Over Her Left Shoulder

BY MARION CROSBY.

Dora Benton drew a jar of sizzling hot pork and beans to the front of the oven and lifted the cover gently.

"They are going to be just all right," she cried joyfully.

The kitchen was flooded with their rich fragrance. One whiff was enough to give anybody an appetite, even if it had not been a chilly September evening when everyone—meaning Dora and Henry and the three children—was sure to be hungry anyway.

Brown baked beans and all the good things that went with them made Henry's favorite supper. He would come in sniffing while his handsome face beamed happily, exclaiming in his deep, hearty voice, "Oh that supper smells good! And how's the whole precious bunch to-night?" meaning, of course, the three children, to say nothing of Dora.

"Hurry, children, set the table, please. Father will be home now in a few minutes." She worked busily marshalling her little helpers. "That's right, Maud, help Clara. Bobby, get some fresh water and bring the butter in from the ice-box. Oh, we're going to have a fine meal and all piping hot. Hurrah!" Dora waved the dish towel over her head and pirouetted in the open space between stove and window to the great amusement of her seven-year-old son, who was reluctantly starting out for the pump.

Dora was so graceful and pretty and slim that she seemed more like a young girl than a mother of three children and mistress of a rambling old farmhouse where the work, from one year's end to another, was hardly finished as she would wish it to be. She seemed even younger than usual to-night as she danced back and forth singing a gay song. A tiny moonbeam, coming through the window, fell on her yellow hair and gave it a softer sheen.

Suddenly, with a little frightened gasp, she stopped. "The new moon!" she cried. "And I looked at it straight over my left shoulder!" She had been very gay a moment before but now she quieted down, her gray eyes were clouded and she went on with the supper preparations soberly.

"'Right shoulder, good luck; left shoulder, bad luck!'" she murmured while she cut the bread. "I just cannot help worrying if I see the new moon over my left shoulder. Henry and I do want good luck so much. We have had our share of the other kind."

Little Maud came into the kitchen and industriously began filling a plate from an easily reached cooky jar.

"Never believe in superstitions, Maudie," said her mother.

"No, Mother, never 'lieve in 'Stishuns! What is they?" asked the chubby infant between bites of crumbly cooky.

"They are very silly thoughts, Maudie. But sometimes Mother just can't help thinking them. Now, I wish Father would come. It's so late we shall have to eat our supper without waiting. I'll put Father's in the oven to keep hot."

During supper Dora could not forget her "unlucky" first glimpse of the new moon. She hardly enjoyed the hot, tasty supper and spent most of the mealtime attending to the wants of the little ones. "I hate to have this feeling," she said to herself, "but I cannot help it! Aunt Martha taught me to be afraid of bad luck. I wonder what ancestor passed it on to her? I wonder how far back it started anyway?"

"Clara," she said, turning to her older daughter who was busy dishing up apple sauce, "have I ever told you about the beautiful locket I used to have when I was a little girl?"

"Why no, Mother," said Clara eagerly. "What ever became of it, and what was it like?"

"I wonder if I can describe it so that you will know how it looked? It is a long time since I lost it. It was a solid gold locket with a blue enamelled medallion on one side, surrounded by a wreath of fine blue flowers. On the other side were your Grandmother's initials in blue enamel. It was her locket. She died, you know, when I was a child."

"It must have been perfectly beautiful," said Clara. "How did you lose it, Mother?"

"I lost it in the brook one day when I was crossing the little footbridge near Aunt Martha's house, down in the valley where I used to live." Dora's eyes had a far-away look as if they were gazing upon that old scene.

"I'll tell you, Mother!" broke in Bobbie, "next summer we'll all go down there and I'll find it for you. I can swim!" he added proudly.

"It is not very likely that you could find it after all these years, Bobbie." His mother did not tell the children that it had happened at new-moon time. Aunt Martha had said when told of the loss, "Bad luck! You must have looked at the new moon over your left shoulder." Dora had not tried very hard to recover the locket, since Aunt Martha was so positive that there was no use trying to get the better of bad luck."

She was roused from her recollections by a dire little sound at her elbow. "Oh, Maudie, how could you!" She brought a cloth to sop up the white stream. "Well, well, I suppose you're tired, dear," she said comfortingly. "We are all tired to-night. I wish Father would come!"

It had been a wearying day. Even the children had worked hard, for besides helping gather fruit in the orchard they had wrapped hundred of apples in paper and packed them carefully away in the attic.

"Come, chickadees, little ones, come on to bed. Clara will help me with the dishes." Dora took a sleepy child by each hand and danced them as far as the foot of the stairs and then marched them up ahead of her in the happy bedtime romp that they loved.

"Good-night, sweethearts!" she called on her way downstairs after stowing them in their little white beds.

"Good night, Mother dear!"

At the landing Dora stopped and pulled back the window shade, peering out into the night. She could see no one coming. There was no moon visible. The sky was covered with dark gray clouds and as she waited, she heard low rumblings of thunder. "There is going to be a storm and Henry is out on the road," she said despondently. She could not shake off her superstitious belief in and dread of "bad luck."

Clara called to her from the pantry. "Daddy telephoned, Mother, but I could scarcely understand what he said. The line wasn't working right."

"Oh, Clara, why didn't you call me?"

"Well, I don't believe you could have heard any better, Mother, and he was gone before I could call you. He said he would be late but I could not hear the reason. There was such a buzzing I think there was something the matter."

"'Something the matter,' 'something the matter,'" ran through Dora's mind as she swiftly did the dishes and stacked them away, warm and shining, upon the cupboard shelves. And then as if there had not been trouble enough she remembered more.

"Clara, you said the postman left a letter this morning with the papers, but it was not here when I came in from the orchard. Do try to find it for me, dear, before you go to bed. Hunt hard. Perhaps it was important. Every letter is important until you find out what is in it."

"I've hunted and hunted, Mother, and I simply cannot find it," replied the girl in a distressed voice. "It was in a yellow envelope, I remember. What could have become of it?"

"Well, we will both hunt. You take this side of the room and I will take the other," said Dora, and they searched through the tall, old-fashioned secretary, back of the cushions on the sofa, among the few papers left on the stand after apple-wrapping—all over the large, well-filled living room. Ned, the big yellow collie, ran playfully from one of the searchers to the other, thinking it was a frolic. He thrust his nose into corners, pawed wrinkles in the rug, and then broke into a loud bark.

Dora stopped and listened eagerly, thinking that perhaps the dog heard his master coming but she could hear only the thunder and the rain.

"Well, dear, we shall have to give it up for to-night. It is time for you to go to bed. Let us hope that it will come to light to-morrow."

The collie still continued to bark and jump but his mistress was in no mood for play. She searched for the morning paper and it could not be found! "Isn't that too bad?" she exclaimed crorsly and looked reproachfully at Ned as though it was his fault.

She knew that the sensible thing was to go to bed and forget the storm and all suggestions of trouble but she decided to sit up for her husband. Perhaps he was waiting in town to see the owner of the forty on the other side of the meadow, that they wished to buy. But why couldn't he have started home berore the storm?

The rain poured down harder, blowing in sheets against the windows. Every few minutes the thunder boomed heavily. Dora began to be thoroughly frightened. She crouched down in Henry's easy chair with her hands over her ears but even then she could feel the jar of the storm. Around the drawn window shades, the lightning played like a frame of fire.

Ned raised his head and walked slowly to the door to listen. Growling, he lay down, with his nose pointed straight at the threshold. His ears quivered, his tail moved back and forth heavily, he held himself keenly at attention.

Dora finally took herself in hand and went to the back of the house to make sure that all the windows were closed against the rain. When she returned, Ned was still motionless, listening.

"Good dog, good old Ned!" she said. "If anything should happen, you and I are the only ones to take care of the stock and the house and the children!"

Ned beat his tail sympathetically. He was on guard, he said to her in dog language.

"Cr-cr-*crash!*" That terrible thunder again! Dora held fast to the doorframe to keep from trembling. Then after a moment she said aloud, "I am going to make myself go to that window and look out! What would Henry say if he knew that I was afraid like this?" As she drew the shade aside, lightning flashed a vivid, forked sign like fiery handwriting across the black of the night. Dora gave a little scream and darted away from the window, covering her eyes with her arm as the thunder, louder than ever, followed the flash. "That struck near us!" she gasped. She was walking up and down the room now, her hands clasping each other until the knuckles were white. "Bad luck, bad luck for us!" she whispered with pale lips.

Ned lay motionless by the threshold, following with loving eyes his mistress's every anxious step. Suddenly she stopped beside him and exclaimed, "Oh, it is bad to be scared! Do you hear, Ned? I do not want to be afraid. I am ashamed of myself." And then gathering herself together, "I am not going to be afraid! I will not!"

Ned thumped his tail and continued his watch.

Somehow, just saying those words made Dora feel braver, and at the next clap of thunder she clasped her hands together so that she could not clap them over her ears. Then she went to each window and rolled up the shades. "There, you can stay up!" she declared. She had come to the point where, though still afraid, she was compelling herself to act bravely. In spite of herself, she was fascinated by the majesty of the storm seen through the unshaded windows.

"I believe that when you face things you are afraid of, you are not nearly as frightened as when you try to hide," she said, speaking aloud to the dog.

He beat his tail in answer, then rising slowly, gave a quick, low growl and backed a few paces away from the threshold. The next minute there was a loud pounding on the door, someone vigorously rattled the doorknob and a strange man burst into the room.

"Hey, call off your dog, lady!" he shouted, as he shoved the door shut against wind and rain. "I'm a respectable traveler, ma'am, but in a storm like this you would have to let any villain in! I thought each one of those bolts would be the last of me. Terrific!"

The intruder was an elderly man with jolly blue eyes and a ruddy countenance. Water ran down from his hat and overcoat in streams, and settled in puddles on the rug. He went right on talking without waiting for an answer, mopping his face with a large handkerchief.

"Say, it was a good thing when you threw up those window-shades. Steadied me, you know, out there in the dark. My car was jumping. Couldn't keep the road. I am on my way to Mr. Benton's place. Can you tell me how far I have to go?"

"Mr. Benton's place! This is Mr. Benton's place. I expect my husband home any minute."

Even as she spoke, the door was thrust open a second time and Henry nearly knocked the stranger over as he literally flew in before the impact of the storm.

"Hello, there!" he said in astonishment. "Who—who are you?"

"My name is Stevens!"

"Well! Well! I have been all this evening at Deer Creek looking for you. Heard you were due there."

"And I have been in Centreville, ten miles away. Thought I wouldn't go home without seeing you about that land. Said I would drive out, storm or no storm, and here I am. Didn't know this was your place. Blew in!"

"This is my wife, Mr. Stevens. How about supper, Dora? Perhaps Mr. Stevens will have some with me."

"Sounds good to me," answered the visitor, "if it is not too much trouble, Mrs. Benton."

A little later Henry followed Dora into the kitchen and whispered gleefully as she poured the steaming coffee, "Good luck, little woman! We closed the deal. The old gentleman is going to Nova Scotia to live and is anxious to wind up his affairs. He held out for more than I offered but then he came down a little and I guess we can manage. And I can get a whooping crop off that land next summer!"

It was good luck after all! Henry was home safe and sound. The storm was over. It had blown the owner of the land right to their door and now they were assured of the wish of their hearts. Dora knew just how much difference that extra piece of land would make in their year's receipts.

After supper, Henry escorted Mr. Stevens out to his car, gave him minute directions as to turns, short cuts and bad stretches of road, and in a trice the little man was gone.

"I am going to take a look at the attic roof," he announced upon coming back to the house. "I shouldn't be surprised if it were leaking, after all this downpour." He lifted a hand-lamp from the hall table and disappeared up the red-carpeted stairway.

Dora passed lightly back and forth from dining room to kitchen, softly singing as she cleared away the dishes. "Oh, I am glad that Henry is home—I am glad that Henry is home. Everything is all right now—and it was good luck after all!" she chanted below her breath. Once she stopped by the great chimney that went up between the living room and the dining room, and listened to a rhythmical drip-drip, drip-drip, and could hear Henry as he set heavy crocks to catch the water.

"We'll have to have new shingles pretty soon," he said, returning to the cosy room. "Perhaps next year we shall be able to afford it. Here is what is left of the morning's paper," he continued. "I found it up in the attic. The children must have taken it by mistake for wrapping apples."

As he handed Dora the paper, a yellow envelope fell from its folds. The lost letter! For a moment as she held it in her hand the shadow of bad luck fell once more athwart her thoughts. Perhaps it contained unhappy news. "It is Cousin Ella's handwriting," she said, "Aunt Martha's daughter. I have not heard from her in ages."

"Well, what does she say?" laughed Henry. "You will never know unless you open it."

This is what she read:

Dear Cousin Dora,—Do you know anything about a gold and enamel locket with the initials A. L. W. in blue on the back? I know those were Aunt Alice's initials—your mother's.

We have been changing the old place considerably of late. The latest improvement is a new stone bridge across the brook that runs through the pasture. In digging through the sand and stones to the supports, one of the workmen found this beautiful locket. I have polished it up and really it is hardly hurt at all. It must have been wonderfully well made. The workmanship is exquisite and I consider it a real treasure. Cannot you and all your family come down and see it at Thanksgiving time? If it is yours, we shall be glad.

Drive down the day before and let us have a regular, old-time family reunion on Thanksgiving. I am giving you notice far enough ahead so that I am sure you can come. It will be so good to see you again. Do not disappoint us, please.

Affectionately yours, Ella.

Dora lay back in her chair for a few minutes without speaking. Then she said solemnly, "Henry! The next time I see an omen that I think means bad luck I am going to get ready for double good luck instead. I have had a lesson to-night. I wish I could tell Aunt Martha."

And then she told him the full story of her superstitious fears and useless suffering, all because she saw the good old moon over her left shoulder. And Henry laughed.

Exit October.

The wayside weeds were white with frost, the morning air was cold,
I saw a gipsy lass who danced on fallen leaves of gold.
She wore a scarf of amber silk, a scarlet petticoat,
And hops of garnets in her ears, and coral at her throat.
She flung the yellow leaves aloft, and strewed them far and wide,
"Come, see my gold, and help yourself, for I am rich," she cried,
"The sky is blue, the sun is bright, the world from care is free,
I am October, prithee, shake a merry leg with me."

A snowflake drifted on the wind, the day began to wane,
A vagrant in a ragged coat came shuffling down the lane.
The gold (alas! 'twas fairy gold, the glitter that deceived)
Beneath his stumbling feet was turned to heaps of withered leaves.
He lifted up his peevish voice, and called the gipsy maid,
And she put on a russet cloak and tearfully obeyed,
And in the chilly dusk between the sumac's last red ember,
And gaunt gray ghosts of goldenrod she vanished with November.

—Minna Irving.

Drinking fountains that can not be reached on the inside, can be cleaned with scalding water and a handful of shot. Fill the fountain about quarter-full of hot water, and then pour in the shot. Shake the vessel briskly so that the shot will scrape along the bottom and sides of the fountain. This will remove the scum and make the fountain sweet and clean.

A Little Child's Gratitude

By Mary Collins Terry

As the Thanksgiving season approaches, it behooves us to think about our children. Shall we let them look forward to that day as one in which physical and social indulgence alone will be the outstanding feature—a big dinner, lots of fun and company, or shall we make an effort to instil in them gratitude, a real thankfulness for the things which come to them day by day? A child is not a grateful little animal by nature, and the mother must by untiring guidance and care form this virtue in him if she would have him be a useful and happy member of society.

"Muvver, where milk tum from?" asks three-year-old Danny, stopping in the midst of his cooling drink on a warm August day. "Why, Mrs. Moore's black and white cow gave you the milk, dear. You remember we watched her going down the road last night. Tom brought the milk over and put it on our porch."

"What do you say to him for bringing your milk?"

"T'ank you," said Danny triumphantly.

"And what shall we say to the good old cow?"

"T'ank you." He waved happily in the direction of the Moore's barn and lane where he had spent many blissful evenings watching Tom drive in the cows.

Little by little our children can be led in this simple way to see the chain of workers behind the food they eat, the clothes they wear, and in fact any and all of their material blessings.

It is only one step more to the loving Father who gives the rain and sun, who causes all growth, to whom our gratitude must go out for His care.

Let Thanksgiving day, then, be a day when our children remember in thought all those who have helped in gathering together the fine dinner for the day, and further still express this gratitude. No virtue is worthy if not outwardly expressed.

Perhaps there is a needy family who will not have so much for Thanksgiving day, and the children can help pack a basket and deliver it to them. The mother can sum up her little lessons and say, "So many people have helped us to have Thanksgiving dinner, now we must help someone else to have one." Thus she will turn the little one's spoken gratitude into service.

"Tom has brought our milk every day, let us save this big red apple to give him to show him how thankful we are."

Thanksgiving is a fitting preparation for the beautiful festival day which follows so soon, Christmas. It is when a child truly feels and expresses gratitude that he in turn is ready to give and do for others. "LOVING AND GIVING"—will make sunshine in our world. "God so loved—That He gave."

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

NOVEMBER 4

World-Wide Prohibition — World's Temperance Sunday. Psalm 101: 1-8; Proverbs 23: 29-35. Golden Text—I will set no wicked thing before mine eyes. — Psalm 101: 3.

LESSON SETTING—This week we have our quarterly Temperance Lesson. This is not an interruption or a turning aside from the main theme of the lessons. Temperance is a world question just as the missionary movement is. Temperance is a vital part of the missionary movement. Intemperance is waste of life and soul power, just as Christianity is conservation of life and soul power for the highest ends and purposes. We know how intemperance has been one of the great hindrances of the missionary in his work, for where the missionary has blazed the trail, the rum seller has followed. Moreover, the intemperance of so called Christian nations is a reproach to Christianity in the eyes of many non-Christian peoples. A world that has turned to God will be a world that has turned to temperance.

I. THE WISDOM OF THE KING, Ps. 101: 5-8.

Vs. 5, 6. *Whoso . . slandereth his neighbour.* In the preceding verses of the psalm, the king has been expressing his sense of responsibility as ruler of the kingdom. He promises to use his power temperately by recognizing his duties to God and man. Power, like anything else, can be used intemperately. David says he will remember what he owes to God and to man. Now, in the following verses, he describes his attitude to those who forget the law of temperance in all things. He will destroy the man who is intemperate in speech, who speaks false things against his neighbor without regard to truth. *Him that hath an high look;* "he that is lofty eyed." This is intemperance of pride, and ambition—the sin that magnifies others and belittles others and magnifies self and ignores God. *He that walketh in a perfect way.* This is the man whose life is from day to day regulated by high ideals. He has a standard by which he guides his life. There is a pathway in his life that he seeks to walk in.

Vs. 7, 8. *He that worketh deceit shall not dwell within my house.* The king seeks the company of the faithful, and shuns the companionship of the wicked. The matter of companionship is of the utmost importance. There is a companionship that helps to right thoughts and right actions as well as to wrong thoughts, and wrong actions. Companionship should not be a matter of chance but of choice. *He that speaketh falsehood shall not be established* (Rev. Ver.); shall have no permanent place. The royal favor will not be extended to those who practise deceit. The court will not be the scene of subtlety and craft, but of honesty and faith. The king seeks to order heart, home and court aright.

II. THE WOES OF THE DRUNKARD, PROV. 23: 29-35.

Vs. 29, 31. *Who hath woe . . redness of eye?* This section of the lesson turns our thought to temperance, in our accepted sense of that word. It has to do with the physical and moral effects of drunkenness. The writer calls attention to the after effects of a debauch, after the first exhilaration of body and mind has passed. The drunkard, perhaps, sought to drown his woe and sorrow, but it waits for him in the morning, greater than ever. Perhaps he had sought to banish his weariness of body, but the morning brings increased physical unfitness. Perhaps he had sought intellectual stimulus, but the morning finds him dull and heavy. The life needs release from the burdens and heaviness of life, and there are ways of escape which recreate the powers of life rather than dissipate them. While we aim at prohibition, we must see that healthful forms of recreation are made possible for all. It will be noted also in the chapter from which the lesson is taken deals with other evils of intemperance—gluttony and impurity. All of them are the waste of bodily and soul power.

Vs. 32, 35. *At the last it biteth like a serpent.* V. 29 deals with the immediate results of intemperance. This verse deals with the final results of drunkenness. When it is all too late the drunkard realizes that the cup is a cup of poison. These words were written thousands of years ago, but they are true as ever to-day. The results of intemperance are always the same. But the experience of ancient days is unheeded by the world to-day. This is one reason that justified prohibition. We are dealing with a subtle and treacherous foe. We are justified in seeking to protect the heedless and the weak from themselves. The right interpretation of total prohibition is total protection. We seek to shield the child and womankind from the results of intemperance and to protect the drunkard from himself. The difficulties of enforcement, which all must admit, do not provide a sufficient reason for inaction. It may be said that we cannot make people better by legislation. Very true, but remember that so long as we legalize the liquor traffic we are making man worse by legislation. The liquor traffic is a lawless treacherous force, and as such we must deal with it. We cannot compromise with it, much less legalize it. *Thine eyes shall behold . . thine heart shall utter perverse things.* In the concluding verses the writer points out how intemperance destroys the whole normal course of life. Mind and tongue and body are all out of joint. They do not function aright. *I will seek it yet again.* Yet he has power to break away from his course of life. He is chained as well as poisoned.

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR

HARVEST TIME IN BUNNY HOLLOW.

"Hi, there, you little Babs!" It was farmer Jones who called, and he laughed when he saw how he had startled the Cottontail bunnies—why, they nearly jumped out of their skins.

Let's see—here were Molly and Sally Cottontail; and Bobby and Billy. And, they had stopped under the big chestnut on their way from school to see how soon the nuts would be ripe.

When Mr. Jones came up to them he said: "Say, Cottontails, would you like to have lots and lots of potatoes—enough to last all winter? Yes? Well, just you run and tell your daddy to come right quick and bring all the bags and baskets he can find; tell all the Bunny Hollow folks, too; there are plenty and to spare lying around the field and it's a shame to have them waste."

"Bless me! How the Cottontails did fly for home. Through Killdeer meadow—then through the big woods; they never rested until they came to their own doorway, overhung with pretty red Virginia creeper. And they just banged their way into the house to see who should be first to tell the news.

Ma Cottontail told them she was surprised—and she asked where were their pretty manners? But when she heard about the potatoes, she was as excited as they were. And she immediately dispatched Billy to call his daddy—he was shucking corn; and Molly to ask Granny Wobblenose would she please, ma'am, mind the baby" so Ma could help in the field. While Bobby and Sally ran round Bunny Hollow to tell the neighbors.

In just about the whisk of a rabbit's tail the Hopovers and the Tarfoots; the Longears and the Wobblenoses and oh! I couldn't begin to tell how many others were gathered in the Cottontail's dooryard. Timothy Tarfoot had his cart and Daddy Longears had his new red wheelbarrow.

On the way to the potato patch Maria Hopover said: "It's lucky for us that farmer Jones had such a big crop of potatoes." At which Daddy Longears replied: "Yes—and it's luckier still that he's so kind-hearted."

They worked like beavers. Bags, baskets and pails; wheelbarrow and cart—all were filled in less'n no time. And the Bunny Hollow folks agreed to come again next day—that is, if the frost held off. Daddy Longears felt a little dubious about that—said he was sure there was a touch of it in the air even then. Jemima Wobblenose said soothingly: "Now, Daddy Longears, don't you cross any bridges till you come to them—no doubt to-morrow will be beautiful."

About that time Matilda Tarfoot missed her Tommy and Tilly. They had a most anxious time searching for them—indeed it was quite dusk before they were found, hiding in a clump of tall bushes, close to the edge of Cedar Brook.

They tried to explain at one and the same time. Tommy said it made his back ache to pick up so many potatoes, and Tilly said it made her back ache. So Tommy thought they'd take a little walk. Then, Tilly said, they saw Mr. Fox; and then they hid in the bushes, and they'd never, never run away again. Daddy Longears thought they ought to be punished, but Martha said they'd been punished enough.

"Well, then," exclaimed Daddy Longears, we'd better make tracks for home, and build fires to keep our potatoes warm—mind you, they must be kept warm for several days."

"We know, Daddy, we know," laughed all the bunnies, and away they trotted—chatting and laughing. All at once they were quiet, for Bob Cricket and his folks were giving a concert and they all loved to hear the music. One after another they said good night, and when the Cottontails reached home tired but happy, they found Granny Wobblenose waiting for them under the Virginia creeper—with baby Winky in her arms.

Thanksgiving's Gettin' Nigh.

When ma begins to fret an' furs
An' cook an' bake an' stew
An' when th' woodbox won't stay full
No matter whatcha do,
When pantry shelves get full ez ticks
With cakes an' bread an' pie
Why you kin purt near figger
Ole Thanksgivin's gittin' nigh.

When all yer folks an' relatives
From thutty miles er-roun
Espesherly the folks that's been
A-livin' in the town
Come traipsin' back a-visitin'
T' stay a week—oh my!
Why you can sutt'nly figger
Ole Thanksgivin's mighty nigh.