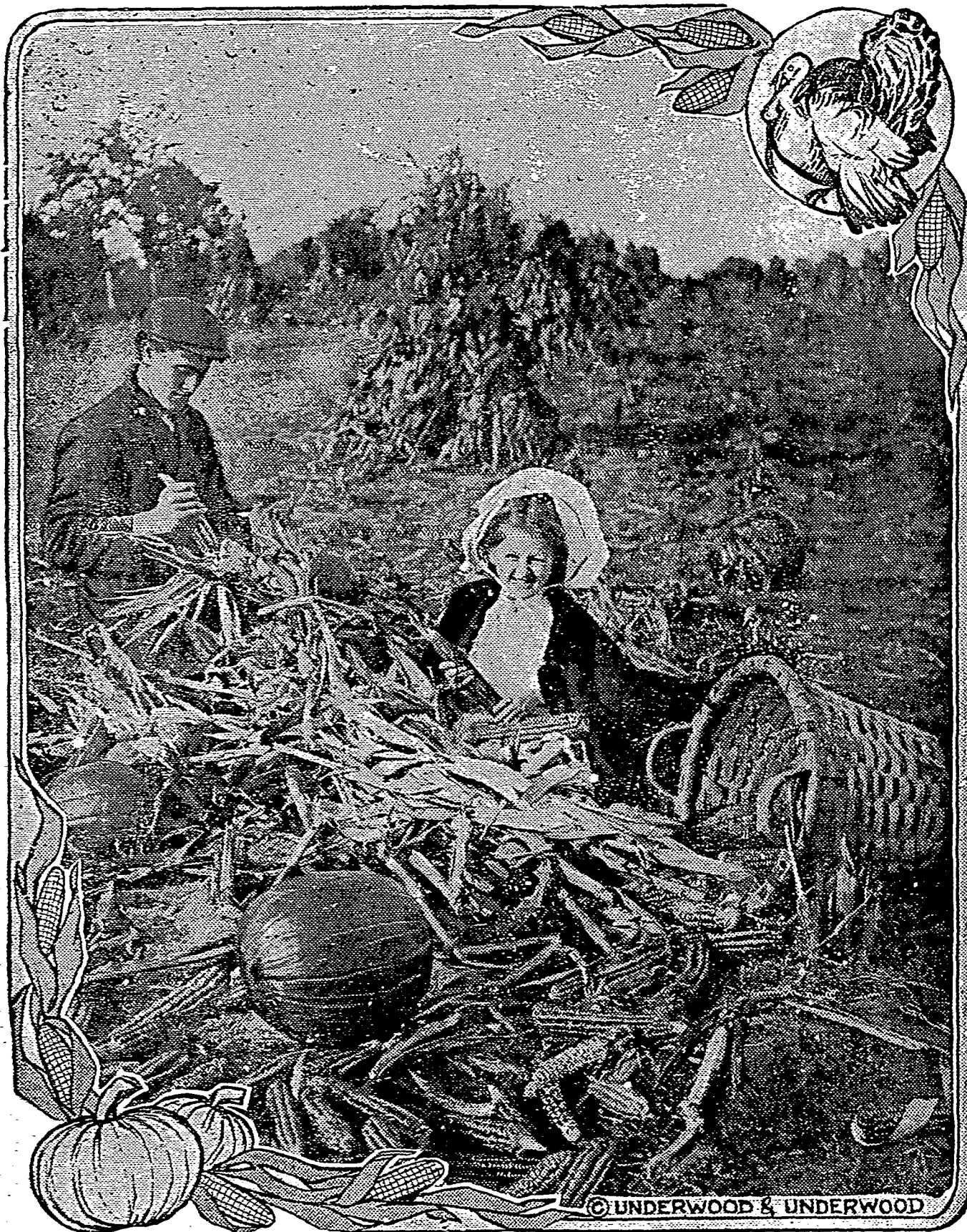


# A Thought for Thanksgiving



**W**HY shouldn't we be thankful when the fields of every county  
In every state--the forty-eight--where farmers till the soil  
Have yielded such a liberal toll of Nature's welcome bounty,  
The wealth of all the commonwealths, the rich reward of toil?

## THANKSGIVING TRAGEDY.

Rostand's "Chantecler" Put Into  
Shade by These Four Spasms.

SPASM I.—A farmyard. The gobbler has gathered his family about him and has announced that the morrow is Thanksgiving and that one of them is in deadly peril.

THE GOBLER:

"Dusk is drawing on apace, and unless our wits

Avert the blow tomorrow one must die.

The cock's shrill note proclaims each coming morn

Unto our master's house. To this cock's sympathies

We must appeal."

SPASM II.—The same. The turkey family visit the cock, led by the gobbler, who struts into the presence of his host with great dignity.

THE GOBLER:

"Honored cock, tomorrow is Thanksgiving, and

I fear that one of us is doomed to die

To satiate the gluttonous proclivities

Our common master and his brood display.

We have observed that at the morn you daily sound

A clarion note. That note tomorrow will pronounce our doom. If you will but neglect

To crow our danger will be past.

And, grateful for your service, we will fast

The livelong day, and you shall feast Upon our portion."

THE COCK:

"Shortsighted bird! Our master has a clock that sounds the hours

Of day and night upon a deep toned gong.

My voice no longer rouses him, and I am powerless in the premises.

Your offer of reward is worse than naught.

For if the master rises not at morn Pray whence will come the feast you promise me?"

THE GOBLER:

"'Tis well. We'll stop the clock."

SPASM III.—The farmer's dining room at 9 o'clock p. m. The turkey family gather round the ancient clock. The cock is an interested spectator.

THE GOBLER:

"I will turn back the hands, and you, my love, hold fast the pendulum."

THE HEN:

"My lord, the pendulum is still."

OMNES:

"And we are safe."

SPASM IV.—The farmer's dining room at midday on Thanksgiving. The family and a number of friends are seated around a table groaning beneath its weight of toothsome viands. The sunshine streams through the ample window with greater warmth than at morning when it awoke the farmer.

THE FARMER:

"Deacon, please return our thanks."

[The deacon delivers an invocation.]

"Marlar, pass the turkey."

Don't Deceive Yourself.  
Plenty of people imagine they have nothing for which to give thanks, but imagination is deceptive.