

AN ADVENTURE THAT ENDED
WITH HIS DEATH.

Ragged Big Game.



"Back off!" cried Phil, as he saw that the canoe was almost among the rocks.



CAPTURED THE CANYON.

After awhile they succeeded, and Ray, who was fortunate enough to retain on paddle, pushed the boat from the rocks and sent it out into the river, where it was caught in a swift current and carried along like a feather. "This is better than drowning among the rocks—or being eaten up by the bear," said Phil, as he

"A tree! a tree!" rang out Roy's voice at this moment, and before Phil could

A HERITAGE FROM THE PILGRIM
FATHERS.

Summary: A Morale Boost



ancient origin, for we find no mention of it much before the early part of this century.

Pears set apart for thanksgiving were

Many happy stories are told of the early Thanksgiving days. The town of Colchester, for instance, calmly ignored the day appointed by the Governor and held its own Thanksgiving a week later, when the sheep from New York, bringing a hundred of molasses for pigs, had arrived. In revolutionary times Thanksgiving was not forgotten. The council of Massachusetts recommended that Nov. 26, 1776, be set aside for giving thanks for services enjoyed." In the next year General Adams recommended a fast of Thanksgiving proclamation to the Continental Congress. During the war of independence Congress appointed eight days of Thanksgiving. They fell in April, May, July and December. The appointments were made in the form of a recommendation to the heads of the various State Governments. With one ex-

XX A.A.S. they're comin' home

The robins in the maples
Hatched their little brood this spring.



Hart was
ck. The
her knowl-
of a cross-
at the ill-
er from E-
eginning the engine



In Connecticut the festival was a regularly observed until 1794. The earlier Thanksgiving days were not always set on Thursday, nor were they always appointed for the same token of God's beneficence. Days of thanksgiving were appointed in gratitude for great political or military events, for the

Alkali Pete—A grizzly at him.
 Bruce Pete—What's the grizzly?
 Alkali Pete—Our thar.
 Bruce Pete—Waal, we'd have ter eat
 th' grizzly, Ike, but I hane we take th'
 mean's at a Thanksgiving turkey like
 that.—Hayer's Ramer.

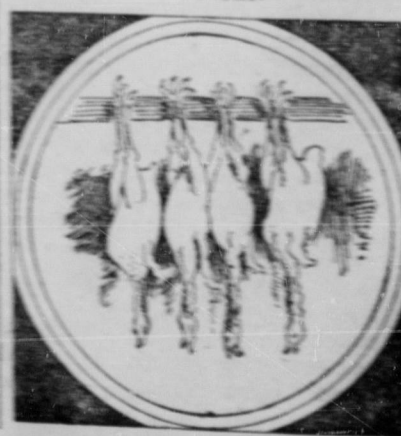


ARRIVING WITH THE THANKSGIVING
FEAR.

Thanksgiving Eve.
And now the wintry winds do moan and
roar;
The sky as e'er grows dim and murky;
From o'er the fields we hear the plaintive
cry
Of some forlorn Thanksgiving worker.



GOOD NIGHT



GOOD WILKIN

