LITTLE BUSY BEES THEIR OWN PAGE

THANKSGIVING DAY has tinged all the stories of the Busy Bees this week and we have a lot of interesting expressions of what the writers think Thanksgiving should mean.

The story which receives first prize tells in a pleasing way of what the first Thanksgiving day did mean to the people who started the custom. Another prize-winning tale tells of how a lad shared the season's joys with another. Neither of these stories was chosen solely for its moral, but both were chosen because the writer seemed to be more honest with himself—and his possible readers—in writing. He was thinking and trying to tell what he thought, and that is the way we should write. Sometimes we write trying to tell what we think the reader thinks, don't we?

There is an interesting page of stories this week. Read them all over and tell yourself which one you like best, and why, that you may form a habit of making up your own mind about things and having a reason for what you decide. That, you know, is a valuable habit, and one which lots of people have not.

One of the stories which is published this week is the writer's version of an old, old story which many writers have used as their theme. Since the writer has made it her version, told it in her own way and not as it was when she read it, it is, of course, her story. It would be better, though, for the writers, themselves, if they told of the stories they see themselves, things which happen in their own lives, because that trains the mind to recognize the story which is in every life, even every day, ordinary life.

The prize winners this week are Mary Katherine Harrison, Blue side, and Julius Brown, Red side.

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

Jean De Long, Ainsworth, Neb.
Irene McCoy, Bainston, Neb.
Lillian Mavis, Beaver City, Neb.
Mabel Witt, Bennington, Neb.
Anna Gottsch, Bennington, Neb.
Minnie Gottsch, Bennington, Neb.
Jacob Dampke, Benson, Neb.
Marie Gassagner, Benkelman, Neb. (Box 12).
Ina May, Central City, Neb.
Vera Cheney, Creighton, Neb.
Louis Haan, David City, Neb.
Rosa Freland, Dorchester, Neb.
Anna Schmidt, Elgin, Neb.
Eunice Boos, Falls City, Neb.
Ethel Reed, Fremont, Neb.
Hilma Lundburg, Fremont, Neb.
Marion Capps, Gibson, Neb.
Marguerite Bartholomew, Gothenburg, Neb.
Anna Voss, 407 West Charles Street, Grand Island, Neb.
Lydia Roth, 605 West Koenig street, Grand Island, Neb.
Lila Voss, 407 West Charles street, Grand Island, Neb.
Irene Costello, 115 West Eighth street, Grand Island, Neb.
Jessie Crawford, 408 West Charles street, Grand Island, Neb.
Pauline Schulte, Deadwood, S. D.
Martha Murphy, 923 East Ninth street, Grand Island, Neb.
Hugh Ratt, Lesbara, Neb.
Hester P. Hutt, Lesbara, Neb.
Alice Temple, Lexington, Neb.
Ruth Temple, Lexington, Neb.
Anna Neilson, Lexington, Neb.
Edythe Kreitz, Lexington, Neb.
Marjorie Temple, Lexington, Neb.
Alice Grassmeyer, 1546 C street, Lincoln.
Marian Hamilton, 2020 L street, Lincoln.
Elsie Hamilton, 2020 L street, Lincoln.
Irene Disher, 2030 L street, Lincoln.
Hughie Disher, 2030 L street, Lincoln.
Charlotte Boggs, 227 South Fifteenth street, Lincoln.
Mildred Jensen, 708 East Second street, Fremont, Neb.
Helen Johnson, 334 South Seventeenth street, Lincoln.
Althea Myers, 224 North Sixteenth street, Lincoln.
Louise Stiles, Lyons, Neb.
Estelle McDonald, Lyons, Neb.
Milton Seizer, Nebraska City, Neb.
Harry Crawford, Nebraska City, Neb.
Harvey Crawford, Nebraska City, Neb.
Lucile Hazen, Norfolk, Neb.
Letha Larkin, South Sixth street, Norfolk, Neb.
Emma Marquardt, Fifth street and Madison avenue, Norfolk, Neb.
Genevieve M. Jones, North Loup, Neb.
William Davis, 231 West Third street, North Platte, Neb.
Louis Raabe, 2809 North Nineteenth avenue, Omaha.
Frances Johnson, 933 North Twenty-fifth Avenue, Omaha.
Marguerite Johnson, 923 North Twenty-fifth avenue, Omaha.
Emile Brown, 2322 Boulevard, Omaha.
Helen Goodrich, 4016 Nicholas street, Omaha.
Mary Brown, 2322 South Central Boulevard, Omaha.
Eva Hendee, 4402 Dodge street, Omaha.
Lillian Wirt, 4153 Cass street, Omaha.
Lewis Poff, 3115 Franklin street, Omaha.
Juanita Innes, 2769 Fort street, Omaha.
Bassett Ruf, 1814 Binney street, Omaha.
Meyer Cohn, 846 Georgia avenue, Omaha.
Helen F. Douglas, 1731 G street, Lincoln.
Ada Morris, 3424 Franklin street, Omaha.
Myrtle Jensen, 2909 Izard street, Omaha.
Orrin Fisher, 1310 S. Eleventh St., Omaha.
Mildred Erickson, 2709 Howard St., Omaha.
Oscar Erickson, 2567 Howard St., Omaha.
Gail Howard, 4722 Capitol avenue, Omaha.
Helen Holen, 1525 Lothrop street, Omaha.
Charlton Goodrich, 4009 Nicholas, Omaha.
Maurice Johnson, 1021 Locust St., Omaha.
Jean Carson, 1151 North Forbella, Omaha.
Willis Howard, 4722 Capitol avenue, Omaha.
Hilah Fisher, 1310 South Eleventh, Omaha.
Mildred Jensen, 708 Leavenworth, Omaha.
Luna Heesh, 2780 Chicago street, Omaha.
Mabel Sheifelt, 4014 North Twenty-fifth street, Omaha.
Walter Johnson, 2905 North Twentieth street, Omaha.
Emma Carminers, 2211 North Twenty-fifth street, Omaha.
Leonora Denison, The Albion, Tenth and Pacific streets, Omaha.
Ina Raymond, O'Neill, Neb.
Madge L. Daniels, Ord, Neb.
Zola Bedden, Orleans, Neb.
Agnes Richmond, Orleans, Neb.
Marie Fleming, Osceola, Neb.
Lotta Woods, Pawnee City, Neb.
Pearl Perkins, Reddington, Neb.
Edna Ems, Stanton, Neb.
Lena Peterson, 2211 Locust St., E. Omaha.
Ina Carney, Sutton, Clay county, Nebraska.
Clara Miller, Utica, Neb.
Mildred E. Jones, North Loup, Neb.
Lola Wilson, Wahoo, Neb.
Leo Beckora, Wahoo, Neb.
Mae Grunke, West Point, Neb.
Rosie Stasney, Wilber, Neb.
Frederick Ware, Winside, Neb.
Pauline Parks, York, Neb.
Anna Benling, York, Neb.
Mary Frederick, York, Neb.
Carrie B. Bartlett, Fontanelle, Ia.
Irene Reynolds, Little Sioux, Ia.
Ethel Mulholland, Box 7, Malvern, Ia.
Eleanor Mellor, Malvern, Ia.
Katherine Mellor, Malvern, Ia.
Ruth Robertson, Manilla, Ia.
Margaret B. Witherow, Thurman, Ia.
Bertha McIlvoy, R. F. D. 3, Box 25, Missouri Valley, Ia.
Henry L. Workinger, 2052 W. Huron street, Chicago.
Adlena Sorry, Monarch, Wyo., Box 33.
Fred Sorry, Monarch, Wyo.
Pearl Barron, Monarch, Wyo.
John Barron, Monarch, Wyo.
Edith Amend, Sheridan, Wyo.
Pauline Squire, Grand, Okl.
Fred Shelley, 229 Troup street, Kansas City, Mo.
Mary McIntosh, Sidney Neb.
Nellie Diedrick, Sidney, Neb.
Eunice Wright, 532 North Logan street, Fremont, Neb.
Carol Simpson, Wilber, Neb.
Phyllis Haag, 632 West Seventeenth street, York, Neb.
Macile Moore, Silver City, Ia.
Mabel Houston, 5018 Sherman avenue, Omaha.
Dorothy Tolleson, 4346 North Thirty-eighth street, Omaha.
Mabel Baker, Lander, Wyo.
Corinne Allison Robertson, Wilber, Neb.
Elizabeth Wright, 1322 South Thirty-fifth avenue, Omaha.
Marion Staples, 1313 South Thirty-first street, Omaha.
Francis A. Dotson, Pueblo, Colo.
Phyllis Corbett, Sidney, Neb.
Edward Beckard, Wahoo, Neb.
Ellen Peterson Fifty-first and C. streets, South Omaha.
Harry Reuting, 123 East First street, Grand Island, Neb.
Jeannette McBride, Elgin, Neb.
Elizabeth Wright, 1322 South Thirty-fifth avenue, Omaha.
Eunice Wright, 532 North Logan street, Fremont, Neb.
Sadie Finch, 2018 Fourth avenue, Kearney, Neb.

Gathering the Corn

When Bob Went Racing

WHEN Rob's father, Mr. Danley, came home from his office one evening and announced that he had that day bought a fine automobile Rob's joy knew no bounds. He jumped about in his glee, declaring that now he would get to ride "just as fast as he should wish to." He had never had as fast an automobile ride as he desired. Sometimes he saw autos speeding along like the wind, but never had he ridden in one going like that. His mother's friend, Mrs. Davis, often came and took Rob's mother and himself for a spin through the park or into the country, but she was a careful driver and never let her machine out to a speed greater than fifteen miles an hour. This did not suit Rob, who wanted above all things to race with fast-going autos.

"Ah," he cried, on learning that his father had bought an auto, "I shall now ride like the wind." But his father shook his head, declaring that they must use caution driving their new machine. "Most accidents occur from people's driving recklessly," explained Mr. Danley. "We are going to enjoy our auto and feel safe at the same time."

Rob's head fell. "What's the use of having an automobile if one is going to ride along at a horse gait?" he said mentally. "I want to cut through the air like a bird on the wing." But of his desire he said nothing aloud, for he knew that his father was a very cautious man, and that if he thought there was danger in riding fast he would keep the machine at a slow, safe pace, and all Rob's arguments to the contrary would be of no avail.

The automobile was brought to Mr. Danley's home on the following day, and Rob's eyes were wide with joy when his father told him to jump into the front seat beside the chauffeur. The latter was employed to run the machine till Mr. Danley should learn to do so for himself.

"And after I have mastered the machine, son, you shall set beside me and I'll teach you to do the same. Then you can take your mother out riding when I can't find it convenient to go."

"And when I no learn the machine I'll drive some," said Rob jokingly.

"If you go to driving too rapidly I'll take your chauffeur's license away from you," laughed Mr. Danley. "No reckless hands shall damage this fine machine."

"All right, daddy; just as you say," replied Rob. But he felt that automobile riding should be for speed rather than for comfort.

One day while Rob was learning to drive the automobile his father, who was acting as his teacher (and who had already learned the management of the machine) was obliged to stop at his office to attend to some business. He left Rob in the car, telling him that he would be employed on the business for about twenty minutes. "Just stay in the car till I come back," he added. And left Rob in full possession of the great machine. As Rob sat watching the people passing to and fro on the pavement he did not notice a strange-looking individual who had advanced to within two feet of the automobile and who stood intently watching it. Occasionally he raised his eyes to Rob, who sat in the seat beside the chauffeur's seat. Then, as if from sudden impulse, he sprang into the chauffeur's seat, and before Rob knew what was going on had taken full management of the car and turned it into a side street, whizzing along at a rapid speed. In vain did a policeman call out after him to slacken his speed, which was unlawful in the heart of the city. On and on he went, looking neither to the right or to the left.

As soon as Rob could recover from his surprise and fright he gasped out this question: "Say, mister, how dare you to jump into our car without an invitation and run it in this way?"

But not a word in reply did the strange chauffeur utter. He kept his eyes riveted on the street in front of him, turning the car in and out amidst the traffic with the agility of an expert. That he was thoroughly familiar with the machine was quite evident. But his reckless driving and his wild expression alarmed Rob exceedingly.

"Say, mister, you've gone quite far enough. Please take me back to the place we started from, for my father will be waiting for me." As he addressed the stranger Rob laid hold of his arm, shaking it vigorously. "Come, take me and this car back at once or I'll have you arrested."

"Arrested. Ha, ha, ha! Arrest Hiram Powers, the greatest expert automobilist in the world? Ha, ha!" And on and on they went, the man still grinning widely at Rob's threat. Then as they had reached the outskirts of the city and the streets were almost empty of vehicles the strange chauffeur—self-named Hiram Powers—put on speed till the auto fairly flew, leaving a cloud of dust behind it. All poor frightened Rob could do was to hang onto the side of the seat with one hand and to his cap with the other. They were going at the rate of sixty miles an hour. Once Rob made as if to touch one of the breaks with his foot, but the stranger gave him a glance that said: "Hands off or there'll be trouble for all of us, the machine, yourself and me." So Rob shrank into the seat, fearing to budge or to speak lest the man do something terrible. That the person beside him was insane Rob felt quite certain. And that they were going at a dangerous speed he was also quite certain. How the wind bore against him in all its resistance! How the millions of particles of dust and sand cut his face! How really wearisome it was to go at such a speed, to endure such suspense! Poor child, he felt that his time had certainly come.

After thirty miles of such driving the man suddenly threw on the brakes, and the huge, trembling car came to a standstill in the middle of a fine country road about half a mile from a farm house. "Come, jump out and run to that house yonder and bring me a drink," so commanded the man of Rob.

But just as Rob was about to do as bidden, glad of the opportunity to get away from the crazy person who held his life in his reckless hands, the man stopped him. "Ah, sit where you are. There comes my servant, who will fetch me a drink." And the poor wild-eyed creature beckoned to an imaginary person in the road, saying: "Come, fellow, fetch me a drink from yonder well." But evidently the imaginary person did not prepare to obey, for the man became quite beside himself with rage and howled out: "Come, or I'll beat the life out of you. Why do you stand grinning at me when I command you?"

At this outburst Rob trembled to his very toes. What would become of him? Should he make one wild leap and gain the ground and run into the field on the roadside? But no, the crazy man would surely follow him and run him down. There was no fence behind which he might find a hiding place. The country was entirely open and every spot visible to one's view.

The man continued to abuse the imaginary servant who seemed very much inclined not to obey orders, for the master cried out: "I'll have your head, insolent dog." And with that the man jumped to the ground and ran after the imaginary servant, whom he fancied was fleeing from him. Down the road he went, wildly gesticulating and screaming at the top of his voice. "Stop, you ingrate, or I'll have your head!" Rob drew in a breath of relief. Then he began to think quickly. He must get away from that man as fast as possible. He had not learned how to manage the car as yet, but knew enough about it to run it slowly on a level road. So he turned on the power and started. Luckily for him the crazy man had turned down a side road, leading through a field. Slowly he drove the great palpitating car, which had not quite recovered itself since its terrific run, down the road, and had gone possibly a hundred paces when he heard the crazy man's wild yell: "Stop the car! I'm coming! Stop or I'll have your head!"

What Bob would have done no one can say had not some assistance at that very minute happened along, for the crazy man had turned back and had gained the main road, and was coming toward Rob at a run. Rob would not have dared putting on speed, for he was too new to the work of running an automobile to go to such risk of limb and life. But there sounded behind him the toot of an automobile horn just at the moment when he was about to despair. And, turning in his seat, he waved wildly to the three men coming behind him. "Stop I'm in great danger!" he cried. The men heard his cry and drew their own auto up beside Bob's car. At the same moment they saw and heard the wild yells of the insane man, who had almost reached Bob's machine. "Don't let that crazy man in my car again," cried out Bob desperately, standing up and pointing toward the coming crazy chauffeur.

"Ah-ha, there's something wrong here," said one of the men. And he jumped out and went to Bob's side. At the same moment the crazy man reached the car, and angrily tried to push the gentleman away. "Out of my sight, you ingrate!" shrieked the crazy man. "I'll have your head if you molest me or my car."

It took only a few words of explanation pretty soon, seated beside one of the gentlemen in the rear seat, his hands securely tied (for such precaution was thought to be necessary), a second of the three new comers got into the chauffeur's seat and drove townward as fast as he thought wise to drive. The third gentleman, who knew the management of an automobile perfectly, offered his services to Rob and drove the poor, half-dead boy to his father's office. There they found a good deal of excitement had been occasioned by Rob's strange disappearance, and Rob was told by one of his father's clerks that he should 'phone to his mother at once, as any communication at his own home would reach his father, who was searching for him. Well, to make a long story short, Rob soon located his father, and after much explanation on his part, for his parents were so excited and happy over his safe return that he was obliged to repeat many things incident to his wild ride, he said, demurely:

"Daddy, I've had my fast ride—a ride faster than the birds fly. And I want no more of it. Ten miles an hour is just about my speed. No, never again do I want to dash along like a crazy man rides."

"Yes, and that poor fellow—whose name really is Hiram Powers—is one of those racing car chauffeurs. And he has suffered from so many automobile accidents that his nerves have gone to pieces. He's been one of the greatest expert drivers in the country, but now he's done for. He just escaped the asylum a few days ago and the authorities have been on the outlook for him. How strange that he should have gotten into our car and taken you on such a dangerous expedition."

"Yes, he gave me the wild ride I have wanted. And I've had quite enough of it, too. Slowriding and comfort is my motto." And Bob sat down to his supper with a happy heart. It was so good to be safe at home once more.

DOWN THE ROAD HE WENT, WILDLY GESTICULATING AND SCREAMING.

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.
3. Short and pointed articles will be given preference. Do not use over 250 words.
4. Original stories or letters only will be used.
5. Write your name, age and address at the top of the first page.

First and second prizes of books will be given for the best two contributions to this page each week. Address all communications to CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT Omaha Bee, Omaha, Neb.

(First Prize.)

The Pilgrims' Thanksgiving.

By Mary Katherine Harrison, Aged 11 Years, 2602 North Twentieth Street, Omaha, Blue Side.

Many years ago when Pilgrims came to the country they found a place in the ground that had been dug up. They began to dig deeper and found an Indian basket of corn. They had never seen corn before. They planted the corn and it brought a big harvest. For this harvest and blessing they set a day apart to give thanks, and this was called Thanksgiving day.

They had pumpkin pies and corn bread. The fathers brought in wild turkeys, rabbits, clams and fish.

The Indians were invited to eat Thanksgiving dinner with them. The Indians brought deer with them.

When they were all seated around the tables they gave thanks to God.

At another Thanksgiving they did not have all this. They only had on each plate five grains of corn and some clams, but they gave thanks to God just the same.

(Second Prize.)

Willie's Thanksgiving.

By Julius Brown, Aged 9 Years, 2322 South Central Boulevard, Omaha, Neb. Red Side.

Willie was 5 years old on Thanksgiving day. He was going to spend the day at his grandmother's house. He knew he was going to have a hearty dinner consisting of sweets.

As he was starting he met a boy who had no home, so Willie took the little boy with him to his grandmother's house. He was welcomed by all and was asked to remain with Willie and share part of his Thanksgiving meal. They ate nuts and candy all afternoon and played many interesting games.

When Willie started for home he took the little boy with him. On arriving home his mother asked him all about it. Willie told her all and said: "Be good, let the little boy stay with me and share my bed and other things."

Willie was praised by all for being kind to the poor.

Thanksgiving Day.

By Vera Murray, Aged 10 Years, 1115 North Thirty-eighth St., Omaha, Neb. Blue Side.

Bessie was sad, for it was Thanksgiving day, and what was Thanksgiving without uncles and aunts and cousins to enjoy the day with her.

"Oh, dear, why did it have to snow so hard last night? We can't go out until we shovel our way out and it is so cold," she said.

But what was that noise; it sounded like the jingle of bells. She ran to the window and what did she see but a sleigh full of aunts, uncles, cousins, grandma and grandpa.

"Oh, mamma, look whose coming," she shouted.

Then there was a great bustle getting off wraps and getting warmed near the large fireplace. But soon everything was quiet and they had dinner.

In the afternoon Uncle John took all the children out in the big sleigh. And such fun riding over fences and hedges the same as if it were the road.

Then they went home and that night after every one had gone home Bessie told her mother that she had the best time in her life even if it did snow, for she said: "If it had not snowed we couldn't have had our sleigh ride."

Kenneth and Jolly.

By Sadie B. Finch, Aged 12 Years, 2016 Fourth Ave., Kearney, Neb. Blue Side.

In the Sierra Nevadas lived a little boy named Kenneth Raeburn. He was very fond of all animals, but especially so of a young goat which had been given him. He called the goat Jolly.

Jolly would follow him everywhere. She would come when he called her and eat from his hand. Many people traveling through the beautiful mountains wished to buy the kid, but Kenneth would not under any consideration sell her. Though poor, money could not tempt him to part with her.

One day his mother said: "I think the mountain berries are ripe and I wish you to gather some for me."

Kenneth quickly obeyed, for he loved his mother dearly. So he and Jolly trotted off for the mountain side. While Kenneth was busy gathering the berries the kid was gamboling and frolicing around and must have climbed high and higher up the mountain. When Kenneth had what he though sufficient berries for his mother he looked for Jolly. He immediately began calling her, but there was no answer from his pet. He hunted until darkness gathered around the great mountains.

At last the thought came to him that a wolf or perhaps a mountain bear had carried her off. But he must run home to mother. Poor mother, she would be worried about her boy. He inquired of all he met, but no one had seen her. Now Kenneth nearly cried.

"Don't cry, little boy," said a kind old man, "I think God will send you back your kid, for you love her so."

His mother consoled him the best she could. They ate their supper. He then said his prayers, asking God to please let Jolly come safely back home again. He went to bed, but could not sleep, the thought that poor Jolly might be in the wolf's den instead of in her own snug shed troubling him.

After a time he became drowsy and fell asleep and dreamed she was bumping at the door. A noise awakened him and he heard a scratch, scratch. He jumped out of bed and opened the door. There stood Jolly!

"Oh, you dear little Jolly! I am so glad to see you.," he cried, hugging and petting his kid. "The old man said God would bring you back and he did." And they were both very happy.

Two Real Friends.

By Francis Serhart, Aged 10 Years, 139 North Thirty-second Avenue, Omaha. Red Side.

Thirty-second avenue, Omaha, Red side.

South of Italy on a beautiful island called Sicily, there was built the city of Syracuse, and the ruler of Syracuse was a cruel tyrant. He had condemned a man named Pythias to be put to death.

Pythias asked the privilege of going home to see his family and arranging his affairs.

The king said, "You may go if you can find a friend to take your place."

Then a true and dear friend named Damon stepped forward and said, "I will take the place of Pythias and if he doesn't come back in due time I will die for him."

Then Pythias went home and saw his family and children. When he started back he was attacked by robbers and wild beasts and the bridge over the river which he must cross was broken away by the flood.

The king visited Damon in prison and said, "Your friend will not return and so tomorrow at sunset you will be put on the scaffold."

The next day came and Pythias did not return. The crowd was waiting to hear the fatal word from the king. Then the crowd looked up and what do you think they saw? It was Pythias on a horse riding as fast as he could go. When he got to the scaffold he jumped upon it and pushed Damon off and got on himself, saying, "Do your duty, executioner!"

But the king said, "No! let the faithful friends live and I, if worthy, be third in this bond of friendship."

Uncle Bob's Story.

By Virginia Pixley, 5002 Cass St., Omaha, Red Side.

"Oh, tell us a story," cried Gracie one night as Uncle Bob came into the library.

"Oh, do," cried Betty, who was a regular book worm.

"Tell us about when you were a little boy," said Tommy, crawling on his knee.

"Well," began Uncle Bob, "when I was a boy we used to jump on trains and ride a little ways and jump off. The policemen had warned us and told us not to jump on, and we paid no attention. One day a policeman arrested me and took me to your grandma and asked her if she would pay my fine or have me go to the police station. Mother, who wanted me to learn a lesson, told him she would not pay my fine. But I pleaded so hard that finally the policeman said that if I would lay sidewalks for a week he would let me off, so I laid sidewalks.

"One day, about a month after, I went to see a friend in Springfield, Ill. The night I got there, there was a big fire. We boys jumped on the train to go to it. But just as I went to get off my foot slipped under the wheels and cut my toes off That night I had to go home and your mamma and grandma and Aunt Addie came down to meet me. I will never forget the lesson I learned and I hope you children will profit. Run to bed now like good children and good-night."

MyPets.

By Oscar Young, Aged 14 Years, Hershey, Neb., R. F. D. 1, Box 10.

I had a dog whose name was Prince. He was not a very good dog. I got him when he was a puppy and then when I got him in the house he barked all night for his mother. We had him in the house over night because if he was out he might have frozen to death. When he grew to be a big dog he barked at everybody who went past our house.

At last one day somebody shot him. When we went to school one day we found him not far from the school house.

Well, I got a new puppy not long after that. We named him Buck. He has yellow fur. I have another pet (a horse). His name is Nick. He has all black fur. We can drive him double and single and he can be ridden. He is kind of funny sometimes.

A Thanksgiving Story.

By Henry Murray, Aged 8 Years, 1115 North 38th St., Omaha, Neb. Blue Side.

It was a cold day in November. John was sitting at the window. He was watching the people go by. His mother worked for a living. John's mother was very poor. He was a lame boy. As he was watching the people, suddenly he heard some bells; it was a sleigh. The sleigh stopped at John's house. The man knocked at the door. John's mother went to the door. The man asked to take John and her for a ride.

John and his mother got into the sleigh. The man made the horses go. They drove four miles in the country. Then he took them to his home and there they had dinner. After dinner the kind man took them to their own home.

That night John told his mother that it was the best Thanksgiving he had ever had.

Letter from New Bee.

Dear Editor: My name is Helen Frances Bernstein and my address is 2215 Davenport St., Omaha.

I have written a story entitled, "I Believe in Santa Claus." I enjoy the stories the Busy Bees write very much.

I see quite a few Thanksgiving stories in print. I enjoyed the story of the Magic Penny very much. I will be 9 years old the 17th of this month. I remain as ever

Your loving Busy Bee,
HELEN FRANCES BERNSTEIN.