



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 such 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



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, though 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 chivalry 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 thanks 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 pretensions 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 pullets 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 wild 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 he 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 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 no sense enough to remember this when he finds his feet away from 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 whitherer 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.

WHERE MANUEL FLED

Gibraltar, Great Britain's Greatest Naval Stronghold.

Its Defense During a Famous Siege a Memorable Event—For Four Years Spaniards Bombarded Impregnable Rock.

Gibraltar.—When King Manuel fled from Portugal he quite naturally sought refuge at Gibraltar for the simple reason that it was the safest as well as the nearest place which offered him protection. Furthermore, since Great Britain is supposed to have guaranteed the integrity of Manuel's rule it was probably as wise a move as he could have made. Gibraltar is a strongly fortified point commanding the entrance to the Mediterranean sea, and it is regarded as the greatest naval stronghold of Great Britain. Besides a small town at its foot, it consists of a mountainous rock towering at its highest point, about 1,422 feet above the sea level.

One of the most obstinate and famous defenses made in history was that of Gibraltar by the British in 1779-82 when that stronghold was besieged and blockaded by allied French and Spanish forces. At this time England was engaged in the American revolution and Spain, well aware of the consequent weakness resulting from the American broil, took occasion to improve her opportunity by attacking the impregnable rock.

On the 21st of June, 1779, a strict blockade was established by the Spanish fleet. The British forces numbered in all 5,382 men, including 1,045 Hanoverians under General Elliot, the governor. The first calamity that faced the besieged British was famine. The first general firing began on the 12th of January, 1780, and five days later Admiral Rodney overcame the Spanish admiral, threw a good supply of food provisions into the fortress, added 1,000 men to the garrison and, removing all useless mouths, left it dependent on its own strength. For a year everything was quiet, nothing important happened and all the while the besieging fleet were maneuvering to cut off all chance of food supply from the British.

Faced Starvation.

In 1781 the 7,000 defenders of Gibraltar were face to face with starvation. On the 12th of April Admiral Darby conveyed 100 merchant vessels into the bay. The Spaniards instantly opened fire, hoping to reduce the debilitated garrison before any effective aid could reach them. Deadly missiles were poured into the place by 114 pieces of artillery and for many days the bombardment lasted with unabated vigor, and, though less incessant, it continued without intermission until November 26, when, in



The Rock of Gibraltar.

a desperate midnight sally, the British succeeded in destroying the more advanced of the enemy's lines, in setting fire to many of the Spanish batteries, and in blowing up their principal depot of ammunition. This daring enterprise, successfully carried out in the face of 135 guns, was attended with surprisingly small loss, and forms one of the most brilliant incidents in a magnificent defense.

After this repulse the Spaniards ceased severe hostilities for several days, up to which cessation the garrison had been incessantly bombarded for eight months. In July, 1782, Duce Crillon took command of the assaults and preparations were made for the grand assault. Additional batteries were erected on the land side and floating batteries built to batter the fortress from the sea.

The Famous Attack.

The attack began September 8 by a bombardment simultaneously on all sides; nine line-of-battle ships poured in their broadsides; 15 gun and other boats approached the town; while from the Spanish lines, 170 pieces of ordnance of large caliber opened in one magnificent discharge. This terrifying fire continued till the 12th, when the combined French and Spanish fleets, numbering 47 sail of the line, the ten battering ships mentioned above with many frigates and other smaller vessels, anchored in the bay of Gibraltar. On the 13th every gun of besieged and besiegers was in play. The battering ships proved invulnerable to shot and shell. The defenders, as a last resort, began firing red-hot balls on the shot-proof ships and after continuing this for a day succeeded in burning the ship of the Spanish admiral and also the ship second in command. By the end of the 14th all the battering ships were destroyed by flames. The great bombardment of September 13 was the crowning triumph of the siege that lasted four years. The firing continued from the Spanish lines until February 2, 1783, when Duce de Crillon called for peace.

THOUGHT ONLY OF THE GAME

Filial Affection Lost Sight of by the Small but Enthusiastic Lover of Football.

Among the spectators at a match between the Blackburn Rovers and the Olympic was a little lad about nine years of age. Though the boy's knowledge of the game may have been limited, his notion of correct play was extremely robust.

"Go it, Lympic," he yelled. "Rush 'em off their pins. Clatter 'em. Jump on their chests. Bowl 'em over. Good for yer. Mow 'em down. Scatter 'em, Lympic."

When his parent nearly "grazed" one of the opposing forwards, the youngster expressed approval by yawning. "Good for yer, owd 'em," adding proudly to the spectators, "Fayther 'ad 'im sweet."

"Yes," said a hearer, "but he'll get killed before the game's finished."

"I don't care a carrot if he does," said the boy.—London Tit-Bits.

BABY WASTED TO SKELETON

"My little son, when about a year and a half old, began to have sores come out on his face. I had a physician treat him, but the sores grew worse. Then they began to come out on his arms, then on other parts of his body, and then one came on his chest, worse than the others. Then I called another physician. Still he grew worse. At the end of about a year and a half of suffering he grew so bad that I had to tie his hands in cloths at night to keep him from scratching the sores and tearing the flesh. He got to be a mere skeleton, and was hardly able to walk.

"My aunt advised me to try Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment. I sent to a drug store and got a cake of Cuticura Soap and a box of the Ointment and followed directions. At the end of two months the sores were all well. He has never had any sores of any kind since. I can sincerely say that only for Cuticura my child would have died. I used only one cake of Cuticura Soap and about three boxes of Ointment.

"I am a nurse and my profession brings me into many different families and it is always a pleasure for me to tell my story and recommend Cuticura Remedies. Mrs. Egbert Sheldon, Litchfield, Conn., Oct. 23, 1909."

A Very Good Guess.

Footie 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.

How's This?

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

W. 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.

WALBING, 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.

Mass Play Modified.

City Editor—Any radical changes for the better in football this season?

Sporting Writer—Verily. In understanding that not more than one ticket speculator will be allowed to tackle a single patron at the same time.—Puck.

What's in a Name?

"See here, waiter," said Mr. Grouch, growling deeply over his plate, "I ordered turtle soup. There is not even a morsel of turtle flavor in this."

"Of course not, sir," returned the waiter. "What do you expect? Shakespeare said there was nothing in a name. If you ordered college pudding would you expect a college in it? In Manchester pudding would you look for a ship canal or a cotton exchange? And tea, sir?"—Tit-Bits.

DRINK WATER TO CURE KIDNEYS AND RHEUMATISM

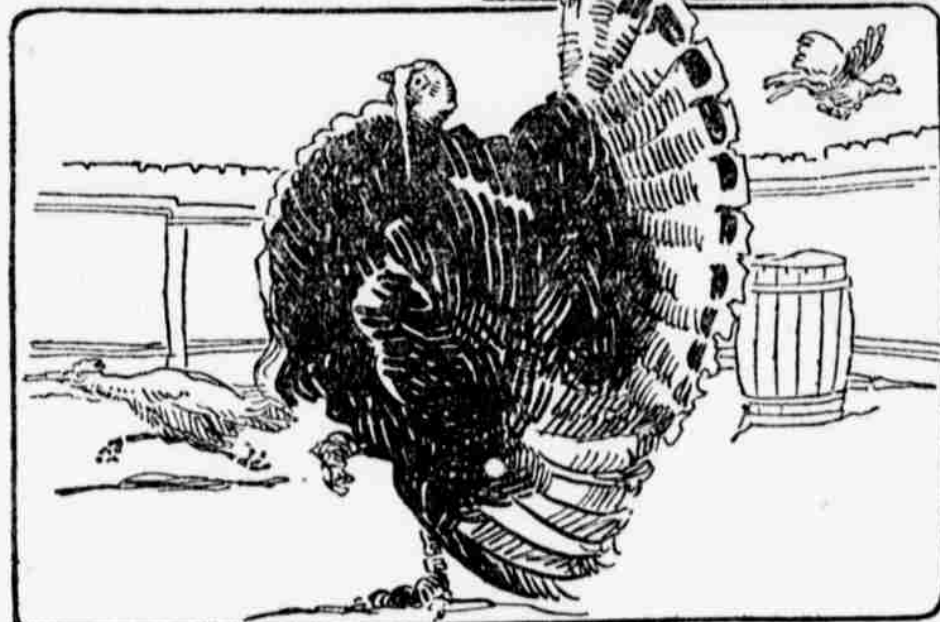
The People Do Not Drink Enough Water to Keep Healthy, Says Well-Known Authority.

"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.



THE FARM-YARD BULLY

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 flouted 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 folklore 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 needy sharper, have claimed

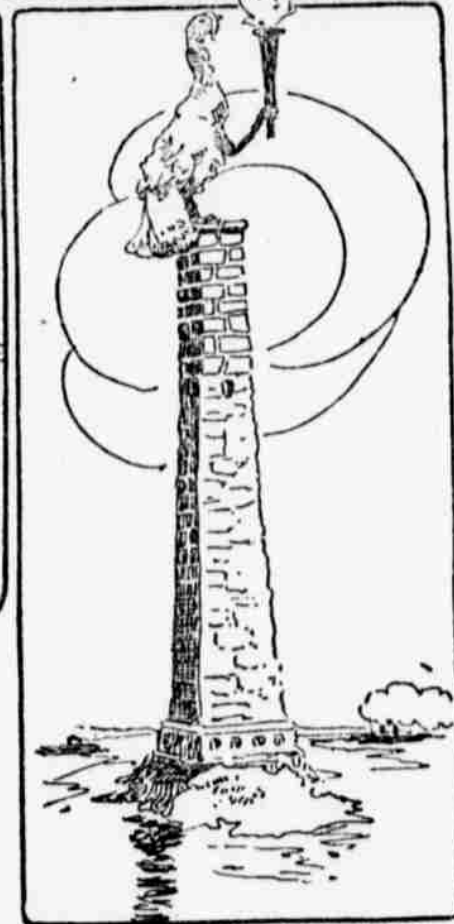
that the turkey would better represent the United States, and he certainly better suits the ideals of an eminently practical people.

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. No things went on all day, but as dusk came on the aristocratic turkey herd found his charges becoming passive resistors, 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 possessions 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 cheek 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



EMBLEM OF AMERICA