

POLLY'S THANKSGIVING

How a Little Girl Got a Holiday All For Her Very Own.

SUCH a funny little roly poly Polly as she was, with her big china blue eyes, that were forever seeing something to wonder about, and her round, red cheeks, that always grew redder when anybody spoke to her, and her crinkly, flaxen hair, that never would stay in place. Such a queer dumpling of a Polly!

All the same, she liked nice things to eat as well as any one could, and when once upon a time somebody gave her the measles just in season for Thanksgiving day she felt dreadful about it and cried as hard as she knew how because she couldn't have any turkey nor pudding nor mince pie for dinner—nothing at all but oatmeal gruel.

But crying didn't help the measles a mite, as, of course, Polly knew it wouldn't. But she couldn't have helped crying if she wanted to, and she didn't want to.

"Most anybody 'd cried, I wouldn't wonder," she said a day or two after, when the measles had begun to go away again, "not to have a mite of any Thanksgiving for dinner—not any pie, not any cranberry sauce, not any—oh, dear!"

"Well, well," said Polly's mother, laughing. "I guess we'll have to have another Thanksgiving day right off."

"Oh, can we?" cried Polly, brightening up.

"Not unless the governor says so," answered her father, with a twinkle. "The governor makes Thanksgiving days, Polyanthus."

"Where does he live?" asked Polly, with an earnestness that was funny. Everybody laughed.

"At the capital," said Polly's Uncle Ben Davis. "Do you know where that is?"

"I guess I do," said Polly, and she asked no more questions.

But what do you guess this funny Polly did? By and by, when she felt quite like herself again, she borrowed pencil and paper and shut herself up in her own little room and wrote a letter that looked a little queer, 'tis true, but still made her wishes known:

DeRe MisTeR GUVNER will yOu PleAsE Make AnotheR THANKSGIVING DAY be Caws I hAd THE MEESLES the Last One. Polly Pinkham.

Then she folded the letter and put it in an envelope and sealed it and took 2 cents out of her bank for the postage and ran away as fast as she could run.

Mr. Willey kept the postoffice, and if he himself had been behind the glass boxes that day I don't believe Polly's letter would ever have gone out of Tinkerville. But Mr. Willey's niece was there. She read the address on the envelope Polly handed in, and her eyes danced, it looked so funny:

Mister GUVNER, at the CAPITOL.

One or two questions brought out the whole story.

"The governor shall have your letter, Polly," roguish Miss Molly said as she stamped it and postmarked it.

And so he did, for, not quite a week later, a letter came in the mail for Polly—a great white letter with a picture in one corner that made Polly's father open his eyes.

"Why, it's the state's arms!" said he "What under the sun?"

But I think he suspected. Oh, how red Polly cheeks were and how her small fingers trembled when she tore open her letter! It was printed so that she could read it herself, all but the long words:

Dear Miss Polly—Your letter received. I am very sorry you were so ill as not to be able to eat any Thanksgiving dinner. It was quite too bad. I hereby appoint a special Thanksgiving day for you—next Thursday, Dec. 9—which I trust may be kept with due form. Your friend and well-wisher,

ANDREW COLBURN.

"Oh, oh, oh!" said Polly, hopping on one foot. "Will you, mother? Oh, mother, will you? I wrote to him my self. Oh, I'm so glad!"

"Did you ever?" cried Polly's mother. "Why, Polly Pinkham!" But Polly's father slapped his knee and laughed.

"Good for Governor Colburn! I'll vote for him as long as he wants a vote. And Polly shall have a special Thanksgiving worth telling of, so she shall!"

And so she did have, the very best she ever remembered.—A. C. Stoddard in Youth's Companion.

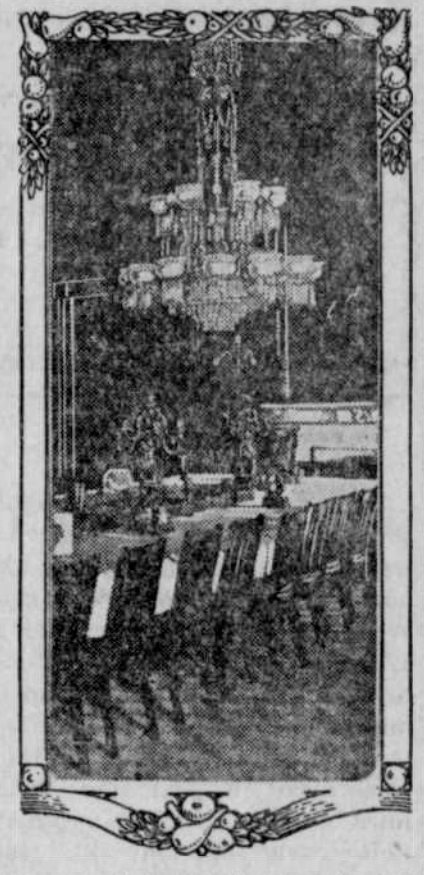
A farm is a business establishment, and should be so operated.

Our First National Thanksgiving.

The immediate occasion of the first thanksgiving was the surrender of General Burgoyne to General Gates in the fall of 1777. Thursday, the 18th of December, was designated, and in compliance with the order of congress the army at Valley Forge duly observed the day—the army that had tracked its way in blood. It was ordered by the Continental congress.

THANKSGIVING AT THE WHITE HOUSE

"HAIL to the chief!" That particular line of the patriotic hymn certainly applies at this season to the national bird—the turkey, and not the eagle. From the sun kissed sands of the gulf to the snow clad mountain crests of Alaska, from the burning deserts of Arizona to the bleak, storm washed rocks of Maine, the turkey is king. Millions of Americans will pay him tribute. On the plain dinner table of the farmhouse, on the silver laden board of the city banker, in the cabin, in the mines and cars whirling along their tracks of steel, beneath the glow of electric lights and the sounds of music floating from behind palms or with the gleam of the tallow dip, the sovereign is the same, proudly resting



IN THE STATE DINING ROOM OF THE WHITE HOUSE.

in his bed of brown gravy, his portly sides cracking with deliciousness.

Thanksgiving is a great day at the White House. The turkey intended for the president each year is a magnificent one, weighing about twenty-eight pounds. It reaches the White House a few days before the great dinner by express, already killed. When roasted it is truly a sight to make Lucullus' mouth water with envy.

The turkey is cooked in a kitchen which is a model for cleanliness and comfort. On one side of the room is an immense range, at least twelve feet in length, and above hangs a large, iron hood, which carries off any odor. The tables are two in number and covered with white. Above them is a hanging rod full of hooks, from which depend rows of shining saucepans of all sizes. The floor is covered with linoleum in a pretty design, and the whole place is lighted by electricity. There are three cooks, but the number of "help" at the White House is sixteen, which includes the maids, laundresses and waiters.

The dishes are washed in a patent affair. By means of a dumb waiter the meals are taken right up to the butler's pantry, which adjoins the dining room and contains the presses full of china of all administrations and of every variety of beautiful design. There are historic sets which have come down from the earliest days, for nearly every president's wife has added to the collection. Of china used by Lincoln there are about 100 pieces left, the figuring and coloring being quaint and the dish bordered by a rippling design inside of which is a broad band of color.

There are about the same number of pieces left of a set which was bought and used by the Grants. Roosevelt paid the sum of \$22,000 for a set of white and gold china, which numbered 3,000 pieces. One of the prettiest sets is that purchased by Mrs. Benjamin Harrison. The edge is a wide band of blue, and in the white center of the plate appears an exquisitely dainty picture of the American eagle resting on a shield.

The fish sets are all decorated with painted pictures of all kinds of specimens of the finny tribe, and the china used for game has pretty pictures of wild fowl in the air or standing among the reeds. There is even a plate which once belonged to the Confederate White House and one given to Washington by the Society of the Cincinnati. All of the silver at the White House is marked "The President's House."



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