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London  
Thanksgiving day 1904

Dear Mary Jane,  
This is Thanksgiving and I am thankful that I can see this beautiful world with the flowers and sun shine. I'm thankful that I can hear sweet music and the voices of my friends. Thankful that I can eat and drink and that I have a heart full of love for all creatures as they are as much a part of this world as I. But I am thankful every day in the year. Each morning when I open my eyes I am thankful. I am thankful I have sense enough to appreciate my couch while it lasts.

Oh Mary Jane please don't complain. Put life your heart with joy. Be thankful you're not hungry. Like so many a girl or boy.

Be glad your father is not a politician and be thankful your mother don't read papers at woman's clubs on how to educate daughters - for then she would not know how. Well it's an ill wind that runs deep and still waters are worth two in the bush.

Lovingly yours Buster

