The BIRD of the SEASON

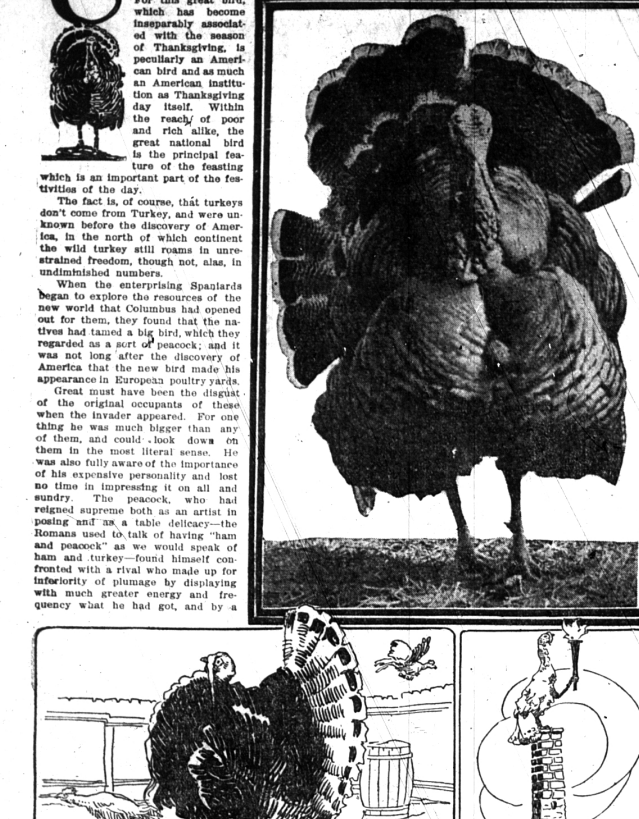
by Frank Finn

THANKSGIVING without the turkey is almost unthinkable. For this great bird, which has become inseparably associated with the season of Thanksgiving, is peculiarly an American bird and as much an American institution as Thanksgiving day itself. Within the reach of poor and rich alike, the great national bird is the principal feature of the feasting which is an important part of the festivities of the day.

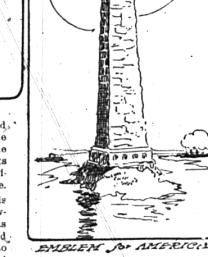
The fact is, of course, that turkeys don't come from Turkey, and were unknown before the discovery of America, in the north of which continent the wild turkey still roams in unrestrained freedom, though not, alas, in undiminished numbers.

When the enterprising Spaniards began to explore the resources of the new world that Columbus had opened out for them, they found that the natives had tamed a big bird, which they regarded as a sort of peacock; and it was not long after the discovery of America that the new bird made his appearance in European poultry yards.

Great must have been the disgust of the original occupants of these when the invader appeared. For one thing he was much bigger than any of them, and could look down on them in the most literal sense. He was also fully aware of the importance of his expensive personality and lost no time in impressing it on all and sundry. The peacock, who had reigned supreme both as an artist in posing and as a table delicacy—the Romans used to talk of having "ham and peacock" as we would speak of ham and turkey—found himself confronted with a rival who made up for inferiority of plumage by displaying with much greater energy and frequency what he had got, and by a



THE FARM-YARD BULLY



EMBLEM OF AMERICA

play of expression which nothing in the animal world can equal.

It is all very well to talk of the wonderful mobility of the human countenance, sensitive to every change in the emotions of the soul; it is nothing to the turkey cock's. See him elongate his nose till it comes down to his chest, and observe the number of double chins he can produce to add to his importance if he wishes to impose on a presumptuous rooster or to impress a fair young turkey pullet.

Then, as to blushing, there was no debutante ever floated on the social sea who could blush as our gobbler can; his complexion plays through all shades between livid blue and ghastly white to a lively scarlet, and, taken in connection with the changes in his features, makes him a quick-change artist of the first order, before whom the chameleon collapses ashamed.

If anybody wants to practise drawing portraits, let them get hold of a turkey gobbler for a sitter, and if they can succeed in getting his features properly fixed on canvas I will undertake they will find anyone else's easy in comparison.

But it is not only in the display of his charms that the turkey proclaims his advantage over the world of our feathered dependents; his stentorian gobbling arrests the attention of all.

The said gobbling, by the way, has given rise to the only bit of folk-lore about the turkey that I know of. Being an American, he is too modern to have legends associated with him as a rule; but Indian Mohammedans profess to hear in the turkey's voice a blasphemous mockery of their brief creed as spoken in Arabic. Hence, when a turkey has to be killed in India, the native takes a cruel pleasure in executing it by cutting out its impious tongue; and so widely spread is the belief, that a little native boy, a retainer of an animal dealer in Calcutta, replied to me, when I asked him—just by way of trying his knowledge—the name of an American curassow bird that was in the yard, "That is a turkey, sahib, but it does not repeat the creed!"

What with strutting and gobbling himself, and with proving congenial to the gobbling process as conducted by human beings, the turkey fairly bounced the poultry world in general, and actually ousted the goose, the most ancient member of the poultry association and the savior of Rome, from popular estimation as a holiday dish. The turkey is a good type of the product of his native continent, in more ways than one, and some Americans, impressed by the fact that the nation's emblem, the white-headed eagle, is not only a "bird of freedom," but a freebooter, robbing the respectable fishhawk of his catch, and generally playing the heady sharper, have claimed that the turkey would better represent the United States, and he certainly better suits the ideals of an eminently practical people.

Go-ahead as he is in his methods, however, the turkey gets "scored off" now and then. A century or so ago, when geese and turkeys used in the absence of present-day facilities for transport to be driven long distances on the roads, a couple of noble sportsmen laid a wager as to the speed of turkeys and geese over a course which it would take a matter of days to traverse. Each nobleman was provided with a little flock of four of the fowls of his fancy, and of course betting was high in favor of the turkeys. And at first they seemed to justify their backers, for they soon stalked away from their waddling rivals and left them far behind. So things went on all day, but as dusk came on the aristocratic turkey herd found his charges becoming passive resisters, and displaying an incurable desire to go to roost—no amount of coaxing would propel them farther. Meanwhile the despised geese, with whom night and day were not of any very great importance, waddled sedately past, and ultimately won the race with plenty to spare. It was pretty nearly the old tale of the hare and tortoise over again, in fact.

I have known the farmyard bully pretty well bested on two occasions myself—tragically so, in fact. One of the most valued possession of the Calcutta animal dealer I have mentioned was a fawn-colored European-bred turkey, whose color much commended it in his eyes, since turkeys of this hue seem not to be found in India. This privileged fowl used to circulate about his master's chair, strutting and gobbling; and though he often resented the entrance of natives into the compound he respected Europeans, a piece of discrimination one does not expect in a being of such limited intelligence as a turkey. Another inmate of the menagerie was a young cassowary, and he wrought the turkey's downfall; for, coming into the compound one day, I missed the ginger-hued gobbler, and asked what had become of him.

"Ah, my poor turkey!" said the dealer; "he gave check to the cassowary, and the cassowary kicked him and burst his bag!" It sounded as if the impudent bird had been collapsed like a toy balloon, but I did not inquire into details.

The dealer, however, consoled himself with a pair of local turkeys or the ordinary dark color, and the gobbler was beginning to take the place of his deceased predecessor in the economy of the menagerie, when he also met his end from a far different adversary. This was a gamecock of some Indian breed, the most blackguardly looking fowl I have ever set eyes upon, with beetling eyebrows, a bulldog type of beak and pillar-like legs, his athletic proportions set off by very tight-fitting plumage. However, he was only a fowl, thought the two turkeys, and with Oriental indifference to the rules of fair play they both set out to tackle him together. The gamecock acquitted himself in a manner worthy of his breed, and bowled them over with one blow apiece. Perhaps his natural magnanimity—for chanticleer is seldom anything but a gentleman—made him lenient with the hen; at any rate, she was only "knocked silly." But he gave her husband a fair knock-out blow; gripping his wattle with the bulldog bill, he brought the columnar shanks down on the bulky adversary's neck with such force that, when I saw the defeated bully he was sitting in a state of paralytic collapse, and not long after ingloriously expired.

Such is the part the turkey plays as a tame bird—a pretentious and pushing person who occasionally collapses ignominiously. Nor are his aspect and career as a wild bird different, for he is one of the few creatures which have altered very little in domestication; and though he may be regarded as the premier bird of America, and gains a certain amount of dignity and consideration thereby, there is a comic element in his performances and misfortunes which robs him of the dignity of the feathered nobles of the older world. The blackguardly tendencies which, seen in domestication, have caused some people to suggest that he is called a turkey because he behaves like the proverbial unspeakable Turk, are in full swing in his wild ancestor, who is altogether born in sin. His wife, or wives—for he is an inveterate polygamist, even in his primitive condition—have to keep their infant poults out of his way, or he will crack their little heads for them; and when he conquers and slays a rival gobbler, he tramples him when he is down and done for. His courtship is every bit as absurd in the wilds as it is in the farmyard, and ancient turkey dowagers emulate his absurdities in strutting to win his regard, though the pullets maintain a proper modesty of demeanor. Moreover, the wily hunter brings about his downfall in ways which make him look undignified—no other bird is lured to his end in such queerly discreditable ways.

One is to call him up within shot by imitating the voice of her he loves for the time being. On a small pipe, often made of a turkey's own drumstick bone, the sportsman imitates what he ungallantly calls the "yelp" of the hen turkey, and the infatuated gobbler, lured by the soft invitation, is often decoyed within range. To his credit be it said, however, he displays a fine ear, and if he detects anything suspiciously insincere in the accents of the concealed charmer, it will be a clever impersonator who gets him to answer another matrimonial advertisement for that season at all events.

Another plan is the turkey trap, which is a pen made of logs and entered by a trench, across which there is a bridge just inside the entrance. A train of corn leads the turkeys into this, and when they are inside and have eaten up all the corn, it never occurs to them to stoop under the bridge beneath which they passed in, but they continue to wander round and round till the trapper comes and gathers them in—a proceeding which does not argue any great amount of intelligence on their part.

One can even get a turkey by hunting him with a dog, circumstances being favorable. The said circumstances are the fact of the turkey's being a little way off from their woodland retreat, feeding out on the prairie, and one's dog being a greyhound; moreover, one's horse should know how to go. The turkey, even when wild, is not a long-distance flier, but he has not sense enough to remember this when he finds his foes between him and the wood, and tries to fly straight away from the pursuing hound instead of turning about overhead and coming back to cover. After about a mile he has had enough of flying and takes to his legs, only to find that his four-legged opponent is close behind, and he must perforce take to the air again. But this time his flight is not for so long a distance, and he is ignominiously "run into," a victim of misplaced confidence in himself as an aeroplane.

Let us be thankful that we have got the turkey as he is, with all his comic extravagances, and that in one respect, at all events, he can challenge comparison with many worthier people: his last appearance is always creditable, and no one can deny that he cuts up well!

Cause for Thankfulness.

Thanksgiving day is the one day in the year when the nation turns to heaven in thanks for its preservation. The life of the nation is the principal consideration; not only its life, but its health, and its preservation in that condition in which it was established by the fathers of the country. Men can thank God for their own accumulations or supplicate him to lighten their burdens, but that is not the purpose of a national thanksgiving. The nation itself, the political structure which was framed and handed down—it is the preservation of this for which the people are to be thankful.

Fun After Dinner

It is during the season of plenty that the clever woman awakens to her duty of keeping up the interest in American customs, and celebrates Thanksgiving day by inviting a few of her friends for the afternoon. The dinner is eaten early in the day in order to have time to indulge in games.

Chrysanthemums, berries, ears of corn, and hop vines can all be used for decorations. A large yellow pumpkin, encircled with fruits, stands in the center of the table. Ices are served in the shape of tiny turkeys or ears of corn. Partners are found by matching halves of tiny hollowed out pumpkins, or by matching cards, some of which bear the surnames, while others bear the Christian names of well-known Pilgrim personages.

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When all the posters are completed they are numbered and placed in a row along one side of the room. The guests are then provided with cards, and write the names of the subjects they think the posters represent, taking care that the numbers on the cards correspond with the numbers on the posters. The person guessing the greatest number correctly receives the prize.

Might Have Said: "Too Many."
"The sultan of Sulu says one wife is enough."
"He is very conservative."

SHE WAS NO THIEF

YET THE BANK REFUSED TO CASH HER CHECK.

She Had a Lot of Excellent Identifications to Offer, but They Did Not Satisfy the Hard-Hearted Paying Teller.

"You will have to be identified before I can cash this check for you, madam."

"You mean that I have to prove that I am the lady whose name is written on the check?"

"Yes, ma'am. You are a stranger to me, you know. Do you know anyone in the bank?"

"No, I don't, but I know a lady whose husband is president of a bank in Detroit, and one of my cousins is cashier of a bank in Louisville. I have some of my visiting cards in my purse, and—O, here is a little newspaper clipping about the death of an uncle of mine whose name is the same that mine was before I was married. He was my father's brother, and——"

"That would hardly serve as an identification. You would have to bring someone here who knows you."

"I hope you don't think that I am trying to get something that doesn't belong to me. Do I look like a person who would come in here and try to get money on a check that wasn't mine? I can tell you just exactly how and where I got that check. It was sent to me as a birthday present by an uncle of mine who always sends me something on my birthday because his birthday and mine comes on the very same day. This year he wrote that he would send me the money and let me get something for myself, and—I have his letter right here in my shopping bag. Won't that identify me?"

"I am afraid not."

"Why not?" As I say, do I look like a thief? You'd better be a little careful in regard to your insinuations, sir. I have lived in this city 25 years, and——"

"Then you ought to know someone who could identify you in this bank. Don't you know someone in this part of the city who could identify you?"

"I can't think of anyone. I used to know a Mr. Saul Smith who repaired watches in the next block, but he died a year or two ago and—Oh, I think that a friend of mine named Jones, Mrs. W. B. Jones, has an account here."

"Yes, she has. You bring her here with you and it will be all right."

"You don't mean to say that I have to go and get her and drag her in with me to say that she knows me before you pay me that money? Of all things! I can't do that, for she has gone to Bermuda for a month. Isn't it enough that I know her and that I know she has an account here? Do you think that I am a liar? If my husband or my brother—— O, here is a little tintype picture of myself, taken on the beach one day last summer. Won't that do as an identification? You see that I have on the same chain and locket that I have on in the picture and the same dress skirt."

"This is no identification, madam, for——"

"I'd like to know why it isn't. There's the picture and here am I. What more do you want? And here is a letter in my bag that I am just going to mail to a sister of mine living out west. You can see that the handwriting on the envelope is the same as that on the back of the check where I have written my name."

"I am afraid you do not understand just what it means to be identified, for——"

"I understand it means a lot of bother and red tape, and it implies that a lady is a thief if she cannot drag in three of four people to take oath that she isn't. I'll have you to know that I stand as well in the community in which I live as any lady in it, and my family connections are good enough for me to be a member of the Daughters of the American Revolution, for both of my parents had ancestors at the battle of Bunker Hill and mother was a direct descendant of one of the first governors of Virginia, and yet I can't get a check for $10 cashed here without trailing in a lot of people to swear that I am who I am, and——Why, Mr. Grigsby, is this you? I didn't expect to meet you! I never was here until this morning, when I came in with a small check to be cashed. Identify me? O, thank you, Mr. Grigsby."—Puck.

She Stayed.

"Doesn't your room suit you, Norah? I'll have a low light put in if you wish and I'll give you my rocker and a nice lace curtain, and let you have an extra afternoon."

"Indade, ma'am, I couldn't think uv stayin'. The work do be hard, an' me health that dillket. I musht go at once; me brother do be takin' me to the seashore tomorrow, the hate is too much fer me."

"But what shall I do? No cook and all those boarders! Would $10 suit you better than $6?"

"Ah, Mis' Jenks, you know me wakeness—me third always said me heart was that soft—an' to desart you in the time av stress! I'll shtay. Yes, I'll go back an' ketches me two hens, hate, an' buckle to, an' the victuals will be illigant the day. Don't be scared; it's all right; an' I'll put up wid the curtain, but I would be glad of yer rocker, its style strikes me; an' the extry afternoon; an' bether yer toilet soap; an' the tin dollars. I'll take off me hat, but ye came by the skin of a hair to losin' me, ma'am."—Argonaut.

Horse Killed Man, Then Widow.

Thrown from her carriage when the horse attached to it became frightened and ran away at 21st and Devereux streets on Sunday afternoon, Mrs. Christina Crump, 45 years old, of No. 515 28th street, was so badly crushed about the chest that she died a short time later. Mrs. Crump's seven-year-old son, who was in the buggy, was thrown out, but escaped with only slight bruises.

Seven weeks ago the woman's husband was thrown from the same horse in the same neighborhood and sustained injuries which caused his death.—Detroit Journal.

NOT A PENNY TO PAY

FOR FULLEST MEDICAL EXAMINATION

Professor Munyon has engaged a staff of specialists that are renowned leaders in their line.

There is no question about their ability, they are the finest physicians that colleges and hospitals have turned out and receive the highest salaries.

He offers their service to you absolutely free of cost. No matter what your disease, or how many doctors you have tried, write to Professor Munyon's physicians and they will give your case careful and prompt attention and advise you what to do. You are under no obligations to them. It will not cost you a penny, only the postage stamp you put on your letter.

All consultations are held strictly confidential.

Address Munyon's Doctors, Munyon's Laboratories, 53d & Jefferson Streets, Philadelphia, Pa.

Dealers Everywhere

Household Lubricant

THE ALL-AROUND OIL

IN THE HANDY, EVER-READY TIN OILER

is specially selected for any need in the home. Saves tools from rusting. Can cannot break. Does not gum or become rancid.

MANUFACTURED BY Standard Oil Company (Incorporated)

FOR SALE BY STANDARD OIL COMPANY (Incorporated)

MICA AXLE GREASE

Keeps the spindle bright and free from grit. Try a box. Sold by dealers everywhere.

STANDARD OIL CO. (Incorporated)

No Place to Put It.

Knobby—What makes you so sure that the old Roman senators were honest?

Lobby—Simple enough. They didn't have pockets.—Puck.

Important to Mothers

Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it

Bears the Signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher*

In Use For Over 30 Years.

The Kind You Have Always Bought.

A Very Good Guess.

Foote Lighte—I understand there were several dozen bad eggs in the possession of persons in the audience last night and not one was thrown.

Miss Sue Brette—Because the author of the piece refused to show himself, I guess.

TRY MURINE EYE REMEDY

For Red, Weak, Weary, Watery Eyes and Granulated Eyelids. Murine Doesn't Smart—Soothes Eye Pain. Druggists Sell Murine Eye Remedy. Liquid, 25c, 50c, $1.00. Murine Eye Salve in Aseptic Tubes, 25c, $1.00. Eye Books and Eye Advice Free by Mail.

Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago.

There are more opportunities than there are young men to take advantage of them.—James J. Hill.

Stiff neck! Doesn't amount to much, but mighty disagreeable. You've no idea how quickly a little Hamlins Wizard Oil will lubricate the cords and make you comfortable again.

NOT WORRYING.

Guest—Scientists claim that in a million years this earth will be a mass of ice.

Proprietor Summer Hotel—Oh! well I'll be out of the summer-hotel business by that time, I hope.

DRINK WATER TO CURE KIDNEYS AND RHEUMATISM

The People Do Not Drink Enough Water to Keep Healthy, Says Well-Known Authority.

"The numerous cases of kidney and bladder diseases and rheumatism are mainly due to the fact that the drinking of water, nature's greatest medicine, has been neglected.

Stop loading your system with medicines and cure-alls; but get on the water wagon. If you are really sick, why, of course, take the proper medicines—plain, common vegetable treatment, which will not shatter the nerves or ruin the stomach."

To cure Rheumatism you must make the kidneys do their work; they are the filters of the blood. They must be made to strain out of the blood the waste matter and acids that cause rheumatism; the urine must be neutralized so it will no longer be a source of irritation to the bladder, and, most of all, you must keep these acids from forming in the stomach. This is the cause of stomach trouble and poor digestion. For these conditions you can do no better than take the following prescription: Fluid Extract Dandelion, one-half ounce; Compound Kargon, one ounce; Compound Syrup Sarsaparilla, three ounces. Mix by shaking well in bottle and take in teaspoonful doses after each meal and at bedtime, but don't forget the water. Drink plenty and often.

This valuable information and simple prescription should be posted up in each household and used at the first sign of an attack of rheumatism, backache or urinary trouble, no matter how slight.

WANTED SATAN SENT NORTH

Good Example of Scottish Humor in Remark Made by Railroad Porter.

Scottish humor is dry rather than boisterous, and I always think there is exquisite drollery in the story of the Stonehaven railway porter and the Salvation Army "captain." To catch the hang of a little yarn readers must remember that Stonehaven lies to the south of Aberdeen. The London train had drawn up at Stonehaven on account of a slight mishap to a mile or two ahead, and Andra, the old porter, had got into conversation with a Salvation Army officer who had popped his head out of the compartment to ask the reason for the delay.

"Apo rate," mused Andra, after giving the desired information, "ye'll be for Alberdeen, I'm thinkin'?"

"Yes, my man," was the reply; "I'm bound for Aberdeen—a very wicked place, I'm told!"

"What micht ye be goin' to dae there, sir, if it's as bad as a' that?" asked Andra, rather amused at the visitor's words.

"Ah," was the pious answer, "I'm going to drive the devil out of Aberdeen."

Like lightning came from the old porter the pawky retort:

"See an' drive him north, chiel; haud him well to the north!"—Exchange.

An Exciting Town.

Los Angeles is a truly exciting town to live in. To say nothing of its heavenly climate and its bombi, there is always something stimulating in the occult line going on. Just the other day a widow of the angelic city began to long for a sight of one of her schoolmates whom she had not seen for 45 years. The longing brought its fulfillment. A spirit told her to look for him in Brooklyn. She obeyed, met him on the street a few hours after she arrived, and promptly married him. In Los Angeles widows live in a city where things like this happen, even at the risk of being blown up now and then.

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by his firm.

WALDING, KINNAN & MARVIN,
Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 75 cents per bottle. Sold by all Druggists.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Its Advantages.

"There is one appropriate use of a good poker hand."

"What is that?"

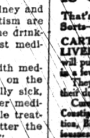
"It will shovel in the money."

The man who deceives himself is an easy mark for others.

Your Liver is Clogged up

That's Why You're Tired—Out of Sorts—Have No Appetite.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS will put you right in a few days. They do their duty. Cure Constipation, Biliousness, Indigestion, and Sick Headache.



SMALL PILL. SMALL DOSE. SMALL PRICE

Genuine must bear Signature

Brent Good

"PLAIN TALKS ON FLORIDA"

By I. I. Moody, one of the State's early settlers. From these talks you will learn many important things about Florida and Florida lands—facts for you to remember when you invest. They are free—write for them.

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AGENTS Harvey Feriguson Adhesive to seal Mason Fruit Jars. Makes the best and only sanitary fruit jar seal. Sells at sight. Write for terms. Ferguson Chem. Co., 316 Monadnock Bl., Chicago, Ill.

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PISO'S CURE FOR CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. BEST COUGH SYRUP. TASTES GOOD. USE IN TIME. SOLD BY DRUGGISTS. CONSUMPTION

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