

Midsummer Fashions

By
Lady Duff-Gordon.

LADY DUFF-GORDON, the famous "Lucie" of London, and foremost creator of fashions in the world, writes each week the fashion article for this newspaper, presenting all that is newest and best in styles for well-dressed women.

Lady Duff-Gordon's Paris establishment brings her into close touch with that centre of fashion.



Stunning Wrap of Gold Velour and Silver Fox Furs, and New Fabric Bandeau Outlining the Head.

WHEN the famous man-milliner, Monsieur Louis, comes over from Paris to show his latest creations to an eagerly awaiting and appreciative London he always manages to provide one special "sensational" model, in addition to a whole host of completely lovely hats. And always, too, he keeps the secret of its style till the very last moment, so that every one goes to this

"At Home" of fashion full of interesting excitement.

This time, however, he had managed something even more artistic and effective than usual. For, imagine, his guests (and guests they were that day rather than clients, for he dispensed hospitality with a generous hand and provided the most delightful tea to the accompaniment of a string band) were admitted in batches of half a dozen, and with something of an air of mystery, to a dimly lighted room, heavy with the perfume of red roses. And there, illuminated startlingly high up against a background of black velvet—and without any visible means of support either—was a wonderful turban-shaped headdress of shimmering golden tissue entwined with ropes of gold pearls, which were at last festooned from side to side in front, so that they would fall low down on the wearer's neck.

And surmounting the glittering thing and uprising and outspreading from a central ornament of cabochon pearls was a marvellous aigrette, whose fronds were all dusted with gold. It was an eye-arresting vision and probably induced some one's acceptance of the very next imitation for a fancy dress ball which would provide reason for its purchase and opportunity for its display.

But then, too, there was a "Golden Hat" for the wear of some lucky—and

let us hope worthily beautiful—"golden girl" at Ascot.

And this had the advantage of being displayed by a living and lovely model, clad in a shimmering sleeveless gown of black and gold tissue. She was so posed in a long, low chair that her clear-cut profile and hair of pale gold surmounted by the shining hat had the black velvet curtain drapery for a background. The shimmering folds of her sheath-like gown were also outlined sharply against a great soft black rug, and just one full-blown red rose was laid at her feet beauty's tribute to beauty.

As to the hat, its crown was composed of a series of closely clustered, flatly-laid rose petals of gold tissue, while the rather broad, slightly curved brim was of golden lace lined with gold-embroidered lace. Aigrettes were again the chosen and costly adornment, but these were of black and only their tips had caught the shower of gold.

But I must give you a few details of a lovely mid-summer gown I have just created. It is one of the quaintest of "young girl" costumes, and I know that it will be liked in the United States. This I have called my Silver and Rose Gown. Over a softly clinging robe of white



"Lucille" Pompadour Costume of Sea Green Taffeta, Embroidered with Gold and Rose Flowers.



Back View of Silver and Rose Gown, Showing the Quaint Bustle Back and Oddy Shaped Girldie.

chiffon is draped an over-skirt of rose malmé. The drapery is very much bunched at the back. Across the front is drawn a tight apron tunic of rose net, elaborately spangled with silver sequins. The bodice is almost entirely of the rose net. The ruffled arm holes are distinctively new.

For the being worn even on the mid-days, and seldom are they out of place, and the mid-summer evening show the loveliest of fur collars and cuffs. The wrap which I am sending this week has the new wide sleeve and the crossed waist line, which will distinguish the Autumn wraps.

The Busy Bees :- :- :- :- Their Own Page

PERHAPS it is the warm weather and absence from school for a number of weeks that causes the Busy Bees to be a trifle lax in their spelling. The editor has noted a few instances of misspelled words that are in common usage and wishes to call your attention to them. They are so generally used and you meet them so often that their spelling ought to be mastered at once. "Squirrel," "Wednesday," "Wednesday," "track," "trake," "wren," "ren," "which," "whitch," "beautiful," "bueastiful," "coyotes," "solotes," "especially," "espialy," "pocketbook," "pookabook," and "separator," "superalor."

Grace Moore of Silver Creek, Neb., who is on the Blue Side, sent her picture to the Busy Bee editor some time ago, but the picture was taken while Grace was out riding in a buggy with her mother and little brother and the faces are so small in the picture that it is impossible to recognize who it is, so the picture was not used. The editor would be very pleased to receive pictures from out-of-town Busy Bees.

Ha Baasch of Grand Island, Neb., who is on the Red Side sent in "The Story of Bluebeard." It was very well written, but was not printed because the story was a very gruesome one, about which children ought not to bother their pretty heads. Busy Bees should write bright, happy things that will impress the readers of the page with the same feelings.

This week two sisters were awarded the prizes, Lillian Schiffer having won first prize and Rose Schiffer second prize. Honorable mention was accorded Mary Palmer, all three of the little girls being on the Blue Side.

Little Stories by Little Folk

Trained.
By Lillian Schiffer, Aged 5 Years, 3018 Webster Street, Omaha, Blue Side.
I saw five little puppies when I went to the Empires. The first little pup climbed up a ladder, and what do you think he did? Why, he sat down and played the piano and sang in the funniest little dog tone. When he got through playing the piano and singing he saw his master standing on the floor. He jumped right down into his arms. Then all the little pups had a turn jumping through a red hoop. Then their master took one of the puppies up in his hand and bent his head as far back as it could possibly go.

Tim's Arrival.
By Mary Goldenstein, Aged 5 Years, Glenview, Neb., Red Side.
Ben and his sister May were looking out of the window. "Tim ought to be here by this time, oughtn't he, Ben?" asked May. "Oh, Tim will get here," said Ben. Just then a carriage stopped at the door. "Oh, he's come, he's come," shouted May, and she ran out to see her brother.

Preocious Child.
By Rose Schiffer, Aged 12 Years, 3018 Webster Street, Omaha, Blue Side.
When my little brother was six years

months, so May wrote him a letter asking him to come home. After the greetings were over Tim took out his pocket-book and gave all his money to his mother. "Where did you get so much money," asked his mother in surprise and joy. "I earned it," said Tim proudly. "When I'm that big I'll earn some money, too," said Ben. "I think you will," said Mrs. Cranmer, smiling.

Has Pet Chickens.
By Kathryn Spellman, Aged 11 Years, 922 Ella Street, Blue Side.
My papa has quite a few Rhode Island Red chickens. He gave my little sister and I one. Her name is Marguerite. The chicken has become fat and lazy and does not lay. I read the Busy Bee page every Sunday and wish to belong to the Blue Side.

Tracking Squirrels.
By George Horacek, Aged 11 Years, Belgrade, Neb., Red Side.
I have seven traps with which I trap squirrels. I started early in the spring and have caught about sixty-four already. I get a nickel for every squirrel I catch, so that makes \$3.20. Sometimes they run away with my traps if I forget to stake them down. I will write again.

Story of Chinese Doll.
By Margaret Morrison, Aged 10 Years, 218 North Nineteenth Street, Omaha, Neb., Blue Side.
One day I was playing with my dolls. I had one of them, which was a Chinese doll, in my arms when a Chinaman came for our laundry. I sat this doll on the table, while I went for the laundry bag. After the Chinaman had gone, I noticed that my Chinese doll had disappeared. I hunted every place in the room. When my papa came home from work that night, I told him about it and he said, "Maybe the laundry man took it." When the Chinaman brought back the laundry, I asked him if he had seen it. He said, "No, no see him." I had given up finding it, when one night we were attending a Chinese New Year celebration, when our laundry man met us at the door of their temple, and after giving papa some kind of funny signs, he took us inside, where everything was fine, the room was decorated with silk and gold. A little fire was burning on a small stand and smelled good. On one side sat two Chinamen playing a peculiar kind of drum and in front stood a pedestal on which was my Chinese doll. I told my papa about it and he spoke to the laundry man, but he only shook his head. I saw him give papa some things that looked like money. Sure enough that night papa said, "The laundry man gave me \$10 to get me a new doll, also he said, it had been stolen from a Chinese temple in San Francisco before it came to me."

Timely Warning.
By Doris Rich, Aged 10 Years, 112 North Twentieth Street, Omaha, Red Side.
We never stop to consider that the words "Safety First" mean very much to us. If we only would use "Safety First" often and in the right way, we could save many lives and injuries. One day he went far away and took with him only a piece of bread and butter. He

ONE OF THE BRIGHTEST OF THE BUSY BEES.



Lucille Bliss

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 read.
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.

The Golden Apple.
By Sophie Reick, Aged 10 Years, Columbus, Neb., Blue Side.
One day some girls went to the woods to have a picnic. They played ball and gathered flowers until it was dinner time. Then they ate their dinner, after which each one told a story. Elsie told this story of "The Golden Apple."
Once there was a princess and she lived in a beautiful palace. Then there lived a poor boy and he had no mother or father. He had to work very hard for his living. One day he went far away and took with him only a piece of bread and butter. He

walked on and on and by and by he reached a forest. He walked deep into the forest and met an old woman. She asked him for a piece of his bread. He gave her half and ate the other half. Then the old woman said, "Because you have been so kind to me I will give you this golden apple." He thanked her very much and she showed him the road, and then she disappeared.

Lost Pail of Milk.
By Mary Goldenstein, Aged 9 Years, Glenview, Neb., Red Side.
One day May and Robert went to get milk. They had to walk out into the country. As they were coming back they saw some little butterflies. May set down her pail and started after one. Then Robert put down his pail and started after another one. Soon May came back, got her pail and then said, "Why Robert where is your pail?"

Has Shetland Pony.
By Mary E. Greyson, Aged 12 Years, West Point, Neb., Blue Side.
About six weeks ago my papa came to me and said, "This morning you may go down to Shinstock's place and get the pony which I bought for you."
I was very happy.
It is a Shetland pony and is three feet high. It is spotted white and brown. His name is Pat.
Now I did not care very much to ride him, an oase bought a little cart and a harness. I deliver my milk in it, too.
He is not very gentle yet as he is not used to the place.
He will bite you if you don't look out. I take my friends out for rides, too.
Every time he gets dirty I wash him. A boy friend of mine has a Shetland pony, too, and he goes along with me to get the cattle.
On the way out there we have races and my pony always wins.

Tommy's Hatchet.
By Helen Ballou, Aged 9 Years, Columbus, Neb., Blue Side.
Tommy's birthday was near Easter. When he was 2 years old his father gave him a hatchet. When he saw the hatchet he said, "Oh, goodie, goodie, I have something to crack my eggs with." He ran in to Dimples, "Oh Dimples," he cried, "I have a new hatchet. I will keep it to crack eggs."
Easter came and Tommy and Dimples went to gather Easter eggs. Tommy found an egg.
He took his hatchet and cracked the egg. Then he removed the shell. What

do you think was in it? It was an Easter rabbit. Tommy ran to call Dimples. She came running and saw the rabbit. She said, "Let us take this rabbit home." "No, it will bite," said Tommy. "I will take it home, it will not bite," said Dimples.
"Carry my eggs and I will take the rabbit," Tommy ran ahead and told his mother the story. They kept the rabbit until he died.

Friend of Busy Bees.
By Helen Hindley, Aged 12 Years, Blair, Neb., Red Side.
As I was sitting on the front porch reading the "Children's Own Page," which is certainly a delight. Our pinkish yellow kitten climbed into my lap and began to purr. It was the first time I ever heard it purr.
I kept on reading until I felt something bite my finger and upon looking down I saw the cat playing with it.
I stroked it gently and began reading again.
Again I was startled by the kitten, but this time it seemed to be in earnest.
By laying the paper aside I was relieved of not only the cat but the paper also for small puss had taken charge of it. After biting, pawing and playing with the large print, she began washing the face of a little girl's picture.
"This was too much so I had to take the paper away from her. I think she wanted to be friendly, don't you."

Takes Music Lessons.
By Karen Danielson, Aged 12 Years, Oakland, Neb., Blue Side.
I will write something about my work during school vacation. I live on the farm and have a very nice home.
I like to play violin and piano very much. I have taken lessons on both from my sisters. I wish that music would be my work.
I like to go to school, too, and will be in the seventh grade next year. My teacher's name is Miss Mildred Preston. I am a new Busy Bee and hope to see my letter in print.

Gets Ice Cream.
By Rosella Klein, Aged 10 Years, 814 Hickory Street, Omaha, Neb., Blue Side.
Boom! Boom! Along the street there came a big parade. Jimmy with his drum, Bernice with her flag and Annette with her flag and the others with large ones and small ones.
"What a sight," said Grandma Jones. "My what a big parade, I am going to invite those little tots to have ice cream and then they may go."
So grandma invited them and after they went home they spoke of the nice time they had.

Aunt Has Many Pets.
By Mildred Stark, Aged 10 Years, Kearney, Neb., Red Side.
I am going to tell you about my aunt's house. She has a big tree in the yard. There is a little bird that has a nest built in a hole in the tree. She wears a white collar, a gray dress, and a few red feathers on her breast. And there is a

family of squirrels that have a home there also.
My aunt has a little dog, whose name is Nobbs. He is named for the Japanese General Nobbs. Nobbs chases the squirrels and rats all the time, so he keeps the squirrels, cats and himself quite busy.

Our Olive Tree.
By Henry Ernestine, Aged 8 Years, Tekamah, Neb., Red Side.
This is the first time I have written to the Busy Bees' page, and I am going to tell you about an olive tree, which grows in our yard.
It is a large tree and had small yellow blossoms on it, and now it has small olives on it. But the seasons are so short they do not ripen.

Flag Day.
By Ethel Brinkman, Aged 12 Years, 218 South Thirty-fifth Avenue, Omaha, Neb., Red Side.
"The Star Spangled Banner, oh long may it wave o'er the land of the free and the home of the brave," sang Josephine, or Dottie, as she was often called.
This morning was Flag day. She was rehearsing some songs which she was to sing at a small recital in the afternoon. "Josephine!" called her mother, "you are away off the tune."
"Well, then, please play the piano for me and maybe that will help," pleaded Josephine, as she rushed downstairs. "Very well," answered her mother, as she seated herself at the piano.
Again the voice floated through the house, this time perfect.
"There goes the bell," said her mother; "I suppose it is Dorothy." Josephine ran to the door. The two friends played together the rest of the morning.
Now it was Josephine's lunch time and she had to go in. Have her lunch and get dressed for the recital.
At 9 o'clock they were at the children's meeting house. One by one the children spoke their pieces and sang their songs until it was Josephine's turn.
At first she was a little timid, but finally she sang beautifully and everybody listened very attentively. As she was about to her seat the flag was raised over her in triumph and everybody sang "America."

Busy Bee Rhymes.
By Madeline Kenyon, Aged 13 Years, 3239 Cumings Street, Omaha, Blue Side.
One day a little mouse disappeared into a house. To her surprise, she saw a mole. Then, quickly ran to a hole. In the hole what do you think she saw? Why, four little bees sitting on a straw. Then sitting herself on the floor. A child looking on the ground opened the door. The child was frightened and off she ran, chasing the little mouse as fast as she can. The poor little mouse was tired that day. For she had been running in this warm month of May. The little mouse grew angry. For she was getting hungry. Now what do you think this little mouse did? Why she ran away and hid. For she saw a huge black cat, softly sleeping on a mat. Now thought the little mouse, "I will go home." For I have nearly traveled all through Rome.