

THANKSGIVING

'Long About Thanksgivin' Time

S. E. KISER

Ain't it splendid to be livin', 'long about this time o' year, Just around about Thanksgivin', with the mornin's crisp and clear, With the children's cheeks a-glowin', with the future lookin' bright, And the shops and mills a-goin' like red blazes, day and night!

Ain't it bracin', ain't it cheerin', when the colts kick up their heels, To approach the corn crib, hearin' turkeys gobblin' for their meals? Don't it make a fellow kinda satisfied with life and glad, When it's got so hard to find a thing that's goin' to the bad?

Ain't it fine to feel the nippin' of the brisk breeze at your nose, When the old dead leaves go zippin' down the lanes in scraggly rows, When you've hay to feed the cattle, when you love your fellow men, And you've money you can rattle in your trousers, now and then!

Ain't it fine to wake from dreamin' of the home your boyhood knew, And to find the glad sun beamin' just the way it used to do, Long ago, about Thanksgivin', when you'd energy to spare, When your pa and ma were livin' and the days were always fair!

Forbes and the Rich Man

A Thanksgiving Story

By HENRY HOWLAND.

It was the day before Thanksgiving, but there was no feeling of thankfulness within Henry Forbes. His look was hopeless, his clothes were seedy, and it was long since he had been able to satisfy his hunger.

Forbes was beginning to long for vengeance. He was beginning to feel that the blade and the torch were justifiable. He had gone from place to place all day and he had always heard the same reply. But it was not only the experience of a day that rankled in his breast. It was the experience of that day repeated over and over. The fever from which he had but lately recovered had been responsible for the loss of his position. He had worked up to that place through years of steady, patient efforts. Now wherever he applied they gave him to understand that he would have to go back to the bottom and begin all over again.

Bitterly he thought of the old adage: There's always room at the top. He was standing beside a big iron gatepost at the end of a driveway which wound among elms and maples up to a mansion that could be partly seen through the trees. It was too cold to snow. Only an occasional tattered flake was whirled along by the wind.

Occasionally a carriage passed up the drive toward the big house in which the first lights were beginning to flicker. In one of these carriages Forbes caught a glimpse of a man with an armful of flowers. Other carriages passed out. Presently a wagon loaded with folding chairs was driven through the gate and up toward the huge pile that loomed among the leafless trees.

Forbes drew a heavy high and shivered in the cold. He started on, fearing that he might be suspected of vagrancy or something worse if he were found loitering at the gate, but after he had gone half a square he turned and went back and stood beside the tall iron post again.

"I have toiled and been honest," he thought, "and what's my reward? Aft-



Beginning to Long for Vengeance.

er twenty years they tell me to go back and start all over again. Pretty soon they won't even give me a chance to do that. Then they'll tell me I'm too old, and what'll follow? Oh God—if there is a God—what are we coming to? Here I stand out in the cold, miserable, alone, with the world against me. Up there some one has enough to make a hundred—perhaps a thousand—such men as I am happy. People drive past me with no thought of what I am, with no sympathy to offer, and hurry to where he is, surrounded by splendor, where they may flatter him and add to his joys because—because he has the money that a hundred—perhaps a thousand—others should share.

"And which of us has been the better man? Which of us has honestly earned the most? Which has kept nearest to God's commandments? Perhaps he has his money because he has cheated others, or because luck fa-

vored him in some speculation, or some one may have left it to him. Surely, he cannot honestly have earned so much more than I have. Yet the preachers talk about God's justice. If God is just why is he there and why am I compelled to stand out here in the dark and shiver, with no hope for tomorrow?"

Another carriage passed up the drive and Forbes bitterly said to himself:

"Bah! I suppose society is gathering here this evening for one of its 'functions.' Tomorrow the papers will have lists of the names of the people who were present. The money they will spend for flowers this evening would be enough to keep many a poor family comfortable that will have to suffer through the winter."

He clinched his hands and swore that he didn't believe a just God could reign while such conditions existed. He worked himself into such a passion that he forgot the cold, forgot the danger of being arrested for vagrancy, forgot that he was talking aloud.

Then he saw a woman coming down the walk from the palace among the trees. He started away, but impulsively turned again and met her as she was passing through the gate. He could see in the dim light which remained that she was probably a servant, and he asked:

"Who lives up there?"

"Mr. Talburn—I mean the Talburns."

"Oh. And they're having a ball or a reception or something of that kind tonight, are they?"

"No. Mr. Talburn's dead. They're getting ready for the funeral."

Forbes pushed his hands down into his pockets and stood for a moment, looking at the splendid house in which



"Can You Drive a Team of Horses?"

the rich man lay dead. Then, turning toward the woman, he asked:

"When is the funeral to be?"

"Tomorrow," she answered.

"Thanksgiving is a poor day for a funeral, isn't it?"

"Any day is a poor day for a funeral," she said, and went on her way.

Forbes pulled himself together, a moment later, and, starting onward, said:

"So it is. Any day is a poor day for a funeral, and any day is a poor day for giving up hope and losing faith in God."

At the street corner he halted, uncertain which way to go. While he hesitated a man approached him.

"What's the trouble, my friend?" the stranger asked.

"I'm hungry and I'm out of a job," Forbes replied.

"Can you drive a team of horses?"

"Of course I can."

"I need an extra driver. I'm to furnish carriages for Mr. Talburn's funeral tomorrow. Come along. You're just the man I'm looking for. I can put you to work now and give you a steady job if you want it."

"I'm alive and I've got a job," thought Forbes as he walked along with his employer, "and tomorrow's Thanksgiving."

"My Prayer."

Heavenly Father, instead of bringing to thee merely empty words of thanks for the many blessings that have come to me throughout the year, help me to show my heart's deep gratitude by doing all the useful things I can in thy name today.

Let me try to find every lonely heart within my reach, and freely share my portion of cheer with all.

Let me remember to speak the tardy words of honest praise and appreciation my selfish lips have unwittingly withheld, and prayerfully leave unsaid the little things that hurt and sting.

Let me fully test the tender magic that lies in smiles, kind words and little acts of thoughtfulness, and see how many sad, discouraged souls I can make glad.

And grant, O Father, that the eventide may find nothing in my humble power left undone or unsaid that could help some one in need, or make the world better and brighter. Amen.

THANKSGIVING DAY

By Francis Bird Pugh.

1630

Stern woods and frowning sky and farther on
A wide, wild waste of water walling in
The hearts that yearned for touch of loved one's hand,
For parents' blessing and for children's kiss.

The silken tassels of the maize had waved
Above the leveled graves of many a one
Unequal to the contest with fierce meek
And fiercer nature; but that Pilgrim band
Kneeling, praised God, and thanked him that the earth
And water gave them food, and most of all
That they were free to worship him for whom
They had given up all man holds dear on earth.

Theirs was the sowing, our the reaping time,
God made of them a nation, and it stands
With one hand plunged in rough Atlantic's foam
And one laved in the gentler waters of the blue Pacific. Through its iron veins—
A network wraps the land from east to west—
The life blood of the nation ebbs and flows.

From the abundance of its fruitful breast
It feeds the children of its older kin
And grants to all within its sheltering arms
Freedom of worship which our fathers craved.

O, men, who builded better than you knew,
We, thine unworthy children, give God thanks
For this, our country, which we owe to thee.

1913

Here's a world that is white, and road smooth as glass,
And a spanking good team that your neighbor can't pass,
And a plentiful of family—young folk and old—
Well tucked in with laprobes to keep out the cold;
And atone with the laughter that lights the way
Is the dear, delicious tangle,
And the jingle, jingle, jangle
Of the sleighbells in New England
On Thanksgiving day.

Now the house is in sight with the door opened wide
While the darling old mother stands waiting inside.
Why the love in her face shines like sun on the snow!
You're the child that you used to be long, long ago.
Now the hard crust of worldliness passes away
With her arms around your neck on this Thanksgiving day.

Then home with the moon keeping pace, cold and bright,
Just tingeing with silver earth's verdure of white.
The voices are hushed, for the spectacle of an hour
Is folding all close in its magic power.

Measured hoofs beats keep time to the thoughts on the way,
And mark the rhythmic tangle,
And the jingle, jingle, jangle
Of the sleighbells in New England
On Thanksgiving day.

Probably there are some people who wish turkeys were as cheap as Thanksgiving proclamations.—Toledo Blade.
Nearly a hundred marriage licenses to add joy to the Thanksgiving!—Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.
The drumstick eaters about the board may at least be thankful the turkeys are not quadrupeds.—Boston Herald.
Haah, brothers, haah with care; haah for a week most everywhere.—Baltimore Sun.
Well, just be thankful that you are not a Turk—American, European or Asiatic.—Newark Star.
"Heads you win," said the wags; turkey as he stretched his neck of the chopping block.—Chicago Record Herald.

THANKSGIVING THOUGHTS

TURKEY FOR TEN

"Thanksgiving ain't different from any other day," snapped Mellicent, making the most of the creak in her rocker. "What's the use of having a turkey when you've got only a reed-bird appetite!"

"It ain't just the turkey itself," replied Mrs. Della Wyatt, with a knowing shake of her head, "though it's surprising how plumb crazy the kiddies are after drumsticks. Land of love, if Mr. Burbank could only produce centipede gobblers! But it's what the turkey stands for, Mellicent."

There was a moment's silence, then the creak reassured itself. "Maybe there is—when you've got sons and daughters and grandchildren to sit round the table and look for it," snapped Mellicent; "but I'd like to know what's backing up a Thanksgiving turkey when you ain't got any folks to reunite for a family dinner?"

Mrs. Wyatt put her knitting into her work bag, with a sigh. "I've got to stop in at Johnson's to buy some chestnuts for the stuffing," she explained, in apology for her glance at the clock and abrupt leave-taking. "What did I do with my hat? Oh, here it is on the chair. Mellicent, do you remember Angelina Snow?"

Mellicent nodded, her mouth bristling with five hat pins, as she stood with Mrs. Wyatt's jacket held out in both hands toward the open fire.

"You made me think of something she told me once—my left sleeve's caught there, Mellicent. Angelina had the blues terrible bad one morning," continued Mrs. Wyatt, sticking in the hatpins one by one as she talked, "but 'stead of sitting down and making company of them she trotted them right out for a walk. And what do you suppose she did then? She went up and down Spring street, looking and looking, and every time she passed a woman uglier than herself she counted her off on a finger. When her fingers gave out she went home—cured. Angelina wouldn't have taken a blue ribbon at a beauty show, either."

Mellicent Jancey's practical, active nature had no time for sentimentalizing, but the morning after Mrs. Wyatt's visit new, strange thoughts—with twinkling eyes and wistful smiles—kept peeping out at her from behind the routine of daily duties, and at noon she suddenly dropped broom and dust er, dressed with trembling fingers, sur-

prised Teddie Roosevelt Tortoiseshell with a bear hug, and darted from the house—bearing the exalted expressions of an archangel, and wearing two gloves for the same hand.

In the gathering twilight of that Thanksgiving eve Miss Mellicent's doorbell tinkled excitedly, and the next moment Mrs. Wyatt flashed into the sitting-room.

"I wanted you from first, Mellicent," she panted, without preface, "but it made thirteen at table, and it never occurred to me until an hour ago that I could count Jessie's twins as one just as well as not. You'll come, of course?"

"I'm sorry, Della, but I've a previous engagement—with a Thanksgiving turkey of my own."

"You bought one, after all? But, Mellicent, it will be so lonesome eating it without any of your own folks here."

"I'm to have some of my own folks—ten of them!"

"Why, Mellicent, only yesterday you told me that there wasn't a living soul related to you this side the Rockies, and—"

"That was before you taught me how to find them, Della. There, don't be frightened. I've not lost my mind. You remember about Angelina Snow? I got to thinking of the uglier lives than mine, Della. Of the two dear Misses Prescott worrying over money matters ever since they lost so much in that mining venture; of my little dressmaker, who was the petted darling in her home back east and has to work for her living among strangers out here, because her lungs are weak and she can't live anywhere else; of poor, fastidious Mrs. Adams, who can only afford a third-class boarding house; of—I won't go on, but they're all invited, and they're all accepted."

She rose, and as she turned toward Mrs. Wyatt the freight revealed a face radiant with happiness. "I can't talk things out the way you can, Della," she concluded, with a gay little laugh, "but just you come into the kitchen with me and see my Thanksgiving turkey!"—May C. Ringwalt, in Los Angeles Times.

Vegetarian's Thanksgiving

I'm thankful for the celery,
The canned pears and the onion stew;
I'm thankful for the beans; to me
The turnips look inviting, too;
The sweet potatoes give me glee,
The parsnips gladly I assail,
But best of all things is the rich
Aroma of the turkey which
I am permitted to inhale.

With proper thanks I break the crust
That Fortune lays beside my plate;
I shun the oysters, for I must
Not carelessly be tempting Fate;
The giblets all aside I thrust,
To me they are of no avail;
I prove my strength while gazing at
The rich and juicy mince pie that
I must not eat, but may inhale.

—S. E. Kiser

Why We Give Thanks.

Thanksgiving to God is fitting, because we have countless reasons for it. God is our father, and he fills all our days with blessings. There is never a moment when we have not something new for which to praise him. There is blessing in everything he does for us and sends to us. We should be most ungrateful if we did not give thanks unto God. Prayer should not be all clamor for new favors, it should be full of recognition of mercies and good things. It is good, also, to give thanks, because it makes our own lives sweeter, truer and more beautiful. Joy is beauty. Praise is comedy. One who does not give thanks lacks the highest element of loveliness. Ingratitude is dark and somber; praise is light and beautiful. Giving thanks also makes us greater blessings to others. Praising people scatter inspiration wherever they go. They make others happier, braver, stronger. Our days should be full of praise and song. Then God will be pleased with our lives and this world will be made sweeter and better.—J. R. Miller, D. D.

Individual Spirit.

Although a national observance, the spirit of Thanksgiving must ever be individual. Otherwise it must be mere form and ceremony, lacking that heartfelt gratitude, that spontaneous impulse which springs unbidden from the grateful heart.