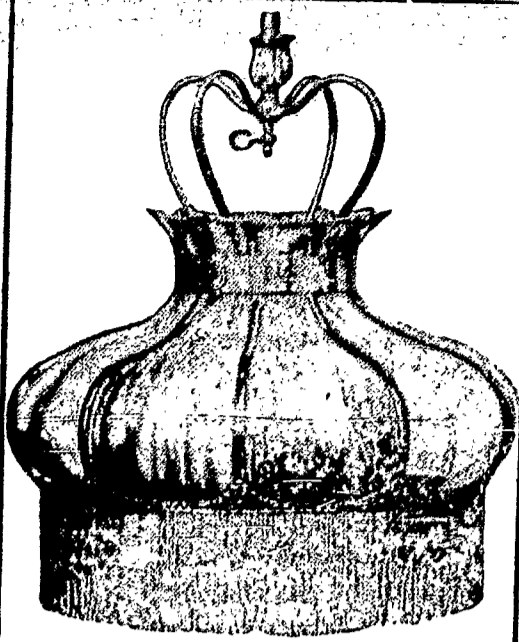


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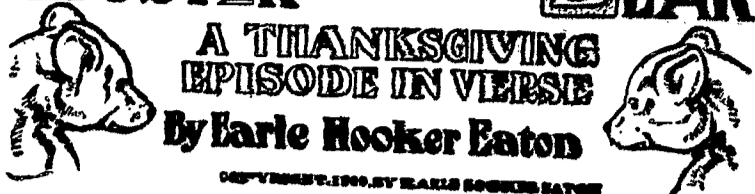
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**BUSTER AND THE BEAR**

A THANKSGIVING EPISODE IN VERSE  
By Earle Hooker Eaton



SISTER wanted chickens Thanksgiving day to eat,  
Brother said a gander was mighty hard to beat,  
Ma she wanted turkey, an' pa he wanted duck,  
Nen I went out huntin' an' had the bestest luck.  
Heard a norful growlin', but, say, I didn't care,  
I des aimed my rifle an' shot this grea' big bear!



"HEARD A NORFUL GROWLIN'; BUT, SAY, I DIDN'T CARE."

SISTER wants the gizzard, the neck er anything,  
Brother wants a drumstick, an' mother 'll take a wing;  
Father 'll take the wishbone, with des a slice of breast,  
An' as I'm quite hungry I think I'll eat the rest.  
Don't I wish that Roosevelt, the president, was my pa;  
Nen I'd shoot some elphants way down in Africkah!

**Jimmy's Thanksgiving.**

By OLIVE HARPER.

JIMMY WEBSTER, more properly Geraldine had determined to leave her country to me to study art in New York. "I know I am an artist, perhaps I am a genius," she said. Her mother said nothing against the project but new lines formed around her mouth. Some thing had gone out of her father's eyes



and step, and he looked older. He, too, remained silent. George Seabright, when his pleading proved vain, merely said, "If you find the world too much for you, let me know."  
"Perhaps," replied the young girl, while her pretty lips took a hard outline new to them. She had \$180 and thought that more than enough to last until fame and riches came. When she was gone the whole farm seemed empty. Her brave, bright letters told how she and three other girls had rented a photograph left for only \$10 a month. They had made it very artistic, had built wardrobes of packing boxes and made divans of coats covered with denim, which served as cushions. Light. She told of the

of a clotheshorse, covered also with denim, which served to hide their bachelor girl kitchen with its coal oil stove and packing box closets for dishes. Her father made no comment on these pitiful makeshifts but he and George read between the lines. They knew there was something wrong. There was a forced cheerfulness in the letters. George had loved Jimmy since she was a baby, and he decided as Thanksgiving drew near that he could stand the strain no longer.

In the meantime the four girls in the great block, an art photographer's gallery, were studying to win the prize. The rent, though divided among four was high when nothing was coming in. They could not afford a stove and tea and dry bread were their food. Finally one girl sat down on the floor and began to weep. She was cold and hungry and miserable. She was going home, and art could go to grass.

This was the general sentiment, but Jimmy had come from sterner stock and she wouldn't give up. Three of the girls came to their parents and they had said good-bye to Jimmy, who faced the question of rent alone. She threw herself on the cot and cried all night with hunger, cold and despair. At last she was fast on a photograph to genius was a far cry and she was no genius.

"But I wouldn't care," she sobbed, "if it were not so near Thanksgiving. At home there'll be turkey and pies and all the good things and I just can't stand it."

But she never once thought of writing home for help. The next morning she lay unconscious in her lonely place, tossing to fever while her grieving father and mother were going around heavy footed making preparations for the coming feast.

Jimmy lay two nights and a day ill and alone, when a lady who had an office in the same building had a feeling that something was wrong upstairs and went up to find the poor deserted child. The doctor said she should go to a hospital and that he would send for her. There was a hurried step on the stairs, and in a minute George was on his knees beside the cot.

"Oh, Jimmy little Jimmy! I knew something was wrong, and I've come to take you home if you'll go."  
"Will I? Oh, George, I'll be so thankful! I'm a failure, George—I'm a failure!"  
"I don't think so. Can she travel, doctor? I'll get a carriage. She'll be home just in time for Thanksgiving."  
"It will be that for me," said Jimmy weakly, while two tears jumped from her eyes, and big George Seabright put his arms around her and pressed his first kiss on her quivering lips regardless of the doctor and the lady.  
"I will be an eternal Thanksgiving, Jimmy!"



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