

LITTLE FOLKS

Thanksgiving.

(By C.A. Urann, in S.S. Messenger.)

'Oh Harry, come here quick! Thanksgiving is out and going toward the gate,' called Mildred Graham to her brother, who came running from the barn in answer to her call, and together they endeavored to catch the great turkey gobbler, known to the Graham household as Thanksgiving.

Mrs. Graham was busy frying doughnuts when she heard Mildred call.

'It does beat all how that critter acts up nowadays. I declare it seems as though he surmised

'I've caught you at last, old fellow!' exclaimed Harry, stooping to clasp the gobbler; but instead, he lay sprawling on the ground, while Thanksgiving flew into an apple tree near by, and Mrs. Graham stood laughing at the boy's defeat.

'You'd better fetch a pan of corn, Harry. Maybe that'll coax him down. He's been the uneasiest of all the turkeys I ever raised. Always a wandering off so freaky like, though it isn't every turkey that's had the bringing up that that one has.'

Thanksgiving had been hatched

over while indulging in a mud bath in the road; later, he was grabbed by a dog and relieved of a large patch of feathers from the back of his shining coat; indeed, scarcely a day passed without Thanksgiving causing some excitement in the otherwise quiet home of the Grahams.

The sight of corn decoyed the aspiring fowl from his high position, and he was soon safely housed in his bachelor quarters beneath the kitchen window, to eat and reflect, and to dream of the feast that was close at hand, when he should fill a place of honor at the bountifully spread board of the Grahams.

'Here it is going on 277 years since those stiff old Puritans started this foolish custom of setting apart a day of Thanksgiving,' he mused, as he picked away at his corn, 'and because there happened to be a lot of wild turkeys in the neighboring woods for them to shoot and eat on that occasion, when the woods was their only market place, their descendants have come to regard our tribe as especially provided for that purpose.'

'Once upon a time our tribe boasted of possessing brighter plumage, when they were free to roam about to their heart's content. No wonder we have come to be a melancholy looking bird.'

'Good! They have sent that thoughtless Harry to feed me; more likely than not, he will forget to put the door down and then I'll step out of this narrow contracted house and look about for a while.'

Just as the boy was about to replace the door he heard the music of a hand-organ, which to his ear was the sweetest of all earthly sounds, and thinking there might be a monkey also, he hurriedly let the door down outside, the grooves and rushed across the fields to the spot whence came the enchanting strains of 'Love's Young Dream.'

After finishing his meal, the enterprising turkey poked at the door until it fell over and then he too hurried away, but toward the great south garden where he knew there were treasures awaiting him.

'Sure enough, here are the



what's coming, for there's no keeping him shut up, anyhow,' she said as she hastened to the porch. 'Harry,' she called out, 'don't you be too rough with him or he'll strike out with those wings of his and you'll wish you'd let him alone.'

Several times the children thought they had him, but Thanksgiving eluded their grasp and went wildiy on, with every particular feather standing out as though electrified.

beneath the motherly wings of an old speckled hen, from an egg given Mildred by a neighbor. He was looked upon by the children as the loveliest turkey that ever strutted about a dooryard, and from his first appearance on earth was destined to grace the platter on the forthcoming Thanksgiving. He was named and reared accordingly, but endeavored to cause all the anxiety and excitement he could during his short but eventful life.

When very young he was run