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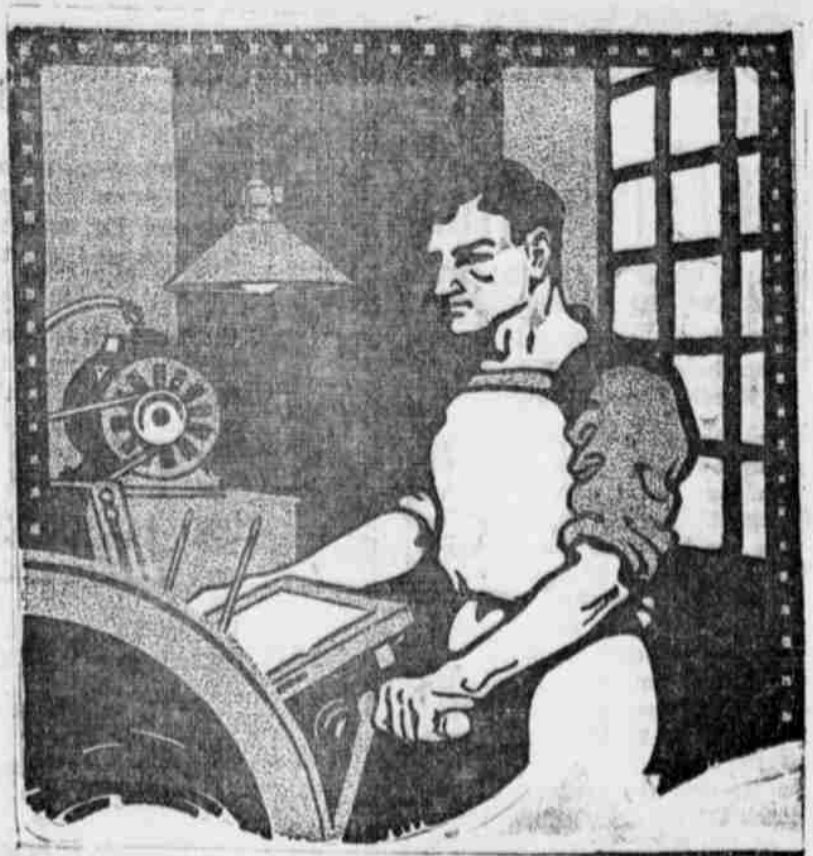
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By CLARISSA MACKIE.  
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"E" M. called old Mrs. Tatem from her bedroom adjoining the kitchen. "Em, come here. I want to talk to you."  
"Well, ma," said Em wearily, sinking into a chair near the window, which overlooked the yard.  
"Ain't you heard from the company about that gas stock?"

asked the pale, lit old woman. "Not a word," admitted Em faintly. "Lordy me! I kinder wish your pa hadn't put all his money into Donalds-ville gas stock. Why, he even mortgaged the house to buy more stock," went on Mrs. Tatem. "It was all right as long as they paid dividends, but now—why, it's six months overdue!"

"Yes, ma."  
"You're a wonderful manager, Em, to make that last money stretch over so many months. I suppose you got some left?"  
Em thought of her worn purse, which contained one copper cent.

"Yes, ma, some," she replied, getting up and smoothing the big pillows. "I'm going out to get some dinner for you. Could you eat an egg?"  
"Yes, Emmy, I think I could relish an egg."

Em Tatem stood by the kitchen window looking out across the yard, now brown and bare, swept by November winds. She was a sweet faced, patient looking woman of thirty-five, and her still abundant fair hair and blue eyes added to her charms. People said that Em Tatem had faded dreadfully the past year, but they did not guess it was because Em was slowly starving herself so that there would be enough for the beloved mother.

"If it hadn't been for the gas stock," she murmured, with tears filling her eyes. "Ma wants to know if you can spare a dozen eggs," said a little girl. Em went into her pantry and counted the eggs in the blue bowl. There were exactly fourteen. She would save two for her mother, and with the 18 cents in hand she could buy some meat. Em did not dare tell her mother that there now remained in the poultry yard one lone Plymouth Rock hen.

Em put the eggs in the girl's basket. "How is your mother, Mary?" she asked.  
"She's pretty well, Miss Tatem. She's awful busy, though. You know tomorrow's Thanksgiving. And, oh, Miss Tatem, she says she'll pay you as soon as she gets some change." And Mary ran down the path.

Em stared after the child with hard, resentful eyes.  
"It's wicked, downright wicked!" she cried fiercely. "They've all got money and food and everything. Tomorrow will be Thanksgiving day, and not a thing to eat! I'll have to kill Eliza. Maybe ma could eat her if she was roasted with sage dressing."

Em went down to the chicken house, where the solitary hen, Eliza, had wandered disconsolately about.  
"It will seem like killing a friend to harm Eliza," thought Em. "Where is the critter anyway? She's laid her egg this morning, and—oh, Eliza!"

Em's surprise and grief were justified by the sight of poor Eliza's dead body within the nest. Eliza had died at her post of duty.  
After Em Tatem had given Eliza's corpse decent burial she hurried into the house and prepared a poached egg and a cup of tea for her mother's dinner. After the meal Mrs. Tatem dozed off into her afternoon nap.

Em locked the doors and went up the steep hill back of the house and entered the little grove of locust trees that separated her property from Deacon Pepper's farm. She approached the boundary fence and looked over into the deacon's lot. Here had wandered Deacon Pepper's fine flock of turkeys. All had been sold save two, the giant of the flock and a small hen turkey which no one wanted. Of course the deacon would kill the gobble for his own table. Although he was a bachelor, he often entertained his many friends and relatives.

"I've got to look out for ma, and they can't want that little hen—and I hope I'll be forgiven, but I can't let ma die!" with these mingled prayers and excuses Em drew from her pocket a handful of corn and tossed it toward the turkeys.  
They came running toward her, the gobble greedily pushing his small companion out of the way. Em threw another handful and another, gradually luring the birds toward the fence. On her side she had spread an old fish net on the ground.  
But, to her dismay, it was the bronze gobble which came to her net. The little hen wheeled off the unequal chase for grains of corn and wandered off. Presently Em Tatem was muffling the

violently protesting voice of the gobble with her knitted jacket while she dumped him, his feet still entangled in the net, into an empty sack.  
It was Thanksgiving morning. In the darkest corner of the Tatem cellar was a heap of bronze turkey feathers. Up on the hillside was an acrid smell of smoke from the bonfire where Em Tatem had cremated other evidences of her crime.  
A delicious smell of roasted turkey pervaded the Tatem house.

Em moved a little round table to her mother's bedside and spread a snowy linen cloth. There were a glass of grape jelly, some light biscuits, a dish of boiled rice, a pot of fragrant tea and—the turkey.  
"Em Tatem," gasped her mother as Em, pale and smiling, sat down at table, "where did you ever get that turkey?"  
"Never mind," evaded Em mysteriously. "All you've got to do, ma, is to enjoy it."

"You're not eating a mite, Em," protested Mrs. Tatem after awhile. "That turkey's better than the one your pa bought from old Deacon Pepper for our silver wedding anniversary. That was a delicious turkey. Old Deacon Pepper always did have fine turkeys. When Sadie Denton was here yesterday she told me that young Deacon Pepper has raised and sold a fine flock. They said he made \$75 clear off the whole lot."

"Yes," murmured Em.  
"I never hear you speak of Ned Pepper, Em."  
"No, ma."  
Mrs. Tatem looked shrewdly at her daughter. It was something of a shock to her to discover that Em looked sick. "Like enough she's worked herself to death sewing for Mrs. Meek, so's she could buy the turkey," she told herself remorsefully.

"There, Em," she said cheerfully, "that's the best Thanksgiving dinner I ever ate in my life!"  
While her mother was taking her after dinner nap Em cleared away the dinner dishes and afterward went up the hill to the locust grove. She was heart-sick and lonely, and she threw herself down on the dead leaves and, putting her hands to her face, sobbed softly.

From the Pepper homestead came strains of music. There was the sound of laughter and presently a man's voice



"I want to tell you something, Deacon Pepper."

singing "Annie Laurie." Long years ago young Deacon Pepper—Ned Pepper—had sung that song to Em Tatem, but she had been shy and cold, and somehow Ned had felt rebuffed and drifted away to sluge his wings at other times.  
"I wonder what he would say if he knew I was a thief, and I've got to tell him," whispered Em to herself.

A step sounded on the frozen ground and a big bronzed man with troubled gray eyes leaned over the fence and looked down at poor Em Tatem.  
"Em," he ventured after awhile.  
Em jumped up, her blue eyes drowned in tears. "Ned—Ned Pepper!" she cried in a frightened tone. Then, suddenly recovering herself, she said in a frozen voice:

"I want to tell you something, Deacon Pepper—no—no—please don't interrupt me. You missed your big turkey, didn't you?"  
He nodded. "It disappeared."  
"You don't know where it went?" she declared tragically.  
"Oh, but I did, Em," he corrected her.

"I stole it, and I came up here to confess to you."  
"You needn't say a word unless you want to, Em," he interrupted quickly. "I happened to be up repairing the arm on the windmill, and I had my field-glasses along. I always like to glimpse the distant view when I'm up on the tower, and I happened to be looking through the glasses when—the turkeys—went up to you—and the gobble didn't come back again; so I knew that you had it, Em, and I guessed you needed it badly; so the instant you took him I made you a present of him; so he was yours after all!"

Em poured out the story of the delayed dividends and of their pinching poverty and how she had stolen the turkey for her mother. "I couldn't touch a morsel of it," she shuddered.  
Ned listened and offered to write to the gas company concerning her moth-

er's stock. He was a director in the Donalds-ville bank, and his name would give weight to the inquiry.  
"You are too good to me," faltered Em, looking very pretty and animated with the pink in her thin cheeks.  
"I couldn't be too good to you, Emmy," he said soberly, his eyes fixed on the distant horizon. "If I had my way years ago all that I had would be yours. I wish you had cared enough."

"Ned," she protested in a frightened tone, "I did care—always. I thought you didn't."  
Ned's eyes flashed dangerously.  
"Then—he—lied!" he growled. And at the wonderment in her eyes he added, "Some one who is dead now told me that you couldn't care for me, and I—fool—believed!"

There was a long silence. Ned stared straight ahead. Em's careworn face had lost its anxious lines.  
"Em," he pleaded, "it isn't too late now, is it?"  
"It's never to late to be happy!" she whispered softly.

Mrs. Tatem is never tired of telling that the big bronze turkey was Deacon Pepper's engagement present to Emmy. And Emmy and her husband always exchange understanding smiles.

**Pilgrims Did Not Like The Turkey**

IN spite of the statements of popular historians roasted turkey with giblet gravy and with cranberry or apple sauce was a very popular Sunday and holiday dish in many places many years before turkey became standardized as the central dish of the Thanksgiving day dinner in Plymouth colony and among the Puritans and their descendants settled along Boston bay and the north shore of Massachusetts.

The story that turkey was the mainstay of the Thanksgiving day dinner of the early colonists of New England seems to have come from the pen of a visiting Englishman at Plymouth, who described his travels in a book published in London just after the great fire.

He also told the absurd story of the starving condition of the pilgrims and of their being reduced at one time to a dinner of three grains of corn. The fact was that none of the early or late colonists could have starved at Plymouth or elsewhere along the north or the south shore, as the sea teemed with fish and shellfish and the woods were alive with game. As late as thirty years ago Brant Rock and Marshfield, near Plymouth, Mass., were resorted to by hundreds of hunters of wild birds, and to this hour deer and wild bird shooting is good in Plymouth county.

What the pilgrims and the Puritans craved in the early years of their settlements were roast beef and mutton, pork, wheaten, oaten and barley bread, venison pasties made from the red deer stock, native to England; jams and jellies from English fruits preserved with brown sugar from the orient and English mead, ales and Holland spirits. Most of them disliked Indian corn in all forms of products for human consumption, and they disliked oysters, clams, lobsters, mussels, scallops, turkeys and native venison. It was only when marriages of the early English settlers and their descendants in New England with Indians brought about many persons of

mixed blood that the English prejudices against certain native American food products passed away. To this day English travelers find some of our foods which they consider delicious strange to their palates. Matthew Arnold, traveling in America, was asked to taste griddlecakes. "Try them, my dear," he said to his wife; "they're not nearly so nasty as they look!"

As lately as fifty years ago many families in New England of undoubted descent from the pilgrims and Puritans regarded roasted or baked turkey as an Indian dish and would have none of it at any time, preferring for Thanksgiving day dinner roast beef, a saddle of mutton, pork spareribs, roast goose with apple sauce or farm raised ducks with barberry sauce. The wild turkey was saved from extinction in New England only because the farmers noticed that those birds and the partridges served well in ridding the farm lands of insects and weeds.

"Ever Eat 'Spread Eagle' Turkey?"  
"Spread eagle," a young turkey, split and broiled over a hot wood fire and served with a sauce of chopped oysters, cranbs, wild celery and apples mixed with old brandy and Madeira wine, a dish popular among clubmen and army and navy officers, was first brought out by a shipping merchant of New York from fifty to seventy years ago—Jerry Weinberg. He was the inventor of lobster a la Weinberg, which became afterward known as lobster a la Newburg—why Newburg nobody ever knew. Weinberg's bill of fare for his special annual banquet to the good lives of the New York exchanges was land crabs and mangoes from Haiti, "spread eagles," mallard ducks, candied yams, Virginia corn pones, South Carolina boiled rice, apple pie, white brandy, New Jersey peach brandy, claret, champagne and coffee from Aden, Arabia.

**Thanksgiving Thoughts.**  
Gratitude is the fairest blossom which springs from the soul, and the heart of man knoweth none more fragrant.—Hosca Ballou.  
Let neither night nor day unhalloved pass, but still remember what the Lord hath done.—Shakespeare, "Twelfth Night."

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**One Little Boy's Thanksgiving**

A CERTAIN Little Boy who lives in a family where children and holidays and dogs are all important factors in the everyday life was talking about the next holiday. The Little Boy has a trait common to childhood of living largely in anticipation and very little in memory.

On the morning of Dec. 25 he awakes unfatigued and alert, not to discuss yesterday's triumphs nor the wholesale-wise generosity of uncles and aunts. No, indeed! He begins his list for next Christmas.

This Little Boy had finished a glorious period of Halloween preparations. There was nothing he had not cut and painted and planned that the mind of a five-year-old child could conceive of. He had had a glorious month of anticipation, and it had been crowned by a satisfactory Halloween evening, but memory was to him only an incentive to further pursuit of joy, not a state wherein to rest awhile.  
"What's the next holiday, mamma?" asked Little Boy.  
"Thanksgiving, dear," answered mamma rather absently. Memory lingers with mamma, as there is debris



SOME YOUNGSTERS NOT "LEFT OUT" ON THANKSGIVING (SCENE AT PUBLIC DINING-HALL)

enough to keep any feast in her mind for a day or so.  
"Oh, goodie! How soon is it?"  
"About three weeks,"  
"Oh, that's a long time! What shall we do to get ready?"  
"Why, we'll make pies and cookies."

"What else?"  
"Pump pudding and ice cream."  
"And—go on, mamma, please."  
"Nuts and raisins and cranberries."  
"But—but, mamma, do you mean that Thanksgiving is just nothing but eating?" came the horrified rejoinder.  
"Isn't it too bad that this holiday that meant so much to our forefathers almost 300 years ago is now almost 'just nothing but eating?'"

What could the mother do? She cast around in her mind—a mother's mind is really more resourceful than the mind of a mere being who is not a mother—for something with which to glorify Thanksgiving to her child.  
Of course she finally dug up the story of the sufferings and triumphs of the pilgrims. She didn't just read it out of a book to Little Boy. She word painted that forest and the little log houses, the pilgrim maids and men and the few queer, sober, hardworking little children, the great bronzed Indians and the sunlight that glistened through the forest and through the hearts of these pioneer folk when they realized that God had so prospered their hard, hard work that there was food enough to last them during the coming winter.

When the mother pictured the log barns and the rude bins and cells, all full of grain, Little Boy said, "Oh, I'm so glad!"  
"So were they, son, and so they set aside a day for their children's children forever to thank God for all the good things that grow."  
"Is there enough for everybody?" asked Little Boy.

So then mother told him that, although there is enough for everybody, still everybody doesn't get enough. She told him of all the kind people who try to help the "left out ones" on Thanksgiving day, and Little Boy, while they picked raisins and cleaned currants and made cookie men, planned one of everything for themselves and one for the "left out ones."

This Little Boy found something in Thanksgiving besides just eating—Mrs. Bianchi Cole Rosedale in New York Evening Sun.

**First Man to Brown a Turkey.**  
The browning of roasted turkeys to a uniform color throughout and the partial stuffing of the birds with truffles and an oyster and chestnut stuffing mixed with rare Madeira wine were invented by Dominick Lynch, a beau of the early decades of the last century. That stuffing was first served at a banquet given by him to Miss Kelly, a sister of Mozart's famous tenor, who came to this country to sing for the benefit of the Greeks, then rising against Turkey. Lynch always gave a turkey dinner to the celebrities of European opera and the drama who visited New York. Many of them expressed their amazement at the quality of the viands in a new country.

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