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Children's Page

The "Thank-You" Day

By Frances Harmer

Jimmy was a little boy who had come to live with some cousins because his father and mother had gone West for a time. The cousins of course had a father and mother, too, but Roy and Katie and Dick seemed so much more interesting and important than the grown-up people, who did not play, that Jimmy always said he had come to live with his cousins.

Katie, who was thirteen years old, was very good to him. She helped him to dress every morning, and washed even his ears without hurting him. Not everyone can do that, although, of course, your mother can.

Roy was fifteen. He could carry Jimmy on his back, and run! Dick was about Jimmy's age, and knew lots of games; but Dick sometimes played tricks on Jimmy, because at first Jimmy believed everything that Dick said.

"There's a big turkey just come in," said Jimmy. "To-morrow isn't Sunday."

"No, to-morrow's Thanksgiving," answered Dick. "You get a better dinner on Thanksgiving than you do on Sunday."

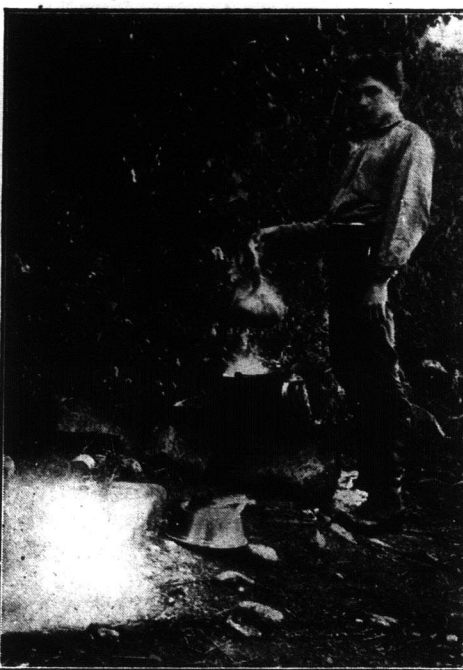
"Why?" said Jimmy. "Why" was a word he used very often.

"Don't you know about Thanksgiving Day?" asked Dick.

"No, I don't think I do," said Jimmy.

"No, I'm sure I don't know about it."

"I'll tell you," said Dick, with twinkling eyes. "It's the day when you mustn't say anything all day, except 'Thank you.'"



"Do you think its done."

"Why?" asked Jimmy again. "Do people give you things?"

"Sometimes they do, and sometimes they don't," was Dick's answer. "But whether they do or not, you must just keep on saying 'Thank you.'"

The next morning Jimmy rose, full of excitement.

"This is 'Thank-You Day,'" he reminded himself.

So, when Katie helped him to lace his shoes that he might not be late for breakfast, he said, "Thank you." Katie kissed him, being a motherly little girl, and he said "Thank you" then, and how Katie laughed!

"You may sit here, Jimmy," said his uncle, who had not seen much of the little boy. "Get his chair, Roy."

"Thank you, uncle," Jimmy answered, and as Roy moved the chair to its place, he added, "Thank you, Roy."

He remembered the one word he was to use whenever anyone gave him anything to eat or drink. As his cousins talked a great deal, no one noticed him particularly, but at last so many "thank you's" made his aunt say:

"I think he's been very well brought up."

"Yes, he has," said his uncle. "I think I'll take him over to market in the wagon. All the others have something to do."

So Jimmy had a ride, just because he had said so many "thank you's" while he was having his breakfast.

When dinner time came he was tired and sleepy; but the big table, with its lights and colored leaves and pretty dishes and good things to eat, woke him up. He sat next his aunt, who had Dick on the other side of her.

Jimmy was glad it was so late when dinner came. He wanted to say so many other things, and he was afraid he might forget them by to-morrow. He was glad that there was only one day in the year when you had to say nothing except "Thank you."

Dick was having a glorious time listening to Jimmy! He was thinking how much more fun he would have at night, when he meant to tell Jimmy how he had fooled him. But, as you will see, when the time came it was not Dick who laughed!

There were many guests at that Thanksgiving dinner. One was a tall, dark man whom no one except uncle and aunt had ever seen before. Roy said "Sir" every time he spoke to him, and so did Katie. Jimmy thought they seemed somewhat afraid of him.

"He's the new schoolmaster," whispered Dick to Jimmy, behind his mother's back. "They say he's so strict that even the big boys are scared of him!"

When the plates came round to the youngest at the table, who were served last, Dick was soon so busy with his dinner that he forgot to pass anyone the salt, or olives, or anything.

"Come, come, Dick, pass the bread, my boy," said Dick's father. "Don't you see that Mr. Brown hasn't any?"

Even merry Dick felt a little frightened as the big dark man turned to look at him. He passed the plate of bread to Katie very quickly.

"No hurry," said Mr. Brown; but he did not smile, and everyone was quiet for a minute.

"The other little boy is forgetting to pass things," he said suddenly.

Everyone looked at Jimmy; and Jimmy, wondering what he had forgotten to pass, saw that there were three salt cellars right in front of him. He rather suspected that Dick had pushed them there when his mother was not looking; but he handed one of them to Mr. Brown, and as he did so said, "Thank you, sir."

Dick chuckled, but Mr. Brown said:

"I'm glad you can say thank you for a reproof, my boy. It promises well."

"More dressing, Jimmy boy?" asked his uncle.

"Thank you uncle," answered Jimmy, holding out his plate.

"How many, many times that child has said 'Thank you' to-day!" exclaimed Roy. "What makes you do it, sonny?"

Jimmy was puzzled. How could he reply to that question in the brief phrase that was all he could speak? He was silent.

"Never sulk, Jimmy, even if they do tease you," his aunt said in a low voice. Jimmy looked up at her, smiling. He could make his own answer to that.

"Thank you, aunt," he replied.

"I like that," said the new schoolmaster. "He can take instruction. I like that very much." And he nodded at Jimmy.

"But I must know why he does it to-day," persisted Roy. "Why do you keep saying 'Thank you' all the time, Jimmy?"

Jimmy decided that he must say one more word. "Thank-You' Day," he answered.

"Ah!" said Mr. Brown. "Thank-You' Day! I like that. Good boy! 'Thank-You' Day! Capital!"

At night, Dick said to Jimmy:

"I fooled you. You don't have to say 'Thank you' all day."

"Boys," said the father of Dick suddenly, "you're pretty young, but I'm going to send you both to school to-morrow. The new schoolmaster thinks you ought to begin right away."

"Oh!" cried Dick. "I'm sorry; he's so strict. They all say so."

"I like him," said Jimmy, "and he said he liked me, too. I'm not scared one bit."

"Yes, he likes you because you said 'Thank you' so many times," explained Katie, coming to help both the little boys to bed. "He didn't know it was all Dick's joke."

"No joke," said Dick. "I'll just have to make to-morrow a 'Thank-You' Day myself."

"All our days ought to be 'Thank-You' Days," said Dick's mother, when she kissed them good night. "And none of them 'Trick' Days, my boy."

Then Katie tucked them both into bed.

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