

TLEBEESTBEROWR

OGRAY FOR THANKSGIVING! All of the Busy Bees seemed to have had a fine holiday, according to the jolly stories sent in by the children. And the turkeys, cranberries and all kinds of good things which must have disappeared. But if it made the little boys and girls happy and appreciate why we celebrate Thanksgiving day, then considerable has been accomplished.

A little boy wrote that he thought his story had been thrown in the waste basket. If he addressed the letter carefully and signed it he will find that It will be printed either today or next Sunday, as all of the stories received by the editor within the last month have been printed, except a few stories left from last week, and they are printed today. Not a story for several weeks has been thrown in the waste basket, as the Busy Bees have remembered the ruls and have sent in interesting stories. Even the new Busy Bees who sent in stories this week for the first time wrote carefully and did not forget to write their names, ages and addresses.

One of our Busy Bees, Sadie Finch, who has won two prizes this year, celebrated her twelfth birthday last Monday at her home in Kearney and had a ten party. Several new Busy Bees have joined this week, among these being Bassett Ruf, Cammilla Edholm, both of Omaha; Vera McCiellan of Fremont and Agnes McDermott of Casper, Wyo.

Several splendid Thanksgiving stories were sent in this week and prizes were awarded to Ruth Ashby, on the Blue side, and Helen Morris, on the Red side. Honorable mention was given to Emille Brown, on the Blue side. Special mention should also be given to Alice Temple, on the Blue side.

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

Fearl Harron, Monarch, Wyo. Jean Le Long, Amevorin, Neb. Jean McCoy, Barnston, Neb. Linian Merwin, Beaver City, Neb. Mabel Witt, Bennington, Neb. Anna Gottsch, Bennington, Neb. Minnie Gottsch, Bennington, Neb. Juanita Innes. 2769 Fort street, Omaha. Jack Cond. 2718 Farnam street, Omaha. Lellian Wirt, 4158 Cass street, Omaha. Lillian Wirt, 4138 Cass street, Omaha, Meyer Cohn, 846 Georgia avonue, Omaha, Ala Morris, 3424 Franklin street, Omaha, Myrtie Jensen, 2009 Izard street, Omaha, Gall Howard, 4722 Capitôl avenue, Omaha, Helen Houck, 1625 Lothrôp street, Omaha, Emerson Goodrien, 4910 Nicholas, Omaha, Maurice Johnson, 1027 Locust, St., Omaha, Leon Carson, 1124 North Fortieth, Omaha, Gretchen Eastman, 135 South Thirty-eighth street, Omaha, Pauline Coad, 3718 Farnam street, Omaha, Nets. Minnie Gotiech, Bennington, Neb. Agues Lamake, Benson, Neb. Matie Galagner, benkeiman, Neb. (box 12). Joa May, Central City, Neb. Vera Cheney, Uteignioti, Neb. Louis Hahn, David City, Neb. Eunice Bode, Falis City, Neb. Huida Lamdburg, Freimini, Neb. Marion Cappe, Gibson, Nos. Marguerite Hartholomew, Gothenburg, Neb. Lydia Roth, 026 West Charles street, Grand Island, Neb. Ruth Temple, Lexington, Neb. Anna Neuson, Lexington, Neb. Edythe Kreitz, Lexington, Neb. Edythe Kreitz, Lexington, Neb. Alice Grassmeyer, 1545 C. St., Lincoln, Neb. Liste Hamilton, 2029 L. St., Lincoln, Neb. Liste Hamilton, 2029 L. St., Lincoln, Neb. Heien Johner, 2030 L. Street, Lincoln, Neb. Heien Johnson, 234 South Fifteenth street, Lincoln, Neb. Heien Johnson, 234 South Seventeenth street, Lincoln, Neb. Louise Stiles, Lyons, Neb. Louise Stiles, Lyons, Neb. Latelle McDonald, Lyons, Neb. Louise Stiles, Lyons, Neb. Louise Stiles, Lyons, Neb. Louise Stiles, Lyons, Neb. Lucite Hagen, Nortolk, Neb. Lucite Hagen, Nortolk, Neb. Lucile Hagen, Norfolk, Neb. Lucile Hagen, Norfolk, Neb. Helen Reynolds, Norfolk, Neb. Letha Larkin, So. Sixth St., Norfolk, Neb. Emma Marquardt, Fifth street and Madh-son avenue, Norfolk, Neb. Rushryns Meilor, Malvern, 1a. Ruthryns Meilor, Manila, Ia. Ruth Robertson, Manilia, Ia. Margaret B. Witherow, Thurman, Ia. Bertna McEvoy, R. F. D. 3, Box 25, Mis-souri Valley, Ia. Genevieve M. Jones, North Loup, Neb. Orrin Fisher, 1219 S. Eleventh St., Omaha, Mildred Erickson, 2709 Howard St., Omaha, Louise Rickson, 2709 Howard St., Omaha, Louise Raabe, 2609 North Nineteenth avesouri Valley



be in the morning.

(Honorable Mention.)

The Landing of the Pilgrims in

America

to sing:

RULES FOR YOUNG WRITERS

1. Write plainly on one side of the paper only and number the pages. Use pen and humber the pages.
Use pen and ink, not pencil
Short and pointed articles will
bs given preference. Do not use over 250 words. 4. Original stories or letters only will be used. 5. Write your name, age and ad-dress at the top of the first page. First and second prizes of books will be given for the best two con-tributions to this page each week. Address all communications to CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT, Omaha 200.

(First Prize.) The Land of Lost Toys

By Ruth C. Ashley, Aged 14 Years, Mt. Carroll, Ill. Elue Side.

Rv 'Dorothy, dear, where is my thimble?" don't know, mother." "Don't you remember, I said you might use It if you would bring it back?" In vain they searched for it. That night Dorothy had a dream. A beautiful fairy go to worship as they pleased. came to her and said. "I am the Fairy Find of the Land of Lost Toys and have come to take you and Hazel with me." (Hazel Stober and Dorothy Knight were playmates.) They went outside where they stepped into an auto and were whirled away in they pleased, which was dear old America. the darkness. All of a sudden, bright lights

"Welcome to the Land of Lost Toys."

thing. little man bearing a big, pink bow. "Why! that's my bow I lost ages ago," gasped Hazel.

of my men with a paper. He's found some- the town her mother was at the edge of thing mortals lost and he is going to have the woods hunting for her. The fairy did it a week and if no one finds it then he not see her, but the little girl did. She will bring it here. See it says, 'One lady's ran and jumped in her mother's arms. By Alta

thimble. Under plano.' ' Her mother asked who was with her. The "Why, that's mamma's thimble I lost and fairy noticed her mother then. It was a t must have rolled under the plano when rule in fairyland that if a grown human Marie had fallen from her sled and had

paint the cushion that Pussy is lying on but would not sell her for any money. in my picture, and if you take your naps and eat your porridge like a good girl you

will wake up some morning and find that you are as big as I am." This comforted little May very much and she sat on her kind sister's lap, and painted a lovely blue cushion and forgot all her grief at being such a little girl.

When My Brother Herded Sheep

By Agnes McDermott, Aged 12 Years, Oak Street, Casper, Wyo. Red Side. Our brother Charlie, age 14, was very to the postoffice. anxious to go to work in the spring. So a

sheepman gave him a job helping him during lambing season. Mamma at last consented to let him go. He left home Tuesday soon asleep. When their uncle came in he morning and returned Saturday evening. said it was snowing quite hard, and the This is what he told when he got home:

"When I got to camp the boss told me folks knew what a surprise there would to chop some wood and get supper. I did Harry being the first one awake looked this. The next morning he told me to get out of the window to see what kind of a breakfast. I told him I was not hired to

day it was going to be. He gave one shout cook. and said that Miss Enowflake gave a party sheep and let, the other herder come in snow. Soon after breakfast their uncle I did not like to leave camp. I was angry to breakfast. It was a cold morning and brought a big bobsled around and they and started to walk to town, which was were all wrapped up and had the jolliest forty miles. I walked about a mile and a five-mile ride to grandma's house. Just as half to the road. When 1 got to the road they came in sight of the house they began 1 met a man who worked in the livery stable at home. He was going to town, Over the fields and through the woods, Now grandmother's cap we spy. Hurrah for the pungkin pie! stable at home. He was going to town, so I got in the wagon and came home. This was the last time I wanted toggo sheep herding." They were all at the table eating din-ner, the Saturday before Thanksgiving, mamma, papa, Teddy, aged 10, and Giydes, aged 5.

Kindness to Others

by Emilie Brown, Aged 11 Years 132 Boulevard Avenue, Omaha. Blue Side. There was once a little girl whose Many years ago the Pilgrims came to parents were dead, and she had not a true this country. They were immigrants who friend. Ever since she was a baby she left England for Holland, because they lived with an old woman who pretended wanted to find a place where they could she was Bessie's grandmother, but was not. This old woman made Bessle get up filled the air. Finding in Holland the children played early every morning and sell newspapers with the Holland children and were for- till late at night, and made Bessle give pleaded Teddy. getting the English ways they decided to her all the money and then she would go Hazel Stober and Dorothy Knight were higher and performance of the performance of the performance of the performance of the moon. Vesia was one of the queen's true the performance of the moon. Vesia was one of the queen's true the performance of the moon. Vesia was one of the queen's true the performance of the moon. Vesia was one of the queen's true the performance of th go to a country where they could speak out and buy whisky, and that made her

of the moon. Vesla was one of the queen's called to her to come over and study with Finally they came to a beautiful palace, servants. She was not at the ball that them, and she did. The girls were talking "Oh!" cried Dorothy, "that's the playhouse evening. She had broken one of the rules about birds and became very interested in I left outdoors and somebody ran off with." of fairyland, so Queen Crystal had told the sweet face of Bessie and asked her to "Yes, dear," answered the fairy. "Every- her that she could not go to the ball that go to their school. And she told them thing in this land is something mortals evening. Suddenly they heard a noise, her whole life and how poor she was. have lost. But come in let us walt and They looked up and what do you think And one of the girls who was of a wealthy see if some of my men do not find some- they saw? They saw a little girl who had family said that she would write her father strolled into the woods and gotten lost, about Bessle, and her father wrote that

She had hardly spoken when in came a She came up to them and asked them if he would buy Bessle some new clothes and they would take her home. They asked pay her way through the school, and when eagerly. her where she lived. She said she lived in school was out she would go and live with Seattle. The queen sent one of her er- him and his little girl in Florida.

The Fairy Find smiled. "Here comes one rand fairles with her. When they reached Was Bessle not a forunate little girl?

Kitty's Revenge

lta Kibler, Aged 12 Years, 717 West Eo." Twenty-first Street, Kearney tend Neb. Blue Side.

his little red sweater and started toward The Girl Who Tried Again By Heien Weeden, Aged 12 Years, 314 North Twenty-fifth Street, Omaha, Blue Side. the engineer knew something was the Pearl had been reading the Busy Bee matter.

Service Barry

page and had decided to write a story. She was just starting to write when her and they gave him enough money to buy little sister Marjery came in and asked a watch. He found out that his father was her what she was doing. Pearl told her on the train. "I am so glad I obeyed and soon both girls were writing. When mother quickly," he said. "Many lives their stories were finished they took them might have been lost," said his father. He wore the watch and it helped him to re-

member. The next Sunday the girls looked for their stories. The stories were printed, but neither girl had won a prize.

Pearl was disappointed and cross, but By Lois Woods, Aged 8 Years, Stremsburg, Neb. Red Side. Marjory went to her room, took her pen and started another story. She mailed it, One day Biddy, who was scratching it

hut next Sunday her story was not even the yard for her chicks, was very much printed. Her sister told her not to write alarmed to see a big rat run past her. again, but Marjory said, "The third time- She called her chicks to her and told them is the charm, so I'll try again." And sure that their one enemy was the rat. That enough when she looked in the paper there very night when she called her chicks to-

was "Marjory Trent, first prize." Oh, how gether there was one gone. She called delighted she was. After that Pearl triad again, but it did not come. She went to the chaim and it worked with success. A Thanksgiving Story By Alice C. Temple, Aged 11 Years, Lex-ington, Neb. Blue Side. in the night." They were all at the table eating din-

"Mamma," cried Mr. Birch, "here's a letter I almost forgot to give to you."

As he spoke he handed the letter to Mrs. By Harriette Dixon, Aged 12 Years, North Platte, Nob., 416 West Vine Street, Blue Side, "Well," and exclaimed, "this is from

This is what the letter said:

I received your kind letter and it has 1 received your kind letter and it has helped me much in my hours of pain. Cousin Maria, with her children, have started for Europe to spend the winter. Enclosed find a check for \$5 with which will you please buy and send with the children: one dozen hyacinth bulbs, etc., \$4.00. The remaining dollar is for charity. Closing with love. Your Mother.

for charity. ur Mother. Closing with love, Your Mother. P. S.-Will sand for them Monday morn-"You'll let us go won't you," said Glydes

> "And see the turkeys, mamma, and the tinsy weeny pigs and Rover and the new pony that's blind," cried Teddy.

"Well I will if you will consent," said Mrs. to Mr. Birch quite overcome.

"If you are real good till then you may only one that eats too much at Thanks-

pie, pumpkin pie, granberry sauce, apples

It was the day before Thanksgiving, and

neighbor farmer, Jones, that he must picks

picked the bird up carefully. Then he saw that its wing was broken, "Some as she did so a sweet scent of rose leaves cruel boy has hurt it," he said to himself. Then he took the oripple and went home. When he got home he took it in the house and showed it to his mamma. They petted it awhile, then Tommy took it and put it in a cage and then fed it crumbs of bread. Tommy told his papa

in the night."

when he came home and showed him the bird. Then Tommy put it back in its cage and doctored it up. Tommy fed and took care of it. Tommy kept his pet bird

T was the

E

not have time to tell his mother because

he could hear the train not far away. He

must flag the train himself. He took off

the train. The engineer whistled for him

to get off the track, but he stood still until

Some passengers got off with the enginesy

Farmyard Troubles

find it, but she could not. She came home

and went to bed very sad. The next morn-

ing it was there. She asked it where it

Tommy's Pet

By Ronald Wyckoff, King Bee, Aged II, Years, Wilber, Neb. Red Side.

One bright, sunny day as Topmuy was

coming from school he heard a chirping

noise far up in the treetop. He went on

again, but soon he heard the noise again.

tree he saw a little bird trying to fly. He b

At

anten Repair

had been. It was not going to tell.

24(#1 A Thanksgiving Story

By Sarah Lindale, Aged 11 years, West Point, Neb. Blue Side.

Thanksgiving is a nice day for everybody We enjoy ourselves very much, by eating turksy and everything good. I know a story of a little girl. Once there lived a little girl whose name was Helen, she was a good girl, but had one fault and that was what nearly everybody has, whenever she had anything good to eat she would eat too much. This was Thanksgiving day. Helen ate too much, and got sick. She was sick for a whole week after that. The next Thanksgiving little Helen did not eat so much. Helen is not the

said Mr. Birch, who had secretly in- giving. There are many that get sick, tended to let them go. "Now go and after eating turkey, plum pudding, minos

"Well," she exclaimed, "this is from He looked around and on a limb of a Riverdale, who lives there, children?" "Granny," they exclaimed in chorus. Mrs. Birch opened the letter exrefully, "Read it out loud, please do, mumsy,"

Riverdale, Mass, Nov. 18, 1909.

Tith avenue, Omaha. Emile Brown, 2322 Boulevard, Omaha. Heien Goodrich, 6000 Nichoias St., Omaha. Mary Brown, 2322 Boulevard, Omaha. Eva Hendee, 462 Dodge street, Omaha. Eva Hendee, 462 Dodge street, Omaha.

Tom and Sissy's Thanksgiving Day By William Wallace, Jr.

URRY up, Tom, or we'll be late!" , holding to some dry bushes that grew on H It was Sissy Hall who called the muddy bank. But even as Tom and out to her brother Tom. Sissy Sissy looked at her the bushes gave way. was dressed in her best Sunday coming out of the soft earth, leaving the frock and fur jacket and looked child without so much as a twig to hold to. as preity as a blossom, her eyes "I've got to save that kid," Tom exand cheeks telling of her bright spirits and claimed; and before Sissy could beg of good health. She was tapping at the door him to think of his own safety also, and of Tom's room to hurry him a bit, for they to try to help the little one by throwing -Sissy and Tom-were to spend the day in some driftwood out for her to hold to until the country. And as it was Thanksgiv ng they could call someone to come to their day it meant much more than if it were assistance, he had divested himself of coat just un ordinary day. and shoes and jumped headlong into the

"I'll be with you in a jiffy," answered water. He was not an expert swimmer, Tom. And before Sizey had reached the but he knew enough about keeping afloat They were glad to meet their new relation, too little.' And if I should say to you, lower landing on the stairs Tom was run- while carrying a burden to attempt to with whom they were to stay all night. 'Alice, if you please, may I paint on your how different today was from a year ago, ning down behind her. "Shah we take the save the little girl. street car or walk?" asked Slasy.

"Here, hold to my shoulder, but don't "We have to do both-ride first, then pull on me!" cried Tom, as he swam to finish up by walking a mile," replied Tom. the girl's side. She was rising from the tired from their long journey, and were "But I will not say, no." said her sister. "But you'll enjoy every step of the walk, water into which she had gone over her Sis. It's through the loveliest meadow, head after the bushes gave way and was across a corking fine creek and up a long coughing and strangling. Her eyes, too, and began to cry, wiping the water from the chestnuts and thinking so little about her

hill. You'll have an appetite when dinner were so filled with water that she could her poor face. time comes." not see anything distinctly. But she real-"Now, my dears. I want you to have a ized that someone was there to save her, Sissy. "You are all right now. I know promised Sissy. "You see, we are the city

perfect day," said Mrs. Hall, as she kissed and she caught at the form of the little you must be almost frozen though, so put company' expected to dinner at the farm walked Mr. Jones, who said: "I have her son and daughter good-bye. "But be swimmer. So vigorously did she hold on, on this Jacket and go with us to the house house. And it's lucky for you, little girl, and so wildly did she flounder that for a at the top of the hill. We'll soon get there." that we came along just as we did. sure to return home before dusk." Then away went Sissy and Tom. They moment it seemed they both must be

boarded a street car at the corner and rode drowned. Sissy had rushed to a spot on Tom, whose teeth were chattering from save the chestnuts." to the end of the line. From that point the bank near to the place where form the cost of the place," explained the they set out to walk over a country road and the little girl were making such a that he little girl were making out, warning child. "My ma works for Mrs. Grey, and that he little girl were making out, warning child. "My ma works for Mrs. Grey, and they are expecting city company for dinto the end of the line. From that point the bank near to the place where Tom the cold dip he had suffered.

mendow." "Yes, and you'll enjoy every minute of to his shoulder and he would soon get her dinner. So she sent me to the neighbors, the day at George Grey's home. You've to dry earth. never met George's mother and father. Eut of a sudden the little girl was so nuts to stuff the turkey and when I got for Tom was too large to wear George's joiced over the things he said. "Let us

have you?" "No, but I think George a dear boy,"

home. Ever since you and George became bank. Sissy was ready to lend two strong boo-hoo! I lost the bag of chestnuts!" such fast friends at school mamma and I hands in assisting the two up the steep, But school claims all my attention, you know, and mamma has been so busy all fail with her numerous duties at home and her church work that she has found it impossible to get out to the Grey's farm. But she sent Thanksgiving greetings to Mrs. Grey, and asks her to come

in to luncheon with us some day soon." Thus the children chatted as they walked along. Then they turned a corner in the road and came full upon a lovely stream. A foot bridge spanned it, leading to the road on the opposite shore, which began to climb a long, timber-covered hill.

"At the top of that hill is the Grays' house," explained Tom. "You'll see it after we get half way up the hill. The trees hide it from us at this point in the road."

"Help-help-help!" rang out on the morning air. "Help! I'm drowning!" Tom and Shawy were just setting foot on the bridge when the cry fell upon their ears. Both looked in the direction from which the voice came and saw a small girl floundering in the creek a hundred yards up stream frum the bridge. Evidently the shild had just that moment failen into the water,' for she was close to the bank, and was

Adlena Sorry, Monarch, Wyo, Box 82, Fred Sorry, Monarch, Wyo, John Barron, Monarch, Wyo, Edith Amend, Sheridan, Wyo, I jumped up!" cried Dorothy. dream.

nue, Omaha. Frances Johnson, 933 North Twenty-fifth Avenue, Omaha. Marguerite Johnson, 933 North Twenty-Henry L. Workinger, care Sterling Remedy - T guess I'll go and see if it's there, mother saw the fairy she was changed to iust for fun,' she thought. And, wonder a human person. She became the little girl's sister, but none of the fairies have

East By Helen E. Morris, Aged 9 Years. McCool Junction, Neb. Red Side.

fornia. They had never seen any real a smile and said:

snow, only the occasional flurries that May?" melt as soon as they touch the ground. So when their cousins from the east How did yon get to be so big, Alice?" wrote them what jolly times they have at

grandma's house on Thanksgiving they golden curls. were very anxious to go. The 19th of November was set as the are little you can do nothing. I say to Kitty has now made up with Marie and

days little boys. But after they started they say to mamma, 'If you please, mamma, found plenty to amuse them enroute. dications were for a snowstorm. On the too little.' And I say to grandmama, 'May next day they reached Martinsville, Ind.,

eat Thanksgiving dinner the next day. The children went to bed early, being big, for naps are of no use."

20

Little May

By Helen Carmon, Aged 5 Years, Auburn, Neb. Red Side. Sidney and Harry were born in Call. ing her sister until Alice looked up with one who got the highest grade.

"Oh, because I want so much to be big!

"Oh, no, it is not," said May, shaking her "It is dreadful to be little, for when you the book.

time when they with their mamma were papa, 'If you please, papa, will you take they are good friends, and there is not a to start for Indiana, where their grand- me with you on your sailboat today?" And girl in school that dares to talk of either mother, aunt and cousins lived. The five papa says, 'No, the wind is too strong. You of the girls if either is around. journey seemed endless to the two cannot go for you are too little.' And I

ever seen her since.

may I go with you to walk?' And mamma On the fourth day they reached Chicago and it was very cold and cloudy. All in-too little.' And I say to grandmama, 'May Net Side. and it was very cold and cloudy. All in- long walk and it would tire you. You are I go to drive with you, if you please, grand-

mamma?" And she says, 'I am going to

Just then she awoke to find it all a saw would instantly be changed to a "I did not," said Kitty. "I was at the human person. When the little girl's top of the hill when you fell." "I guess I'll go and see if it's there, mother saw the fairy she was changed to "You were not." said Marle "I was. I guess I ought to know," said girl's sister, but none of the fairles have Kitty.

> "Have your own way, baby," said Maria "All right, I will, Good-bye," and off she flew. "The mean thing," said Marie to herself,

The next day was an examination and Little May stood for a long time watch- the teacher had promised a book to the

Marie took her book home, but some way "What makes you look so sad, little Kitty got into Marie's room and hid the book. That night Marie could not find her book, so could not study.

In the test the next day Marie did not get the prize, and Kitty was revenged, and not a person ever found out who hid

as he said, he was ready to "bust."

The Minister's Thanksgiving

It was the day before Thanksgiving, and The children of course were very curious. As the clock struck 12 Glydes and Teddy the minister sat in his study. He could where their uncle and cousins met them. take a long drive. You cannot go, you are hear his three children silding down the marched into the dining room. They were all going out to grandma's to pleture?" You would say, 'No, you are too when they were without a home and he little.' And I do not know how to grow didn't know where he was going to preach.

giving day he went over the last year in

brought you a load of wood to show my MY thanks to you for your work of this year." As he was leaving Mr. Black came in

much laughter at Tom's expense as he ap- He called his family to come in and zee down in the meadow, to get some chest- peared at table in an old suit of Mr. Grey's, the good things and after they had re-

By Blanche Ball, Aged 11 Years, West Twenty-second Street, Kearney, Neb, Red Side.

By Vera Kackley, Aged 8 Years, Moor-croft, Wyo. Red Side. Once there was a little boy whose name We have a pet horse named Midge. She is coal black and has a very pretty mane was Harold. He liked to have his own and tail. Her tail is quite long and reaches way and found it very hard to obey his within about eight inches of the ground mother. The next day was to be his By Camilla Edholm, Aged 7 Years, 116 She weight about 1.000 pounds and is a mother's birthday. She found several press. South Thirty-sixth Streef. Blue Side. years old. She is very gentle, isn't afraid ents under her plate at the breakfast table. of anything and anyone can handle her, but she said that she liked Harold's tha She can pace or trot at a good gait and best. So you want to know what it was, likes to sat all kinds of grains and hay. Very well, I will tell you. It was only a slip of paper on which was written. "Dear but prefers alfalfa.

Midge likes to play very much. One day mother, I love you and I am going to obey she got anxious to play and brake the you quickly ever after." hitching strap and went to play. She must One day soon after that the sun was have got ilred of playing and went to shining and Harold was at the brook catchfollowing a milk wagon, where we found ing fish. Pretty soon he heard his mother her. Whenever the milk wagon would stop call, "Harold! Harold!" .

"Oh, dear," said he, "I am going to preshe would stop also. If you ask her to shake hands she will tend not to hear. But I promised I would lift up her right foot and will let you obey her quickly, and I will."

shake with her. Away he ran; he fairly flow. He said "What is it mother? Here I am." One day after we had out new barn built "Harold, there is smoke on the railroad. the hook on the door was very casy to unfasten and so I suppose she wanted to keep. Go and see if anyone is near," she said. us husy so she would take the hook in her testh, unfasten it and push the door he went. The bridge under the track was morning and find a mole on my face 'I open with her nose.

We have had many chances to sell her est neighbor was two miles away. He did around in the night.

The suffcase was packed Sunday after, and nuts. person saw a fairy, the fairy whom they just said that Kitty had pushed her off. noon, also the things grandma had or- I like to read the Busy Bee edition and dered, for the impatient children, Monday I know every other little Busy Bes does.

play."

seemed a year away. But at last Monday came, the children were up bright and The Thanksgiving Turkey early. At 7 the fingle of sleigh bells was By Bertha Silberstein, Aged 9 Years, 513 North Twenty-second Strest, Omaha, Blue Side.

heard and up dashed a large roomy cutter filled with soft furs and blankets. It stopped in front of the gate and out of it jumped John, the hired man. He bundled there was great confusion in the barnyard in the two children and with many good. on account of hearing the farmer tell his byes, the cutter started.

w on the ledge.

Riverdale is a small town about fifteen out a turkay for dinner on the following miles from Boston where Glydes and day. Teddy lived. Grandma lived three miles

cession marched in, there were mamma,

papa, cousin Harry and Betsy and so many

front of the house and all were taken

home, but Glydes, Teddy, Harry and Betsy,

Harold's Queer Present

others they couldn't keep count.

Then one of the turkeys said: "It's no out in the country, so the children had use for you others to be afraid of being quite a ride. It was nearly noon when eaten. I'm the largest of you all, and I'm the sleigh drew up before a lagge old- the one he'll surely klit."

fashioned house, painted white, with a "My," said the hen, "you needn't worry large porch, at the bay window in front about being killed; you needn't say you're Glydes espled grandma with her wreath the largest, and, anyway, he don't care of white hair, framed with flowers that for turkeys-he said he wanted me, because I heard him say it."

Running in, what a welcome was theirs, "I'm going to run away; I'm afraid, of also a large, hot dinner. Teddy ate till being killed," said the smallest of the pur-"Shame, shame!" called the others. keys. "Where are you going? and how are you How fast the days went till Thankagiving. The attic was explored, the barn, the going?"

After a while they all thought they would sheds, everything. On Thanksgiving morn all went to the village church except hide. All except the large one went, and Grandma. When they came home no one he was killed. was' allowed to go in the drawing room.

Elsie's Good Time

By Winifred Brandt, Aged 8 Years, 3552 Jackson Street, Omaha. Blue Side.

One cold winter morning a little girl named Elsie called her mother and asked if she might go coasting on the hfil. Her mother thought it too cold to go out, so E sie played games. When Mrs. Hunter

open the drawing room door, a long pro- looked out of the window and saw all the children having such a merry time she called to Elsie and said she might go. Then Elsie slipped on her coat and hat and What a delightful dinner it was, there scampered.

was turkey, pumpkin, mince, lemon and When the children saw her coming they cream ple, tranberry sauce, dressing, both said, "Good, there comes Elsie." Everyone aweet and Irish potatoes, jelly, preserves, liked Elsie. She had such a good time etc., but last and best of all, ice cream, sliding. Her mother called them all in and molded into the shapes of pink roses and had some oyster soup. They all enjoyed flowers, trees, turkeys, animals and birds, it very much. They all went home very

happy.

A Story of a Squirrel

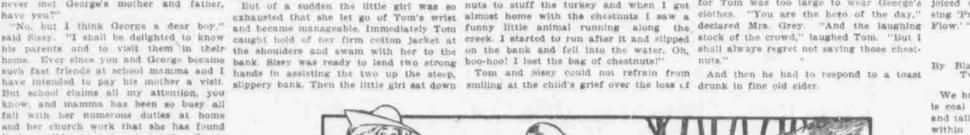
By Vera McMillan, Aged 9 Years. Fre-mont, Neb. Blue Side. One day, as I was going to school, F At the end of the week, much to the heard an awful noise and looked around dismay of both Glydos and Teddy, they and there were two dogs after a squirrel. The squirrel ran up a tree and the doga were trying to go up after the squirrel. One dog was a white one and the other was a water spaniel. I stood by and watched for a minute or two what they would do. Presently the school bell rang and I had to go and I didn't see any more.

A Queer Fairy

'The bees' honey is for two purposes, to eat, and for one other thing which I will tell you in a minute. There is a lady called Old Lady Beauty, who goes around in the day asking for honey from the bees which they give to her willingly, and which she puts in her basket. After she has her basket full she goes home. There

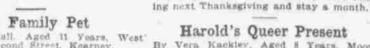
she makes all sorts of beauty spots and puts them in another basket. At night she goes out with the two baskets and a spoon, around to all the houses in the world

just like Hanta Claus putting honey on the beauty spots with the spoon and then putting the beauty spots on the people. She is kind of a fairy, but I don't exactly what whe looks like though. I always imagined she was an old peddler woman going along with two baskets and "All right, mother," he said, and away a spoon. Anyway, when I wake up in the burning and nobody was there. The near- know that Old Lady Beauty has been





"I'VE GOT TO SAVE THAT KID."



"Why, grannie," exclaimed Teddy, "the table is set for at least fifty." "I guess there is some mistake, take the two places at the head of the table," repiled grandma amiling. When the children were seated she threw

thought and wondered if he had been able to satisfy and gratify in every way the members of his church, as well as build up and refine their characters, and, most of all, had he pleased his Maker.

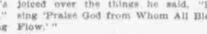
ner and telling her to merely hold tightly ner and ma wants to have a very fine cook's little daughter. And also there was whole winter,

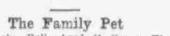
As he wrote his sermon for Thanks-

own narrow escape from death. "We'll make "Never mind, little girl," sympathized the matter about the chestnuts all right,"

"Where do you live, little girl"" asked dear brother saved your life-if he did not

with a big turkey and before the morning was brought in.





Harry and Hetsy lived in New York. sing 'Praise God from Whom All Blessings had to go home, declaring they were com-