

Thanksgiving Festival.

An Ode of Turkey Time.

Now the turkey steps forth grandly to
the center of the stage,
Now the publisher gives orders for a
turkey sketch—front page;
Now the artist turns to turkey in a
dull and listless way,
Now the bard in desperation wonders
what is new to say;
The markets groan with turkeys, young
and tender, old and tough,
There is turkey all about us, but we
cannot get enough.

There are turkeys adolescent, there are
turkeys in their teens,
There are turkeys in the papers, tur-
keys in the magazines;
There are turkeys in the stories, there
are turkeys in the news,
There are turkeys in the columns of
the dignified Reviews;
There are turkeys in the love tales,
there are turkeys in the books,
There are turkeys simply fashioned,
there are turkeys quite de luxe.

There are turkeys in the poems, there
are turkeys in the plays,
There are turkeys in the ovens, there
are turkeys on the drays;
There are turkeys in the grab bag at
the Sewing Circle's Fair,
There are turkeys in the kitchen, there
are turkeys in the yard,
For the frost is on the pumpkin and
the turkey's on the bard.

There's an endless flow of turkeys from
the village, vale, and farm,
And the turkey-ridden husband takes a
turkey on his arm;
There are turkeys in the street cars,
there are turkeys in the vans,
There are turkeys in the barrels, boxes,
bags, crates, bales and cans,
But over and beyond it all an hour of
bliss I see;
When the turkey's on the table—then
it's good enough for me.

—J. W. Foley.

Thanksgiving Day.

The golden-rod candles are all burned
out

By the zigzag fence of gray;
The asters have turned to withered
seeds

That the wind will flutter away;
But here's a cheer for the waning year,
And the glad Thanksgiving day!

The thrushes have flown from the tree-
tops high,
And the bluebirds could not stay;
And lone and hushed are the empty
nests;

But the children smile as they say,
"When frost is chill on the misty hill
Comes the glad Thanksgiving day."

They know that the harvest is garnered
in

In its ripe and golden store,
And patient and still the brown earth
waits,

For the time of its toil is o'er;
It waits the snow that shall fold it low,
Till it wakes from sleep once more.

The daisies will whiten the fields again
And the robins build next May;
So gratefully sing, little children sing,
Till the air with mirth is gay.
A song for the cheer of the happy year
And the glad Thanksgiving day!

Angelina W. Wray.

Thanksgiving Ceremony.

It's a very formal matter.
Eatin' turkey out our way,
'Cause gran'paw allus rises
With a word or two to say
After gran'maw asks the blessin,
Jest before he starts to carve.
It's a joke. We think it funny.
If we didn't we might starve.

It's something about Turkey
Gettin' all mixed up with Greece.
An' how the combination
Means disturbance of the peace.
Every year we're all attention;
Not another word is spoke,
An' we nearly die a-laughin'
When our gran'paw tells his joke.

For What are We Thankful?

For what are we thankful? For this:
For the breath and the sunlight of life;
For the love of the child and the kiss
On the lips of the mother and wife.

For roses entwining,
For birds and for bloom;
And hopes that are shining
Like stars in the gloom.

For what are we thankful? For this:
The strength and the patience of toil;
For even the joys that we miss—
The hope of the seed in the soil.

For souls that are whiter
From day unto day;
And lives that are brighter
From going God's way.

For what are we thankful? For all
The sunshine—the shadow—the song;
The blossoms may wither and fall,
But the world moves in music along.

For simple, sweet living
'Tis Love that can teach it),
A heaven forgiving,
And faith that can reach it!
—Frank L. Stanton.

Soliloquy of a Turkey.

Dey's a so't o' threatenin' feelin' in de
blowin' of de breeze,
An' I's feelin' kin' o' squeamish in de
night;
I's a-walkin' 'roun' a-lookin' at de
diffunt style o' trees,
An' a-measurin' dey thickness an' dey
height.
Fu' dey's sump'n mighty 'spiculous in de
looks de da'kies give,
Ez dey pass me an' my family on de
groun',
So it 'curs to me dat lakly, ef I calhs
to try an' live,
It concehns me fu' to 'mence to look
erroun'.

Dey's a cu'lous kin' o' shivah runnin' up
an' down by back,
An' I feel my feddahs ruffin' all de
day

An' my legs commence to tremble evah
blessid step I mek;
W'en I sees a ax, I tuns my head
away.

Folks is gorgin' me with goodlies, an'
dey's treatin' me wid calh,
An' I's fat in spite of all dat I kin do.

I's mistrus'ful of de kin'ness dat's
erroun' me evahwhah,
Fu' it's jes' too good, an' frequent, to
be true.

Snow's a-fallin' on de medders, all
erroun' me now is white,
But I's still kep' on a-roostin' on de
fence;

Isham comes an' feels my breas'bone,
an' 'he hefted me las' night,
An' he's gone erroun' a-grinnin' eyah
sence.

'Tain't de snow dat meks me shivah;
'tain't de col' dat makes me shake;
'Tain't de wintah time itsef dat's
'fectin' me;

But I think de time is comin', an' I'd
bettah mek a break,
Fu' to sit wid Mistah 'Possom in his
tree.

W'en you hyeah de da'kies singin', an'
de quatahs all is gay,
'Tal't de time fu' birds lak me to be
erroun'.

W'en de hick'ry chips is flyin', an' de
log's been ca'ied erway,
Den hit's dang'ous to be roostin' nigh
de groun'.

Grin on, Isham! Sing on, da'kies! But
I flop my wings an' go
Fu' de sheitah of de vey highest tree,
Fu' dey's too much close ertention—
an' dey's too much fallin' snow—
An' it's too nigh Thanksgiving now
fu' me.

Thanksgiving Day on the Farm.

If there's wun thing more'n t'other,
As some folks o'n say,
As makes a chap feel kinder good,
Et is Thanksgiving Day!

For even ef he's had hard luck
An' things ha'n't bin jes' right,
There's lots o' folks has had it, tu,
Frum mornin' until night.

An' w'en we kinder rekuns up
Our pleasures with our pain
An' take the hull year thro' an' thro'
We surely can't complain;

We've had good health, enuff ter eat,
An' cles enuff ter wear,
An' mostly there's a turkey fat
W'en Thanksgiving draws near.

An' then, thank God, the rent is paid,
The hosses they've got no disease,
The cattle ha'n't got no disease,
There's no old scores to pay;

'This mornin' my old gal an' me
Jes' tuk a look aroun',
The same as we've dun ev'ry year,
'Fore snow lays on the groun'.

Sez I, "There's Mister Gobbler there
A-struttin' 'roun' so gay,
But mebbe he'll fergit ter strut
'Bout nex' Thanksgiving Day."

It really made me feel as proud
As any millionaire,
An' Bess an' me walked roun' the farm
An' tuk the mornin' air;

I knew her old heart jes' felt glad
Fer thinkin' 'bout our Jim
A-comin' 'bout our Jim
Ter sing Thanksgiving hymn.

An' so, altho' we ha'n't got rich,
We'll thank the Lord an' say:
Fur what we hev, Almighty God,
We give Thee thanks this day.

H. Wakefield Smith.

The Day of the Turkey.

Thanksgiving Day, Thanksgiving Day,
Thanksgiving Day is comin',
And list, I hear, from far and near,
The stately turkeys drumming.
With lordly strut and stamp they go,
Each thinks himself a winner.

And such is right, if crisp and bright,
He crowns the Thursday's dinner.
—Lalla Mitchell Annable.

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