

A Good Thanksgiving

by Marian Douglas

Said Old Gentleman Gay, "On a Thanksgiving Day,
If you want a good time, then give something away."
So he sent a fat turkey to Shoemaker Price,
And the shoemaker said, "What a big bird! how nice!
And since a good dinner's before me, I ought
To give poor Widow Lee the small chicken I bought."

"This fine chicken, oh, see!" said the pleased Widow Lee,
"And the kindness that sent it, how precious to me!
I would like to make some one as happy as I—
I'll give Washerwoman Biddy my big pumpkin pie."

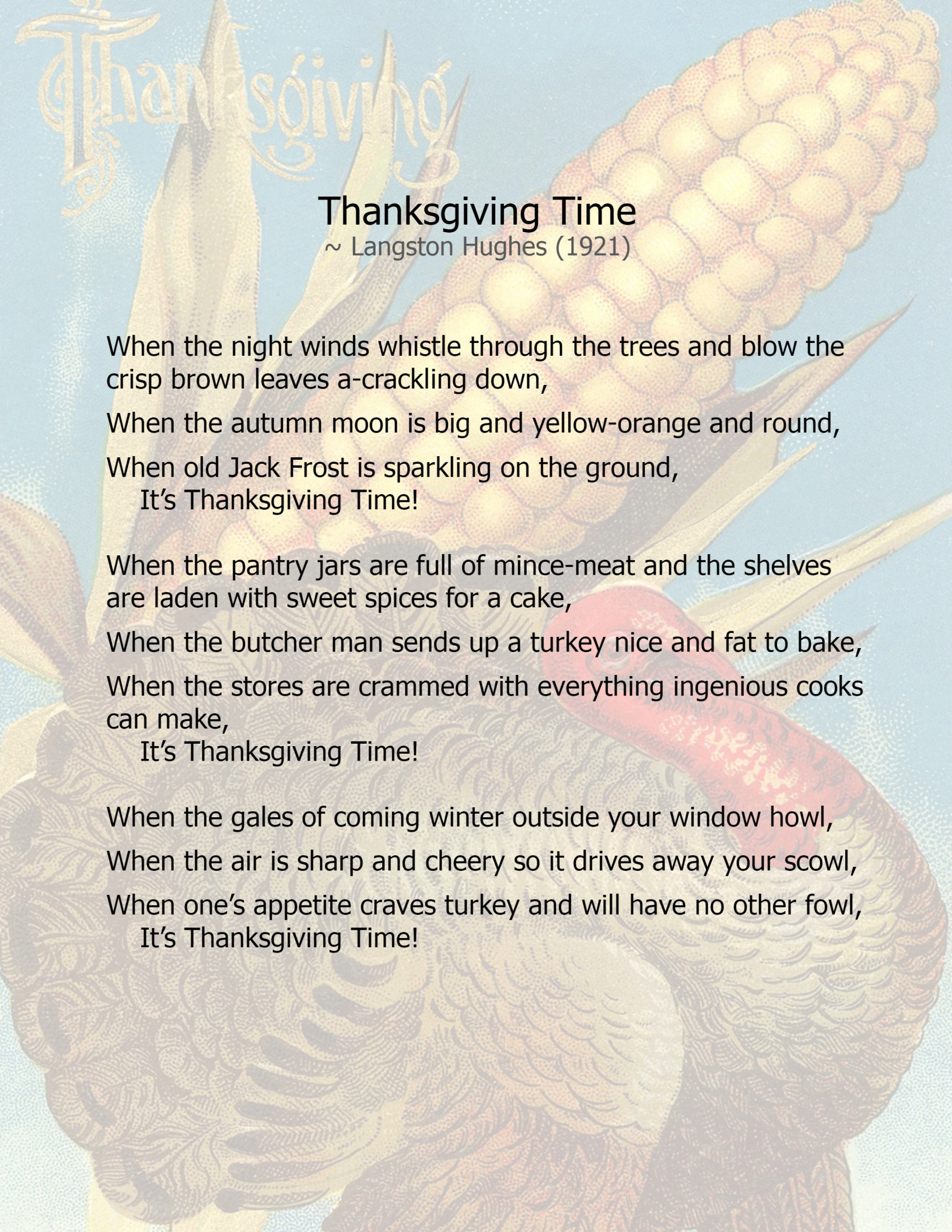
"And oh, sure," Biddy said, "'tis the queen of all pies
Just to look at its yellow face gladdens my eyes.
Now it's my turn, I think; and a sweet ginger cake
For the motherless Finigan children I'll bake."

"A sweet cake, all our own! 'Tis too good to be true!"
Said the Finigan children, Rose, Denny, and Hugh;
"It smells sweet of spice, and we'll carry a slice
To poor little Lame Jake—who has nothing that's nice."

"Oh, I thank you, and thank you!" said little Lame Jake;
"Oh, what beautiful, beautiful, beautiful cake!
And oh, such a big slice! I will save all the crumbs,
And will give 'em to each little sparrow that comes!"
And the sparrows they twittered as if they would say,
Like Old Gentleman Gay, "On a Thanksgiving Day,
If you want a good time, then give something away."







Thanksgiving Time

~ Langston Hughes (1921)

When the night winds whistle through the trees and blow the
crisp brown leaves a-crackling down,
When the autumn moon is big and yellow-orange and round,
When old Jack Frost is sparkling on the ground,
It's Thanksgiving Time!

When the pantry jars are full of mince-meat and the shelves
are laden with sweet spices for a cake,
When the butcher man sends up a turkey nice and fat to bake,
When the stores are crammed with everything ingenious cooks
can make,
It's Thanksgiving Time!

When the gales of coming winter outside your window howl,
When the air is sharp and cheery so it drives away your scowl,
When one's appetite craves turkey and will have no other fowl,
It's Thanksgiving Time!

Thanksgiving



A series of horizontal lines for writing, spanning the width of the page and positioned over the turkey and corn cobs.

A Thanksgiving Basket

~ Anonymous

It was the day before Thanksgiving Day. Little Gray Squirrel was sitting all alone in her little house in the hollow oak tree.

Gray Squirrel could not run about like the other squirrels. One day, when she had been out gathering nuts for the winter-time, she had caught her foot in a trap that some bad boys had set in the woods.

She had pulled and pulled, and, at last, she had managed to get her foot out of the trap. But her foot was broken! Poor Gray Squirrel had hopped and jumped on one foot, and, somehow, she had managed to reach home.

That had happened more than a month ago. All that time Gray Squirrel could not move outside the door of her house. Before she had hurt her foot she had gathered a few nuts. She had eaten only a few each day to make them last. Now they were all gone and to-morrow was Thanksgiving Day! Poor little Gray Squirrel! She felt very sad sitting there all alone.

"I wonder how Gray Squirrel is getting along," said Mrs. Red Squirrel to herself. "It's a shame! I have n't been to see her for days and days. I know what I'll do! I'll fix-up a basket of good things and take them down to her for her Thanksgiving dinner."

Mrs. Red Squirrel took her biggest basket down from the hook. From the cupboard in her hollow-tree home she filled the basket with as many chestnuts as she thought she could carry. Then she started off for little Gray Squirrel's house.



Soon she came to Mrs. Brown Squirrel's house. Mrs. Brown Squirrel was out in her garden digging up some of the nuts she had put there for the winter.

"Good-afternoon, Mrs. Red Squirrel," said Mrs. Brown Squirrel. "Where are you going with your basket this lovely day?"

"I'm going down to little Gray Squirrel's house to take her a Thanksgiving dinner," answered Mrs. Red Squirrel.

"Oh, do let me put some of these fine hickory nuts into your basket," said Mrs. Brown Squirrel. "I have plenty, and I shall feel so happy to think that I can give some of them to little Gray Squirrel."

Mrs. Brown Squirrel put so many hickory nuts into the basket that Mrs. Red Squirrel had all she could do to carry it.

"Thank you kindly, Mrs. Brown Squirrel," said she, and off she started again.

Soon she came to Mr. Rabbit's bramble house. Mrs. Rabbit was standing at the door.

"Good-afternoon, Mrs. Red Squirrel," said she. "Where are you going this lovely day?"

"I'm going down to little Gray Squirrel's house to take her a Thanksgiving basket," answered kind Mrs. Red Squirrel.

"Oh, just wait a minute!" said Mrs. Rabbit. "I have something that I can send, too. Some boys were having a picnic the other day, in the woods back of my house. When they went away I ran around there and found ever so many good things they had left. Wait just a minute and I will get them from my cupboard."

Mrs. Rabbit ran into her house and opened her cupboard in the dry grass and straw.

"Come in, Mrs. Red Squirrel," she called; "come in with your basket." And Mrs. Red Squirrel went into the little bramble house.

"Here are the peanuts I found," said Mrs. Rabbit. "I know Gray Squirrel will like them. I have plenty of cabbage and carrots stored away, and I really don't need the peanuts. You may take this red apple too. Perhaps Gray Squirrel will eat it."

"Thank you," said Mrs. Red Squirrel.
"You are very, very kind."

"Oh, no, not at all!" said Mrs. Rabbit.
"It makes me feel so happy to think that I can help little Gray Squirrel."

"Thank you, all the same," said Mrs. Red Squirrel; and once more she started off for little Gray Squirrel's house.

The basket was very heavy now, and it was all Mrs. Red Squirrel could do to carry it.

"Why, Mrs. Red Squirrel!" said a voice,
"where are you going with that heavy basket?"

Mrs. Red Squirrel looked about and saw Mr. Rabbit sitting among the brambles by the roadside.

"I am going down to little Gray Squirrel's house to take her a Thanksgiving basket," answered Mrs. Red Squirrel.

"Did you stop at our house?" Mr. Rabbit asked. "I think Mrs. Rabbit may have something for your basket."

"Yes, I stopped at the house on my way," said Mrs. Red Squirrel, "and Mrs. Rabbit gave me some peanuts and a red apple for my basket."

"I am very glad she thought of them," said Mr. Rabbit. "Now, you must let me help you carry that heavy basket."

"Oh, thank you," said Mrs. Red Squirrel, "but I think I can manage it the rest of the way. I'm almost there now."

"Never mind," said Mr. Rabbit, "I can help you carry it for even a little way." And he took hold of the other side of the heavy basket.

Mrs. Red Squirrel was very glad to have Mr. Rabbit's help, for the basket was indeed too much for her to carry alone.

They soon reached the hollow oak tree in which little Gray Squirrel lived. Mr. Rabbit knocked at the little door.

"Who's there?" called a sad little voice.

"How do you do, little Gray Squirrel?" answered Mr. Rabbit. "This is Mrs. Red Squirrel. She has brought you a Thanksgiving basket." And they opened the door and went in.

Little Gray Squirrel had been crying because she felt so lonely and hungry.

"Oh, Mrs. Red Squirrel," said she, "how can I thank you!"

Then Mrs. Red Squirrel told little Gray Squirrel about Mrs. Brown Squirrel and Mrs. Rabbit. "And Mr. Rabbit helped me carry the basket," said she.

Little Gray Squirrel felt very happy to know that she had so many friends. To-morrow would be Thanksgiving Day indeed!

The wonderful Thanksgiving basket lasted little Gray Squirrel all winter long, and that was all she needed, for, when the warm spring-time came, her foot was quite well and she could run about again!





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DOMESTIC



COTTAGE

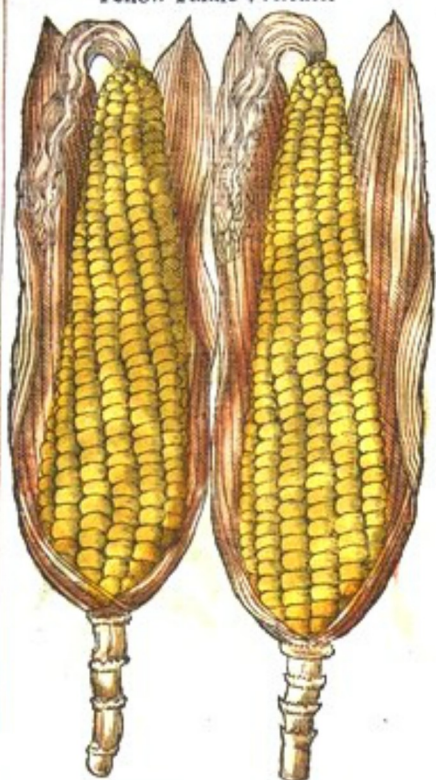


GRAHAM

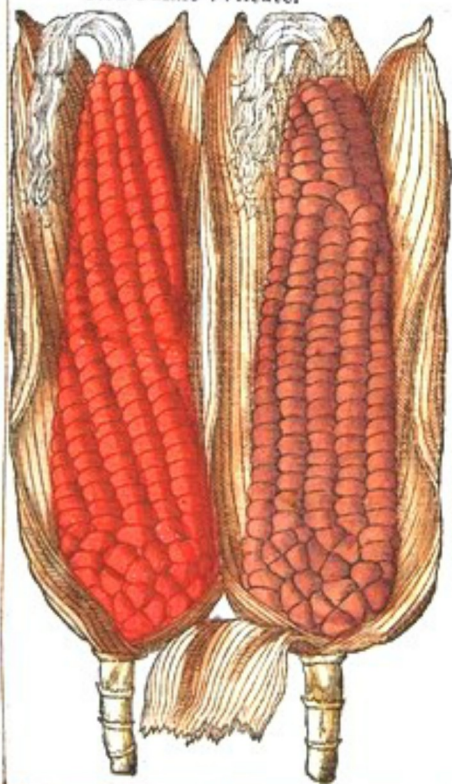


FRENCH

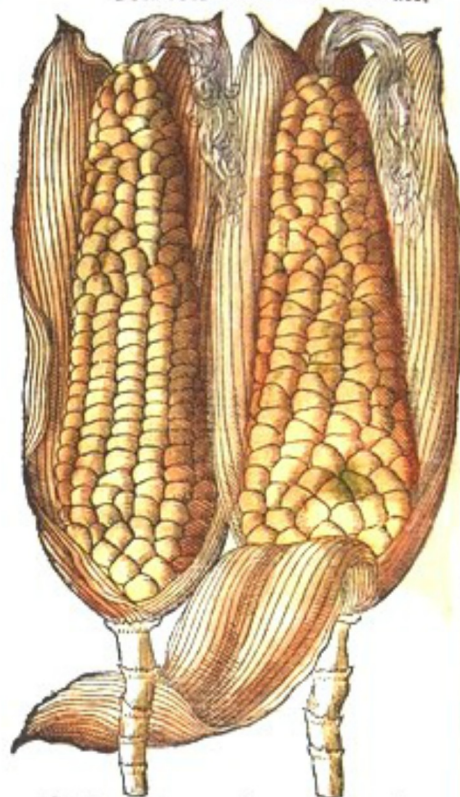
5 *Frumentum Indicum luteum.*
Yellow Turkie Wheate.



7 *Frumentum Indicum rubrum.*
Red Turkie Wheate.



6 *Frumentum Indicum aureum.*
Gold coloured Turkie Wheate.



8 *Frumentum ceruleum & album.*
Blew and white Turkie Wheate mixed

