his throat. His dusty old cart used to rattle and bang

As he yelled through the village, "Gid vassal. dap!" and "Go 'lang!" wa'nt wuth a cent-

he went. But back in the country don't reckon on

style To give ye a notion of any one's pile.

"Squealin' Jim Waite."

They're likely to light on ye, hot tar and pitch, And give ye some points as to what,

where and which; For if ever a critter is reckoned a saint By the widders 'round here, I'll be ding-

ed if he hain't. For please understand that the widders call him,

Sheddin' tears while they're saying it-"Thanksgivin' Jim." He was little. Why, Wa'nt skerce knee high

To a garden toad. But was mighty spry! He was all of a whew; If he'd things to do 'Twas a zip and a streak when Jim went

through. But his voice was twice as big as him, And the boys all called him "Squealin"

And said there wa'n't time for to hunt So he kept bache's hall and he worked

like a dog Jest whooped right along at a trottin' horse jog. There's a yarn that the fellers that knew

him will tell If they want to set Jim out-and set him out well. He was bound for the city on bus'ness heart.

And, whoosh! scooted down to the depot, hooray! The depot man says: "Hain't no rush,

late." Off flew Squealin' Jim with his grip, on

the run And away down the track went he, hoofin' like fun. When he tore out of sight, couldn't see

him for dust, And he squealed: "Train be jiggered. full o' rheumatiz this mornin' and

wait When they told him the train was a little mite late. Now that was

He was stubbed and slim. But it took a spry critter to stay up with him. His height when he'd rise

Made you laugh. But his eyes Let ye know that his soul wasn't much undersize.

And some old widders we had in town Insisted, reg'lar, he wore a crown.

As he whoopity-larruped on along his way enough match. There were people who'd turn up their noses and say That Squealin' Jim Waite wasn't right in

He was "cranky as blazes," the old growlers said

I can well understand that the things he would do Seemed looney as time to that stingy old

him in town; He was 'most always actin' the part of He would say funny things in his queer, chair.

squealin' style And he talked so you'd hear him for more than a mile. But every Thanksgivin' time Waite he

would start And clatter through town in his rattlin'

whang down the street, Yank up at each widder's; from under the seat Would haul out a turkey or yaller leg-

ged chick And holler: "Here, mother, h'ist out with ye, quick!'

Then he'd toss down a bouncer right into her lap And bolt off like fury with "G'lang, there! Gid dap!"

Didn't wait for no thanks-couldn't work 'em on him!

Thanksgivin' Jim. 'Twas a queer idee 'Round town that he Was off'n his balance, and crazy's

could be. They'd set and chaw And stew and jaw And projick on what he did it for.

But prob'ly in Heaven old Squealin' Jim Found lots of crazy folks jest like him. -By Holman F. Day.

HANNAH JANE'S THANKSGIVING

"Come out, Cherry. Don't you want to come out?

the canary's cage open with a twisted hairpin, and the bird spread its beak at her, uttering the fiercest scolding of which her little throat was capable.

She withdrew a pace, and out he flew, perching on a picture frame, from which inaccessible vantage he little cry and tried to hide her work. continued his bully challenge.

ed way, as if afraid someone would lifted her little shoulders and listen- dressmaker, as she paused, wonder- enough, and Hannah Jane accomoverhear her.

There was no danger. The walls Wyman's door slammed. of the building were thick. Hannah
Jane's room was her castle, invaded

"What will he say?" she asked require mending for a while," he owner, unconscious of the subversion think so now."

necessary. She liked to go out by forts to stir their curiosity. THANKSGIVIN' JIM.

learned how it heightened her popularity to be willing to accept odd jobs of sewing at her room, and so ged coat,

He always dodged 'round in an old, raging ged coat,

The dressmaker's limit week to the dressmaker was that on which the laundry bundles were delivered.

She began to feel a proprietorship in the flexible whistle with which A.

The dressmaker's limit was that her meals were nearly in the flexible whistle with which A. With a tattered blue comforter tied on all taken from the little gas stove, Wyman sped his own march through and moved mutely. which heated her pressing-iron, and the hall night and morning. were shared only by the belligerent Her familiarity with his clothing you'll be rid of me."

to read a little poetry.

If she sometimes felt inclined to needs. realize that Cherry was a rather Hannah Jane in these days often ateness. When he died and they figgered his slender dependence as sole compan-smiled through her spectacles at her It was only in her brightest mo-

> read poetry at all! 'Laugh and the world laughs with

you, Weep and you weep alone.' were the lines she often quoted to the dreamer, but at last becoming ed, unobservant of the book that the canary, feeling quite worldly a habit of thought as precious as fell to the floor as she rose and ther had she. But we had each other wise and cynical as she did so and only the victim. wise and cynical as she did so, and naively unconscious of the loneliness even of her laughter.

A popular writer has said of one class of women that if they live to be eighty they still die young.

Of this class was Hannah Jane. The women who received her patient suggestions for renovating their mending she obtained access to the old clothes, called her good naommended her as reasonable.

He was always a-hurryin' all through hair, and wore spectacles while she whom she fitted she was merely a convenient machine; but Cherry knew that she was still a girl who

The janitress of the building knew city, for Hannah Jane had more than once lent her a helping hand, Mister Waite, and at one time when the little For the train to the city is ten minutes seamstress fell ill, and the rainy day fund had to be encroached upon for rent, Mrs. Hogan had come, like a good Samaritan, to her aid. One morning Hannah Jane met

"It's yerself I was wishin' fer." said Mrs. Hogan with a groan. "I'm what clothing I'll get there, now, fust!"— two o' the roomer's bed left to do— from the laundry, a so nervous and active he jest couldn't Mr. Jenks and Mr. Wyman. Would "Yery well then I'll the laundry, a so well as the solution of the roomer's bed left to do— from the laundry, a solution is the solution of the roomer's bed left to do— from the laundry, a solution is the solution of the roomer's bed left to do— from the laundry, a solution is the solution of the roomer's bed left to do— from the laundry, a solution is the solution of the roomer's bed left to do— from the laundry, a solution is the solution of the roomer's bed left to do— from the laundry, a solution is the solution of the roomer's bed left to do— from the laundry, a solution is the solution of the roomer's bed left to do— from the laundry, a solution is the solution of the solution ye have time to help out a poor

the janitress in the hall.

"Just as lieve as not" said Han- and flounced away. nah Jane, briskly. "You go right tomer. and keep warm."

blessings, and the seamstress flitted down the corridor and entered one of the rooms indicated.

There she whisked the bed clothes about to the accompaniment of nimble consideration as to whether the gray braid she had bought to bind a customer's skirt was a good

Then, after a hasty dusting, she repaired to the next room. character was very different from the last. Hannah Jane suspended judgment on the gray braid and examined the photographs of men and the dressmaker one day. "Sure he girls standing about...

She observed a pipe on the table, late and sayin' I'm the dandy jania smoking jacket flung over a chair. A faint odor of tobacco, which the For a fact, there was no one jest like air from the open window had not entirely banished, smote upon her senses not unpleasantly. ly opened laundry bundle lay on a

Hannah Jane knew by sight and hearing the young man who owned she had just laid some mended cloththat had fallen to the floor. She packing it into place when a sound also recognized his long, firm step startled her. as it passed her door, and the easy, deep heaviness of Wyman's voice had often stirred her admiration.

something like shyness, and mechanically turning them saw the effect her head completely. of the vigorous' strides she so ad-

had its little or great ventilating you!" gaps. The sight was sufficient to stir the inhibited tenderness of the

woman heart. "Poor fellow!" she murmured. were to mend these socks and return them before their owner came home. It was too bad. He would

Hannah Jane's hands moved deft- sign.

to Allen Wyman.

"A nice name. It suits him," decided Hannah Jane. This was a red letter day to the

than she over her bit of surreptitious benevolence. She even turned her back to fidences he received.

Cherry's cage as she drew the first sock over her hand, and when the thought Hannah Jane. bird flew to her shoulder she gave a "Don't you tell!" she exclaimed.

ed, with a warm consciousness till ed if any other woman ever had so panied him to the dismantled room,

gowns she made over.

Hannah Jane's was a humble line of dressmaking, but none the less known how long it takes for com-

After this the interesting day of Bellefonte, Pa., November 20, 1931. the day and sit at a good home After this the interesting day of table for her meals; but she had the week to the dressmaker was

canary, who considered her his increased and spread. There were no more buttons missing, or rips You'd think from his looks that he arrangement, because it gave Han- the garments of the lucky possessor he moved on to his room, suddenly nah Jane opportunity to rest oc- of that musical voice and taking sobered. Was poorer than Pooduc, to judge how casionally when she was tired, and physique, who little dreamed that the She was a bit of a philosopher. sisted in ministering invisibly to his

Her day dreams took one more her lips. How ye say "Squealin' Jim" when the's ments that she indulged in the lux-widders about, "What an empty, bare room it was! "Torturers—torturers—to bring tangible shape. "What an empty, gray day—week— me back to life! O Amy—and I ished Hannah Jane's customers er like Allen!"

imperceptible degrees captured Hanbelieve, at first ridiculed gently by

opium to the victim. She began to bid her fancied lover goodbye as he passed in the morn-

was in charge of Mr. Wyman's worst kind, birdie." room, which she kept with an ex- flew straight through the open door tured, prim little thing, and recabilities of the Irishwoman.

silver threads in her crimpled front with a devotion none the less ar- walked softly up and down the leaned over his patient. dent that she had to imagine the room. sewed, and to the hurried women pausing of the footfall at her door, she opened it.

moon was clear could scarcely stay in her bed, but sat long by the window murmuring rhymes laudatory of the serene Queen of Heaven and seeing such visions and dreaming the series of th

her as well as anybody in the great city, for Hannah Jane had more astonished at Hannah Jane's firm "If I only knew how my refusal to promise it at once. dating before," ejaculated the irate feel so dreadfully ashamed!"

> hadn't much work on hand." "I can't do it right off," repeated She knew just

you again!" ejaculated the other, the envelope.

The dressmaker had lost a cus-She turned to the canary. Mrs. Hogan departed, uttering rose to-night, Cherry—or some noises in the building, to all save

Hannah Jane was not crazy. She drove her from her room. was only having her first love affair, and like measles it goes hard The Irishwoman threw up her hands, with the mature.

as he gave a passing greeting to the matiz and-" Its little woman, whose timid yet search-

ing glances amused him.
"It's a fortune Mister Wyman's after gettin'," said Mrs. Hogan to leaned against the wall. often does be givin' me money of

The color that swept under Hannah Jane's skin would once have

A hasti- made it peachy. Familiarity with her happy new duties rendered the little woman bold and at last careless. One day those starched linens and the hose ing into Wyman's drawer and was

She turned, and the sight that met her took all the strength from her limbs. It was Wyman himself, lines?" asked the doctor. She picked up his socks now with standing speechless in the doorway. his lips apart. Hannah Jane lost

"You're too early!" she stammer-

"Your mending-I've just finished

Then a positively exciting inspira- ward her. "And you are the Couldn't catch him to thank him—old tion assailed her. Supposing she Brownie who has haunted my den to marry her off, and they had no him. Her eyes were fixed on the lately? And I thought it was Mrs. interest in Wyman, save as a means oily flames, and so she did not know Hogan!" He uttered a laugh that to an end. I know them well. The ravished Hannah Jane's ears.

> Why, you have made a rely while she finished the work of the spectable being of me!" The young after the catastrophe. He was him today in his returning strength room and her cheeks burned guilti- man continued to gaze at her in ment bearing an unaccustomed burden.
>
> "A. Wyman" was written on a tape and sewed to each sock. An envelope on the table was addressed to the firelight, for his tone was a new of it is, Mrs. Hogan has reaped what you sewed. Ha, ha! That's pretty good, itsn't it? Why didn't would stay with him, until I can get a nurse over here—"
>
> "Brownie," he said at last. "It's a very, very strange thing you've the may have had a fall. At any a very, very strange thing you've the may have had a fall. At any a very, very strange thing you've the may have had a fall. At any a very, very strange thing you've the may have had a fall. At any a very, very strange thing you've the may have had a fall. At any a very, very strange thing you've the mischier was delay in getting me.
>
> "Brownie," he said at last. "It's a very, very strange thing you've the may have had a fall. At any a very, very strange thing you've the may have had a fall. At any a very, very strange thing you've the may have had a fall. At any a very, very strange thing you've the may have had a fall. At any a very, very strange thing you've the may have had a fall. At any a very, very strange thing you've the may have had a fall. At any a very, very strange thing you've the may have had a fall. At any a very, very strange thing you've the may have had a fall. At any a very, very strange thing you've the may have had a fall. At any a very, very strange thing you've the may have had a fall. At any a very, very strange thing you've the may have had a fall. At any a very, very strange thing you've the may have had a fall. At any a very, very strange thing you've the may have had a fall. At any a very, very strange thing you've the may have had a fall. At any a very, very strange thing you've the may have had a fall. At any a very, very strange thing you've the may have had a fall. At any a very, very strange thing you've the may have had a fall. At any a very, very strange thing you've the may have had a fall. At any a very, very strange thing you've the may have had a fal ly as she stole back to her apart- puzzled fashion. "But the mischief and there was delay in getting me.

"Leave that to me," returned Han- cried Hannah Jane. nah Jane, blushing and trembling. She had edged little by little to- pale little face. ward the door, her eyes held by his, and now she broke away in a little ter a moment's hesitation. "By from the fire and him with one thin canary knows what palpitating con- from his conditon I will try to get dropped it.

"Brownie! What a pretty idea!"

The next day she again met Wyman in the hall at an unaccustomed by-by-" hour. His arms were full of bundles.

really my benefactress."

"Go—go away!"

"Yes." The young fellow flushed place where the sunbeams stole ith his happiness. "I'm going to through the shade and birds flitted son," said Hannah Jane. He kept radiant eyes about.

The dressmaker's lips contracted "Yes; tomorrow at high noon

There was some good points in the widening, or holes left unpatched in Hannah Jane's face left with him as

Cherry stirred uneasily on his rose color of one woman's life con- perch that night, and even trilled a pressed convulsively together, for would be nothing in the world but soft and reproachful serenade to re- all at once there came weak-long customers and the roofs, the moon mind his mistress of her inconsider- drawn sobs from the bed.

ion and care taker for a maiden sewing, and her customers, some of were burning brightly, and Hannah him in the shadow, her own eyes of this moment. He was mighty well fixed-was old lady who was getting on, she limited herself to humorous literature. good cheer of the lonely dressmaker, her lap, and an odd set smile on

month-year-no, no-years await- might have been with you!" would have been to suspect that she imperceptible degrees captured Han- and wake up anew to the realization. With the name ere this. nah Jane's fancy, until hour after Such a dead, dead weight of monothour would pass in a delicious make onous oppression settled upon her. "O, Cherry, don't sing!" she moan-

> moved to the cage. Boldly telling Mrs. Hogan that she an old fool, because they're the tor.

The canary, excited and daring, lady!" he exclaimed.

ew straight through the open door "He knows everything, doctor!" She closed her hand on his lit- you not to know anything?" At night she welcomed him home ly. She closed her hand on his lit- you not to know anything?"

At night she welcomed him home tle body and held him close, as she manded the doctor briskly.

seeing such visions and dreaming such dreams as come to the pure in sher ideal.

his shaving paper, and in short insee was chinging to in the agony of the humiliation writhed indignantly. She clasped her hands over her face with a glass.

with a glass.

"It will keep to be boarder. It will keep to be clasped her hands over her face to believe to believe to believe to be a said of the pure in the said of the pur A customer arriving one morning and the canary whirred back to his

> "If I only knew how my soul Here was a puzzling situation. looks!" she sobbed softly, her thin "You've never been unaccommo- shoulders convulsed. "I might not for the first time. No one was lated. Her movement knocked down

You just said a minute ago you Jane's door which read, Back Thurs- partial lifting of the shadows with She heard Wyman's gay voice de- animated scoldings for past hard- The canary lit on his head. Hannah Jane, gently, looking far be- ploring to Mrs. Hogan the fact that ships.

from the laundry, and just what ter stealing under her door. "Very well, then, I'll never trouble had died away before she picked up ou again!" ejaculated the other, the envelope. It containd a scrib- pulled his hair. bled word of farewell and a sum of money.

Still she sat there, deaf to the she moved about the room. "Do you think he'll bring me a noises in the street, deaf to the Sunday?" pinks? I like pinks," she whisper- the voices that spoke in her inner ear, until toward evening thirst

She met Mrs. Hogan in the hall, shreds and clippings. evidently in wild excitement.

Hannah Jane, weak with fasting, lavin' him, and I've just told him-"

ward the stairway. nah Jane, turning. "What has hap- cent's appetite. pened to Mr. Wyman? I live here. What can I do?"

The doctor bent his shaggy eyebrows in quick scrutiny. "Several things," he answered. "Come into my room." Hannah the mantel piece.

Jane threw open her door, and Mrs. Hogan limped away murmuring.

"Nothing." dead just as she reached the altar. Forgive me. Take this chair. I story of his short, swift courtship, didn't know you had a personal in- ending as it had in total eclipse, and

shock!" said Hannah Jane, faintly. his life. "I'm not sure of his condition yet. to an end. I know them well. The that Wyman was observing her curgirl had heart trouble. The end iously. "I knew you sewed. I saw your came right there. No one seemed found in the street and brought here as never before.

"Don't send any nurse! No one the firelight, for his tone was a new giving dinner but are not quite t must take care of him but me!" one.

"Very well, then," he returned af-

him into a hospital."
"Never!" exclaimed the other. "Ah! You are a relative?" "No-not exactly. A-connection time, have overdone-

The doctor was too busy to care "The ingratitude of your sex!"

That night when the long legs said Hannah, laughing in a repressal strode past her door Hannah Jane again!" he cried cheerily, while the willing to help him. The fact was Are you an angel?"

only by the customers whose old placed hose. Hannah Jane was as went on, indicating his parcels; "but of his world, lay in what proved to

But it was not in this room that Way the inexplicable.

Wyman first came back from the realm of his fantasies. He lay in a done all this for some reason that

"Still dreams, dreams" he thought; then some one coughed. It was a I've hit on something: maybe its' woman whom he now first noticed. because I've been so light-headed. with a cap on her head and an apron struck it. Am I like somebody you "By Jove, that little woman must over her dress. With a pang nev- were once in love with?" need the money!" was the thought er in after years wholly forgotten, All the girlish soul of Hannah Hannah Jane's face left with him as Wyman realized that she was a Jane blushed through her spare, nurse, that he had been ill and why careworn body. he had been ill.

The nurse's work-worn hands and gone away, and again there

"The doctor will be here soon. as Wyman bent toward her. Try to rest now, Mr. Wyman."

"Torturers—torturers—to bring Hannah Jane had grown familiar

ple—you'd like to have sent for! We couldn't find any address.

"How can ye sing, ye little birds, "Poor boy!" Hannah Jane took his When I'm so wan and fu' o' cares?" hand in both of hers and they wept ing, with a tenderness that should How did we use to get on-you and heart-brokenly together; and in upon have insured his good fortunes I—birdie? We did very well," she this unprofessional weakness of the through the day.

I—birdie? We did very well," she this unprofessional weakness of the hitherto wise nurse walked the doc-

"Here, here, my lad-and my

"And is that reason enough for He

om.

"I understand, my boy; but we sometimes I shall be repaid for can't die just when we'd like to, everything." and the word of tender greeting ty low necked photographs," she and you have some stemulant, please. You that met her when in imagination murmured, and the next time she little of the stimulant, please. You ings," said Wyman, reflectively. "Well they were mine." reached the bureau she stopped and want to get well if only to thank She ceased to be shy in handling resolutely scanned her haggard face, your nurse here. Such devotions as giggled at him, and who, when the same the young man's belongings, for the thin hair her restless hands had hers isn't to be bought. It's only thoughtful, noiseless whistle. women who can make love take the

Hannah Jane as she bent to him where you can be a swell modiste

in feeble astonishment. It was the doctor's turn to stare. In another week Wyman sat up more rejoiced than Cherry, who had the tongs, and Cherry, his luxurious woman. 'T'm sure there's nobody you ought to favor more than me. day. There was a card on Hannah nal night, and who welcomed the room, tweet-tweeting angrily.

ploring to Mrs. Hogan the fact that snips.

he could not bid his new friend good He had lightened weary hours for you, you beggar!" he exclaimed.

he and soon afterward saw a let- the patient, with whom he was al- "You won't mind if I cry a bit," what clothing would come home bye, and soon afterward saw a let- the patient, with whom he was always on terms of armed neutrality, said Hannah Jane, sobbing softly The long step and the gay whistle and now he perched on the back of "You don't know what it means-

"The bells are ringing," said the sick man, watching Hannah Jane as she moved about the room. "Is it

"No, it's Thanksgiving Day." "Oh, Thanksgiving Day."

"Yes, and it is for me, laddie, back with a wild turkey ready to be sure enough; the best I ever had," roasted; for this bird, on account o Sometimes she met Wyman in the "An' ain't it a dreadful thing, and I said Hannah, cheerfully. She had huge market demand and high deatl and how the light shore in his area." I loike Misand how the light shone in his eyes thur Wyman, but ye know my rheu- ed in her best black gown. "Wait ing the ranks of extinct species. In till you see the nice dinner Mrs. Ho- order to combat turkey diseases

> "Sick in his room, and the doctor over it, for his nurse was so happy, reared and cared for. and Cherry so absurd in his assump-Here a gray haired man came to- tion of the role of taster to the com-"Are you the doctor?" cried Han- crying out for food with a convales- ideal conditions for breeding turkey When all was finally cleared away

the three took naps-Wyman on the bed, Hannah Jane in the big chair, and Cherry, his feather packet stuffed with celery, blinking sleepily on

At twilight Hannah Jane put some large pieces of soft coal on the open "The evening papers are full of stove, and she and her patient sat Haven't you seen the head before the fire. The snow had begun to blow outside. "This is cosy," she said. She had "The poor fellow's bride dropped learned to smile above a heartache. Wyman had days ago told her the

Hurriedly she examined all the socks in the bundle. Not one but man smiled—"what can I do for unfitted you to help me."

"I'm a little early. What"— Wy- terest. There now—I'm afraid I've his sorrow was hers. If only she could comfort him—could be some-"Mr. Wyman is stunned by the thing more than a mere cipher in —I was putting it away."

"I'm not sure of his condition yet. Yet it never occurred to her to the whole situation is strange. As blame him for his self-centered de-Yet it never occurred to her to and enlightened as he advanced to- you may know, Miss Frost was the jection, or to dwell upon the uncalpoor relation of rich people anxious culating sacrifices she had made for

> A realization of the singularity of town. to know what became of Wyman the situation had been impressing

"Brownie," he said at last. "It's

"The doctor said your loving de-The doctor gazed, surprised, at her votion couldn't be bought. I'll swear duck. to that." The dressmaker screened her face

trot for her room, where only the tomorrow, unless he reacts well hand, then because it trembled she He went on, "You have given up your work, have lost customers probably; at any rate weeks of Mills

"No, no!" "Now," bluntly, "would you have

Hannah Jane cleared her throat. "I used to think you took care of of State College. many pleasant things happen to her. where the strapped trunk of the my clothes and my room with an

The little woman was beginning to brace herself to explain in some

"Women do things without rea-

son," said Hannah Jane. "Not for such a length of time. She was sitting across the room, But I wish you'd tell me if I've

All the girlish soul of Hannah It would soon be over. Wyman would soon be well and the canary; but she would for-For a while she let him weep, ever have the memory of the de-It was midnight, yet both gas jets then she drew near and bent over licious shame and relief and triumph

She met the dark, insistent eyes "Yes," she answered; "you have

guessed it." "Forgive me!" exclaimed the young fellow. "What can I say to you, Brownie? If I could make another guess as clever, and find "Is there anybody-your own peo- out how in the world I am ever to repay you! You ought to go away and have a rest; and how will your business start up again! My employers are holding on for me, but how about yours?"

"I don't know, and I don't care. I've always been taken care of, Mr. Wyman." "Don't you ever call me that Allen at that. I'll take a hand in

helping Heaven to help you after Hannah Jane's eyes filled with bright tears, and her heart beat fast. "If I can just hear you step and whistle as you used to," she said brokenly, "and if I can only see you

"You have been using your sav-

He drew his lips together in a "See here, Brownie," he said at lace of sleep and muscle."

last, gently. "You're alone and I'm
Upon this Wyman looked long at alone. Let's have a little flat, "'You're alone and I'm that I'm some comfort to you.

> "You don't mean it!" she ejacu-The little woman's joy made Wy-

Hannah Jane sat up very straight

her eves big and wistful.

alternate hymns of rejoicing and man forget all woes of the moment "I shall have a home as well as

IS FALLING AWAY Turkeys are no longer plentiful a: Wyman's hollow eyes studied the they were in the days of our fore carpet, now for weeks bare of fathers. No longer can one go into the woods of Virginia and com-"What has happened? Where is gan is going to bring us in a little such as blackhead and limberneck mr. Wyman?" while." the government is issuing pamphlet to the farmers carrying instruc It was a good dinner, and Wyman's mournful big eyes brightened tions as to how the birds should b Accordin: to the publication, the Poultry Items farms have been started-notably pany, as his own big frame was farm on Manitoulin island-wher prevail. The turkey birth rate ha not fallen off to any great extenbut cold-storage holdings show

falling off. The southwestern part of the cour try leads in the number of turkey sent to market each year. Texa takes first place by a margin c about 5 per cent. The consumptio is largest in the centers of popula tion—especially in New England where the holiday had its origin The North western States are in creasing in output each year an soon promise to rival Texas.

Driving the turkey to market is Six or eigh picturesque scene. men escort a flock of a thousan birds about ten or twelve miles day. Sometimes they are drive to dressing plants, where the owner have them dressed and sold to cit dealers. Farmers near cities c this themselves, thus saving expens Some sections of the country have day known as "Turkey Day," which all the growers of the neigl borhood kill and prepare their bird The next day they take them

Although turkey is traditional supposed to rule every Thanksgivir feast, such is not invariably th case. Not all can afford so expe: Hannah Jane's face turned hot in pocketbooks are equal to a Thank goose, chicken and Long Islan

MARRIAGE LICENSES.

Harry J. Page and Margaret A na Faust, both of Oak Hall. Edward N. Smith, of Lanse, P. and Freda L. Faughner, of Osceo

Albert John Mileski and Mildr Virginia Williamson, both of Lar downe. James I. Reed, of Pine Gro

Mills, and Emma Louise Hendersc

James Andrew Spangler and Ev lyn Thelma Gardner, both of Blanc ard.