who sometimes let his heart get the better of his judgment. It is no easy task for the man who is easily touched by human suffering.

We agree with the Register that the governor might well be relieved of this burden. Just how it may be done is a task for the makers of laws to devise.

DON'T LOSE THE CANNERY.

The Mercury would urge the farmers of Nicholas county to try tomato-growing for at least another year before reaching a decision upon the value of this crop. We will lose our local cannery, unless our local growers are pledged at a meeting which has been called for Saturday afternoon at the court house.

The result of last summer's experiment with tomatoes as a money crop is not a fair indication of what may be expected when weather conditions are more reasonable. Our neighbors at Flemingsburg and Georgetown have realized this fact and will retain their canning plants by pledging the required acreage. In just two hours, at Flemingsburg, 2,000 acres were pledged. Paris is to have a plant next season and the people of this county are offered the same price that is to be paid in Flemingsburg, Scott and Bourbon.

After having been foreshadowed in the matter of trying this experiment, early we are going to give it a fair trial. Given a good season and proper handling, Nicholas county can raise four hundred barrels to the acre. At forty cents per bushel, this would be ample for the cannery to be assured of its success.

THANKSGIVING IN 1779.

What man may be thankful on an empty stomach? We make no doubt that many of the men and women of the truth of which there can be no doubt. And so the custom of observing Thanksgiving has well nigh attained the dignity of observing Christmas Day, though one is supposed to doubt does not attach to such European thoroughfares as Piccadilly and Regent Street, London. Perhaps for the same reason, we see manifestations of thankfulness in the form of such pious Thanksgiving dinners.

Three hundred and fifty-six years ago, during the war of our Revolution, Jabez Smith, in great great grandfather of Nicholas Longworth, father of Dorchester, Mass., wrote "Grandpa Longworth's Thanksgiving" to his family and his family, five of them in all, & Counsell Fain for Life. Then there were six of the Livingstone family next door. They had never seen a Thanksgiving Dinner before, having been used to have great feast Day instead, as is the work in New York and Providence. Then there were four Old Ladies who have no longer Homes of Children of their own & so came to us. They were invited by your Mother, but Uncle and Aunt Jones wished it so.

"Of course we could have no feast Beef. None of us have tasted it all must go to the Army, & too little they get, poor Fellows. But Marquisitman's Hunters were able to get us a fine red Deer, so that we had a good haunch of Venison on each Table. These were baked'd by huge Chimes of Roast Pork at the other ends of the Tables. Then there was on ente a big Goose Turkey & on the other a Goose, & two big Pigeon Pasties. Then there was an abundance of good vegetables of all the old Sorts & we have got them. Uncle Simeon had imported the Seeds from Portland and before the War began & only this year was there enough to Plant. Then we had Puffins & Custards & ice cream to cooking. It is very good cooking, but I shall not have Uncle Simeon says he will be home. It has to be taken on trust & all I learned in your Mother's Kitchen.

"Our Minor Pies were good although we had to use dried Cherries & Currants, for the Blockade of Newfoundland, instead of fresh. Then we had Apple Pies & Indian Pudding in Lard & Eating to which we had got crazed to by the War. Uncle Simeon has a fine cask of Wine that it must not be out of it, & we had a Bottle of Madeira with the Cheese & the Nuts & Raisins & Cider. Then there was Punch made by