

# The Busy Bees :: :: Their Own Page

**I**F ALL the Busy Bees were asked to send in a list of five of their favorite books, the editor believes that the name of "Little Lord Fauntleroy" would appear on every list. Over none such other book have Busy Bees laughed and cried as over the episode in the life of quaint little Fauntleroy. Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett has written other popular stories for little folks, but none of them are quite so appealing as this little fellow.

Little Lord Fauntleroy was not a creature of Mrs. Burnett's imagination. No, indeed. He was her very own little boy Vivian, and the part of the story which deals with his life in England, grew out of the fact that Mrs. Burnett was an English woman.

Now Vivian has grown to manhood and will be married this month to Miss Constance Buel, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Clarence C. Buel of New York City. Vivian Burnett has always been the center of much interest, since it became known that he was the original of his mother's famous book.

The picturesque little black velvet suits and white lace collars that fauntleroy used to wear were for a long time the fashion for small boys. These suits were on the style of the black velvet ones shown in the famous picture of the two ill-fated little Stuart princes in the Tower of London, before they were put to death by their grasping Uncle Richard. Do the Busy Bees know this story also? It is most interesting history.

This week first prize was awarded to Mary Findley of the Red Side; second prize to Edith Weil of the Blue Side, and honorable mention to Margaret Kipp of the Red Side.

## Little Stories by Little Folk

(First Prize.)

### Mountain Climbing.

By Mary Findley, Aged 12 Years, 2002 Lincoln Boulevard, Omaha, Red Side.  
We spent last summer in Estes Park, Colo. One day we planned a trip to Hallett's glacier. We got up at 5:30 o'clock and by 8 o'clock were ready to motor seven miles to an inn, where the trail started. There were five of us in the party.

It was nine miles of hard climbing up a very steep trail, and part of the way there wasn't any trail at all.

About seven miles up there was a beautiful mountain lake. We stopped at a small cottage there to receive instructions about the way up, for there was no trail after that. After we had rested awhile we started up again, but we had just gotten started when my uncle suddenly announced that he was too tired to go any further and that he would stay down and fish.

By this time we were so hungry we decided to eat lunch before going on. We started again in about half an hour.

On the way up we saw about 400 mountain sheep, were in the clouds and were above a rainbow.

Finally we arrived at the top, very tired and footsore.

The glacier was a wonderful mass of ice, with water in some places and huge crevices in others.

In some ways it was harder coming down than it was going up, because it was very rocky and there were nothing but huge boulders. It was very hard to jump from one to another as some of them were loose and the only way to find out which were and which were not, was to jump on them. And another thing that delayed us was that we were caught in a terrible hailstorm.

But finally we reached the lake where we met my uncle and then started down on the long tramp to the machine where we very thankfully sank into the soft cushions to rest.

We were very tired, but very glad that after having made the trip we broke the record by half an hour.

(Second Prize.)

### Enjoyable Halloween.

By Edith Weil, Age 10 Years, 3413 Dodge Street, Omaha, Blue Side.  
Halloween night eight of the girls around our neighborhood dressed up, one as a witch on a broom and the rest as ghouls.

We went around to people's doors and danced and sang. After we got all the fun out of that we wanted we stopped and went over in the lot next door to our house and our chaperone built us a fire in the place which had surrounded with bricks that morning.

Each girl had a box of marshmallows and roasted them. We all had some sandwiches, too.

Thursday and Friday were vacation days, so my two sisters and a playmate and I dug fireplaces in our back yard.

Mother said if we would carry our bricks over from the lot into our yard we could use some of them for our fireplaces.

Thursday night we ate our supper outside. We baked potatoes and ate them. Friday night we did the same. We enjoyed our supper in the open air very much.

(Honorable Mention.)

### A Trip to Idaho.

By Margaret Kipp, Age 8 Years, Hastings, Neb., Red Side.  
Last summer I took a trip to Idaho to visit my Uncle James and Aunt Edith and their two baby boys.

At a mining camp in Wyoming two Japanese men with a baby girl 12 months old came into the Pullman. The mother of the baby had died and the father was taking it back to Japan. It had very black hair and eyes.

In Idaho I saw Indians, and a little way from uncle's house on a high hill some men were drilling a well. They were using a gasoline engine and worked day and night.

I hope to see my letter in print.

### Busy Bee Rhymes.

By Madeline Kenyon, Aged 13, 229 Cuming Street, Omaha, Blue Side.  
On a dark and gloomy morning, In the month of December, It was very cold and also storming, Much worse than in the month of November.

The snow was lying on the ground, And the children came out to play, And the poor children were at home, safe and sound, While the rich went out for the day.

As soon as the children had had their fun They all ran in to go to bed, The shining sun Had awakened them to run ahead. So off they ran as fast as they could, And told their parents they would be good, Their parents consented to let them go, And run out into the deep, deep snow.

### Story of a Penny.

By Edwin Swanson, 62 South Forty-Eighth Street, South Omaha, Red Side.  
I am a penny. My home is way down in the deep mountain rock. One day when I was playing with my comrades we heard some noise above us. We listened. Soon we saw a big, sharp thing come through the rock and lighted right near us and piled up. We were then put on an elevator and taken to the surface, and put in a big, black car and they said it was a train car. But I did not be-

play with the baby and forgot about the candy.

All at once the candy boiled all over the stove. Just then her mother came in. "Why, Dorothy! What have you been doing?"

Dorothy began to cry. "I was going to make some candy," Dorothy's mother was angry and she said, "Go and get the mop and clean this all up."

Dorothy did it very carefully and then her mother put her to bed and that surely taught Dorothy a lesson.

### Tom and the Cow.

By David Cohen, 1416 North Seventeenth Street, Omaha, Red Side.  
Once upon a time there was a man and he had a son whom he called Tom. Tom was kind to people and everybody loved him. One day Tom's father was counting his money and he found out that he was short in money and he said to Tom, "You will have to go and put some money in the bank."

One day Tom's father said, "We are going to sell the cow." So they took the cow to the butcher's shop and Tom went into the butcher's shop and asked, "Do you want to buy a cow?" "Yes," said the butcher, looking out the side window. "How much do you want for that cow?"

"I want a hundred dollars for it," said Tom. "Then take the cow around the back," said the butcher and handed him the money.

So they went home happy together.

### Like Prize Book.

By Esther Sims, Bradshaw, Neb., Aged 11, Blue Side.  
Dear Busy Bees: I wish to thank you for my book. I have read it and like it very well. I thank you very, very much.

### On Halloween.

By Madeline Kenyon, Aged 13 Years, 229 Cuming Street, Omaha, Blue Side.  
The orange and black wagon which was driven to two white horses was occupied by many happy children and adults. The two front wheels were decorated in black, while the hind two were decorated in orange.

The horses, which were huge in size, had orange and black ribbons tied to their long white hair. The children who were in the wagon were dressed in orange and black—the boys in orange, while the girls were in black. As they were riding through the streets they would often meet groups of children dressed as witches.

When it was getting late they started for home. This is how a certain group of children spent their halloween.

### Our School Pictures.

By Robert Mason, Aged 11 Years, 645 East Twelfth Street, Fremont, Neb., Red Side.  
In our school each grade has a picture taken from some painting, which was painted by some great artist. I remember when we first got them I was

proud to add my pennies toward buying a picture of "Baby Stuart," by Vandyke. Baby Stuart is so pretty and sweet in his little cap.

I have gone through the grades until I am now in the fifth grade. Our room has the picture called "Saved," by Land-

## To Be Little Lord Fauntleroy's Bride



By Madeline Kenyon, Aged 13 Years, 229 Cuming Street, Omaha, Blue Side.



By Henrietta M. Rees.  
Once upon a time there lived in another man engaged in another line of business, who suddenly and without warning bloomed forth as a vocal teacher. He taught for several seasons with more or less success, and one day there came to his studio a talented young girl, possessed of a lovely lyric voice wide in range and unusually sweet in quality. Teacher probably did the usual things, gave her studies and pieces, and may be now and then changed or corrected something, but he never exactly, but at last came the momentous day when the young lady was to make her musical debut. Beside the lovely voice she had looks and charm, and her many friends, (of course she was immensely popular), were all tips for the great event. Finally the night arrived. The recital hall was filled with the friends of the rarely curious and the musically inclined.

The young lady appeared, prettier than ever in her dainty new dress, but what did she do when she sang? By the charm of her personality, her talent and her remarkable assurance, she managed to put the spirit of the song across the footlights. But what a poor, indecent, unbecoming spirit it was—for, alas, the technique of her art—wasn't. Her breath control was not so good, and her enunciation in the main was fairly good, although the only vowel she could sing on a high tone was long I. But what about vowel placement, tone coloring, evenness of development and the attack, which was always made by a portamento, or, in other words, a scoop, starting on a long tone and sliding up to the desired one, and musically in bad favor, what about these and a number of other things pupils are supposed to know before they are presented in public?

She received a great deal of applause, however; many flowers were passed over the footlights, and afterward her friends crowded around and pressed congratulations upon her. As a charming young lady she was a success, but as a musician hardly. Now here are two tragedies, one a man, who is probably a perfectly good man in some other line of business, who is not making a success as a vocal teacher, no matter how many pupils he may have, and the other a confident young girl who has a lovely voice which is gradually being spoiled by careless treatment. Verily, one who teaches vocal work assumes a big responsibility, larger than that of any other professional musician, for in this case the instrument is not mechanically made, but divinely given. One cannot get a new one, when it is gone. And, as for pupils, sometimes assurance is a dangerous thing. One does not consider and compare, when one is positive.

And the pity of it all is that this is not one case, where one may mend, and deplore, but rather only an illustration of hundreds which are happening all over the musical world. There are other cases where people pose as pianists who have been abroad and studied with high sounding names, and yet who can not play two hands together, or get off of the pedal when the harmony changes. There are vocalists who are so busy making tones at they forget they are singing a song, and unlike the girl in the above fairy tale they leave out the spirit of the song, and merely present the technical clothing. This is much the same as a musical as it would be a ball, for people who were not able to be present at their party clothes to represent them. There are some who sound pretty well, but for goodness sake do not look at them.

The San Carlo Grand Opera company, which visits Omaha, December 15, 11 and 12, is at present giving a two weeks' opera season in St. Louis under the management of the grand opera committee of that city. This committee is composed of some twenty leading business men who are trying the experiment of an opera season at regular theater prices, with a view to having a permanent opera house and many other lovely things in connection with it. That their efforts are meeting with success is amply proven by the fact that for the opening night the house was not only sold out but hundreds of people turned away. Think of that for a grand opera performance. Homer Moore, the critic of the St. Louis Republic, says this is an unprecedented occurrence.

Clippings of the critical reviews of the operas performed in St. Louis the last week have been handed to the writer, and she has been more than amazed at the lavish praise which is being bestowed upon this opera company by even the most critical. Musicians of authority speak in unstinted praise of the principals of the entire cast, and of the orchestra. Chevalier Angelini, the conductor, is one of those unusual musicians who conducts for the most part without score, and his interpretations are said to be dramatic to a degree, and to assist the singers to the utmost in all their efforts. He amazed the St. Louis critics by his intimate and complete understanding of these tremendous masterpieces.

Carrie Jacobs-Bond will give a recital of her own songs on Monday evening, January 15, 1915, at the North Side Christian church, Twenty-second and Lothrop streets, for the benefit of the organ fund. Mrs. Bond is immensely popular in Omaha and undoubtedly has more personal friends than any other artist who visits the city.

Recent word from Stanley Letovsky, the Omaha youth who has been winning national honors in Berlin by his opera and other compositions, and who was recently married there to a German soprano, indicates that he will not bring his bride to America for a visit with his parents and friends here, until next summer. He is busy with his publisher at present, and the war makes traveling uncertain and inconvenient at best, so the young couple have postponed their intended Christmas visit here. Mr. Letovsky's bride was Miss Antonia Dofke, who sang in concert which he directed.

Miss Marie Mikova, an Omaha young woman who has spent the last four years as a pupil and assistant of Wager Swayze for Paris, will give a Monday evening recital at the First Baptist church on Tuesday evening, November 24. Miss Mikova will be accompanied by Mrs. Wager, piano, and Mrs. Mikova will play the Beethoven Concerto in G, several Chopin numbers, and a group from Ravel and Mendelssohn. The first meeting will be held on Monday morning, November 23, 8 o'clock at her studio, when Miss Wager will preface the course with a talk upon Richard Wagner and his art principles.

Miss Grace Louise Ware, who has recently opened a studio in the Karbach block, has formed a Wagner study class for the purpose of studying the "Nibelungen Ring." The first meeting will be held on Monday morning, November 23, 8 o'clock at her studio, when Miss Ware will preface the course with a talk upon Richard Wagner and his art principles.

The following pupils of Lucile Allen will be heard in recital at her studio, Saturday, November 21, at 4 p. m.: Howard Allen, Frank Falkner, Miss Clark, Nellie Smith, Miss Buer, Miss Gelinek, Gordon McCauley, Miss Wenger, Milton Hammett, Miss Frances Wilson, Miss Cornelia Cocksell, Madeline Schreckenbach, Mrs. Gelinek and Mrs. Hansen. The December recital will be Saturday, the 13th, at 4 p. m.

The Lyric club announces the following program for their free noon musicals at Jean Gilbert Jones' studio, 1847 Farnam street, this week: Monday, Mr. Marcus Nielson, baritone; Tuesday, Jean Gilbert Jones, pianist; Wednesday, Miss Evelyn Hanson, violinist; Thursday, no program; Thanksgiving day; Friday, Omaha High School Glee club.

Miss Minna Meyer, who has recently returned from several years in musical work abroad, will give a song recital December 9 at the Young Women's Christian Association auditorium. Mr. Landsberg will assist. Miss Meyer sang in opera and concert while in Europe.

Florence Basler-Palmer has moved her studio from the Baldrick block to 1897 Farnam street. This change affords her additional facilities and room, which was much needed.

near. This is one of his many paintings, in which he has given a dog the best place in the picture. He was known as one of the best painters of dogs in the world and was an Englishman. All the children who like dogs should be sure and see his pictures.

### Birthday Party.

By Darline Swanson, Aged 8 Years, Forty-eighth and W Streets, South Omaha, Route 3, Blue Side.

My brother's birthday was the 5th of November. He was 10 years old then. His birthday was on a Sunday. He had a big party. There were about twenty-two children there on his birthday. He had four cakes with candles on them. We had popcorn, ice cream. We had a nice time that ever that day. We played run, sheep, run, and we had lots of fun. We played lots of games, too. But we had the party on Saturday because we did not want to miss our Sunday school. I had a party last year when I was 7 years old, too. I must close my story now for it is getting too long.

### The Three Pigs.

By Darline Swanson, Aged 8 Years, Forty-eighth and W Streets, South Omaha, Route 3, Blue Side.

Once upon a time there were three pigs. One of them was white, the other brown and the last one was black. The mother said that she did not have enough to keep them, so she said to the first one, "What kind of a house do you want?" He said he wanted a cabbage house. The second one wanted a brick house and the third one a mud house.

So the mother built their houses and then she went away. But first she warned them not to let anyone into their house because there was a wolf on the hill who hunted little pigs.

When the wolf came down the hill he said, "Little pig, let me come in." But the little pig answered, "No! No!" So the wolf did not get a chance to destroy the little pigs. I wish to join the Blue Side.

### Thanksgiving.

By Lucille Bliss, Aged 10 Years, 321 O Street, South Omaha, Neb., Red Side.  
You can hear the turkeys gobble. As you look at the yard, they gobble. When they hear you, "Thanksgiving They know soon they want to be living."

The pumpkins have ripened in the sun, And Jack Frost has been here for his fun. The farmers are picking the sage that has ripened, And they will be glad when their work is lightened.

But the children are happy when they think of this day. For the Pilgrims landed here on their pilgrimage way, And this day the Pilgrims celebrated long ago. To thank God for their crops from seeds they did sow.

All are very happy when they think of Thanksgiving. All except the turkeys who soon will not be living; They would soon have run away if they had not been tied up early in the day.

### The Idle Girls.

By Madeline Kenyon, Aged 13 Years, 229 Cuming Street, Omaha, Neb., Blue Side.  
On a warm and shiny day In a wagon full of hay, There played many happy girls, And their heads were in a whirl.

These happy, happy girls, Whose heads were in a whirl, Played 'til the end of the day, Which quickly passed away.

These idle girls had nothing to do, While their mothers cleaned and dusted the house all through.

If they were asked to help, They would run out with a yelp. Their unhappy mother, Worried harder and harder, Till she grew very thin, And thought her idle girls very mean.

She worked and worked, till she came to a stop, While her girls out doors gave a skip and a hop, This poor old lady down to rest, And was buried in her flowery nest.

Public School Roll of Honor  
CHILDREN RECEIVING THE HIGHEST MARK IN MORE THAN HALF THEIR SUBJECTS LAST WEEK.

**MILLER PARK.**  
Natalie Anderson, Ruth Cooper, Frances Harmon, Willard Bailey, Dorothy Cook.

**WILDWOOD.**  
Vesta Beavers, Ruth Cooper, Noa Fire, Ruth Hatteroth, Louise Ortmann, Martha Peterson, Maurice Street, Philip Weiland, Mildred Woodford.

**SIXTH A.**  
Marguerite Groves, Grace Sanderson, Florence Rich, Waldo Watkins, Eugene Newman, Alice Fur, Gertrude Skanick, Geneva Trumble, Orlando Smith, Herbert Woodland.

**FOURTH A.**  
George Bruner, Florence Haller, Mildred Healy, Ruth Leach, Edmond Stromberg, Vuth Sverdriger, Helen Purcell.

**SIXTH B.**  
Harold Smith, John Bohan, Helen Schlegel, Irene Haller, Ruth Gleditsie, Albert Curry, Alvera Loftman, Charles Morrain, Helen Beck, Leonard Thelsson, Louis Benson, Bernice Clarkson, Ernest Elder, Hazel Grant, Liza Lindmire, Helen Spencer, Earl Rieby, August Wirtz, Miss Taylor.

**SIXTH C.**  
John Jenkins, Herman Swoboda, Kristina Thom, Erlson Wilbur, Kristina Jeppesen, Robert Plank, Doris Mitchell, Willie Harbe, Wilbur Zerbe, Myrtle Jackson, Gertrude Thom, Erlson Wilbur, Kristina Jeppesen, Robert Plank, Doris Mitchell, Willie Harbe, Wilbur Zerbe, Myrtle Jackson, Gertrude Thom, Erlson Wilbur, Kristina Jeppesen, Robert Plank, Doris Mitchell, Willie Harbe, Wilbur Zerbe, Myrtle Jackson.

**FIFTH A.**  
Florence Rich, Waldo Watkins, Eugene Newman, Alice Fur, Gertrude Skanick, Geneva Trumble, Orlando Smith, Herbert Woodland.

**FOURTH B.**  
George Bruner, Florence Haller, Mildred Healy, Ruth Leach, Edmond Stromberg, Vuth Sverdriger, Helen Purcell.

**FOURTH C.**  
George Bruner, Florence Haller, Mildred Healy, Ruth Leach, Edmond Stromberg, Vuth Sverdriger, Helen Purcell.

**FOURTH D.**  
George Bruner, Florence Haller, Mildred Healy, Ruth Leach, Edmond Stromberg, Vuth Sverdriger, Helen Purcell.

**FOURTH E.**  
George Bruner, Florence Haller, Mildred Healy, Ruth Leach, Edmond Stromberg, Vuth Sverdriger, Helen Purcell.

**FOURTH F.**  
George Bruner, Florence Haller, Mildred Healy, Ruth Leach, Edmond Stromberg, Vuth Sverdriger, Helen Purcell.

**SAUNDERS.**  
Frederick Aldous, James Lumban, Clyde Pope, Helena Hopwood, Lela Curry, Mildred Quatner, Third A. Louise Whitson, Philip Handler, Everett Speed, Jean Jewell.

**BARCROFT.**  
Elizabeth A. John Birch, Loyal McElroy, Seventh B. Mildred Lyrrae, Edward Hambeck, Seventh A. Irene Clonson, Marie Kolomy, Agnes McCable, Arville Menard, Mamie Naiber, John Fernard.

**SIXTH A.**  
Estella Cullen, Dorothy Laursen, Florence Gatharan, Clarence Gunther, Helen Hamilton, Helen Hoagland, Edgar Moraman, Dorothy Zost.

**FIFTH B.**  
Leonard Leedon, Hazel Lindbloom, Helen Miller, Wayne Pope, Gen Williams, Fourth B. Dorothy Keltore, Helen Montgomery, Miss A. Theelcke.

**FOURTH C.**  
Violet Dornel, Leroy Estelle, Lucille Hildebrand, Stanton Kennedy, Wald Michaelson, Frederick Norman, Susie Havre, Meta Watt.

**FOURTH D.**  
Violet Dornel, Leroy Estelle, Lucille Hildebrand, Stanton Kennedy, Wald Michaelson, Frederick Norman, Susie Havre, Meta Watt.

**FOURTH E.**  
Violet Dornel, Leroy Estelle, Lucille Hildebrand, Stanton Kennedy, Wald Michaelson, Frederick Norman, Susie Havre, Meta Watt.

**FOURTH F.**  
Violet Dornel, Leroy Estelle, Lucille Hildebrand, Stanton Kennedy, Wald Michaelson, Frederick Norman, Susie Havre, Meta Watt.

**FOURTH G.**  
Violet Dornel, Leroy Estelle, Lucille Hildebrand, Stanton Kennedy, Wald Michaelson, Frederick Norman, Susie Havre, Meta Watt.

**FOURTH H.**  
Violet Dornel, Leroy Estelle, Lucille Hildebrand, Stanton Kennedy, Wald Michaelson, Frederick Norman, Susie Havre, Meta Watt.

**FOURTH I.**  
Violet Dornel, Leroy Estelle, Lucille Hildebrand, Stanton Kennedy, Wald Michaelson, Frederick Norman, Susie Havre, Meta Watt.

**FOURTH J.**  
Violet Dornel, Leroy Estelle, Lucille Hildebrand, Stanton Kennedy, Wald Michaelson, Frederick Norman, Susie Havre, Meta Watt.

**FOURTH K.**  
Violet Dornel, Leroy Estelle, Lucille Hildebrand, Stanton Kennedy, Wald Michaelson, Frederick Norman, Susie Havre, Meta Watt.

**FOURTH L.**  
Violet Dornel, Leroy Estelle, Lucille Hildebrand, Stanton Kennedy, Wald Michaelson, Frederick Norman, Susie Havre, Meta Watt.

**FOURTH M.**  
Violet Dornel, Leroy Estelle, Lucille Hildebrand, Stanton Kennedy, Wald Michaelson, Frederick Norman, Susie Havre, Meta Watt.

**FOURTH N.**  
Violet Dornel, Leroy Estelle, Lucille Hildebrand, Stanton Kennedy, Wald Michaelson, Frederick Norman, Susie Havre, Meta Watt.

**FOURTH O.**  
Violet Dornel, Leroy Estelle, Lucille Hildebrand, Stanton Kennedy, Wald Michaelson, Frederick Norman, Susie Havre, Meta Watt.

**FOURTH P.**  
Violet Dornel, Leroy Estelle, Lucille Hildebrand, Stanton Kennedy, Wald Michaelson, Frederick Norman, Susie Havre, Meta Watt.

**FOURTH Q.**  
Violet Dornel, Leroy Estelle, Lucille Hildebrand, Stanton Kennedy, Wald Michaelson, Frederick Norman, Susie Havre, Meta Watt.

**FOURTH R.**  
Violet Dornel, Leroy Estelle, Lucille Hildebrand, Stanton Kennedy, Wald Michaelson, Frederick Norman, Susie Havre, Meta Watt.

**FOURTH S.**  
Violet Dornel, Leroy Estelle, Lucille Hildebrand, Stanton Kennedy, Wald Michaelson, Frederick Norman, Susie Havre, Meta Watt.

**FOURTH T.**  
Violet Dornel, Leroy Estelle, Lucille Hildebrand, Stanton Kennedy, Wald Michaelson, Frederick Norman, Susie Havre, Meta Watt.

**FOURTH U.**  
Violet Dornel, Leroy Estelle, Lucille Hildebrand, Stanton Kennedy, Wald Michaelson, Frederick Norman, Susie Havre, Meta Watt.

**FOURTH V.**  
Violet Dornel, Leroy Estelle, Lucille Hildebrand, Stanton Kennedy, Wald Michaelson, Frederick Norman, Susie Havre, Meta Watt.

**FOURTH W.**  
Violet Dornel, Leroy Estelle, Lucille Hildebrand, Stanton Kennedy, Wald Michaelson, Frederick Norman, Susie Havre, Meta Watt.

**FOURTH X.**  
Violet Dornel, Leroy Estelle, Lucille Hildebrand, Stanton Kennedy, Wald Michaelson, Frederick Norman, Susie Havre, Meta Watt.

## LUCILE

Such a stylish, dressy little doll—you never saw her equal—she has a pink dress, pink shoes, pink hat, pink cheeks. She's just a little pink dream, and sweet enough to eat.

Lucile will be given free to the little girl, under 12 years of age, that brings or mails us the largest number of dolls' pictures cut out of the Daily and Sunday Bee before 4 p. m. Saturday, November 28.

Her picture will be in The Bee every day this week. Cut them all out and ask your friends to save the pictures in their paper for you, too. See how many pictures of Lucile you can get, and be sure to turn them in to The Bee office before 4 p. m., Saturday, November 28.

If you don't win this Lucile, perhaps you can get one next week. Only one doll will be given to any one person.

You can see "Lucile" at Myers-Dillon's Drug Store, at 16th and Farnam Sts.