

# BUSY LITTLE BEES IN THEIR OWN PAGE

THE BUSY BEES and ex-Busy Bees have responded so well to the request for letters on their idea of Santa Claus that the Busy Bee editor has found it difficult to decide which was best. The editor would like to give honorable mention to at least six of the writers. One little girl has looked up the origin of Santa Claus, which is very interesting.

All of the old Busy Bees who have passed the age limit of 14 years were admitted in the Christmas contest, and they write that it is fine to be a Busy Bee again, even though it is for only a week or two. A few stories were sent in on subjects beside "My Idea of Santa Claus" and "What I Would Do if I Could Give All the Christmas Presents that I Want to Give," the latter being the subject for the stories, or letters, for next week. All the stories sent in on other subjects will be saved and printed in either two or three weeks. Any Busy Bees writing on the latter subject, about presents, should send them in before Wednesday, December 16.

The prizes this week were awarded to Louise Raabe and Madge Daniels and honorable mention given to Myrtle Jensen. All three were on the Blue side.

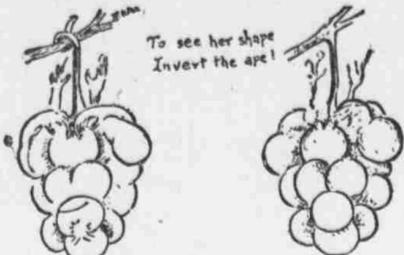
The answer to the rebus for last Sunday was: "An old man went for a walk and lost the key to his house, but a boy climbed in through a window and opened the door for him." Correct answers were sent in by Hulda Lundberg of Fremont, Harold Erickson of Omaha, Mary Olivinsky of South Omaha and Marie Holliday of Callaway, Neb.

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

- Jean De Long, Alworth, Neb.
- Irene McCoy, Barnston, Neb.
- William Murray, Denver City, Neb.
- Mabel Witt, Hennington, Neb.
- Agnes Dahmke, Benson, Neb.
- Vera Cheney, Creighton, Neb.
- Louis Hahr, David City, Neb.
- Irene Friedell, Dorchester, Neb.
- Eunice Boese, Falls City, Neb.
- Fay Wright, Fifth and Belle streets, Fremont, Neb.
- Harold Reed, Fremont, Neb.
- Marguerite Bartholomew, Gothenburg, Neb.
- Jessie Crawford, 406 West Charles street, Grand Island, Neb.
- Loyla Roth, 656 West Koenig street, Grand Island, Neb.
- Ella Voss, 407 West Charles street, Grand Island, Neb.
- Pauline Schulte, 412 West Fourth street, Grand Island, Neb.
- Martha Murray, 925 East Ninth street, Grand Island, Neb.
- Irene Costello, 115 West Eighth street, Grand Island, Neb.
- Alice Temple, Lexington, Neb.
- Ruth Temple, Lexington, Neb.
- Myrtle Kretsch, Lexington, Neb.
- Anna Nelson, Lexington, Neb.
- Marian Hamilton, 323 L street, Lincoln, Neb.
- Alice Grassmeyer, 150 C street, Lincoln, Neb.
- Etta Hamilton, 303 L street, Lincoln, Neb.
- Irene Disher, 309 L street, Lincoln, Neb.
- Hughie Disher, 309 L street, Lincoln, Neb.
- Louise Hiles, Lyons, Neb.
- Estelle McDonald, Lyons, Neb.
- Milton Selser, Nebraska City, Neb.
- Harry Crawford, Nebraska City, Neb.
- Harvey Crawford, Nebraska City, Neb.
- Jucile Hanson, Norfolk, Neb.
- Letha Larkin, South Sixth street, Norfolk, Neb.
- Emma McQuardt, Fifth street and Madison avenue, Norfolk, Neb.
- Mildred F. Jones, North Loup, Neb.
- Edith Rutt, Leona, Neb.
- Hester E. Rutt, Leona, Neb.
- Lillian Wirt, 418 Cass street, Omaha.
- Myrtle Cohen, 446 Georgia avenue, Omaha.
- Ada Morris, 244 Franklin street, Omaha.
- Myrtle Jensen, 1909 Izard street, Omaha.
- Clara Edwards, 1625 Lehigh street, Omaha.
- Helen Heck, 1625 Lehigh street, Omaha.
- Mary Brown, 322 Boulevard, Omaha.
- Lenaora Denison, The Albion, Tenth and Pacific streets, Omaha.
- Mildred Jensen, 2707 Leavenworth street, Omaha.
- Mabel Sheffield, 434 North Twenty-fifth street, Omaha.
- Reading Wilson, 4722 Capitol avenue, Omaha.
- Hulda Lundberg, Fremont, Neb.
- Emerson Goodrich, 406 Nicholas street, Omaha.
- Helen Goodrich, 409 Nicholas street, Omaha.
- Maurice Johnson, 1627 Locust street, Omaha.
- Hilsh Fisher, 1210 South Eleventh street, Omaha.
- Louise Raabe, 369 North Nineteenth avenue, Omaha.
- Emma Carruthers, 321 North Twenty-fifth street, Omaha.
- Walter Johnson, 245 North Twentieth street, Omaha.
- Leon Carson, 1124 North Fortieth street, Omaha.
- Emilia Brown, 222 Boulevard, Omaha.
- Everett Hendon, 440 Douglas street, Omaha.
- Juanita Innes, 2707 Fort street, Omaha.
- Genevieve M. Jones, North Loup, Neb.
- Madge L. Danick, Ord, Neb.
- Agnes Richmond, Orleans, Neb.
- Zola Beddoe, Orleans, Neb.
- Marie Fleming, Osceola, Neb.
- Lotta Woods, Pawnee City, Neb.
- Edna Bell, 440 Douglas street, Omaha.
- Emma Katal, 1216 O street, South Omaha.
- Ethel Ellis, Stanton, Neb.
- Martha Gunko, West Ord, Neb.
- Ina Carney, Sutton, Clay county, Neb.
- Harry Crawford, Nebraska City, Neb.
- Elsie Blasty, Wilber, Neb.
- Alta Wilken, Waco, Neb.
- Mary Fredrick, York, Neb.
- Pauline Parks, York, Neb.
- Edna Bell, York, Neb.
- Marie B. Bartlett, Fontanelle, Ia.
- Irene Reynolds, Little Sioux, Ia.
- Charles H. Bartlett, Box T, Malvern, Ia.
- Eleanor Mellor, Malvern, Ia.
- Kathryn Mellor, Malvern, Ia.
- Mildred Roberts, Manilla, Ia.
- Ruth Robertson, Manilla, Ia.
- Edith Amend, Sheridan, Wyo.
- Camilla Cammer, Omaha Sterling Remedy company, Atka, Ind.

## New Animal Analogues

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



### The Ape. The Grape.

The Apes, from whom we are descended, Hang apex down from trees suspended, And since we find them in the trees, We term them arbor-izinees. We all have seen the monkey-shines, Cut up by those who pluck from vines The Grape and then subject its juices To Baccha-nalian abuses.

-16-

Copyright, 1908, by Paul Elder and Company.

## Naughty Nell and Her Pets

By Maud Walker.

WERE you ever naughty? Not well, that is right; never, never be naughty. And if naughtiness ever tempts you to be influenced by him just recall to mind the story of Naughty Nell.

Once upon a time a little girl by the name of Nell lived in a fine, big house, and she had no brothers or sisters and was the only child there. Her mamma and papa gave her so many toys and pets she hardly had time to get acquainted with them. Among her pets were a dear little doggie and kitty, just the cutest wee things you ever saw. But little Nell was very unkind to Rex, the doggie, and Maybelle, the kitty. She teased them and pulled their ears and tails and pinched them till Rex barked with pain and Maybelle meowed pitifully from the hurt. But Nell was a very naughty little girl and did not mind hurting her pretty little pets that could not defend themselves.

One day naughty Nell went out upon the frozen pond to play at skating. She had no skates, but pretended to skate on her pretty red shoes. She had Rex and Maybelle tied to long ribbons and led them about on the ice-covered pond till their poor little bodies were almost frozen and their paws were numb with cold.

In vain did Rex and Maybelle bark and mew, but the naughty Nell paid no attention to their plaints. So long as she was warm and happy what mattered it about Rex and Maybelle.

But there was a good fairy flying over head, and seeing the unhappy plight of Rex and Maybelle, she came down to the pond and asked Nell why she was so cruel to her pets. "They're mine, and I can treat them as I like," retorted Nell. She had no idea that she was talking to a fairy, a real, sure-enough fairy. So, after she had made her unkind answer, she put her tongue in an ugly way at the pretty fairy, whom she thought to be another little girl like herself. You see, the fairy had her wings hidden beneath a long, warm cape and her little wand was kept secreted in a deep pocket of her apron.

"Well, don't you know it is cruel to hurt any living thing?" asked the fairy. "How would you like to be tortured in the way you torture that little doggie and kitty?" "Oh, nobody would dare to harm me," declared naughty Nell. "My papa and mamma would not allow it. They are very rich and we have everything we want, and nobody would dare to harm me."

"Well, we'll see about that," said the fairy, determined to teach naughty Nell a lesson. And instantly she drew forth her wand and waved it above Nell's head, and her pretty, warm hood became a thing that brushed across her fur-lined jacket turned into an old ragged cape, scarcely covering her shoulders; her shoes became thin and full of holes, and her hands became bare, turning purple from the cold.

"Oh, what are you?" cried Nell, much frightened at the strange things that had happened. "Why did you change my pretty clothes into these old things?" "You are a fairy, and I want to let you taste the punishment you inflict on other creatures," explained the fairy. "And now I'm going to run back and forth on this icy pond, leading you by a string until I have caused you to suffer as you have been making your pretty and helpless pets to suffer."

stoutly, "I'll call to my papa and mamma to come and beat you and to drive you off!"

"Ah, you naughty child; didn't you hear me say I'm a fairy? And if I wished to do so I could turn you into a stump, or a rock, and make you lie on the bank of this pond forever. So, don't be too impudent, or I may make your sentences the harder for you to bear. Now, come on, follow me and run lively, too."

So saying, the fairy tossed a long, looped string over Nell's head, drew it up snugly about her neck, still holding tightly to the other end. Then she flew up and down the frozen pond, dragging poor, half-frozen and suffering Nell after her. In vain Nell made vain attempts to untie the string, but she was running up and down.

At last naughty Nell fell to the ice exhausted and began to weep and to call to her papa and mamma. Then the fairy came to where she lay and said: "Do you realize now, child, how much you have made your pets suffer this cold day on the ice? Do you think you can feel kindly for living creatures in distress in the future if I let you return to your home once more?"

"Oh, yes, good fairy, oh, yes. I see now how naughty I have been; but I'll try to be better in the future. And now, if you change my garments back to the pretty warm ones—they were and give me the ribbons that are tied to my pets, I'll go home."

"No, I shall take these pets with me and give them to some kind-hearted children who have never tortured helpless creatures. Myrtle tucked under her long cape the little fairy flew away, and naughty Nell, looking after her as she disappeared, began to understand the lesson she had had. "Ah, I must be a better little girl in future," she sighed. And then she hurried home, almost frozen, to tell her mother and father of her strange experience. And it is hoped they profited by the lesson also.

AT LAST NAUGHTY NELL FELL TO THE ICE EXHAUSTED AND BEGAN TO WEEP.



## My Idea of Santa Claus

[The Busy Bees were asked to write for this week's paper on the topic of "My Idea of Santa Claus." The letters were all good. Here is what the Busy Bees think of dear old Santa.]

**(First Prize.)**  
**Louise Raabe, 2609 North Nineteenth Avenue, Omaha, Neb., Aged 12.**  
My idea of Santa Claus is that he is a symbol of free and cheerful giving and the bringing of happiness to children. It is said that the original Santa Claus was a bishop in Flanders, who was very charitable and fond of children, and became their patron saint.

Ever afterward his name-day was celebrated by the giving of presents to children. Later this custom was transferred to Christmas by the Christians to celebrate the birthday of Christ.

**(Second Prize.)**  
**Madge L. Daniels, Ord, Neb., Blue.**  
My idea of Santa Claus is that he is the jolliest, dearest old fellow in the world, and I think he is the most popular, for he is welcome in all homes, the rich throw open their doors to him and the poor are thankful to have him make them a visit.

When I look at the pictures of Santa Claus I make me think of the good absent watching over his sheep, for I think in the same way Santa Claus watches over little children. And one of my ideas is that the men and women who at one time believed in Santa Claus are better men and women for it.

best of all, hanging up the stockings for Santa Claus to fill. Dear old Santa Claus, who comes in his sleigh drawn by the prancing reindeer.

Each Christmas adds one more year to our lives, but though we should reach the three score and ten mark I hope none of us will be too old to still have the faith of little children in dear old Santa Claus.

**(Honorable Mention.)**  
**By Myrtle Jensen, 2609 Izard Street, Omaha, Neb., Aged 11.**  
Santa Claus! Whenever I think of that old little name I can almost see a little, fat, jolly old man before my mind. A merry twinkle is always in his eyes and a little dimple in his rosy cheeks. And a happy smile is always on his face, and he always has a merry chuckle or "Ho, ho," to greet any joke. He is always ready to spring a harmless joke on you if he has a chance. He has white hair and a long white beard.

Santa usually wears a red suit and a sort of turban or tassel cap. His hands couldn't possibly get cold, for he wears a pair of thick wooden mittens, which Mrs. Claus seems to have knitted. When Mrs. Claus ever starts out from his home (which is built beside the north pole, which Mrs. Claus considers excellent in which to fasten her clothes) to visit the boys and girls he carries upon his back a large, gray sack full of toys and sweetmeats. When he jumps into his sleigh the reindeer are very impatient to be off. As he waves goodbye to his wife the reindeer start. How fast they can go!

When they reach the first house they clamber up the roof, so that Santa can easily get down the chimney. When he appears again he is covered with soot. But what does he care for appearances? He simply jumps into the sleigh, gives a whistle and in a moment they are far away. Before dawn he is home again, having visited every home.

And indeed, is not Santa Claus the most blessed saint of all? Ask your little brothers or sisters. They know.

down the chimney. And with him he is carrying his pack full of toys for all good boys and girls.

I can just catch a glimpse of some of the toys, for you know his heart is so generous that he fills his sack overflowing. I wonder that some of them do not fall out.

Again, I think of him on Christmas eve, waiting for his chance to leave his toys to the children. He must wait till they are all asleep, before he ventures down the chimneys. When sure there is no one peeping he fills the stockings with candy and nuts and sorts out the toys; and he goes from house to house in this manner. When he has finished his route he dashes back to his home near the north pole as fast as his reindeer can carry him.

This was my idea of Santa Claus when I was very young, but now I know that there is no such a man as he.

The real Santa Claus appears different to me. He is the father of the family and provides all the toys and amusement for Christmas. He is the one that plays Santa Claus and fills the stockings and trims the trees. There are many children who are not blessed with a father, but some kind friend plays Santa Claus.

**By August Raabe, 2609 North Nineteenth Avenue, Blue, Aged 10.**  
My idea of Santa Claus is that it is a very nice way of bringing happiness and joy to children. Santa Claus does not want anything in return for his gifts, and we ought to feel the same.

**By Letha Larkin, Norfolk, Neb., Blue, Aged 10.**  
I will write my opinion of Santa Claus. He comes on Christmas eve, and the little children climb out of bed early on Christmas morning to see what he has brought them. The children are brought up from little tots to look forward to Santa Claus, and even write letters telling him what to bring. I think a Christmas tree lit up with candles and presents is real happiness to the little ones, for they delight in seeing the pretty lights and playing with their toys Santa has brought them, while mothers and fathers look on with pleasure. Santa Claus' coming down the chimney from the cold north, bringing his reindeer and riding all over the world in one night couldn't be true, therefore I think when children reach the state of doubtfulness of Santa Claus they should be told the truth.

In another way I look at Santa Claus as a mere intruder.

I think we all know not where Christmas originated, and they love the unseen Santa Claus who brings them so many things, when that love should be given to the father and mother and not to some imaginary being, when no Santa Claus at all has made them happy, but their own parents, who have a great interest in the happiness of their children.

**By Hulda Lundberg, Queen Bee, 348 T Street, Fremont, Neb., Blue.**  
I think we all must have a different idea about Santa Claus.

There are two kinds of Santa Claus, called mortal and immortal. The first of these we see every day, but the immortal one we see only once a year. I like the mortal one best, for he brings me just what I want. Which one do you like best? This immortal Santa Claus is the one I am going to tell you what I think of. He has long snow-white hair, small blue eyes, rosy cheeks and is short and stout. I imagine his home to be in the extreme northern part of Canada, for he is always bundled up when he comes to this country. His trip is made in a large sled or sledge drawn by reindeer. The words Santa Claus remind me of Christmas, the best time of the year, which is celebrated everywhere.

This Santa Claus has been known of for more than the last fifteen or twenty centuries. So you see he must be pretty old. But he doesn't seem to mind age, for he is just as happy and cheerful now as he was twenty centuries ago, and in 100 more years I think he will be just as happy as he is now. Don't you? Each one of us has or has had a mortal Santa Claus. Well, my mother is getting pretty long now, so I will close for this time.

little children candy, nuts and toys to make little heart glad. Santa Claus is much older than any Christian saint. We should try to make everybody happy, even for a moment, on Christmas Day. Santa Claus does all good to his children. I hope he will be good to all the readers of the Busy Bee's page this Christmas.

**By Eunice, Wode, Falls City, Neb., Blue, Aged 12.**  
Dear Editor: My idea of Santa Claus is of an old man about 70 years old, who is a friend to children and a generous giver of gifts, that enjoys making others happy. He never speaks an unkind word to anything, and is merry and jolly from morning until night. His eyes are brown, his cheeks are rosy, his face is tanned and his cheerful smile nearly covers his plump face. He has a long white beard and white hair. He is dressed in red, just the color of holly berries, and his coat and cap are trimmed with soft brown fur. He wears a pair of warm, thick boots on his feet and a pair of fur mittens on his hands, the hands that are employed every Christmas eve in stuffing children's stockings full of everything they will possibly hold. He knows just what to put in every stocking, for he, of course, receives all the letters the children write to him. I can just imagine the dear old fellow reading them and smiling at himself. I think he is a friend, playmate and grandfather to every single child on earth, don't you?

**By Marie Stirling, 1011 North Thirty-third Street, Omaha, Blue, Aged 12.**  
Of course, Santa Claus is a great big man, with great big white beard, fat and jolly, always dressed in furs, because he only comes around in winter with his reindeer and sleigh filled with presents for everybody; but somehow the boys have been saying at school there is no Santa Claus just only our papa and mamma, and then I wonder how could Santa Claus possibly come down our chimney with a load of stuff. Then when I hear papa and mamma talk of getting this and that thing for somebody, I'll tell you what I think, and that is, there's a great big Santa Claus in papa's heart and every Christmas he comes out and brings us what we need for pop kones. And that every boy and girl who has a papa and mamma, has a big Santa Claus looking out for them. He sometimes comes out of a man's heart who has no children of his own. Then he looks around for boys and girls who have no papa and mamma. I say there is a Santa Claus far if the good things come from just every day pop, why he might just as well give them to me some other time. So I say, Hurrah for Santa Claus!

**By Louise Stiles, Lyons, Neb., Blue, Aged 13.**  
If I were to give my idea of Santa Claus a few years ago I probably would describe him as a fat, jolly-looking little man dressed in bright red clothes trimmed with fur, and with a huge pack of toys on his back.

I was sent to school very early. As I lay in bed thinking about the night before, the next day, I had a vision. Past my door went a fat man in dressing-gown and slippers, carrying a lamp and some mysterious looking packages. Following was a slim woman in kimono and slippers, also loaded down with packages. They passed noiselessly down the stairs and soon I heard the rustle of papers and voices in conversation, but in too low tones to be understood by anyone who was upstairs. The next morning the floor was littered with strings and papers and the stocking bulged with toys. And, strange to relate, a pink natured doll followed or was wrapped around a long, slim package, was lying suspiciously near a doll which was too big to go in the stocking which it was intended to go in, so it had to be seated on the floor with a teddy bear. So, since that Christmas, my idea of Santa Claus has changed somewhat.

**By Sarah Linsdale, West Point, Neb., Red, Aged 10.**  
Dear Busy Bee Editor: My idea of Santa Claus is that he is just about the best person living and that he must be a very good natured old fellow or he would not be out on Christmas eve in the bitter cold and come down the black chimneys to make the little folks happy. He always has a smile for everyone. He must be a happy man, and I would like to have a peek at his workshop in the north pole, where he makes all the dolls, teddy bears, monkeys, donkeys and little automobiles. He must have a great many little children up there helping him, and when he sets so old that he needs rest, and can't work any more, he will send one of his older children out to distribute the toys to the little ones.

Santa Claus must have some very swift reindeer to drive. I hope he will bring all of the little girls and boys many nice presents. With a merry Christmas and a happy new year to all I must close my letter.

**By Alice Temple, Lexington, Neb., Red, Aged 9.**  
I think I know Santa Claus in my papa and mamma, though I used to think he was a short, jolly, fat man with white hair and beard, dressed in red with white fur and, of course, a bag of toys and candy, fruit and nuts slung over his back. Also that he would not bring you toys, candy, etc., unless you were very good, but I have found out the difference, as many others may have.

**By Orrian Mayes, Inak, Wyo., Blue, Aged 12.**  
My idea of Santa Claus is that he is not just one man who travels all over the world in a sleigh or an automobile, but your papa, your mamma or anyone who gives presents to children and enjoys giving them may be a Santa Claus.

A couple of years ago a gentleman and his wife gave a good many of the children of Inak presents at Christmas time, just because they loved to give them to the children to make the little ones happy.

**By Margaret Davies, 511 West Military Avenue, Fremont, Neb., Blue, Aged 12.**  
It was upon the eve of the 24th of December, about 8 o'clock, when most small children were getting their Christmas stockings ready for Santa Claus. When after preparing for Santa, or as he is sometimes called, St. Nicholas, they try to get to bed. This dear fellow has a round, fat stomach and such a jolly face, who comes with his long fur coat and stockings, cap, his boots and leggings pulled up tight around his legs, who has a long old-fashioned pipe and he puffs the curls of smoke as he rides from the far, far away country with his pack of toys for all good girls and boys. He has something for the poor people and, probably, gives a blessing to all. About midnight, when the children are sleeping soundly, all cuddled up in their little beds, out on the lawn there is the sound of his sleigh, quietly gliding along on the hard packed snow. Then early in the morning there is a noise "b-n-g-n-g."

It is the sound of alarm clocks waking the children to come down and see their stockings, which are filled with all kinds of goodies. For the girls they find dolls, dresses and taddy bears, and for the boys, sweaters and engines. When all are up, they gather round the Christmas tree and sing Christmas carols and give thanks unto God and ask Him to bless their Santa Claus.

**By Harold Hart, Fifteenth and Davenport Street, Omaha, Red, Aged 14.**  
Do you know, friends, that I have seen Santa Claus, both in my day and night dreams? He is a tall, stalwart fellow, with a shaggy white beard and long, silky white hair. His merry blue eyes twinkle under two thick brows, and his lips are always curled in a smile. The cherry red of his cheeks give his face a ruddy glow.

He wears long boots that come to his knees, and red knee breeches; also a red coat and tassel cap. All are trimmed with white fur. His back must be very broad and strong or he could never carry all those toys, and I am sure that he is tired out the day after he makes his calls. His reindeer are the swiftest in the country and his sleigh is a large red one, trimmed in gold. If you should be lucky enough to get a peep at Santa Claus' eye see if he doesn't look as I have said.

**By Vera Kirschbraun, 511 South Twenty-fourth Street, Omaha, Blue, Aged 12.**  
My idea of Santa Claus is that of an old man with a long white beard and merry blue eyes. Every year on December 25 he goes from country to country giving presents to all children, rich and poor alike, and making Christmas a holiday all over the world. He is a merry, good-hearted old man, hundreds of years old, but year after year he does good to everybody and makes all children happy. The children all love him and every Christmas they hang up their stockings, knowing that generous Santa Claus will fill them full of beautiful presents. He is so generous that he teaches the children to be generous also and to remember that to give is better than to receive.

**By Gladys Lindskog, 4227 Ohio Street, Omaha, Aged 9.**  
I will tell you my idea about Santa Claus. Many years ago on December 25 our Santa Claus was born. Then people began to celebrate this holy day. In these days there is a mysterious being by the name of Santa Claus. Santa Claus is St. Nicholas the wonder worker, who is trying to make people happy on Christ's birthday.

This mysterious midnight visitor is very old, so old he will never die.

I hope Santa Claus will bring all the boys and girls of the Busy Bees' page plenty of things for Christmas.

**By Irene Rose, Herman, Neb., Red, Aged 9.**  
I think that Santa Claus is a dear old man, with long white hair and whiskers. He comes every Christmas and brings lots of toys with him. I hope there will be snow on the ground, so he can bring his sled and reindeer. He has so far to go he will have to be in a hurry to reach every little girl and boy.

We think he must come down the chimney, as the doors are all locked. Anyway, we hope he will get in some way and fill our trees full of presents.

**By Frances Byrne, 2408 South Tenth Street, Omaha, Blue, Aged 11.**  
When I was smaller I always thought of Santa Claus as a jolly faced little man, dressed in red and white, and with a long white beard, but as I grew older I knew that there was no such being that comes down the chimney.

I think that everyone who gives gifts in the right spirit on Christmas is an individual Santa Claus.

**Our Motto**  
By Ruth Pickering, Aged 13 Years, David City, Neb., Blue.  
I am a package of seeds called poppy seeds. I am lying on a shelf in a store. There comes two little girls. I wonder what they want? This is what they said: "We want a package of poppy seeds." So the grocer came to where I was and wrapped me up and gave me to one of the little girls. When they got home they dug a hole and put me in. After a while I thought I would like to get out of the cold ground, so I pushed and after while I pushed my way out into the light. The girls were overjoyed when they saw me. "Oh, see! There is a poppy out!" said the girl. "Where was I?" "Tomorrow is May basket," said Mary. "So it is. Who will give this poppy to?" said Mary. "Let us give it to our teacher," said Mary. "Why, Mary? Give it to your teacher, who we don't like a bit." "Well, I think we had better," said Mary. "I just happen to think of this verse, 'Do unto others as you would have them do unto you.'"

"Well, I suppose we will have to," said Mary. So the next evening they picked me, put me in a basket and went to the teacher's house. "Let's knock and not run and hide," said Mary. "All right!" They knocked and their teacher came to the door. "Here is a basket," one of them said. "How nice to bring me a basket. Won't you come in?" I guess not," said Mary. As they went home Mary said, "I am glad we went." Let's have this for our motto: "Do unto others as you would have them do unto you."

**Playing Ball**  
My idea of Santa Claus is that he is not just one man who travels all over the world in a sleigh or an automobile, but your papa, your mamma or anyone who gives presents to children and enjoys giving them may be a Santa Claus.

A couple of years ago a gentleman and his wife gave a good many of the children of Inak presents at Christmas time, just because they loved to give them to the children to make the little ones happy.

**By Margaret Davies, 511 West Military Avenue, Fremont, Neb., Blue, Aged 12.**  
It was upon the eve of the 24th of December, about 8 o'clock, when most small children were getting their Christmas stockings ready for Santa Claus. When after preparing for Santa, or as he is sometimes called, St. Nicholas, they try to get to bed. This dear fellow has a round, fat stomach and such a jolly face, who comes with his long fur coat and stockings, cap, his boots and leggings pulled up tight around his legs, who has a long old-fashioned pipe and he puffs the curls of smoke as he rides from the far, far away country with his pack of toys for all good girls and boys. He has something for the poor people and, probably, gives a blessing to all. About midnight, when the children are sleeping soundly, all cuddled up in their little beds, out on the lawn there is the sound of his sleigh, quietly gliding along on the hard packed snow. Then early in the morning there is a noise "b-n-g-n-g."

Hey diddle-dee-diddle, A boy up a tree, Gah! gah! gah! That won't fail, And his chums Down below, Tally ho! the nuts He does throw So they're playing A new game of ball.

—Jack Juglets.