HE extra Christmas letters asked for last week are beginning to come in, but all the boys and girls do not seem to understand just what is wanted. It is not to be a story, but just a letter on "My Idea of Santa Claus." Just write your letter to the Busy Bee editor and tell her your own idea of Santa Claus. It is very simple, boys and girls, and the editor hopes every one will write. Make your letters short. A prize will be awarded for the best letter, but all these letters must reach the editor by Wednesday, December 9, as they cannot be used after that date.

The prizes were awarded this week to Ruth Ashby of Fairmont, Neb., on the Blue side, and to Vera Cheney of Creighton, Neb., on the Red side, and honorable mention given to Marie Rich of Grand Island, on the Blue side.

Any of the Busy Bees may send cards to any one whose name is on the Postcard Exchange, which now includes:

Postcard Exchange, which now include Jean De Long, Ainsworth, Neb. Irene McCoy, Barnston, Neb. Lillian Merwin, Beaver City, Neb. Mabel Witt, Bennington, Neb. Agnes Dahmke, Benson, Neb. Vera Cheney, Creighton, Neb. Louis Halin, David City, Neb. Rhea Freidell, Dorchester, Neb. Eunice Bode, Falls City, Neb. Fay Wright, Fifth and Belle streets, Fremont, Neb. Bihel Reed, Fremont, Neb. Marguerite Bartholomew, Gothenburg, Neb.

Ethel Reed, Fremont, Neb.
Marguerite Bartholomew. Gothenburg.
Neb.
Jessie Crawford. 406 West Charles street.
Grand Island. Neb.
Lydia Roth, 606 West Koenig street, Grand Island. Neb.
Ella Voes. 407 West Charles street, Grand Island. Neo.
Pauline Schulte, 412 West Fourth street, Grand Island. Neb.
Martha Murphy. 223 East Ninth street, Grand Island, Neb.
Irene Costello, 115 West Elighth street, Grand Island, Neb.
Alice Temple, Lexington, Neb.
Edythe Kroits, Lexington, Neb.
Edythe Kroits, Lexington, Neb.
Marian Hamilton, 2029 L street, Lincoln, Neb.
Alice Grassmeyer, 1545 C street, Lincoln, Neb.
Irene Disher, 2029 L street, Lincoln, Neb.
Irene Disher, 2020 L street, Lincoln, Neb.
Hughie Disher, 2020 L street, Lincoln, Neb.
Louise Stiles, Lyons, Neb.
Milton Selzer, Nebraska City, Neb.
Harry Crawford, Nebraska City, Neb.
Harry Crawford, Nebraska City, Neb.
Lucile Hazen, Norfolk, Neb.
Letha Larkin, South Sixth street, Nortolk, Neb.
Emma M. requardt, Fifth street and Madi-Street, Omaha.
Walter Johnson, 2405 North Twentieth Street, Omaha.
Leon Carson, 1124 North Fortieth street, Omaha.

Letha Larkin. South Sixth street. Nortolk, Neb.

Emma Marquardt, Fifth street and Madison avenue. Norfolk, Neb.
Mildred F. Jones, North Loup, Neb.
Hugh Rutt, Leshara, Neb.
Hester E. Rutt, Leshara, Neb.
Lillian Wirt, 4158 Cass street. Omaha.
Meyer Cohn. 846 Georgia avenue, Omaha.
Ada Morris, 324 Franklin street, Omaha.
Myrtle Jensen, 2309 Izard street, Omaha.
Myrtle Jensen, 2320 Jizard street, Omaha.
Helen Heuck, 1625 Lothrop street, Omaha.
Mary Brown, 2322 Boulevard, Omaha.

New Animal Analogues

By the Author of "Mow to Tell the Birds from the Flowers," Prof. Robert Williams Wood, Johns Hopkins University



The Pipe-fish. The Sea-3ar.

To smoke a herring is to make A most lamentable mistake, Particularly since there are The Pipe-fish and the long Sea-gar:

Bear this in mind when next you wish To smoke your after-dinner fish.

Copyright, 1908, by Paul Elder and Company.

Bessie's Thanksgiving Experience By Mand Walker.

had played till evening, and then the guests so fine an instrument as I." all departed. Then Bessie's mamma told "But-but-you can't run away!" remon-

g day her music teacher would come to give her a lesson. "Oh, mamma, must I practice on Thanks- powers," sneered the piano. "You just giving day?" asked Bessie in anxious tones. I thought I'd have no lessons nor prac-

ticing to do today. Why can't I practice an extra hour tomorrow?" "Now, daughter, you, know you missed your regular half-hour's practice this morning, and you have to have your scales bet-So, don't use up time and energy talking about it, but get to work. Don't you know, child, that our work is not nearly so hard to do if we go about it gladly and earnestly? it's the trying to evade it-the endless

worry in our minds concerning it-that turns our work-our duties-into tacks." Bessie felt ashamed of herself and said 'Yes, mamma: I am a lazy little girl at times, and deserve your reprimands. But I shall go and practice a whole hour to make amends for my wishing to put off till tomorrow that which should be done today." And Bessie hurried to the parlor, where she seated herself cheerfully at the "I must have these scales before my essen time tomorrow," she said. And then he b g n running her fat little fingers over the piano keys, but without the alertness that was usual with her. The truth of the matter was that Bessie had eaten too much

still doing the scales, though somethmes coming round the corner at the moment. Thanksgiving dinner." her fingers dragged terribly, "Ah, you lary thing!" eried Bessie, addressing the little finger of her left hand. "Why don't you keep up there with your sisters and plane ran from the house-and began to brothers and stop holding yourself so stiff finger the keys lovingly. Bessie paused. and slow? You're a haughty finger, you stepping behind a lamp-post to watch the

overfull of Thanksgiving dinner," said a that the people said would some day astonvoice right in front of Bessle. For a moment the little girl's hand dropped listless beside her, and she looked about for the person who had spoken so near to that for some time he had not been able her, yet could not be seen. Then she began to grow a bit frightened. She had had no plane of his own his mother had heard that walls had ears. Could the been doing family sewing that she might ing water-when Jack awoke with from some place right in front of her- old instrument, all out of tune, and without bed. seemingly from the plane 'itself.

"Yos, you're a lazy, overfull little miss,

ESSIE had enjoyed a most glori- when the performer brings forth good ous Thanksgiving day. There music. And I don't mind little girls' prachad been a great dinner at her ticing when they follow the notes written home and many guests had par- in the instruction book. But for one to ticipated in the enjoyment of it. simply fool about as you are doing-There had been grandpapa, striking the wrong note oftener than the grandmamma, uncles, aunts and ever and right one-puts me all out of sorts. And ever so many little cousins, just the chum- what I mean to do is to run away from miest cousins in the world. And after din- this house where such a careless little ner Bessie and the chummy little cousins girl is allowed to take such liberties with

Leonora Denison, The Albion, Tenth and

Pacific streets, Omahs.
Mildred Jensen, 2707 Leavenworth street.

Omaha. Mabel Shelfert, 4914 North Twenty-fifth

street, Omaha. Wilma Howard, 4722 Capitol avenue,

Helen Goodrich, 4010 Nicholas street,

Maurice Johnson, 1627 Locust street,

Hilah Fisher, 1210 South Eleventh street,

Dmaha. Louis Raabe, 2009 North Nineteenth ave-

iue. Omaha. Emma Carruthers, 3211 North Twenty-fifth

Emilie Brown, 2322 Boulevard, Omaha.

Omaha.

Emilie Brown, 232 Boulevard, Omaha.

Emilie Brown, 232 Boulevard, Omaha.

Eva Hendee, 4402 Dodge street, Omaha.

Juanita Innes, 2769 Fort street, Omaha.

Genevieve M. Jones, North Loup, Neb.

Madge L. Daniels, Ord, Neb.

Zola Beddeo, Orleans, Neb.

Marie Fleming, Oscola, Neb.

Lotta Woods, Pawnee City, Neb.

Earl Perkins, Reddington, Neb.

Emma Kostal, 1515 O street, South Omaha.

Ethel Enis, Stanton, Neb.

Edna Enis, Stanton, Neb.

Ina Carney, Sutton, Clay county, Neb.

Clara Miller, Utica, Neb.

Mae Grunke, West Point, Neb.

Elsie Stastny, Wilber, Neb.

Alta Wilken, Waco, Neb.

Mary Fredrick, York, Neb.

Edna Behling, York, Neb.

Edna Behling, York, Neb.

Edna Behling, York, Neb.

Edna Behling, York, Neb.

Ethel Mulbolland, Box 71, Malvern, Ia.

Ethel Mulbolland, Box 71, Malvern, Ia.

Kathryne Mellor, Malvern, Ia.

Mildred Robertson, Manilla, Ia.

Ruth Robertson, Manilla, Ia.

Edith Amend, Sheridan, Wyo.

Henry L. Workinger, care Sterling Remedy company, Attica, Ind.

maha, Hulda Lundburg, Fremont Neb. Emerson Goodrich, 4010 Nicholas

her she must practice her music lesson, for strated Bessle. "You haven't any feet to run on.

> "Oh, that's all you know about my keep an eye open and you'll see my exit from this parior in double-quick time." "Oh, but you wouldn't dare to run away from this house, even though you had feet to go on," declared Bessie, "for my papa bought you-paid \$790 for you-and you belong to our family. So, you needn't be bragging about what you can do."

"Oh, you're getting impudent," said the voice in a deep and angry tone. "Well, just hold your breath a moment, little miss, for I'm going to surprise you somewhat. So you think I belong to house-to your family, do you? Well, I belong to no one but myself." Heroupor Bessle was pushed forcibly off the plane stool to the floor, where she lay, unable to arise. And from the room the plane went, flying along as though on the fleet-

But Bessle did not long remain quiet. As soon as she could recover her wits she got to her feet and ran for the piano. It was just going out through the open gate when Bessie opened the hall door. Bessie dashed out after it, crying "Stop!" Stop!" But only a mocking laugh came back to

But half an hour went by with Bessie a little boy, by name, Roy Adams, was more than anyone else. We'll have a The plane said something to him and he stopped also. Then he opened the key- captain lifted a huge hatchet and cut board-which had closed of itself as the off his mother's and father's heads. strange proceeding. She knew Roy Adams to be a very fine musician for his age, one ish the world. But being the child of poor parents Roy had had little opportunity to study his loved music, and Bessie knew to continue his plano lessons. And as Roy walls also talk? Surely that voice had come carn enough to pay the rent on a miserable scream to find mamma standing near the melody in its keys.

"Oh, what glurious tones!" exclaimed and you are torturing me cruelly by the Roy, careseing the keys. "What joy un. Oh, it is wonderful! How the melody dispords you make my keys give voice speakable I would have if I might practice rolls!" And he brought out the strains of head on the plane keys?" And Bessle's



RULES FOR YOUNG WRITERS

1. Write plainly on one side of the paper only and number the pages. 2. Use pen and ink, not pencil Original stories or letters only

5. Write your name, age and address at the top of the first page. First and second prises of books will be given for the best two con-tributions to this page each week. CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT, Omaha Bes.

(First Prize.)

Jack's Thanksgiving Dinner By Ruth Ashby, Aged 13 Years, Fair-mount, Neb. Blue.

The farmyard looked different from what it usually did, for instead of the hens and turkeys strutting around, they must put a stop to these great monsters eating so many of our number each

"Yes, indeed," said one of a group of

oysters. "Now, as I am captain, I'll go and get her, and on and on the plane went down the man in the house. Gobble, you get dinner that day and was drowsy and dull the street. But Bessie continued in pursuit, the woman, and you, Speckle, get that At the first corner the plane stopped, for terrible boy they call Jack, who eats

When the family was assembled Jack screamed, but Speckle held him tightly. "Now for the dressing," said the captain. Someone brought

Jack's darling baby sister, Evelyn. "Oh! oh! oh! Pleast don't! I tell you! Youn shan't have baby! Oh, dear!" and Jack began to cry. But the merciless turkeys put her into

a nuge bowl and chopped her all to bits before poor Jack's eyes "Now, we'll make a pudding out of this one," said Gobble.

Jack was put into a kettleful of boll- By Marie Rub, Aged 18 Years. In water-when Jack awoke with a Firt Stree', Grand Island, Neb.

her teacher play at a recital. But Roy

played it with so much more feeling than

her teacher had. And as Bessie listened

tears came into her eyes and she decided

to go to the plano and tell it to accompany

Roy home, that he-not she-deserved so

But she would walt until Roy had

strpped his playing. Then she would go

and tell him the piano was his for keeps.

Oh, what a glorious thing to be able to

ereate such music as that. Then a pang

f regret passed through Bessie's breast.

Why had she not studied with energy and

love? Why had not she practiced for the

sake of learning and becoming capable

like Roy Adams? Why had she-blessed

with well-to-do parents, who gave her

every opportunity-missed doing what this

little comrade, Ray Adams, had done

in the very face of adversity? She was

grieved now to think of parting with her

wonderful plano, for suddenly she had

been made to understand what it con-

tained, if only one with a soul would

she would begin to study it for the

very love of the music it contained. She ous.

fine an instrument.

his little lame sister at home, but of himself, while Joe was thinking of his father 'Come, dear, what's the matter?' Jack told her his terrible dream.

things yesterday," said his mother, smil-Needless to say when he sat down to the bountiful Thanksgiving dinner Jack forgot his dream and ate as much turkey to act in a nice house.

"I think my little bby tasted too many

(Second Prize.) Jessie Brooks' Birthday, or A Thanksgiving Feast

By Vera Cheney, Aged 14 Years, Creighton, Neb. Red. Jessie's birthday was on Thanksgiving. She had invited two of her friends to come

and spend the day with her. The excitement of the next day kept her awake for a long while, but at last she found the way to dreamland.

At 6 o'clock the next morning she was out of bed and dressing. She ran downstairs to be greeted with "Happy birth-

At last the girls came and the fun began. were all gathered in one corner and a Jessie had a large attic in her house, so, again. large gubbler was talking. "Yes, we of course, that was the first place to go for fun. They went to the attic and dressed up in all the old-fashioned clothes they could find. At last the dinner bell rang and they ran downstairs to find a big turkey waiting them, with pumpkin ple and everything to go with a turkey. The girls went to the parlor to watch Jessie's sister burn wood. After dinner, and to Jessie's surprise, she saw a Shetland pony and eart out in front of the house. She ran out to see it, but could not get in, because it was full of packages. She found them to be presents from all her relatives, so they were busy for a while finding out what all there was. The girls stayed for supper and afterwards they all went to the library and sat around the fireplace and rousted nuts, popped corn and told ghost stories. When the girls went they were taken in the new cart. They said they had never spent a more pleasant Thanksgiving.

Honorable Mention. Two Wishes

"Say, mamma," she said, turning about

on the plane stool and facing her mother.

"I had such a strange dream. And it made

ders yet-if he can have the opportunity."

"And that is just what we must give

He is a prodigy and will do won-

gather it up, dear."

concerning him.

Pitt : 'Joe were two poor boys. Their that he would not and then he went downfairs and out in the yard. Oh! how hot

went a different way.

lame girl to get well.

fairy and disappeared.

wasn't thinking of his father or mother or

be rich and have a lovely home to himself.

shall be granted," and she disappeared.

happy until they died, except Bill, who

spent all his money and became so poor

he left the town and was never heard of

Tommy's Adventures

"Tommy," called mamma, "Tommy, you

house. He had curly brown hair, soft,

arms and legs that were always in mis-

chief. He was very dirty. The front of

his little suit was plastered with mud and

he was dragging a large gartersnake with

one hand and in the other he had a cat

which he was carrying by its tail. Mamma

screamed, which made Tommy look rather

disgusted. Mamma stopped when she saw

the snake was dead. "Tommy," she cried,

and come right in the house, for I am

going to go down town and take you with

me. Oh, how dirty you are! I must clean

you up at once." Mrs. Wallace took

Tommy into the house, gave him a bath

and put clean clothes on him. "Now," said

she, "you wait till I get ready and don't

you get yourself dirty." Tommy promised

"put that snake down and leave pussy go

"Why, my dear child, asleep with your practice on our fine plano. "You blessed little philanthropist!" cried mother shook her until she was thoroughly Bessle's mamma, throwing her arms about aroused. Then she went on: "Now, dear the little girl's shoulders, "Of course child. I fancy you are too much Thanks- papa and mamma wil be glad to assist giving dinner, to feel in the spirit for Roy in any way. But isn't lie taking les-plane pract . Come, get up, dear. There sons now?" is company unling this evening, and I

"No. I heard him tell a boy the other day want to tidy up the parlor. You have your that he had been obliged to slop owing to music scattered about everywhere. Come, the ract that his father cannot afford to pay for his lessons and the piano he has Bessle now understood that she had been to practice on is nothing more than an old asleep and dreaming. But she could still tin pan. I should love to help inm. hear the strains of the music made by mamma." Roy Adams-in her dream. And she made

"We will all help "im, dearest," mamma up her mind she would study the plane promised, feeling doubly proud of her little as she had never studied it before. And daughter at that spleadid moment, "But what has roused you to such sudden interest in Roy-have you seen him today?"

"Only in a dream-and heard him play," answered Beasle. "But that dream is one me feel such an interest in Roy Adams, giorious day, mamma, for it has opened You have heard him play the plane, my eyes to some things that will surprise gather up my scattered music. But-how happy I am to see that our plano really did not run away. But it shall never again him, mamme," said Bessie, her eyes seri- have clumsy and indifferent hands to play "I want you and papa to arrange upon it. Tomorrow it will feel a throb of would glory and rejoice in the power of with my music teacher to give him lessons, joy when I sit down to practice, even and allow him to come here every day to though I merely run the scalea."

the hydrant was fixed against the base- being a disobedient girl. ment the water ran in and spoiled Mrs. Wallace's canned fruit. Meanwhile Tommy. after going into the basement, went into the coal room and rolled and played in the coal. When mamma called him to get his coat and hat on he was a sight. Mamma almost cried when she saw him, as it was too late to dress Tommy again, and Mrs. Wallace had to stay home. One day the following winter Tommy

was pasting with mamma's best glue, then just for the fun of it Tommy poured the glue on one of the large easy chairs. Just then the doorbell rang. It was fat Mrs. Worfett, and of course she sat down on the glue, and you know what happened, I could tell you lots more about Tommy, but I have written enough for this time.

Martha's Thanksgiving

By Genevieve M. Jones, Aged 12 Years. North Loup, Neb. Red. "Mamma," said Martha one cold day in November, "you know next Thursday will and told the little girl not to go out of be Thanksgiving and I want to have a the house until she came back, and when party so bad. I will invite thirteen girls, she was gone the little girl sat down That is, if you will let me, and for refresh- and cried herself to sleep. When she ments we will have turkey, cranberries, pie awoke she went up to her room, took a and fruits. That will be enough, and I book and started to read and read until hope you will let me have it. Just about her mother came home. all of the other girls have had a party but Thursday afternoon from 2:30 till 6:20. dishes when she was told to. Eleanor Farry and I will wait on the table. Now, mamma, please do say yes."

"Well, Martha, I see you want it so badly that I will let you have it on one condition; that is, if you will invite Evelyn." After a few moments' hesitation she said; "Yes, mamma, I will," "All right then you may have it."

Evelyn was a little lame girl whom none of the girls liked to play with because she could not go as fast as they could. "Well, who will write the invitations?" "You may, Martha. Get your stationery

and I will tell you what to write." So when she got it her mother said: will write this one first:

'Miss Martha Wayne requests the pleasure of Miss Grace Edward's company Thursday, November 26, from 2:30 till 6:20. 245 Forest Avenue, Chicago.' "Oh, that is just fine. Now I will finish

the rest and then mail them out." a living and they lived next door to each After while she went to bed and slepc soundly. She awoke at 7:30 as usual and Bill was selfish and spent the little money got ready for the party. When 2:30 came he made by doing little chores for candy, tops and marbles and such things, but Joe the little girls arrived. Each one brought was different. He gave the little money he Martha a Thanksgiving card. When it was made to his father and mother and some-5:30 Martha called Eleanor to go in the kitchen with her and they set the table times bought a book for Bill's little lame and in fifteen minutes called the girls to At the time they were Iving there were take their places. When they got through fairies in the land. They both resolved to it was 6:30. Kitty looked at the clock and find a fairy, so they wouldn't have to "Well, girls, we had better go." So snid: work as hard and could be rich and each they bade Martha farewell and told her what a good time they had had. This ends When Bill thought of what he wanted he the story of Martha's Thanksgiving.

The Brave Dog and mother and the little lame sister of By Lew Mead, Aged 10 Years, Blair, Neb. Bill's.

Rover was a large, black dog with long heard a loud scream. They turned and Soon Bill met a fairy. When she asked what he wanted he said he wished he could hair. His master was little Harry Green. Rover liked Harry, because he had picked through! Then the fairy asked if he wanted any- him up in the country road when he was a

thing for his father or momer or his sister little puppy. he said no, that they wouldn't know how There was a river back of the barn, with a little ice on it. Harry thought it would Very well," said the fairy. "Your wish hold him, so he went out on it, but the ice was not strong enough to hold him. When she met Joe he said he wanted his Rover pranced up and down the bank, but mother and father to be rich so they Harry did not notice him. Rover kept digwouldn't have to work, and that he wanted ging but Harry would not look. When all Bill's parents taken care of and the little at once the ice popped and Harry sank through. When Harry came up Rover "You have made a good wish," said the caught him and began his task. The water was very cold, but he never flinched. The next morning when Bill awoke he Harry's father came from the barn after

found himself in a lovely house with serv- him and took him to his mother. He was unconscious at first, but he had ants and everything nice. Joe found himself also in a lovely house with his father not been in the water long enough to hurt and mother. Next door to them were Bill's him. When he opened his eyes he found father, mother and sister. Joe saw that the himself in his mother's arms. After that iame girl was well again. They all lived Rover was treated as one of the family.

Prince William

By Lillian Wirt, Aged 9 Years. 4158 Cass Street, Omaha. Blue. A long time ago in the time of fairles and goblins, there was a boy about 13 years By Alice Temple, Lexington, Neb. Aged 10 old whose name was William. He was a Years. Blue. the forest be looked down and saw a lizcome right here." Soon a small boy who ard bound fast between two rocks. Now the prince could not bear to see any living had seen four summers came around the thing suffer, so he stooped down and pulled the stones apart, freeing the lizard. clear blue eyes, fair complexion and sturdy But instead of seeing a lizard he saw

beautiful lady standing before him. "I am the fairy Starbright and you released me from a trap into which the wicked goblins put me. You shall be rewarded for this. Whenever you want anything press the opal in this ring which I

will give you and it will be granted." The fairy vanished, but what she said came true.

wisely over his people until his death.

The Busy Bee Club

By Ruth Davenport, Aged 10 Years, Nor-folk, Neb. Blue.

Once there was a club of ten girls. They us work hard, and call it The Busy Bee and soon went out again. club," and the girls said: "All right," So that is how it got its name.

So they worked hard, for Christmas was near, and they made a box of things to

They met every Saturday and when it was Thanksgiving they said they must hurry. They made little aprons for the children and sent some books and their mothers sent some nuts, candy and some dresses and each little girl had something else to send. The day before Christmas they sent the box. The Children's Home than ever before. was so giad to get it that the girls said: "Let us do it again next Christmas." So every Christmas they sent a box.

A Disobedient Girl

By Ava Hufsmith, Aged 9 Years, Creigh-ton, Neb. Red.

There once was a little girl. Her name was only four blocks away and she said day I put it in papa's hat and it laid down you. I'll tell you tonight, mamma, after it would take her five minutes to dress and and went to sleep. It is lying under the the company is gone. And now I must five minutes to comb her hair and five stove now. One day it jumped upon the was half past eight. She just got her hair them right in front of the door.

be was. There was the hydrant. He knew combed and the bell rang. She hurried at the water was nice and cold and he was fast as she could and got a piece of bread so but he could not resist the temptation. and butter for her breakfast, but she He turned on the hydrant and stood under started out of the door and she slipped it. It felt good at first, for the water was and fell and had to go back and dress het rather warm, bet as it got colder Tommy wound and when she started out again the got colder too, so he went down into the bell rang and she was fifteen minutes late basement, leaving the water turned on. As for school. And this is what Mary got for

Emilie

By Emilie Brown, Aged 10 Years, 2322 Boulevard, Omaha, Neb. Red. Once upon a time there was a little girl who never wanted to help her mamma do the dishes after meals.

So one day her mamma said, "If you do not dry the dishes you cannot go to grandma's with me after dinner." Well, she thought, mamma has said that a number of times, but she will take me anyway, so I just will not do the dishes, and went into the yard to play with the

rest of the children. Her mamma did not say one word to her about the dishes any more and did them herself. In about an hour her mamma said she was going to dress and

go to grandmas. The little girl waited for her

to say come and go, too. Her mamma put on her hat and coat

You may be sure she always did what me. If I can have it I will want it about her mother told her and always did the This is a true story, because I am the little girl.

The Grays' Thanksgiving

By Leola Harris, 515 South Twenty-second Street, Omaha, Neb. Red. The Grays lived in Omaha. Mr. and Mrs. Gray had three children, Marion, who was 12 years old; Alice, 10, and Robby, 6. Thanksgiving day was drawing near and the Grays were to visit Mr. and Mrs. Roberts, the parents of Mrs. Gray. Mr. Roberts was a wealthy farmer. The children were very unhappy, as they remembered their last visit to their grandparents, They were to stay at the Roberts' farm one week before Thankagiving day and eave the day after Thanksgiving.

When the train pulled up in front of the little station at Dreyton and the Grays stepped out of it they were greeted by Mr. and Mrs. Roberts. When they reached the farm house they were delighted to see all the aunts, uncles and cousins. My, what a good time the children had that week. During the week they had sleighing and skating parties. They skated on the large pond which was about a quarter of a mile from the house.

It was the day before Thanksgiving. The cousins were going to have their last skating party. All the children were going, even little Robby. Mrs. Gray was at first afraid to let Robby go. She said, "The larger children will forget about Robby and leave him alone." They all promised to look after him, so she let

him go. While the cousins were skating they saw a large black hole. Robby had fallen When they got him ou home they found out that Robby more frightened than hurt.

The Grays thought they had much to be thankful for.

Adelaide's Watch By Myrtie Jensen. Aged 11 Years, 2909 Izard Street, Omaha. Blue.

Adelaide rushed into the sitting room where her mother was reading and announced that school would be closed for two weeks on account of the scarlet-faver "Won't it be nice, Mamma? Elsie and I

have already planned what we are going to

"Yes, dear, I think you-Oh, there's the postman's whistle." Adelaide ran out on the back porch and came back with two letters. "One's for me, Mamma!" she exclaimed,

tearing open the envelope. "O, mamma, it's an invitation to come to Margaret Bell's birthday party a week from next Wednesday. May I go?" "Certainly you may."

"Oh, goodie!" exclaimed Adelaide. "Adelaide, I'm afraid you can't go after all. This is a letter from Aunt Eleanor saying that she is coming next Thursday to

stay with us until Christmas. You know Aunt Eleanor doesn't approve of children's parties, so you will have to be very polite and stay home." "Can't I go anyway, and not mind her, mamma?" "No, no, dear, certainly not." Next Thursday saw Miss Eleanor in the

parior, examining the furniture to see if it was thoroughly dusted and in reply to all questions answering stiffly "no" or "yes." On the very day of Margaret's birthday Miss Eleanor asked, or rather commanded, In after years William was king and ruled Adelaide to go down town with her and show her the city. They went itno many large stores and finally Aunt Eleanor's eyes rested on a jewelry window. She entered and asked to see some gold watches.

"This way, madam," said the clerk. Miss Eleanor followed, while Adelaids had a president, secretary, treasurer and looked at anything she pleased. Her sunt vice president. The president said: "Let seemed to be directing the clerk to do this

Aunt Eleanor changed her mind about staying until Christmas and went home before Thanksgiving.

On Xmas morning, Adelaide found a small send to the Children's Home for the little parcel by her plate. She hastily opened it and found the dearest little watch with her initials on it and a card wishing her a merry Xmas from Aunt Eleanor.

> That very hour she wrote a letter to Aunt Eleanor thanking her thousands of times for the dear, little watch and when she came again the next summer she received a much warmer welcome from Adelaide

My Kitty By Rachael Stiles, Aged 5 Years, Lyons, Neb. Blue.

I have a kitty. It came from the depot. The train was going to run over it, but the depot man grabbed it off the track and brought it to our neighbor's, where he was Mary Jones. Mary always wanted to boards. They did not want it, so they gave slay in bed until ten minutes before the it to me. It is a cute kitty and it is most first bell rang. She said that the school all white, but it has a few black spots. One minutes to eat her breakfast, then the rest table and got into a pitcher of gream. I of the time to get to school. But her love my kitty very much. It is named mother called her one morning ten minutes Snowball. My little friend Mary has a too early and she did not get up and slept kitty which is very naughty and bites us. longer than she meant to. She slept ten She loves it, but I don't. My kitty doesn't minutes too long and when she awoke it catch mice, but Mary's does, and brings

to. I love to have my keys played upon a few hours each day on such a plane, a fine composition that Bessle had heard BESSIE DASHED OUT AFTER IT, CRYING: "STOP! STOP!"