

THE PUMPKIN PEOPLE

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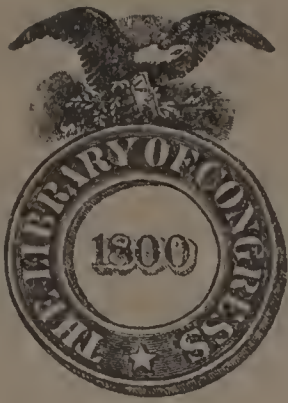
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By ETHEL OWEN



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FROM THE BOOKS
OF

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The
PUMPKIN
PEOPLE





They like to laugh and romp about the cloud mountains.

From Rosebud's Thanksgiving—Page 60.

THE PUMPKIN PEOPLE

By ETHEL OWEN



PICTURED BY
CONSTANCE ENSLOW

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"JUST RIGHT" CLASSICS

Pied Piper of Hamelin
King of the Golden River
Man Without a Country
Little Lame Prince
Dog of Flanders

"A JUST RIGHT BOOK"

Printed in the U. S. A.

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INTRODUCTION

The Pumpkin People is a collection of twelve stories dedicated particularly to the festive spirit of Thanksgiving Day and generally to any day of mirth and happiness—a book for children who love stories and parents who enjoy reading stories to their children.

In it is an interesting account of what the Pumpkin People are and how the delicious pies that make Thanksgiving Day what it is are dependent on their care.

A true account of the exciting woodland adventure of the squirrel family Umple-Umple-Umple and how the wicked wolf, Ramf-Ramf, almost deprived them of their happiness on that eventful day.

There is also the history of a Thanksgiving Brownie and many other stories of equal interest in this delightful collection of tales.





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He looked up at the wondrous sky.

The Pumpkin People



IN back of Billy Ladd's house there was a great field in which hundreds of pumpkins grew.

Billy's father was a farmer and owned acres and acres of land. But the field in which the pumpkins grew interested Billy most of all.

Pumpkins reminded him of pie and now that Thanksgiving was coming he liked to think of all the good things that were in store for him.

Billy was a little boy with a big imagination.



He often wondered what he would find if he searched all through the field of pumpkins. There was much of interest hidden there he was certain.

Pumpkin-pie was so good there must be lots of good things in the pumpkin-field.

One morning he set out to explore it. He told his mother where he was going. She was quite willing for she knew no harm could come to him in the pumpkin-field.

She packed him a few sandwiches and gave him a piece of cake and some apples in case he became hungry.

Billy felt very big and grown-up as he set off through the field. He thought of the delicious lunch which he carried with him. The very thought of it made him hungry. Perhaps the cool bracing air also helped to increase his appetite. In any event he soon became so hungry that he could wait no longer.





Billy's father was a farmer.

He decided that he would sit down to eat.

He drew the sandwiches and cake from his pockets.

It was very quiet and restful in the field. The fragrance of pine came to him from the distant woods.

He looked up at the wondrous sky in which a few white clouds floated. They looked like ships with white sails set floating on a big blue ocean.

It was rather lonesome in the field.

Billy was not afraid but he wished he had a companion with him.

As the thought came to him he commenced gazing about. Of course there were no wolves or bears in the pumpkin-field. He was glad that he was not alone in a forest. A pumpkin-field was far less lonesome.

As he looked about he suddenly spied a little man who was less than half a foot tall.



He rubbed his eyes to see if he were dreaming.

But when he looked again, the little man was still there.

“Hello,” said Billy at last. “Who are you?”

The little man laughed. “For that matter,” said he, “who are you?”

His voice was low but surprisingly clear for one so tiny.

“I asked you first,” said Billy.

“So you did, so you did,” admitted the wee person. “Well, then, I am me.”

Billy chuckled. He fell right in with the tiny man’s humor.

“I am me, too,” he said.

That pleased the odd little man very much.

“You are a nice boy,” he said, “so I am going to tell you my right name. I could tell you a thousand wrong names and you would never know the difference. But my right



name is the one you are interested in, so you shall have it.”

As he spoke he drew off his hat and bowed low, “I am, then, Jimmy Pumpkinseed. You have no doubt read of

Peter, Peter, Pumpkin-Eater

Had a wife and couldn't keep her.

Well I am far worse than he for I am

Jimmy, Jimmy, Pumpkin-Grower

Had a wife and didn't know her.”

“You don't mean to say,” gasped Billy, “that you don't know your own wife?”

“What is so strange about that?” asked Jimmy. “I don't know her because I have never met her. I haven't any wife yet, but some day I may have. Therefore I do not know my wife.”

Billy laughed. “How funny you are,” he said.

“Not at all,” argued Jimmy. “It would be



far funnier if I did know the wife that I haven't got."

"That is so," admitted Billy, after thinking the matter over. "But please tell me more about yourself. Who you are, where do you live, what you are doing?"

"I'll answer the questions in order," said the little man. "As I told you before, I am Jimmy Pumpkinseed. For want of a better place to live, I live in a pumpkin. And as to what I am doing, why I'm talking to you."

"Well," persisted Billy, "when you are not talking to me, what are you doing?"

"Why then," said Jimmy drolly, "I am not talking to you. You answered the question yourself, if you had taken the time to notice it."

Billy could not help laughing. "I am not going to ask you any more questions," he declared, "but I do wish you would let me know something about yourself."



“I will tell you everything,” said Jimmy. “I belong to the vast army of little people who are known as the Pumpkin People. Though why we should be called little I do not know. It is not we who are little. It is you who are big. It is our duty to scamper about the fields at night to see that the pumpkins are growing nicely. We are pumpkin experts. The farmers think they grow the pumpkins. But they do not. We do all the work. But few people know it for we are seldom seen. If you had not seen me accidentally I would have run off and hidden. But you spied me and you looked like a nice little boy so I decided I’d talk with you awhile.”

“You mean,” broke in Billy, “that Pumpkin People live in every pumpkin-field?”

“Certainly,” was the reply, “if they did not, how would the pumpkins grow so nicely? In the daytime we usually stay inside the pump-



kins unless of course no one is about in the fields. Then we come out to run and dance and play games. For you must know all our work is done at night. Our lives are very happy and carefree even though we do much work. We get butter from the buttercups, milk from the milkweed and we are always protected by the dandelions.”

The rest of the day was very delightful for Billy. Now he had found a little comrade that he hated to leave.

Finally he told Jimmy that it was getting late and he would have to go home to supper.

“But I want to see you tomorrow,” he said.

Jimmy put his tongue in his cheek and looked very wise.

“You may do so if you are good,” said he.

From that day forth Billy underwent a complete change. He had always loved to tease people. And he had not liked to do the



little chores around the house which his mother gave him to do. But now everything was different. He was always willing and eager to work. He was kind to animals. He was thoughtful of his parents.

And every day he went out to the pumpkin-field to visit Jimmy.

Thanksgiving Day came at last. Billy was so busy that he was unable to visit his little friend until late in the afternoon.

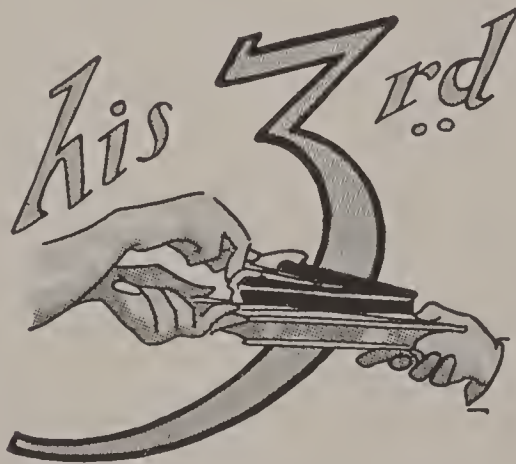
As he entered the field, he found Jimmy sitting on a sunflower, tailor fashion.

“What do you think?” cried Jimmy. “Something very bad has happened. Somebody has stolen my pumpkin. I’ve searched everywhere for it, but it cannot be found. So today I must say good-bye to you. I must be off in quest of another pumpkin.”

There were tears in Billy’s eyes as he bade Jimmy good-bye, for with a pang of remorse



he remembered the big Thanksgiving dinner he had just finished eating. For dessert there had been a huge pumpkin-pie, and he had eaten three large portions of it. And every single portion had been a part of Jimmy's house.



The Grown-Down



MARY LEE lived on a farm in Indiana far away from any other house. The countryside all about was a broad level plain. Nowhere was there a mountain in sight.

Sometimes great winds came from the far south and east that almost blew the little homestead away. On those days Mary used to hide in the cellar with her mother until the great winds had passed.

Mary had no other children to play with. The nearest neighbor was four miles away.



So she had to play with her mother who had to make believe she too was a little girl.

There was an old attic in the house way up under the eaves. It was very large and filled with all sorts of old boxes and trunks and odd bits of furniture.

When it rained they played up there and what good times they had.

They called it "The Land of Make-Believe." Sometimes they played that they were Fairy Princesses and that the trunks and old boxes were filled with gold and precious jewels.

At other times they stole up to the attic in the darkness of night. They did not light a lamp. Instead they threw open one of the windows and peered out at the wonderful blue of the sky.

They always made a wish when they found the first star of the evening.



They used to make believe that the sky was a great field of blue grass and that the stars were silver buttercups.

It was lovely pretending.

Sometimes they played hide-and-seek among the stars.

Mary would say, "You do not know what star I am hiding behind."

And her mother would reply, "Yes, I think I do. You are in back of that great brilliant star over there."

Then Mary said with joy, "Wrong, I'm not behind a star at all. I am in the Great Dipper."

One day her mother piled a lot of boxes and trunks in the center of the attic. Over them she spread a big white sheet to represent snow.

"It is a mountain," she said, "and we'll make believe we are travelers climbing the Alps."

But the game was not a great success be-





It was lovely pretending.

cause Mary had never seen a mountain and it was hard for her to pretend that she had.

One morning at the breakfast table Mary's mother said to her, "Have you ever seen a Grown-Down?"

"Never," replied Mary. "What is a Grown-Down?"



“It would be easier to tell what a Grown-Down isn’t,” broke in her father.

“Much easier,” said her mother as she handed her a plate of wheat-cakes.

“But you haven’t told me what a Grown-Down is,” Mary persisted.

“Well,” said her mother, “a Grown-Down is very much like a happy, pink little Brownie. A Brownie with a sunny disposition that makes everybody happy. It is also something like a good Fairy that plays in the woodland by the brook. It is also something like a flower. But there, I cannot describe it properly. However, it really isn’t necessary, because we are going to entertain one at dinner on Thanksgiving Day.”

“You mean that a real live Grown-Down is coming to this house?”

“Yes,” answered her mother, “we are going to entertain one under this very roof. It will





It is also something like a good fairy.

be, I hope, the nicest Thanksgiving we have ever had.”

“It’ll be a party,” said Mary.

“If you want it to be, yes,” agreed her mother.

“And can I wear my best dress?” Mary asked.

“Of course you can,” said her mother.

What excitement there was in that house on Thanksgiving morning! Mary washed



her face so hard it shone. Never had her hands received such a scrubbing.

It would be wonderful to entertain a real Grown-Down.

When at last she had her best dress on and went downstairs she was so starched and stiff she looked as though she had been laundered.

The minutes that followed were very long.

Mary sat on the porch with her father waiting for the Grown-Down to arrive.

“It is late,” she said at last.

“Never worry,” chuckled her father. “It’ll be here.”

In the meantime her mother was bustling about in the kitchen and dining-room getting everything ready for the Thanksgiving party. She would not let Mary help her. Nor would she allow her to go near the dining-room.

It was very hard to wait.

The minutes dragged slowly by.



“While we’re waiting,” began her father, “suppose I tell you a story about the daughter of a Grandfather’s Clock.”

“What kind of a clock is that?” Mary asked.

“An Aunty-tique Clock,” explained her father.

But Mary was in no mood to listen to a story just then. She was on pins and needles or needles and pins. In fact she was on both.

Would the Grown-Down never come?

At last her mother came out on the porch. She did not seem at all worried that the guest of honor had not arrived. She sat with them for awhile enjoying the cool, crisp, fragrant breeze that blew across the fields.

Then at last she rose to her feet.

“Now you can come into the dining-room,” she said.

Mary wanted to ask a hundred questions but she was speechless with excitement.



Slowly she followed her mother and father.

In the dining-room was the most delicious party-feast spread that any little girl ever saw. A big chocolate cake, candy, bonbons, snappers, nuts, not to mention roast turkey and mince pie. The table was trimmed with pink and yellow crepe paper. Never in her life had Mary seen anything like it.

Finally, when she could get her breath, she said, "It is beautiful. I am so happy. But where is the guest of honor? Where is the Grown-Down?"

Her father winked at her. Then he took her by the hand and led her out into the hall.

"Now close your eyes," he directed, "and count one, two, three and then open them."

Mary did as directed.

"One, two, three," she counted.

Then she opened her eyes to find herself gazing into a mirror.





She found herself gazing into a mirror.

“What do you see?” asked her father.

“Only myself,” replied Mary.

“Right,” declared her father. “You are the Grown-Down. Isn’t your mother a Grown-Up? And you are the little person like a Brownie, like a Fairy, like a flower for whom this party is given.”



Sam Squambo



THANKSGIVING DAY was coming and Little Jack was very sad. He lived on a farm and that year the crops had been very poor.

Jack wondered if his mother would be able to afford a turkey. He was very much worried.

It would be the first year they had not had a turkey.

His mother was very brave about it, so he tried to be brave too.

But one day he had a big surprise.

His father had gone to town early in the morning.



It was almost dark before he returned. When he did he brought back a real live turkey.

“So now,” said Jack’s mother, “we’ll have a turkey for Thanksgiving, after all.”

“He is rather thin,” said his father, “but he’ll be nice and fat by Thanksgiving. It will be Jack’s special task to see that he gets his meals on time.”

During the days that followed Jack spent almost all his time with that turkey. His father built a little house for it and fenced off a bit of the fields.

It was not long before the turkey commenced to grow big and plump.

“It is the finest turkey I have ever seen,” Jack’s father declared.

It was fun playing with the turkey and Jack became very fond of him. He named him Sam Squambo.





He brought back a real live turkey.

The turkey seemed to like his name very much. He was very tame. And when Jack called him he always came right over to him.

Jack even taught him to eat out of his hand.

Next he permitted him to wander out of the enclosure which had been made for him.

How Jack's mother and father laughed as they beheld Sam Squambo following Jack



around. He strutted about with his head erect as though he were a general.

As Thanksgiving Day drew near Jack began to feel very bad.

He could not bear to think of eating Sam Squambo.

He had grown to be a great pet. Jack loved him very much.

One day Jack told his mother that he wanted to keep Sam Squambo always.

His mother put her arm about him.

“You make me very happy,” she said. “And what you have told me gives me an idea. I think it would be a lot of fun to give Sam Squambo a Thanksgiving dinner instead of making him give a dinner to us. Of course we would have to give up our feast but after all what would that matter?”

Jack’s father readily consented when the plan to keep Sam Squambo was made known to him.



“We are going to give Sam a Thanksgiving dinner such as no other turkey ever had before,” said Jack.

Thanksgiving Day dawned at last.

It was a lovely clear morning.

Jack’s father did not work that day.

“Would you like to take Sam Squambo for for a walk?” he asked.

“If you will go with us,” replied Jack.

So they set off across the fields toward a bit of a creek that wound like a ribbon of silver through the meadows. Sam Squambo strutted along beside them. He was very pompous.

“If he knew,” laughed Jack’s father, “how near he came to being made into a dinner, I think he would be less conceited. But we won’t tell him. It might spoil his day.”

When they arrived at the creek, they sat down on the grass.

Sam Squambo went to the creek’s edge.



He did not know what to make of it. He had never seen a creek before.

He squawked and squawked but still the creek remained there.

While Sam played at the creek's edge Jack and his father chatted merrily. Before either of them realized it, it was noon time.

"If we do not hurry," said Jack's father, "Sam will be late for his dinner."

And what a dinner that was!

Jack's mother came out from the house with a large box of corn.

All about the box she had pasted pretty crepe paper.

No sooner had she placed the box on the ground than Sam began to eat the corn. He ate and ate, seldom lifting his head.

When he had finished, not a kernel of corn remained and he could scarcely walk so much had he eaten.





All about the box she had pasted pretty crepe paper.

“Now,” said Jack’s mother, “we’ll see if we can find something for ourselves to eat.”

As she spoke Jack realized that he was very hungry indeed.

But greater than his hunger was his happiness, for he still had Sam Squambo to play with.

As he entered the house he thought he was dreaming. It seemed as though he could smell roast turkey. But, of course, he did not say a word.

The next minute he was in the dining-room.

He rubbed his eyes. Surely he was dreaming for the table was spread with all sorts of good things, potatoes and turnips and pies and cookies. In the center of the table was a large roast turkey.

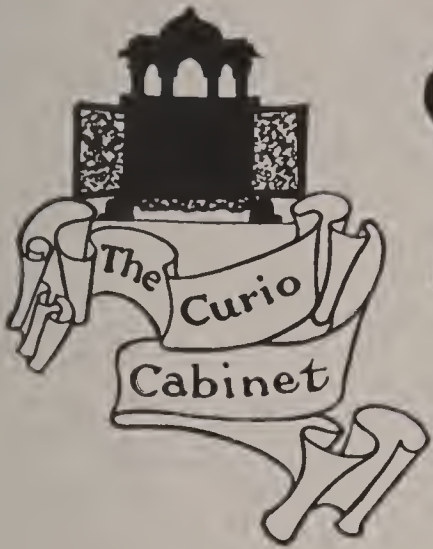
“What does it mean?” cried Jack.

“It means,” said his mother softly, “that the things we give into the lives of others come back into our own.”

Sam Squambo lived to a ripe old age and grew more pompous every day.



The Curio Cabinet



MARION was a little girl who did not like to be disappointed. She had an aunt who lived in the city and sometimes her aunt used

to invite Marion to come and visit her. Just before Thanksgiving a letter came from Aunt Alice asking if Marion could come and spend a week with her. Marion was very happy when her father and mother consented to her going.

Thanksgiving was on Thursday and Marion was to leave on Tuesday. On Monday night she was sitting in the living room with



her mother and father when a knock sounded at the door. Her father opened it and there stood a neighbor who lived about two miles away.

“Good-evening,” he said. “I have come over to ask a favor of you. I have had an important telegram calling me to the city. I will have to be gone about a week, and I wonder if I could bring the children to stay here while I am away.” Mr. Johnson had three children.

“Of course you can bring them,” Marion’s father and mother both said at once. “We will enjoy having them. Why didn’t you bring them with you?”

“I did,” Mr. Johnson confessed. “I thought you would say yes, and I am planning to catch the midnight train.”

He went out and came back with the children, a dear little baby of three, a boy of five



and a girl of seven. Marion loved children and she began to romp with the baby as soon as she had taken off her hat and coat. She played with the children until bedtime and then went to her own room to put a few last things in her bag.

Her father entered the room and put his arm about her as he said, "Would it be very much of a disappointment to my little girl to give up her trip to Aunt Alice's for this time? Mother is going to have her hands full with the children and I think it would be rather nice for my little Marion to stay home and help her."

"Spoil my Thanksgiving for a lot of children," Marion cried out. "Oh, father, how can you ask it?"

Her father's voice was very quiet as he said, "No, dear, I am not asking you to spoil your good time for the children. I'm asking



you to postpone your trip just to help mother. But if it is going to be such a big disappointment I will not ask you to do it." He kissed her goodnight and walked away.

Later, her mother came in to kiss her goodnight, and as she patted Marion's cheek, she said, "I'm going to miss my little girl."

Marion snuggled down into her bed. She seemed to hear an echo of her father's words, "Just to help mother. Just to help mother." And suddenly that seemed to her the most important thing to do. She would probably get a chance for other trips, but this was a real chance to help mother by giving up something herself. And she thought of how very few were the times she did that.

When she entered the kitchen the next morning her mother looked up from the preparations for breakfast and said, "All ready, dear?"



“I’m not going, mother,” Marion answered. “I think I’ll rather enjoy staying home and helping you with the children.”

“Marion, you dear child,” her mother said as she came over and put her arms about her. “I don’t want you to give up your trip.”

“It is already given up,” said Marion smilingly. “Father has gone to send a telegram to Aunt Alice to let her know I am not coming. You will need help, mother, to get ready for Thanksgiving. You know there are quite a few mouths to feed just now.”

They had a fine time for the next two days preparing for Thanksgiving. Every single one of the Johnson children, even the baby, helped to seed raisins, crack nuts and numberless other things, and Marion’s mother gave them little samples of the good things she was making.

Thanksgiving eve it snowed and the next



morning Marion took the children outdoors. They had a great time building a snow man and throwing snowballs at each other. They were having such an exciting time that they did not notice a sleigh stop until a man called out:

“Can anyone tell me where I can find the Johnson family? Their house is closed up.”

Laurel, the seven-year-old Johnson, made a dash in the direction of the voice and was lifted up into the stranger’s arms.

“So you remember me, Laurel?” he asked.

“I do,” Laurel answered proudly. “I’ve got the doll yet that you brought me from Japan.”

“It must be quite a big doll by this time,” the man said, “if it has grown as fast as you have.”

“I’m seven,” Laurel answered gravely. “And this is Betty and this is Tommy. Father





C. E.

They had a great time building a snow man.

is away and we are staying here at Marion's house."

They took him into the house. Marion's mother and father knew him, and his odd looking trunk was soon placed in the hall, and he was told to make himself at home until his brother's return. Uncle Tom's business took him to foreign countries, but occasionally he took a vacation to visit his brother.

They had a wonderful Thanksgiving dinner and Uncle Tom told them stories and promised to open his trunk after dinner and give the children the presents he had brought. They were fascinated with the quaint toys and dolls and were soon absorbed in their treasures. Finally he turned to Marion and said:

"And now I must see what I have for the little girl who gave up her own holiday trip for the sake of others. Laurel told me you





Uncle Tom.

were going away but stayed home just because they came.”

Marion tried to make him understand that it was nothing. That she had wanted to do it. He looked at her with a twinkle in his eye and said:

“I was a boy once. I know what disappointment is.”

He turned to his trunk and took out a quaint little cabinet. He told her that it had been carved by a little boy in a far-off country who was trying to earn money in this way to go



to school. He had interested some people in the little lad and had done what he could to help him sell his wares. And he told Marion how, when he had tried to pay the little fellow for that particular cabinet, that he had said, "You have been my friend. For that you cannot pay."

Uncle Tom placed the cabinet in Marion's hands and said, "What was given to me because I was a friend, I give to you because you have proved to be a friend."



The Thanksgiving Arbor



DONALD and Dorothy King paused in the act of eating their morning corn flakes and cream as their father turned his twinkling

gaze in their direction. They knew from experience that whenever Father King smiled in just that sort of way he was generally about to say something they would like to hear.

“Well, children,” he began, “how would you like to go down to the country and spend a week with Grandmother and Grandfather King? Thanksgiving Day is coming and mother and I will come in time for the



Thanksgiving dinner. But you two children are invited to stay a whole week.”

“Like to!” Dorothy exclaimed. “We would just love to.” She turned to her mother, “You will let us go, won’t you?”

Donald, who was inclined to be rather serious and dreamy, did not say a word, but the look in his eyes showed how much he wanted to go.

“What would happen if I said ‘No?’” Mother King’s smile showed, however, that she had no intention of saying it.

“You would break our hearts,” Dorothy cried.

“Hearts don’t break so easily, Dot,” Donald replied. “Of course we want to go, but it is up to mother and father to let us.”

“And I guess you won’t have to coax very much,” Father King laughed. “Grandmother and Grandfather would be just as dis-





“Well, children, how would you like to go down to the country?”

appointed as you if we did not let you go. Mother and I will be glad of the chance to have a little peace from two such wild Indians. Perhaps by Thanksgiving you will be quite subdued."

Dorothy laughed. "I am noisy, I know. But Donald is about the quietest boy outside of a book. I ought to have been the boy. We are about as different as day and night. But we are great chums all the same. We sort of rest each other, I guess. I get tired of myself being too lively, and he gets tired of himself because he is so quiet. But you know very well, Father and Mother King, that you will miss us."

Mother laughed. "In other words you think we will appreciate our two blessings more if we let someone else have them for a while. Well, in view of the fact that it is your Grandmother and Grandfather who want you we



will have to let you go. But hurry up and finish breakfast. If I have to get two children ready to go away I will have to start right in and hustle.”

“And if I don’t go to work and earn the railroad fare for you to go,” Father King said, “I will have two forlorn, disappointed youngsters on my hands.”

He kissed all three and hurried off.

For the next few days Dorothy was a first class assistant to her mother. Mother King remarked to father that if anticipation made Dorothy such a wonderful little helper she hoped she would get invitations often. Father King laughed and answered, “Dorothy hasn’t struck her balance yet. When she does she is going to be the best ever. She is just a sort of will-o-the-wisp now.”

Before they realized it they were on the train speeding to the little town where their



grandparents lived. Then they were at the station and there was Grandmother and Grandfather waiting in the little old car that had given them such good service for so many years. Grandfather tucked them up in the soft, fuzzy robe in the back seat, and then let Donald get out again when he saw that he wanted to ride in front. Grandmother got in the back and snuggled Dorothy up to her and they were off.

Donald loved the way Grandfather drove. He was so sure and confident. He thought how funny it looked to see the long straight road winding itself up under the little car. He could hear Dorothy chatting to Grandmother and he wondered why Dot always wanted to talk. It was so much nicer just to sit and look and enjoy everything.

Soon they were at the house. A charming little new bungalow, all corners and windows



and brightness, with the cutest little garage that Dorothy declared looked just like a play-house. Hats and coats came off, and the next moment the children were running investigating every corner of the house, for they had not seen it before.

“What lovely things you have all round, Grandmother,” Dorothy exclaimed. “You didn’t have all these in your other house.”

“A lot of them were packed away in the attic then,” Grandmother explained. “When we moved we went through our things and put some of our treasures out.”

Dorothy was enchanted when she found that there were two dear little cozy rooms just for her and Donald. She was delighted with the dainty cretonne draperies.

“Look, Don,” she called, “isn’t it all too lovely?”

But Donald did not hear. He was too much



interested in his own domain with its soft buff walls and transparent gold draperies. The sturdy bookcase, which Grandfather built himself, made an especial appeal to him.

They went into Grandmother's cozy room to talk. Dorothy spied what appeared to be a small arbor twined with little paper autumn leaves and blossoms. It stood in a lovely long flower box in the window.

"Oh, Grandmother, how cute," she cried. "Where did you get it?" She went over and touched it. "Why, the leaves are all firm!" she exclaimed in surprise.

"If they were not, dear," Grandmother answered, "my little arbor of Thanksgiving would have fallen to pieces long ago. Those leaves and blossoms are only paper and they were made years ago. Grandfather dipped them in some sort of wax and preserved them for me. That little arbor means a lot to me,





So you see my little arbor has grown in beauty.

as every leaf and blossom added has been a symbol of something I had to be especially thankful for. So you see my little arbor has grown in beauty because I have kept it to remind me of all the lovely things that have come to me through life.”

“How quaint.” Dorothy looked intensely interested. “I never would have thought of



such a beautiful idea. I guess we rather take everything for granted and don't think much about what we have to be thankful for, except maybe at Thanksgiving time."

"But do you ever think, dears," Grandmother asked, "that all the year time is Thanksgiving time? That every time something happens to us for such we should give thanks."

"I like that idea," Donald said slowly. "Dorothy, let's start Arbors of Thanksgiving for ourselves. Grandfather will teach me to make the frames and Grandmother can teach you to make the leaves and blossoms."

Dorothy clapped her hands in delight. "And the first leaves and blossoms of thanks will be for having such wonderful grandparents and being here with them for Thanksgiving."

"And some day," Grandfather smiled, "you



will have beautiful arbors like Grandmother's to remind you of all the beautiful happy times that have come to you."



Rosebud's Thanksgiving



THE clouds that loom up to meet the sun are a secret beautiful kingdom. It is called Cloudland.

The great white cloud peaks are really gold and silver mountains. The faint blue shadows between are long blue rivers that wind in and out through the mountains.

Hidden among the mountains are the wondrous homes of the Cloud People. Oh, how happy and joyous they are. They like to laugh and romp about the cloud mountains and they love to run in the wind. They run





When the cold North Wind shrieks.

so fast that their feet scarcely seem to touch the ground. It is almost as if they are flying.

It is very quiet and still in Cloudland. Only the wind rushing over the mountains breaks the spell of the golden silence. When he roars over the silver peaks, the Cloud People stay indoors.

When he roars very loudly the very peaks turn gray. For they do not glow as happily when the cold North Wind shrieks about so violently.

But when the wind has passed the spell of the golden silence returns. The golden silver peaks grow warm because they are kissed by the sun.



The voices of the Cloud People are very soft. Even their laughter is like silver bells.

The Cloud People never grow old unless they wish to. Most of them are always young because they are always happy.

Now in the mountain stillness there lived a lovely Princess. Her name was Rosebud. And it was an appropriate name for she was always smiling.

She was rather small and slender, so tiny that a puff of wind might have blown her away. Her hair was like spun gold. Her cheeks were pink and her eyes sparkled like diamonds. Every one loved her, poor and rich alike.

Even the flowers of the field bent toward her as she passed. For she was like a flower also.

The tiny birds of the wood never flew away at her approach. They even came down from





Every one loved her.

the treetops and perched upon her shoulders.

The squirrels and rabbits and chipmunks came and ate from her hand.

Even the stern North Wind blew less violently as he passed her. The sun glowed more warmly and the stars twinkled more merrily.

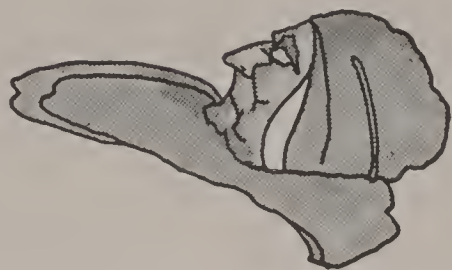
Rosebud was a little Princess but the odd thing about her was that she had no Kingdom. She was very poor.

She dwelt in a tiny house smaller than that of "The Old-Woman-Who-Lived-in-a-Shoe." With her lived her aunt who was so old she slept the whole day long.

Had it not been for the flowers, the birds and the little woodland animals, Rosebud would have been very lonesome. But they were all her friends. A little girl with so many friends simply could not be lonesome.

On Thanksgiving morning Rosebud was





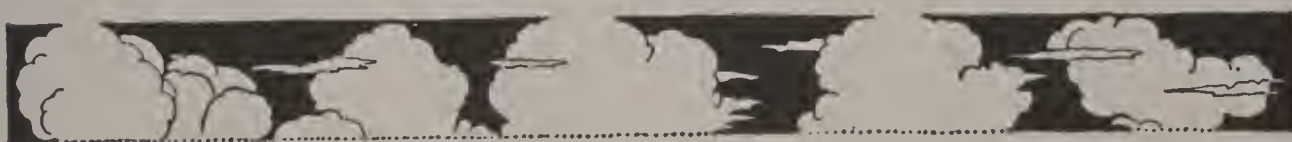
When her old aunt was asleep.

very sad. She had no good things to eat, no turkey, no pudding, no cranberry-sauce.

But she did not complain. In spite of everything she smiled. When her old aunt was asleep she went for a walk in the woods and there she met a group of children she knew.

“Come with us,” they cried. “We are going to have a Thanksgiving picnic. We have baskets of lunch, strawberry tarts, turkey sandwiches, cake and fruit. We will have a wonderful time playing in the fields.”

Rosebud was very happy. She liked to picnic very much. It would be a perfect Thanksgiving after all. So the little band of children continued down the road.



Soon they came to an old woman who sat all alone on a rock by the roadside. She was swaying from side to side.

“What is the matter?” asked Rosebud as she stopped beside the old lady.

“I am not well,” was the reply, “and I am afraid that I am too weak to get back to my home alone.”

“I will help you,” said Rosebud quickly.

She did not stop to think that in order to help the old woman she would have to stay away from the Thanksgiving picnic.

The other children continued onward down the road. They called to her but she did not follow. Soon they rounded a bend in the road and Rosebud was left alone with the old lady.

She held out her strong young arms.

“Lean on me,” she said.

Thus, together they returned to the old lady’s home.



Rosebud was surprised that her companion recovered so quickly. As they walked she seldom leaned on her arm at all.

Rosebud imagined that the old lady was very poor. It was therefore a surprise to her when her companion stopped before a great house.

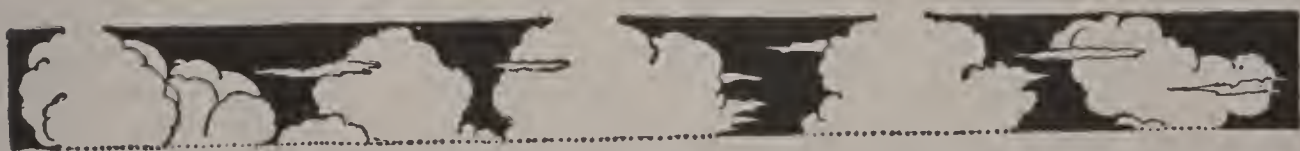
Together they walked through a lovely garden up to the great front door.

A servant held the door open as they passed in.

The rooms were all very beautiful. They glowed as though they were lighted by the sun.

The old lady led the way to the dining-room in which a great Thanksgiving feast was spread. All the dishes glistened like diamonds.

Rosebud turned to her companion. To her surprise she found that she was old no longer.



She was very young. Her hair was glistening gold. Her eyes were bright and her lips were smiling.

When she noticed Rosebud's surprise, she said, "I am the Queen of the Sun. I sat all alone by the wayside disguised as an old woman. I wished to see who would stop to help me. Then you came. You gave up your pleasure for me. And now I will reward you."

She led the way to a great door.

At her touch it swung open. Within was a great room filled with glistening dust. It shimmered and gleamed and glowed in a dazzling manner.

"What is that?" gasped Rosebud.

"It is the gold of sunbeams," replied the Queen, "and it is of great worth. All of it is yours to do with as you wish."

Rosebud was speechless for a moment, then



she said, "Scatter it down over the earth so all the poor children may glory in it."

The Sun-Queen did as Rosebud wished.

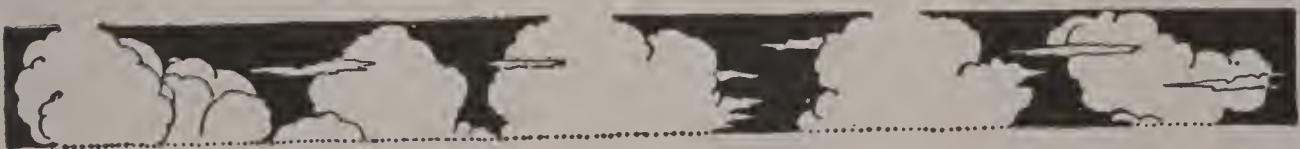
And the sunbeams poured down over the earth in a lovely golden flood. The flowers lifted their heads and bloomed more beautifully.

The children laughed gayly as they held out their arms to the sun. Even unto the tenements the sunbeams penetrated.

They spread like a golden carpet over the poor streets, making dream streets of them.

Then the Sun-Queen turned to Rosebud.

"You are a little Princess of Happiness," she said, "for you have learned that the only way to keep the Treasure Gold of Joy is to share it with others."



The Thanksgiving Brownie



D

INNER was just over in the Fenton house. And little Evelyn Fenton had slipped quietly out of the dining room and into the living room, paying no attention to her sister's question, "Evelyn, are you not going to help me with the dishes?"

She had received a book of wonderful fairy tales only that afternoon from her aunt in the city and she was very anxious to read them all. She stretched herself at full length on the hearthrug in front of the open fireplace, propped herself up on her elbows, the





She heard a laugh.

book in front of her, and started in to read.

She had been there for quite some time when all of a sudden she heard a laugh. It was such a tiny laugh and so elfish that for a moment she didn't know where it had come from. She looked up and there perched on top of one of the old-fashioned andirons she saw the cutest, most roguish looking little Brownie imaginable. He was dressed in brown but had on a saucy orange necktie and a little cap of the same color.

"Where did you come from?" Evelyn asked in surprise. "Why, you look just like one of the little Brownies pictured in my fairy book. But I really didn't know there were any real live Brownies."

The Brownie tossed his head and replied, "There are lots of things little girls like you do not know. If there were not, then there would not be any work for myself and my





“I am the Thanksgiving Brownie.”

brother Brownies to do. Little girls like you keep us busy.”

Evelyn laughed. “My goodness,” she said, “what work have I ever given you to do? I did not even know of your existence until just this minute.”

“That is why I had to come,” the Brownie went on. “Just because you did not know about me. I am the Thanksgiving Brownie.”

“Oh,” Evelyn exclaimed, “and I suppose you are here now because it is so near Thanks-



giving. But what has that got to do with me?"

"Thanksgiving is only two days off and what are you doing to help your mother get ready for it?" The Brownie pointed a small finger at Evelyn as he asked the question. He did it so quickly that she fairly jumped. "Your mother has invited all your aunts and uncles and cousins to come here for Thanksgiving Day and you will have a wonderful time, but what are you doing to help?"

"This book is so fascinating," Evelyn explained, "that I just wanted to read a few of the stories." She was beginning to feel a little bit ashamed of her selfishness when the Brownie said:

"Your sister, Irene, received a book from your aunt, too, and she likes to read. But she is washing dishes so your mother can prepare the cakes and pies that she has to bake for





"She likes to cook."

Thanksgiving. And your mother has put away the novel that was sent to her because, much as she likes to read, she knows she will not have time for it until after Thanksgiving is over."

"But mother is singing," Evelyn went on,



“she likes to cook and prepare things for us all.”

The Brownie pushed his cap to one side of his head and shrugged his shoulders,

“Your mother likes to make people happy, that’s why she is singing over her work. She just keeps before her a picture of the happy faces that will be sitting around the table Thanksgiving Day and enjoying her cakes and pies and good things. Mothers are very unselfish people. And they don’t let everybody know how unselfish they are. Little girls like you don’t always appreciate their mothers.”

“I do appreciate my mother,” Evelyn protested.

“Of course you do,” the Brownie teased, “that’s why you would rather read fairy stories than help her now when she is so busy. If anybody should ask my opinion, I would



say that little girls that do not help their mothers should be fed with bread and milk on Thanksgiving Day.”

Evelyn hardly knew what to say next. She knew the Brownie was right but she did not want even a tiny little Brownie to believe she was really so selfish and thoughtless as this little Thanksgiving Brownie evidently thought her.

She was trying hard to think of something that would change the Brownie’s opinion of her when she heard another laugh. This time it was a big hearty laugh, just like her father’s and the next minute she felt a hand on her head and heard a voice say:

“Your book must be very interesting, child, for you fell asleep on top of the picture of that nice, fat, cheerful-looking little Brownie.”

Evelyn sat up and rubbed her eyes and looked at the andiron. There was nothing



there but the lovely polished surface. Then she looked down at her book. And there was a picture of the little Thanksgiving Brownie that she had talked with. As Evelyn looked at the picture she was almost sure the Brownie winked at her.

“I did not mean to fall asleep,” she said, looking right at the pictured Brownie, “and now I am going to close up this book and put it away until after Thanksgiving because I am going to be very busy from now on helping mother.”



Thanksgiving Baskets



MOTHER always knew when the twins reached home from school for she would hear the two pairs of feet dash up the steps of the house and then

would come three quick rings at the bell. A few days before Thanksgiving, when their mother opened the door for them, they almost tumbled breathlessly in. The twins were an enthusiastic pair. Always very much in earnest, and generally when they had anything



to tell it was usually a race to see who would speak first. This time Justine was the first to speak.

“Mother,” she began, “teacher has asked us to bring to school tomorrow some good things to eat for the Thanksgiving baskets which are being fixed up for the poor folks.”

“There will be a great many baskets,” John went on, “and all the children in the school are to ask their mothers to give them things to take to school tomorrow so that the baskets can be fixed up and delivered in plenty of time on Thanksgiving eve to make folks happy.”

“What can we have to take, mother?” Justine asked.

Mother smiled. She liked to see her children take an interest in things that were being done for others.

“How would you like to get a basket and fill it with all the good things for a Thanks-



giving dinner and take it to school as a gift from you and John?" Mother asked.

"Oh, that would be fine," Justine clapped her hands. "Can we go to the store now, mother, and get the things?"

"But, mother," John looked up very earnestly into his mother's face, "if the basket is to be a gift from Justine and me, I think we ought to pay for part of it. Suppose we open our banks, Justine, and divide our money in half and use half of it to buy things for the Thanksgiving basket."

Justine's generous little heart immediately responded to John's suggestion and soon the children were busy counting up their savings.

Then mother took them to the store and they bought all the good things that go to make up a real substantial dinner. Justine declared that the chicken they bought looked just exactly like a small turkey and they were



quite sure that the folks getting that basket would enjoy it.

The next day after school, mother asked them if they would go a few blocks away and take a letter to old Mrs. Keen for her. Mrs. Keen lived all by herself, and mother thought it would be rather nice to ask her to come and spend Thanksgiving with them.

“Oh, mother,” Justine cried in dismay, “do we have to have her? I have never been in her house, but I have seen her at the store and she is always so cross to the man who waits on her. I always stay as far away from her as I possibly can. She will spoil Thanksgiving for us.”

“She is just a lonesome old lady,” mother replied. “I don’t know her very well myself, but this summer her only son went way off to China on business and he will be gone for





They were quite sure that the folks getting that basket would enjoy it.

several years. Think how lonesome it will be for her to spend Thanksgiving all by herself."

"Come on, Justine," John said, "of course, we'll take mother's letter."

As they approached Mrs. Keen's house the twins looked at each other and then timidly rang the bell. Not three wild rings the way they rang their own bell. But just a little tiny ring so faint that Mrs. Keen didn't hear it.

"She won't open the door for us," Justine whispered. "She is home because I can see her moving about inside."

"Guess she doesn't want to be bothered with children," John suggested, "and she doesn't know what we came for. We had better ring once more." And this time John rang. A firm little ring. And Mrs. Keen heard it and came to the door.

"How do you do, children?" she said pleasantly, "Come right in."



“We just brought a note from mother,” Justine said bravely.

“There’s an answer,” John continued, as the twins followed Mrs. Keen into the tiny sitting room.

He watched Mrs. Keen as she was reading mother’s letter and he decided that she wasn’t a bit cross looking. Perhaps it was the fault of the clerk at the store. He might have made her cross.

“How lovely of your mother to ask a lonesome old lady like me to join you all on your Thanksgiving Day,” Mrs. Keen smiled. “I wish I could come, but I am afraid I will not be able to.”

The twins did not exactly know why, but suddenly they both wanted Mrs. Keen to come and both said at once, “We will be so disappointed if you don’t come.”

Mrs. Keen laughed and put an arm about



each twin and said, "Wait until I get you some cookies and milk and then I will telephone your mother."

When she came back she said, "It is all right, children, I am coming to your house for dinner and then your mother has promised that you can all come to my house for I have to be on hand at three o'clock for a party I am giving. And I am going to ask you all to help me."

They had a wonderful Thanksgiving dinner and Mrs. Keen told them who was coming to her Thanksgiving Party. "For years," she said, "my son and I have always had an afternoon Thanksgiving Party for twelve poor little children. We have always tried to give them a real party, with games and favors and everything. Of course, this year I am all alone and I have had to do everything myself, but now I will have all you wonderful



people to help me and make the children happy.”

So they went to Mrs. Keen's house and soon Father was standing on a ladder stringing pumpkin lanterns all over the room. Mrs. Keen took the children into the kitchen and showed them a table on which were lovely chocolate turkeys, candies made to look like miniature fruit, little cookies with wonderful frostings on, salted nuts, and old fashioned sticks of candy and lollipops. She then brought a big tray on which were the loveliest little crepe paper baskets imaginable. She had made them all herself.

“I want each of my poor little children to have a Thanksgiving basket all his own,” she said. “Their families have had family baskets given to them with all the necessary dinner things, and these are just children's baskets.”



“Aren’t they lovely?” Justine said breathlessly.

“The children will love them,” John said. “Poor children or rich children would be glad to have a basket like that.”

“And you and Justine are to fill them for me,” Mrs. Keen said. “Arrange them just as you want to. There are enough goodies to fill them full.”

The twins had a wonderful time filling those baskets.

“My mouth is fairly watering for one of those cookies,” Justine whispered to John, “but I wouldn’t take one.”

Then the children came. And what a great time they had. Father made believe he was a ventriloquist and threw his voice to all parts of the room and the children laughed as though they did not have a care in the world. Justine and John played some of their school games with them.





The children gathered about Mrs. Keen.

When they went into the dining room for the party supper the cries of delight over the baskets were enough to make Mrs. Keen feel well repaid for all her work. And when Justine and John found that there were baskets for them and even for mother and father they hardly knew how to express their happiness.

The children gathered about Mrs. Keen at parting as though they hated to leave her. She had made them so happy. And they thanked Justine and John and their mother and father. When they found that they were going to be taken home in Father's shiny new automobile they felt that their cups of happiness were full. John went with Father when he took the first load of children, and Justine went with the second, and it made them feel happier than ever to see the beaming faces of the little guests.



When they reached home they all sat about the fire for a little while and Justine said:

“This has been one of the most wonderful Thanksgiving Days we have ever had.”

“Yes,” John said, “and we have learned a lot, too. You thought Mrs. Keen was a cross old lady. And she has a mother heart big enough to take in everybody. I love her.”

“So do I,” Justine nodded, “just shows you have to know people to really appreciate them. I am going to try never to say anything about anyone again unless I know it is true. Look at all the people that are happy tonight because of Mrs. Keen.”

Mother and father looked at each other and smiled.

“There are some folks happy today because of a pair of twins we know, too,” mother said. “One reason our dear little twins had such a



happy Thanksgiving is because they have done so much to make others happy.”

“We didn’t do much,” they both exclaimed.

“In making others happy you have made yourselves happy, too,” father explained, “and mother and I hope that in all the years to come you will find true happiness in the same way.”



The Storm



DAVID Ross and Mary Carl were very good friends. He thought she was the prettiest little girl in the school. David always carried

Mary's books home from school for her. Mary had lots of friends in school but lunch time always found her in the company of the children whose lunch boxes did not contain such good things as hers did. It was surprising what big lunches Mary carried for such a little girl.

One day when David was teasing her about



her big appetite, she laughed and said, "Don't you think everything that is shared in this world is enjoyed much more than the things we keep only for ourselves?" And David had to admit she was right. He always enjoyed things more when he shared with Mary.

On the way home from school they used to plan what they would do when they grew up. Mary would laugh and say, "Doesn't growing up seem a long way off?"

Miss Gray was their teacher and all the children loved her. They studied hard just to win her smile of approval. Very often on Saturdays they would go for walks in the woods with Miss Gray. David and Mary went frequently with her on long tramps.

The day before Thanksgiving the three of them planned to go to the woods for ferns. But at the last minute David could not go. His father had a lot of errands to do in town





It was surprising what big lunches Mary carried.

and needed David's help. So Mary and Miss Gray went alone.

David noticed when he came out of a store that the sun had ceased to shine. It was as though a dark curtain had been drawn across its brightness. His first thought was of Mary and Miss Gray. Had they reached home, or were they still in the woods? The wind began to blow hard. David got so white that



his father said, "What's the matter, boy? You are not afraid of a storm, I know."

"It's Mary," David choked over the words, "and Miss Gray. They went to the woods. I am worried because they may not have reached home."

David's father looked thoughtful. "Were they planning to go far?" he asked.

"They were going to look for ferns," David replied, "and when you are looking for good specimens you forget yourself."

"We will start for home right away," his father said.

In the meanwhile Mary and Miss Gray, absorbed in their hunt for ferns, were startled by the sudden darkness. There was a queer sound to the wind as it rustled the branches and bent some of the slender trees.

"It is going to storm, Mary," Miss Gray said. "We must try and find shelter. I am





Mary and Miss Gray were out gathering ferns.

afraid we have come farther than I thought. But how quickly the storm has come up!"

"We will go to the hollow place in the rocks David showed us the other day," Mary suggested. "You remember. It was in sort of a ravine."

"That's just the place," Miss Gray cried. "It was in this direction, wasn't it?" And they started off. They walked for a little while and the rain began to patter. "I was sure we were walking north," Miss Gray said, "but it is so dark I have become confused."

"You mean we are lost," little Mary said calmly. Mary never became excited in an emergency. They stood still and looked at each other.

Mary dug her hands deep into her coat pockets and then let out a cheer.

"Oh, Miss Gray, how stupid of me. Look!" She drew forth her hand and on the palm



was a compass. "David gave it to me for my birthday," she explained, "and made me promise always to carry it on tramps. And just when we needed it most I forgot all about it."

With the aid of the compass they found the hollow in the rocks and by huddling close to the rocks managed to keep some of the rain off.

When David and his father reached Mary's home they found that her father had already departed for the woods to see if he could find the wanderers. So David and his father started right off, assuring Mary's mother that they would find them and bring them home safe and probably very hungry. They soon found Mary's father and arranged a call in case either should find them first.

David remembered the hollowed rock and felt sure that if they had been near enough



they would go there for shelter. By this time the rain had stopped and when David reached the hollow rock the sun came out almost as suddenly as it had disappeared. He spied them huddling close together and called "OOOOHH." And Mary answered back. David thought Mary had never looked prettier than she did then. The dampness made her hair curl in little ringlets all around her forehead, and the sun shone on her as brilliant as could be. "Just as though he had only disappeared long enough to have his face washed," Mary laughed.

David gave the three bird whistles to let Mary's father know they were found and they were soon back at Mary's house. Mary's mother gave Miss Gray some of her clothes to put on and Mary donned a clean gingham dress and they all sat down and had some of the nice warm broth waiting for them.



“Well, I am certainly thankful, David, you gave Mary that compass,” Miss Gray said. “It saved us from a good soaking. And I am particularly lucky, for Mary’s mother insists on my staying right on here over Thanksgiving. She is going to let me make a pie all by myself. It looks as though that compass pointed the way for me to have a very happy Thanksgiving.”

“Hereafter,” Mary laughed, “I will call it my Thanksgiving compass instead of my birthday compass, for we are thankful, too, that it guided you to us.”



Blessings Shared



RICHARD was on his way to the store. It was cold and there was snow on the ground, but mother had fastened his thick coat with the warm fur collar tight around his neck. His hands, encased in their fur-lined gloves, were plunged deep in his pockets, and the earlaps of his little fur cap kept Jack Frost from nipping the tips of his ears. He liked to go on errands for mother and he didn't mind the cold a bit.

The man at the store waited on him quickly



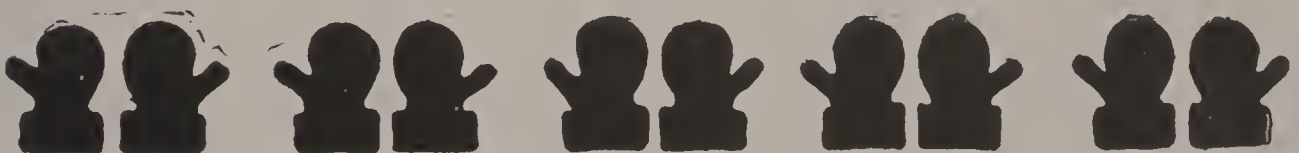


“Hope you have a Happy Thanksgiving.”

and then filled a bag with apples and nuts and handed it to Richard saying, “Just a little Thanksgiving present for you. Hope you will have a Happy Thanksgiving.”

“We will,” Richard answered gravely. “My grandfather and grandmother are coming to stay with us.”

He was about half way home when he met a little girl about his own size. She was cry-



ing and he noticed that she did not have any gloves on and her little hands were blue with cold. Her coat was thin. Much too thin, Richard thought, for a cold day in the country. Richard could not bear to see anyone cry. He stopped and asked the little girl why she was crying.

“I’ve lost my money,” she sobbed. “I was on the way to the store to buy potatoes and bread and my hands are so cold that I did not realize the money was gone.”

Richard remembered that one time he had lost money on his way to the store and he had gone home and told his mother and she had told him not to worry and had given him some more. So he suggested to the little girl that she go home and tell her mother and get some more.

“But there isn’t any more at home to get,” the little girl explained. “It was mother’s last



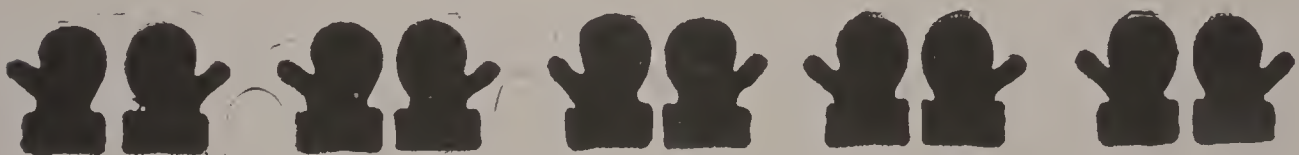


He was about half way home.

dollar and we were going to have bread and potatoes because they are so filling.”

“But tomorrow is Thanksgiving,” Richard said in surprise. “Won’t you have turkey and cranberry sauce and cakes and pies?”

The little girl shook her head. “No,” she said, “and now we will not be able to have



much of anything. Mother was going to cook the potatoes in some fancy way she knows. And we had jam for the bread. And I've lost the money. We are poor, you know. We could not afford turkey."

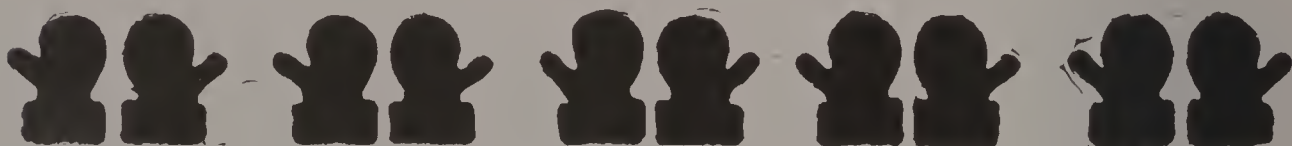
Suddenly Richard^d extended the bag containing his gift from the storekeeper. "Here are some apples and nuts," he said. "Take them home with you. We have lots at our house. I want you to have them."

The little girl hesitated and then extended a cold little hand for the gift.

"Oh, thank you, little boy," she said gratefully.

She looked so little and cold and helpless that Richard's heart felt suddenly aching. He pulled off his gloves and told her to put them on. She protested, but he insisted.

"I can put my hands in my pockets and carry my bundles under my arm," he ex-



plained. "Those gloves are getting a little tight for me anyway."

"Oh, they feel good." There was a smile on the little girl's face. "And now I must run home and tell mother that while I have lost the money I have found a friend."

"Where do you live?" Richard asked.

And the little girl told him. Just down the road a ways to the Jackson place and it was the tiny house down the lane. And with a wave of her hand to Richard she was off.

It was a very serious little boy that told mother all about the poor little girl and he wondered why mother hugged him so hard when he told her of the things he had given the little girl.

"I don't think I can enjoy my Thanksgiving dinner now, mother," he said gravely. "I will be thinking about that little girl's family."

"I am glad my little son is thoughtful of



others,” mother said. “Thanksgiving time is a good time to try and bring some cheer into the lives of poor folks. Would you like to pack a basket, son, and take it to the little girl? And I will go with you.”

“I would love to, mother,” Richard replied. “And can I put one of my chocolate turkeys in it for the little girl? Perhaps I had better put in two, for she might have a little sister or brother.”

So they packed the basket and went to the little girl’s house. When she opened the door for them her face was beaming.

“Come in, little boy,” she said. “I’m so glad to see you again.”

It was a very tiny house. Only two rooms. and when the little girl’s mother came from the next room there was a little flaxen haired child trying to hide behind her skirts and at the same time catch a glimpse of the visitors.





The little girl's mother came from the next room.

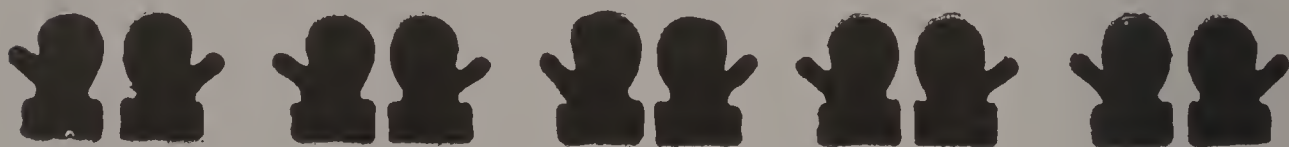
Mother was soon talking to the little girl's mother, while Richard was proudly displaying the big chocolate turkeys he had brought and making friends with the little sister.

On the way home Richard's mother asked him how he would like to have the little girl and her mother and sister come to their house for Thanksgiving.

"Oh, mother, can they?" he answered breathlessly. "Their house is so little and empty and cold, and ours is so big."

Mother told him how they were all coming and the little girl's mother was going to help with the dinner and afterwards she was coming to help mother with her housework a couple of times a week.

Thanksgiving day was a very happy day for all the folks at Richard's house, and the little girl's family were happy and warm and enjoyed their dinner so much.



“Mother,” Richard said that night, “it makes us much happier to share our good things with others, doesn’t it?”

“It certainly does, darling,” mother answered, “and just remember that always, son, and you will give happiness and thus find it for yourself wherever you go.”



Thanksgiving Acorns



T

HE forest was very dense.

It spread over the mountains like a great carpet. In summer it was a green carpet. In winter it was a brown, gray and black carpet.

The people of the village called it Benton's forest.

This made the little folks who lived in the woods laugh. They laughed and chuckled and chuckled and laughed. For they knew that was not its name at all.



For years and years the forest had been known as the Chestnut Country. This did not mean that there were no other nuts in the forest, for in the silent winding stretches of tree-shaded paths one could find hazel nuts, walnuts and other nuts which little animals love.

Here was the home of rabbits and bunnies, of foxes and chipmunks and also of squirrels. Good squirrels and bad squirrels; naughty squirrels and glad squirrels. Brown squirrels and gray squirrels, old white-haired squirrels and every other kind of squirrel.

In a great hollow tree lived a very important squirrel.

His name was Umple. His family was famous throughout the forest. The name of Umple was well-known. It was almost as well-known as Smith and Jones among people.

Umple's father's name was Umple-Umple,



and his grandfather's name was Umple-Umple-Umple.

Umple was very good-natured. It was hard for anything to rumple Umple. It was not nearly so hard to rumple Umple-Umple and it was not hard at all to rumple Umple-Umple-Umple.

Life in the forest for the little animals would have been very happy had it not been for the arrival that fall of a rich wolf named Ramf-Ramf.

He took up his abode in a great cave in the mountains. Every once in awhile he swooped down through the forest and scared all the rabbits and the squirrels.

Matters grew so bad that the little wood-dwellers were afraid to go out at night. Pinky, the squirrel who kept the Chestnut Restaurant, grieved because business was so poor.

Juxta, who kept the grocery store, stopped



remaining open after five. No customers ever came anyway.

And so it was with all the stores. Fern Path, the great shopping center, was deserted.

In his cave in the mountains old Ramf-Ramf chuckled with glee. His lowest chuckle was a roar which alarmed all those who heard it.

All the squirrels and rabbits warned their children not to play far from their homes. The squirrels were brave enough but then what little squirrel could stand up against the power of old Ramf-Ramf, the wolf?

Many times Ramf-Ramf chased little Umple but the agile Umple was too quick for him. He was always able to get back to the hollow tree in which his family dwelt.

Umple's home had been burrowed so far down into the roots of the tree, the bad wolf could not get to him no matter how hard he tried.



As Thanksgiving time approached, the forest was full of excitement.

How the forest-folk bustled about.

There was so much to do, so much to buy. For once the stores were crowded. Even Pinky, who kept the Chestnut Restaurant, had no further cause for complaint.

For the time at least the old wolf was forgotten. The animals were all too happy to even think of Ramf-Ramf. And for some reason or other he stayed away. Perhaps he, too, was busy preparing for Thanksgiving.

The nut crop was very plentiful that year. But acorns were scarce. Among squirrels, acorns are the best food for Thanksgiving.

Acorns are to squirrels what turkey is to people.

One day Umple heard of a great acorn tree about half a mile down the river.

He thought it would be a wonderful thing



if he could secure sufficient nuts for a Thanksgiving dinner for all the Umple's.

For the moment he forgot his fear of Ramf-Ramf in his desire to secure the acorns.

It was the very opportunity old Ramf-Ramf was waiting for.

He followed Umple every step of the way, being careful to keep himself hidden in the underbrush.

Meanwhile Mrs. Umple-Umple, Umple's mother, discovered that Umple was missing.

At once she grew very much worried.

What if old Ramf-Ramf had caught her baby?

She went into the living-room in the hollow tree where Grandfather Umple was toasting his toes before the open-fire.

"Umple is missing!" she cried.

Umple-Umple-Umple was dozing.

He stirred.





He straightened up in his chair.

“What did you say?” he asked.

“Umple is missing,” she repeated.

Now Umple-Umple-Umple had the reputation of being very grouchy. He was forever growling. But he had a kind heart. And he really loved his grandchild very much.

“Let us go over to the carpenter-shop and tell Umple-Umple about it,” he suggested.

So to Umple-Umple they went and told the dire news.





Umple was carrying twenty acorns when he met Ramf-Ramf.

Umple-Umple stopped his work at once.
He took off his overalls.

Next he commenced telephoning to all his friends. All the Umples were notified. The forest buzzed with excitement, for Umple was a cute little squirrel and everybody loved him.

Not till Umple had set out on his return journey, struggling under the weight of twenty acorns, did old Ramf-Ramf make his presence known.

Then he uttered a growl of glee.

For a moment, Umple stood horrified. Then abruptly he dropped every one of his twenty acorns and darted wildly off into the forest.

But old Ramf-Ramf was close at his heels.

Little Umple had worked hard gathering acorns and his strength was almost gone, so gradually he realized that old Ramf-Ramf was gaining on him.





He realized that old Ramf-Ramf was gaining on him.

And then just as Umple commenced to believe that he could not escape, the Storm King of the Mountains noticed his predicament and sent a snowstorm for Umple to hide in.

And the Storm King froze the river so hard that Umple took advantage of the ice and skated safely home.

That Thanksgiving was the very happiest known in the Chestnut country. Thirty-seven Umples sat down to the Thanksgiving dinner. They did not have acorns but they had little Umple with them. And they all agreed that the tiny little Umple was better than the largest acorn that ever grew.

Cranberries for Thanksgiving



IT was September. Billy and Betty were spending a week in the country with their Uncle John. After breakfast one morning he asked them if they would like to go with him to see his cranberry bogs.

“We will soon begin to harvest the berries,” he said, “and I would like you to see the way the cranberries grow.”

It was not very far to the bogs, for Uncle John had a small car which he used about the place. The children were very much inter-



ested when they saw the great bogs completely covered with vines on which the red berries grew in great quantities.

“They almost look as though fairies had made them,” Betty laughed.

“Would you really like to know about the way these berries grow?” Uncle John asked.

“Oh, yes, we would,” they chorused.

“Well,” Uncle John began, “the first thing I had to do when I decided to make my bogs was to pick out low muddy land, grade it off until it was level, then ditch it for irrigation, also making sure that the location was near water so the bogs could be flooded. Later I will take you and show you the dam which controls the water. When the cranberries are in danger of frost or fruit insects the bogs are flooded in order to save the fruit.”

“That is like giving them a bath, isn’t it?” Billy said gravely.



“Six to eight inches of sand are placed all over the bogs,” Uncle John continued, “and the bogs are marked off in squares of about forty inches. The vines are then set out twelve to fourteen inches apart. These vines gradually spread and in about three years the bogs are completely covered and matted with vines. The bogs are sanded every year. It takes about three years after starting the bogs before they bear the first crop of berries.

“The vines grow about four or five inches high and they blossom in the spring. If both of you will come next spring I will bring you here and you will see the vines covered with pink and white blossoms which are very lovely to look at. The berry forms from the blossom, first green and in September the berries are ripe, just as we see them now.

“They are harvested the latter part of September or October, according to the variety





Cranberries

of berry, some being ready for harvesting earlier than others. The two principal varieties of berries are the Howe berry, which is the late berry, and the Early Black, which is the early berry.

“At one time the berries were picked by hand or with a small machine. They are now harvested with a large scoop which is made



with teeth. These teeth run through the vines, take the berries off and slide them into a little round receptacle in the back of the teeth. When this little receptacle is full of berries it is emptied into a crate.

“The berries are then put through separators which blow out the particles of vine and sand and most of the bad berries. Any of the poor berries which are not taken out by this process are discovered as the berries run along an endless belt and are removed by hand. The berries are then packed in crates, which hold about a half a barrel, and are sent to market.”

The children had listened very intently to Uncle John as he talked, and when he had finished Betty drew a long breath.

“Why, I never had any idea,” she breathed, “that it took all that time and work to give us our cranberry sauce for our Thanksgiving and Christmas turkeys. I am so glad you brought





"I am going to send
your mother a crate
of cranberries for
Thanksgiving"

us to see the bogs, Uncle, and told us all about them.”

“I am, too,” Billy echoed.

Uncle John smiled. “Well, children,” he said, “I am going to send your mother a crate of cranberries for Thanksgiving and when you are eating them Thanksgiving day you will probably enjoy them all the more now that you know how they are grown.”

“And we will tell mother and father all about the way they grow,” Betty cried enthusiastically. “Father knows all about the drawing plans to build houses and things, but I am certain that he doesn’t know all you have told us about cranberries. Why, it is a regular cranberry story to tell, isn’t it?”

Uncle John smiled. “Everything that grows is wonderful to study and hear about and see,” he said, “especially when they are named Billy and Betty.”



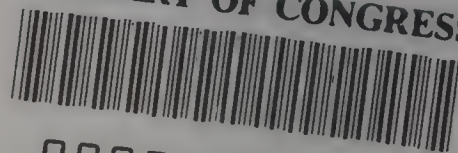




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