Democratic Watchman.

Bellefonte, Pa., November 19, 1915.

THE FAMILY THANKSGIVING.

Do you hear the turkey gobbler? 'Tis his last, For he'll soon be called to furnish A repast: Yes, the season of the rear Is uncomfortably near When his brief and proud career

Will be past. If he knew the ax would shortly

Be at work. He would start for taller timbe With a jerk: But his life will be a wreck And he'll scream to beat the deck When he gets it in the neck, Will the Turk,

Won't it be joy to see him On the platter, And the family, how merrily They chatter; They'll rejoice for this and that As they chat and chat and chat, Thankful that the Turk was fat And no fatter.

Listen! Heads are gently bowing, And a prayer Rises up to Him who holds us

In His care. Yea, thanksgiving and good cheer Seems to fill the atmosphere

For the blessings of the year Everywhere. Let us offer praise together,

You and I, Knowing well we'll surely live Until we die, And when all of life is done

May we gather one by one 'Neath the uncreated sun, Bye and bye. -Selected

ROGER THORNTON'S THANKSGIVING.

All day the Chicago express had been ploughing its weary way through the huge snowdrifts on the Dakota prairies. Finally it gave up the effort, and with a puff and snort it came to a complete stop.

Guess we're in for it," remarked the conductor. "You might as well make up your minds to stay here a while." This announcement was greeted with a chorus of "Ohs!" and "Ahs!" from the passengers. It was the day before Thanksgiving-the time of all others to be snowbound. Many fond dreams of family reunions and dinners in the old home suddenly went glimmering.

In the rear of the car was a young man who took no part in the disussion of the situation. Moodily, silently, he gazed upon the white waste that lay all

Roger Thornton was certain that there freely of their frustrated plans, but he said nothing. He made a pretense of reading the morning paper, as a gentle hint that he wished to be let alone. He freely of their frustrated plans, but he hands.

by, with his arms folded and his slouch Lord, some of us ain't ready, and we hat pulled down over his eyes. ain't tryin' to git ready. We think now "My good friend, you seem to be in trouble," Thornton said. we'll do better, but to morrow we'll fergit

Amen.'

Roger Thornton had heard many elo-

quent, carefully worded prayers, but

none had ever affected him like this one

from the uncultured man of the plains.

Thornton agreed with him and put a

"Lord bless you sirs. Lord bless you,"

exclaimed the man when they gave him

the money. "And when you're in trouble may He send you as good friends as

After the others were gone, Thornton

lingered a moment with the stranger.

"I came here to day with my faith shipwrecked," he said as he took his hand. "I was murmuring against a fate

that kept me from loved ones. I thought I had nothing to be thankful for, but I

have learned a lesson that will go with

me as long as I live." "And I learned it all from her," with a

wave of his hand toward the little mound

The next evening when Roger and

ant to Farmers.

you've been to me."

in the snow.

The man raised his head, and taking to do better an' be better. Some of us has Thornton's hand in both of his, he shook a pretty rough road to travel, an' lots of times we stumble an' fall. But we know it warmly. "It was your call I heard for help?"

"It was your call I neard for help: "Yes, you see," nodding in the direc-tion of the wagon, "she's lyin' in there dead. Mattie was the best wife a man

Thornton gave a start, and there was a little choke in his voice as he said, 'That is bad sure. It's a pretty dark Thanksgiving Day for you. I guess you feel you haven't anything to be thankful for.

He felt quite sure he would soon forget Thornton's companion looked at him his petitions. When it was all over and they were in astonishment. "Young man," he said, "do you think I'd forgit my Maker beabout to leave, the cowboy took Thorn-ton by the arm and said in a whisper, cause my companion has been taken from me? Of course it's a terrible blow, from me? Of course it's a terrible blow, and the future looms up mighty dark. But I ain't goin' to forgit His goodness in givin' me such a wife I was a new in give him something? I 'low he ain't got much. The little 'uns look in givin' me such a wife. I was a poor, hungry. miserable creature, and she made a man o' me. Oh, I'm so thankful I had Mattie bill in his hat to start the contribution. for just a few years!"

These words came as a stinging re-buke to Roger Thornton. He felt like hiding his face in shame. In the shadow of a terrible calamity this poor man's heart was overflowing with gratitude to his Heavenly Father, while he murmured and complained.

"Yes, sir," the man continued. "Mattie stood by me through thick and thin. We came out to Dakota to' take a claim, and we's just beginning to get on our feet a little. She was home-sick for the old folks in Missouri, and we thought we'd go down and spend Thanksgiving with them.

"Grandma was going to have a big turkey for dinner," said the little girl. "With lots of dressing and gravy," put

Mary were riding home together in the twilight, she said, "I know I'll always rein the boy. "And pumpkin pie and plum pudding." member this Thanksgiving. "We'd 'lowed we'd reach there two or "I shall not soon forget the day," he said fervently. "It was a wonderful Thanksgiving to me."—*The Interior*. three days ago, but she got sick and the storm come on us. It's uncommon to have such a storm in these parts so early

in the season. She took pneumonia, and I couldn't do nothin' for her. I just had to let her die. I didn't know what to do Fall Feeding of the Dairy Cow Impor-

but to dig a grave and bury her here. It seems awful to think o' layin' her away without a friend, and nobody to sing and When fall pasture ceases to be available the dairyman faces a critical period. without a fitter I dug the grave I wrapped Mattie in the best quilt we had in the wagon—but somehow I couldn't." Here in milk in a way to bring them from the poor man broke down and sobbed. "It seemed so cold and hard, and Mattie grass to winter feeds without so sudden and complete a change in their ration as deserved something better." to cause a great dropping off in produc-

"And she shall have it, too," said Thornton. "You see I am on a snow-bound train back there. I will go and see what we can do for you," and before to cause a great dropping on in produc-tion. Care is then necessary to see that the cow has enough feed and that it is as succulent as possible. The dairy departthe man could murmur his thanks his ment of the Pennsylvania State College

ays special emphasis on these two points. The pathetic story Thornton told his When the pasture begins to fail, the cows fellow-passengers soon aroused their should be fed ten to twenty pounds of sisympathies. They forgot their own dis-appointments and heartaches in planning green corn or the latest and freshest of for others. Some of the men went to the the corn fodder. Beets and other roots about them. He was a genial, whole-souled fellow, and had been the life of the party until the train began to lose fered them at the barn cows will refuse

When everything was in readiness for to hunt it longer at pasture. Roger Thornton was certain that there was not another person on the train whose disappointment was more keen, more bitter than his own. Others talked bride in the dead woman's toil worn bride in the dead woman'

believed there were some things too doing, for I thought at first she looked If silage or roots are not available, the

pounds wheat bran.

An Idea for Thanksgiving.

The newest idea, appropriate to Thanksgiving, is that wild turkeys should be farmed—that is to say, bred regularly under conditions of semi-domestication. Ornithological experts say that it is entirely feasible, and in the adoption of such a plan lies the only hope for the preservation of our greatest game bird from final extinction. tin' ready fer us; we ask fer Jesus sake.

The wild turkey, of course, is a species entirely distinct from the tame bird with the white-meated breast. One reason why its preservation is important is that it is needed to contribute from time to time its hardy blood and much-prized game flavor to the domesticated variety by inter-breeding. The comparatively dark meat of the breast of many of the tame turkeys that come to market nowa-days at the Thanksgiving season is attributable to such matings, which are eagerly sought by the knowing producer of feathered stock.

The wild turkey is so notoriously shy that most people would be inclined to suppose it incapable of domestication. Such an inference, however, according to the experts, is a mistaken one. As a matter of fact, the bird is not by nature much afraid of man, but rather tame and sociable, so far as human beings are concerned. In Massachusetts during early Colonial days there were great numbers of wild turkeys, and frequently they made themselves at home in the close neighborhood of the dwellings of settlers. had induced them to abandon.

EXTINCT IN NEW ENGLAND.

Today the species is entirely extinct in New England, and in other parts of the country the fowl is extremely wild and hard to shoot—not, however, because of a natural shyness of disposition, but simply for the reason that it has been hunted and trapped so persistently. If wild turkeys were bred and reared on farms-a matter of no great difficulty to accomplish, say the experts-they would be docile enough, and, with proper pro-tection, would multiply rapidly. The fact that wild turkeys have main-

tained their foothold to some extent in long-settled parts of their old territoryas, for example, in Virginia and Mary-land—appears to indicate that it would be entirely practicable to restock portions of their former ranges. But, in-asmuch as the country anciently occupied by them is now for the most part populated by human beings, it is necessary, in order to accomplish the object suggested, that their multiplication should be encouraged under conditions of at least partial domestication—that is to say, by farming the birds for pleasure and profit. It is believed that, if proper protection were given to such enterprises by the law, sp rting clubs and wealthy individ-

uals owning or leasing large tracts would gladly go into the business of breeding wild turkeys—not for market, of course, but for the pleasure derived from such an enterprise. At the present time not a few such organizations and proprietors of great private estates maintain similar preserves for the quail, or "bob-white," holding field trials in competition, to test the ability of dogs to find and point the birds. These field trials are in reality dog races, and no shooting of the quail is allowed. Where wild turkeys are concerned,

however, there is no reason why such extensive preserves, covering in some instances many thousands of acres, should believed there were some things too sacred to be made public property. How could he tell them he was on his way to Illinois to claim his bride? On the mor-any of you men talk?" not afford admirable sport under suitable breed the birds, they might sell shooting privileges to sportsmen at a rate which feeds for this purpose and should make would put much more money into their pockets than they could gain by sending the fowls to market. feeding at this season when succulent If the business were suitably managed, farms of 500 to 1000 acres would yield a feed is scarce is as follows: 100 pounds larger revenue from wild turkeys than from poultry-sportsmen being usually willing to pay several times more for the fun of shooting birds than the latter pounds cottonseed meal. If plenty of succulent feed is available the same grain would fetch as marketable game. For such purposes, of course, it would be ration that is used in the winter may be fed. Two winter grain rations, which neither necessary nor desirable that the have proven very successful as well as fowls should be too tame. On the other hand, experience has shown that wild College when fed with clover hay and silage, are: No. 1-275 pounds cornturkeys are not disposed to go far away ord. from an accustomed source of food supmeal, 100 pounds cottonseed meal, 200 pounds dried distillers' grains, 100 pounds The wild turkey is prolific, and takes gluten feed, 50 pounds linseed-oil meal; No. 2-400 pounds corn-meal, 100 pounds kindly to civilization. Like its tame concottonseed meal, 125 pounds distillers' itener, it is a great consumer of injurious insects, particularly grasshoppers, and as such would be useful to the farmer. The grains, 100 pounds gluten feed, 100 female lays from 15 to 20 eggs for a "clutch," but raises only one brood in a year. Foxes, hawks and owls are dead-Corn Production and Value of Land Directly Related-Larger Yields are Rely enemies, but it would be the business quired on Higher Priced Land. of the farmer to protect the birds from those foes, as he does in the case of his How many bushels of corn must you farm-yard poultry. As for human poachraise on your land in order to pay six ers, adequate laws for protection against per cent. on the money you have invest-ed? To show the relation between land them would have to be passed, but the sportsmen, if once they became interestvalues and necessary crop yields of corn, Prof. Henry G. Bell, formerly Professor ed in the matter, could be relied upon to exert in this direction a powerful influof Agronomy and Manager of Farms, University of Maine, who is now Agronoence which has never yet failed of success in affairs of the kind. It seems difficult to realize that less mist for the Soil Improvement Committee of the National Fertilizer Associathan 100 years ago wild tutkeys were so tion, has prepared a table showing how abundant that they often sold for six many bushela of corn must be raised per cents apiece, a very large one, weighing acre in order to pay interest on the land. 25 or 30 pounds, occasionally fetching as Taking \$15 per acre as the average much as a quarter of a dollar. To-day production cost of an acre of corn, and a large specimen, gobbler preferred, is iguring the yield at the nominal price of worth \$5. The species has been wiped out not by sportsmen, but by pot-hunt-ers, who kill the birds on the roosts, trap) cents per bushel, Professor Bell's table shows that 36 bushels per acre are necessary in order to make the legal them in pens, or lie in ambush for them rate of interest on \$50 per acre land. A attracting them within easy shooting disyield of 42 bushels per acre is necessary tance by imitating the call of the hen or on \$100 land, 54 bushels on \$200 land, 60 the young "poult." On Fisher's Island, in Long Island bushels on \$250 land, and 72 bushels on a most interesting experiment Sound. has already been made in the rearing of For high class Job Work come to turkeys under semi-domestication-though in this case the species dealt with is the tame one. On this island, which The First Thanksgiving. is the most successful turkey farm in the world, the birds are permitted to run wild, and are not even furnished with In the fall of 1621 Governor Bradford et apart a day for Thanksgiving. The any shelter, other than they can find among the trees and scrub. But plenty of corn is thrown about where they can

utmost importance. Our tame turkeys are notoriously difficult birds to rear, under ordinary circumstances, being delicate and liable to epidemics-on which account many farmers have given up trying to raise them. The reason why is simply that there has been too much inbreeding, and the stock has lost its hardiness.

A number of the varieties of the tame turkey have been developed by breeding, the principal ones being the bronze, the buff, the slate, the white, the black and the Narragansett. The white was origi-nally an albino. But all of these are derived from a single species, which is of Mexican origin. There is only one oth-er known species, which is native to Yucatan and Guatemala. It is called the "oscellated turkey," owing to the fact that its tail is ornamented with eyes like that of the peacock. It is one of the most beautiful of birds, its feathers blazing with metallic reflections of gold, green, blue and bronze .- Rene Rache.

Franklin's Account of Thanksgiving.

"Being piously disposed, they sought relief from heaven by laying their wants and distresses before the Lord in frequent set days of fasting and prayer. Constant meditation and discourse on these subjects kept their minds gloomy and discontented; and, like the children of Israel, there were many disposed to return to that Egypt which persecution

"At length, when it was proposed in the afsembly to proclaim another fast, a farmer of plain sense rose and remarked that the inconveniences they suffered, and concerning which they had so often wearied heaven with their complaints, were not so great as they might have expected and were diminishing every day as the colony strengthened; that the earth began to reward their labor and to furnish liberally for their subsistence; that the seas and rivers were found full of fish, the air sweet, the climate healthy, and, above all, that they were there in the full enjoyment of liberty, civil and religious; he, therefore, thought that reflecting and conversing on these subjects would be more comfortable, as tending more to make them contented with their situation, and that it would be more becoming the gratitude they owed the divine being if, instead of a fast, they should proclaim a Thanksgiving.

"His advice was taken, and from that day to this they have, in every year, ob-served circumstances of felicity sufficient to furnish employment for a Thanksgiving day, which is, therefore, constantly ordered and religiously observed."

SOUGHT ROOM IN TOWN JAIL Weary Traveler Mistook Prison for

the Leading Hotel to Which He Was Directed.

Marvin Charles of Buffalo is a stranger in Georgetown, and when he got off the train at Georgetown about eight o'clock at night he hardly knew which way to turn from the depot. He was tired, hungry and dirty and he wanted to hurry to a hotel where he

Charles inquired of the first man he met as to where he could find a hotel. The man described the big hotel of

FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN

DAILY THOUGHT. We Thank Thee.

For flowers that bloom about our feet; For tender grass, so fresh, so sweet; For song of bird and hum of bee; For all things fair we hear or see, Father in Heaven, we thank Thee. For blue of stream and blue of sky; For pleasant shade of branches high; For fragrant air and cooling breeze; For beauty of the blooming trees, Father in Heaven, we thank Thee. -Emerson

Ideas for the Thanksgiving Table-On the white tablecloth form a flat irregular centerpiece of wheat ears, with a big pumpkin in the middle, hollowed out and filled to brimming over with all kinds of nuts. On one edge of the pumpkin a lit-tle toy squirrel should be fastened so that he appears to be sitting up, considering the feast before him. Cunning plush squirrels can be bought at toy stores.

Use plate doilies of bright-colored autumn leaves, and at each of the four corners of the table place a low oldfashioned stone crock, wreathed about with autumn leaves until almost the entire surface of the crockery is hidden. From the broad mouth of each crock a mass of scarlet berries trails over the edge and mingles with the red and yellow leaves about the sides. If you possess several little white birch baskets, they make pretty dishes for raisins, stuffed dates, and old-fashioned striped peppermint candy.

At each corner put a yellow chrysan-themum with one end of a narrow yel-low ribbon tied to the stem and the other end stretching to the center of the table, where it is fastened to a tiny toy tur-key. These turkeys can be bought at almost any candy shop and should be filled with dainty green after-dinner mints. If it is a large dinner party there will be a regular flock of turkeys tether-ed by their gay ribbons. to be given as ed by their gay ribbons, to be given as favors at the end of dinner. At each place for the first course, is a

tiny bowl formed of the rind of half an orange. (This can easily be separated from the fruit by placing the orange in the oven until the rind stiffens, when it can be cut about the middle with a sharp knife, and stripped off without injury.) These orange bowls are filled with scooped out sections of grapefruit and orange, with a few candied cherries and white grapes topping off the whole, and powder-ed sugar sprinkled over it at the last

"Indians and Pilgrims" is a good game for Thanksgiving day, for in it we play what really and truly happened years and years ago when Thanksgiving day was first appointed. To play the game all that is needed is a large sheet of paper and a couple of margin paper and a couple of pencils. The players are divided into two sides, the Indians and the Pilgrims.

On the left hand side of the paper, up toward the top, make sixty dots, ten in a row and six rows, and in the lower corner of the same side draw a cannon as well as you can. Do the same on the right hand side of the paper, and you are ready could wash, get his supper and then to start playing. One person from, say, the Indians' side starts with her pencil on her cannon, keeping her eyes tightiy closed, and draws either a straight or crooked line, just as she please, over the Pilgrims' men or dots. When she has taken up her pencil she counts the numdown the main street to the big brick ber of men she has passed over or "killed" and puts that number down on the Charles walked down until he came score cards in favor of the Indians. Then one from the Pilgrims' side takes her turn, and so on until one side has scored 60 points, which ends the game. You can mark some of the dots with red or blue pencil for chief or commanders, and if one of those is touched by a pencil line it counts three, so that it is not necessary to kill every single man before the game can be won. A dot once gone over cannot be counted a second time, as that man is considered dead, and in drawing a line you must keep on in the same direction, although the line may be zig zagged-that is, if you start out toward the right you can turn back toward the left and so on. Another game or rather trick to play on Thanksgiving is to make a number of tissue paper bags, say one apiece, and fill them with candy, nuts or raisins. Fill one or two of them with flour instead of those things. Tie them up with ribbons and hang them on the chandeliers or doorways. Then blindfold each person concrete track is being tried on a in turn and let each one try to find a bag long private right of way between and break it open with a stick or cane. Pittsburg, Kan., and Fort Scott, Kan. If she succeeds the contents of the bag are hers. If it should be the flour she will get covered with that and be laughed at for her pains. The best part of this is that no one knows who is going to knock the ones filled with flour, as after they are blindfolded each person must be turned around and around until she doesn't have any idea in which direction she is going. So, even if she knew where the bags of flour were hanging, she couldn't tell whether she was going toward one or not. Better still, have some one who is not going to try hang up the bags. A Thanksgiving Dinner. Sixty Years Ago.—For the benefit of the young peo-ple of the family and as a study of the times that are past, living only in the memory of our grandparents, a house mother who had been interested in reits massive gold frame it measures some 8 by 4 feet. It contains some to be served on Thanksgiving day. A viewing history with the schoolgirls in beloved grandmother outlined the feast; tains, 109 officers, nine apprentices, 82 the mother, assisted by the girls, carried engineering officers, 30 pursers, 9 doc- out the details. A sure-enough country turkey was ordered in the summer from a man who promised to give this partic-ular bird extra care. It was stuffed with oysters and chestnuts, and a chain of tiny sausage was put around its neck. The table had a centerpiece of fall vegetables, with candles in brass holders. First clam broth was served, then creamed fish in clam shells-baked in the shell. after the manner of the pilgrim fathers; the turkey followed with squash. Irish and sweet potatoes, celery, cranberry jelly, damson plum preserves, cucumber pickles, thin slices of brown and white bread, coffee with the meal, and all the vegetables placed on the table at once. No place cards and no salad; the dessert was pumpkin and apple pie, cheese, fruit, nuts, and raisins, with cider. Grandmother made her delicious pound cake for which she was famous fifty years ago. The repast was strictly en famillie; the maid had the day, and the girls dressed in costumes such as were in vogue sixty years ago. Grandmother renewed her youth, and every one had a beauti-ful time.

been spoken. Even then Mary was at the little country station waiting and but no one said a word. watching for him. He took her last letter from his pocket and read it over

"I will meet you at the station myself," she had written, "and then we will have folks can sing." a nice ride home together. Yes, we will give you cream-chicken, pop-overs and honey for supper. I am so glad we are to be married on Thanksgiving. Hereafter, the day will be doubly significant to us. God has been so good, and how thankful we ought to be for the privilege of serving him together the rest of our Thornton had read this paragraph of the letter many times, and somehow it always made him feel very small and mean. He knew he was deceiving Mary. She still believed him to they began to sing: be the devout Christian he was in the "How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord, old home. But the city had left its stamp | Is laid for your faith in his excellent word? upon him. He mingled with men of the What more can he say than to you he has saidworld who made light of religion. He You who unto Jesus for refuge have fled? now regarded it as something entirely beneath a strong-minded man.

Of course Mary could do as she liked about these things. No doubt she would take a letter from the little country church to the one in the city. He would go with her a few times for appearance sake. When he stayed at home, she, him than to go alone. He was the stronger will, and he smiled to himself as he thought how easily she could be led away from her faith.

The long hours of the night dragged slowly by. When morning came the cleared away, but it would be several you? hours before the train could move on.

from which he had telegraphed to Mary the night before. He found a reply awaiting him. Eagerly he tore it open believe in God, believe also in me." thinking it would be some consolation to know he had a companion in his misery.

is no worse.

"No worse!" he exclaimed. "Well, I should say this was bad enough. But and he's give her a mansion over yonder then that is just like Mary-always look- And now, mister, can't you offer prayer?' ing on the bright side of things. Here I - Thornton shook his head. It would have spent my time thinking how much better it might have been."

calling in the distance. At last he gave a long shrill whistle, and there came front. back a faint cry of "Help." This interested Thornton at once, and borrowing a pair of snowshoes from a section hand, best. But I sometimes try, in my awkhe set out across the prairies.

little ravine he saw a mover's wagon with a ragged canvas cover. At the sound of footsteps two curly brown heads were thrust out, and a childish voice exclaimed, "If you please, sir, are you the hev us come just as we are. Some of us

What do you mean?"

Just then Thornton saw what he had when we need you. We want you right not noticed before. Behind the wagon the snow was cleared away and a hole where it's so dark. We ain't weepin' fer had been dug that looked very much this good woman that's gone, fer we be-

like a grave. A man was standing near lieve she's ready for the change. But, WATCHMAN is always the best.

The men exchanged curious glances, grass. Bran and oil meal are excellent

good friend was gone.

"Well, we'll have somebody read a up as much as one-half of the grain ra-

little party started to the wagon.

chapter and have some singing, anyway. Mattie's Bible and hymn-book is there A good home-mixed grain ration for in the wagon. I reckon you women

A few of the women had braved the corn and cob-meal, 200 pounds wheat snow to come to the burial. They turn- bran, 175 pounds linseed-oil meal, 50 ed through the hymn-book the man gave them, casually asking him if he had any preferences.

"I don't want none of them mournful funeral hymns. Do any of you know 'How Firm a Foundation? Mattie used to economical at the Pennsylvania State sing that so much when she's about her work.'

The most of them knew it, and a solemn hush fell over the little group as

When through the deep waters I cause thee to go The rivers of woe shall not thee overflow;

For I will be with thee, thy troubles to bless, And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress."

Roger Thornton had not heard that hymn for many a day. He used to sing it at the old country church, and believed every word. But doubts and quesbeing a stranger, would rather stay with | tions arose in his mind, and he began to think it was all a mistake. How inconsistent this seemed to him now! When the song was ended, the hus-

band handed Thornton Mattie's well-worn Bible, and said, "You ain't no preacher, but I know you must be a storm had ceased. Part of the road was Christian. You'll read a chapter, won't

Thornton's face flushed scarlet as he Time hung heavily on Thornton's took the book and muttered something hands, and he started out for a walk. about not being what he ought to be. He He went down the track to the village opened the Bible at random, and began to read the chapter:

"Let not your heart be troubled; ye

"Them's good words. Heaven bless you for reading them," said the man, "So sorry," he read, "but very glad it with the tears streaming down his cheeks. "The Lord knowed Mattie didn't have nothin' but a dugout here, land valued at \$375 per acre.

seem like mockery for him to pray to the Father whom he had forgotten so As he went back to the train he long. While one waited on the other, a thought several times he heard some one rough cowboy who had been standing in the background. made his way to the

Pilgrims had had a fruitful summer. Their corn had yielded a good crop. Deer and wild fowl were plenty, and "Boys," he said, "I ain't no preacher, e set out across the prairies. Near the edge of a strip of timber in a pray," and he raised his hand reverently there were fish in the sea in great abundance. So they kept their Thanksgiving

over the open grave. with feasting. And this was the first of a long line of New England Thanksgiv-"Lord, we're all miserable sinners," he said. "We don't feel we're fit to come ings which have been kept each year to you, but we know you're willing to since that time.

in God sent?" "I am sure I don't know, little girl. ain't thought about you these many years. We've been thinking we could Squanto was one of their Indian friends. He taught them when to plant their corn. When the leaves on the oak tree hat do you mean?" live without you. Mebbe some of us "Oh, papa said he knowed God would has tried to believe there wasn't no were the size of a mouse's ear, then was "Oh, papa said he knowed God would has tried to believe there wasn't no the time. He told them, too, drop a send somebody, an' I s'posed you's the Heavenly Father, no hereafter, no noth- fish into each hill of corn to enrich it in'! But now we've come to a time and make it grow. For Englishmen did

not know much about Indian corn in -They are all good enough, but the

the WATCHMAN Office.

In this artificial wilderness, as it might be called, which covers an area of about 4000 acres, the turkeys get as close to nature as possible. Indeed the whole idea of their management is to let them alone, interfering with them as little as possible. In the winter time their heads often freeze under their wings when they are at roost. But the exposure does them no harm; on the contrary, it renders them exceedingly vigorous, and they attain huge size, the gobblers sometimes weighing as much as 50 pounds when sent to market. Every spring a few wild gobblers, trapped for the purpose in Virginia or the

get it.

Carolinas, are introduced into the flocks on Fisher's Island, to contribute fresh blood. This is esteemed a matter of the

the town, and told Charles to walk house with a porch on it.

to such a house and then walked in. A heavy-set man in his shirt sleeves met him and inquired his business, and then nearly fell over when Charles asked for a room. He carefully explained to Charles that he was the sheriff and that Charles had wandered into the county jail.

Charles walked another block and arrived at the real hotel.-Georgetown (Del.) Dispatch to Philadelphia Rec-

Need for Stronger Roads.

Motor trucks are now made of such great capacity that they are proving a serious strain on the roads and highways, so that in many states there are regulations controlling their movement, limiting their speed and weight. An experimental grooved Trucks and cars desiring to use this road can do so on paying a small toll. The road is fitted with cement or concrete tracks, twelve inches wide and concaved so that the wheels of an automobile will stay in them. It is a single-track line, with switches at certain points, to allow machines to pass each other. If this road is successful it will be extended to Kansas City.

Imposing Roll of Honor.

The Cunard line is to perpetuate the memory of its officers and other employees who have served with distinction in the war. It has provided for an imposing roll of honor, destined for a prominent position in the new buildings at the Pierhead, Liverpool. With 500 names, including those of nine captors and 250 of the clerical staff. A separate roll of honor has been prepared for the catering department of the Cunard company, and now contains within a few of 400 names.

Blames It on War.

A factory for the manufacture of tinfoil caps or coverings of different colors and lettering for use in covering the mouths and necks of bottles has been established in Santiago, Chile. The daily capacity of the factory is about fifty thousand caps. Formerly these coverings were imported from Germany and France, but owing to difficulties in making the importations since the outbreak of the European war is was considered advisable to establish this factory to supply the local demand.

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