

# Thanksgiving on the Farm

Oh, the farm was bright, Thanksgiving morn,  
With its stacks of hay and shocks of corn,  
The pumpkin heaps in the rambling shed,  
And its apples brown and green and red;  
And in the cellar, the winter store,  
In bins that were filled and running o'er  
With all the things that a farm could keep.  
In barrel and bin and goodly heap,  
King to the raters and hid away—  
Oh, the farm was a pleasant place to stay!



And here and there was the Jersey stock,  
The sheep and horse—Old Prince and Jock—  
The turkeys and geese and awkward calf,  
And the goat that made the children laugh,  
A pair of mules that a friend had sent  
Out to the farm for experiment,  
Pigeons and doves and a guinea pig,  
Dogs that were small and dogs that were big,  
Chickens that were white and black and gray—  
Oh, the farm was a jolly sight that day!



Out back of the house the orchard stood,  
Then came the brook and the chestnut wood,  
The old sawmill where the children play,  
The fodder barn with its piles of hay,  
The walnut grove and the cranberry bog,  
The woodchuck hole and the barking dog,  
The wintergreen and the robber's cave—  
Wherein who entered was counted brave—  
The skating pond with its fringes of hay—  
Oh, the farm was a right good place to stay!



The big home barn was a place of joy  
For the romping girl and the climbing boy,  
With beams and mows and ladders to mount,  
Horses and oxen and sheep to count,  
Hunting of nests of sky old hens,  
Tumbling hay and fashioning dens,  
Helping the men to do up the chores,  
Shutting windows and locking doors,  
Letting some work come in with the play—  
Oh, the farm was a jolly place to stay!



Oh, the pantry shelves were loaded down  
With cakes that were plump and rich and brown,  
With apple pie and pumpkin and mince,  
And lilies and jam and preserved quince,  
Cranberry sauce and puddings and rice,  
The delectable dishes that look so nice,  
Vegetables, breads, and hickories sweet,  
A great brown turkey and plates of meat,  
Sauces fixed in the delectable way—  
Oh, 'twas a glorious sight that day!



Oh, the farm was bright Thanksgiving morn,  
The sun shone clear on the hay and corn,  
The guests came early with laugh and shout,  
And the boys and girls scattered about,  
Seeking the pets they had known before,  
Climbing through window instead of door,  
Racing from barn to corncrib or mill,  
Shouting and laughing with glee, until  
The dinner-horn sounded. Oh, I say  
'Twas pleasant upon the farm that day!



(© 1922, Western Newspaper Union.)

In Holy Writ,  
Bless the Lord, O my soul; and all  
that is within me, bless His holy name.  
Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget  
not all His benefits:  
Enter into His courts with thanksgiving,  
and into His courts with praise;  
be thankful unto Him, and  
bless His name.  
For the Lord is good; His mercy  
is everlasting; and His truth endureth  
to all generations.—Psalm 103:1, 2;  
104:5.

## Eagle's Day Off



That is when this pinch hitter gets into the game as the national bird.

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## Hymn

For Summer's bloom and Autumn's blight,  
For bending wheat and blasted maize,  
For health and sickness, Lord of light,  
And Lord of darkness, hear our praise!

We trace to Thee our joys and woes—  
To Thee, of causes still the cause—  
We thank Thee that Thy hand bestows;  
We bless Thee that Thy love with-draws.

We bring no sorrows to Thy throne;  
We come to Thee with no complaint;  
In Providence Thy will is done,  
And that is sacred to the saint.

Here, on this blest Thanksgiving Night,  
We raise to Thee our grateful voice;  
For what Thou doest, Lord, is right;  
And, thus believing, we rejoice.  
—From "Bitter-Sweet," by J. G. Holland.

## The Spirit of Thanksgiving

As we read of old time Thanksgiving customs, we realize that the world has been traveling fast since then—away from the simple and the spiritual.

One of the customs, particularly, was quaint. After the Thanksgiving dinner, while the family was still seated around the table, each member was asked to tell for what, in the past year, he was particularly thankful.

These recitals were always revelations of character. The small children of the family mentioned some material thing, a sled or a doll, for which they were grateful.

The older children, those in their teens, were more abstract. They were thankful for the advantages of education, of family prestige, or their social position—a bit self-centered, perhaps, as is wont with youth in its teens.

But mother and father, in their maturity of years, knew that the greatest blessings of life were health and happiness, and their recitals of thankfulness always included a word of thanksgiving that the family had been spared illness and poverty. No thought for themselves, but thankful of son's success in school, and daughter's improvement in controlling her temper.

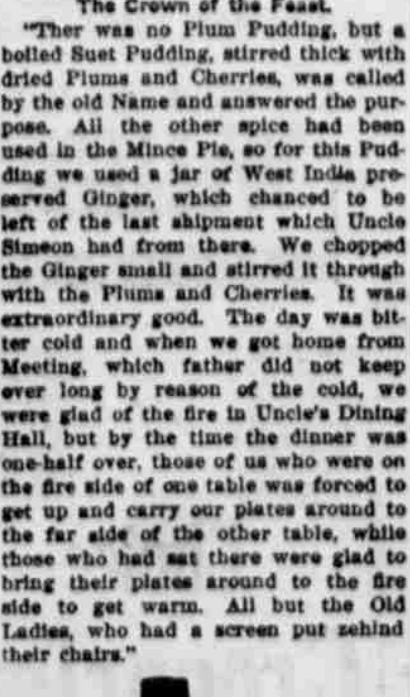
The spirit of the day calls for just such a touch of spiritual introspection. It keeps alive that family spirit, the joy of an assembled family, the particular source of Thanksgiving to each member, along with the joy of the old-fashioned dinner.

Old-Time Thanksgiving. A quaint account of a Thanksgiving dinner back in 1779, is given in a letter of one Juliana Smith, written to her dear "Dear Cousin Betsey," found in an old diary:

"This year it was Uncle Simeon's turn to have the dinner at his house, but of course we all helped them as they help us when it is our turn, and there is always enough for us all to do. All the baking of pies and cakes was done at our house, and we had the big oven heated and filled twice each day for three days before it was all done, and everything was good, though we did have to do without some things that ought to be used. Neither Love nor Money could buy Raisins, but our good red cherries dried without the spice, did almost as well, and happily Uncle Simeon still had some spices in store. The tables were set in the Dining Hall, and even that big room had no space to spare when we were all seated. The servants had enough ado to get around the Tables and serve us all without oversteering things. There were our two Grandmothers, side by side. They are always handsome old ladies, but now, many thought, they were handsomer than ever, and happy they were to look upon so many of their descendants.

The Crown of the Feast. "There was no Plum Pudding, but a bottled Suet Pudding, stirred thick with dried Plums and Cherries, was called by the old Name and answered the purpose. All the other spice had been used in the Mince Pie, so for this Pudding we used a jar of West India preserved Ginger, which chanced to be left of the last shipment which Uncle Simeon had from there. We chopped the Ginger small and stirred it through with the Plums and Cherries. It was extraordinary good. The day was bitter cold and when we got home from Meeting, which father did not keep over long by reason of the cold, we were glad of the fire in Uncle's Dining Hall, but by the time the dinner was one-half over, those of us who were on the far side of one table was forced to get up and carry our plates around to the far side of the other table, while those who had sat there were glad to bring their plates around to the fire side to get warm. All but the Old Ladies, who had a screen put behind their chairs."

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## Why Not a Little Novelty?



—Louis M. Glackens, in the New York Tribune.

## EXTENDING TIME OF THANKS

Each Day Might Be Made a Season for Expressing Gratitude for manifold Blessings.

It is human nature to pay more heed to things which discomfort us than to those which contribute to our happiness. The latter we accept as a matter of course and do not regard very attentively until, perchance, we are deprived of them, when we promptly number them among our regrets and repine over them frequently.

If we were to devote five minutes a day to recalling the things for which we, as individuals or as citizens, have reason to be thankful, we should find ourselves much happier and the world would be much easier to get along with. In time, perhaps, we should find our thankful periods extending themselves and our periods of worry and discontent growing correspondingly shorter.

This being the Thanksgiving time, officially designated for a review of our blessings, it might be a good time to inaugurate a plan for being thankful for at least a few minutes every day. One does not require to be a Pollyanna to accomplish this.



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## MEXICO ITS HOME

Domestic Species of Turkey Had Origin There.

Thanksgiving Bird, So Well and Favorably Known Today, Never of the Wild Species.

At this time of the year when the feasting holidays are here, almost everyone thinks of turkey, which also took an important part in the first Thanksgiving of the Puritans, the founders of Thanksgiving as we know it today. Little is known of the early history of the domestic turkey. Writers of the Sixteenth and Seventeenth centuries seem to have been ignorant about it; and to have regarded it as the guinea-fowl or pintado of the ancients, a mistake which was not cleared up until the middle of the last century, says a writer in the New York Sun.

The name it now bears, and which it received in England where it is reputed to have been introduced in 1541, was given it from the supposition that it came originally from Turkey. As far back as 1573 we read of it as having been the Christmas fare of the sturdy British yeomanry.

Came From Mexican Fowl. Audubon, one of the early pioneers of American ornithology, supposed our common barnyard turkey to have originated in the wild bird so prevalent in the eastern half of the United States. But it has always been a matter of surprise to naturalists that the latter did not assimilate, by interbreeding and reversion, more intimately in color and habits to the domestic form. No suspicion, until recently, appears to have been entertained that the two birds might belong to different species.

Our common wild turkey, once so plentiful in Pennsylvania and New York, is now restricted to the more eastern and southern portions of the



Perfect Specimens.

United States, while in the parts of Texas, New Mexico, Colorado and Arizona, thence stretching southward along the eastern slope of Mexico, there exists another form, essentially different, which by way of distinction, has been popularly called the Mexican turkey. It is from this species, and not from the other, as has been erroneously supposed, that the domestic fowl has been derived.

Many Differences Seen. Between the wild bird of eastern North America and the Mexican and typical barnyard fowls there are differences which must be apparent to the most superficial observer. The extremities of the tail feathers as well as the feathers overlying the base of the tail are in the latter creamy or fulvous white, while in the former they are of a decided chestnut brown color. Other characteristics exist, apparent to the ornithologist.

The difficulty experienced in establishing a cross between our wild and tame birds, shows that they are not as closely related as one would suppose. Did a near kinship exist, interbreeding would more easily be accomplished. With the Mexican turkey, matters are otherwise. That a relationship does exist between the domestic bird and the latter there can be no question, as specimens of the naturalized species are often met with which are nearly the counterpart of its Mexican progenitor, differing only in the greater development of the fatty appendages of the head and neck, differences which may be accounted for as the effects of the influences to which the birds have been subjected by man.

No well-authenticated instance of similar reversions to our once familiar eastern bird have been known to occur, which would necessarily have been the case had they been so closely related as was once maintained.

America's Own Day. Thanksgiving is particularly our own holiday. It originated here and no other continent than this has it. Except for the Thanksgiving days of the United States and Canada there is in all the earth no official occasion for returning thanks to Providence by the people as a people irrespective of sect. Christmas and New Year's are celebrated wherever the cross has found its way; independence and memorial days are observed in many lands; but the only national Thanksgiving day is ours.



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