

The Busy Bees

Their Own Page

SOCIETIES for the prevention of cruelty to animals are not peculiar to America, but the work is growing all over the world, according to the National Humane Review. Among the places where humane work is being promoted with great success are Concepcion, Chile; Callao, Peru; Great Britain, China and Belgium. In Chile the society boasts the euphonious name "Sociedad Protectora de Animales." Many new names have been received for membership and men of influence, the intendante (governor of the province), mayor and chief of police and judges give their very best co-operation. There has been a marked improvement in the treatment of beasts of burden and other animals since the society was organized there.

An American woman living in Peking, China, writes that there is a great field for humane workers in China as in other semi-barbaric countries. Indeed, the jirikisha coolies are treated scarcely better than the ill-fed, over-worked animals.

A Belgian senator, who is a very prominent humanitarian and had long been a corresponding member of the American Humane association, remained in Antwerp during the bombardment in order to give aid to the poor and suffering. The humane work there will need to be pursued among humans now for some time to come, it appears.

I am sure the Busy Bees need not be urged to do their share in preventing cruelty wherever they meet it.

This week the prize book was awarded to Helena Carpenter of the Red Side. Honorable mention was won by Lucy Green and Helen Abraham of the Blue Side.

Little Stories by Little Folk

A Bird Story.

By Helena Carpenter, Aged 11 Years, Fontanelle, Neb., Box 42. Red Side.

We have many birds around our place. We have a blue Jay's nest up in a tree close to our house; I climb up to it quite often. One time when I climbed up in the tree I found three eggs. I watched them closely and before long I saw three little birds. I was very happy to see them, but before long a sad thing happened. I climbed up in the tree and saw only one little bird. When I got down I saw one lying on the ground dead, and I don't know what happened to the other one, but I suppose one of our cats got it.

One morning after a heavy rain mamma went out in the yard and found a little bird under a tree almost drowned. She took it in the house, bathed it in warm water and wrapped it in a cloth, but it near the fire and in a short time it was all right and able to fly. So my brother took it out and put it in the tree. I hope it is well and happy now.

(Honorable Mention.)

Story of a Pansy.

By Helen Abraham, Aged 10 Years, Schuyler, Neb., Route 2. Blue Side.

I am a flower, my name is Pansy. I am going to tell you something about myself. The first I can remember I was in a box with many other seeds. One day early in spring a little girl took me out into the garden and she planted me into the ground. It was dark and damp down there. So I was very lonesome. I could hear the birds sing and feel the warm sun, but I could not see anything. In a few days I had two little leaves up above the ground. I was very happy, because I could see everything that happened around me. When the little girl came into the garden and saw me coming up, she was very glad. She ran back into the house and told her mother what she had seen in the garden. Every day the little girl took good care of me. So I grew a little bigger every day. When I was three inches high, I opened my first bud. Now I am a foot high and have my eighteenth bud opened. I have two more buds that will open soon. When they open I will have some more buds. My flower is purple and it looks like velvet.

(Honorable Mention.)

Old Cat Mothers Chicks.

By Lucy Green, Aged 11 Years, South Bend, Neb. Blue Side.

I have an old cat. She is black, yellow and white. She has three kittens; one is black, the other is yellow and the other is gray. I took some food out to the old cat this morning and the little yellow kitten began to eat.

I have each of the kittens named; the yellow one's name is Blanche, the black one's name is Midnight, and the gray one's name is Bright Eyes.

About a week ago we had some little chickens. It was cold for them outdoors so we took them in where the old cat and kittens were. The old cat began to mother them as if they were her own kittens. They would settle down all around her head so we had a picture taken of them.

I hope to see my story in print for this is the first time I have written to the Busy Bee page. I wish to be on the Blue Side.

Watching the Sunrise.

By Theodore Willy, Aged 11 Years, Hebron, Neb. Red Side.

By a neat little cabin sits a maid reading. Her golden curls shade her face. Now and then she glances eagerly up the narrow path that leads along the mountain side. Now she springs up, drops her book and hastens to meet an aged man, whose beard and hair are gray.

They are going to watch the sunrise on the mountain, which is a great pleasure for the forester and his daughter.

Now they are standing on the highest point, with the sun's rays upon them. As the sun descended they descended.

Many times they have climbed the mountain and watched the beautiful light.

The Runaway.

By Henry Mahlerdorf, Aged 12 Years, Anoka, Neb. Red Side.

One hot spring morning my brother hitched up his horse, France and Nellie, in the wagon and started home. On the way home he stopped to get the papers. In some way the horses started to run. Then my brother ran after them, but could not catch them. They ran about half a mile. They were both large work horses, so they did not run fast towards the lot. But they were both running fast when my brother stopped them. They are about three and four years old. We work them every day now.

Builds Wren House.

By Hazel Bull, Aged 11 Years, Millard, Neb. Red Side.

One day when my brother was working, I told him to make me a wren house, for he had made my sister one. An so he should make me one too. He said he would make me one if I would get some boards which he could use. I finally found some and brought them to him. Then he made me a nice little

BRIGHT LITTLE BUSY BEE who writes lively and interesting letters for other little readers of this page.



Tina Anderson

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.

A prize consisting of a book will be given to the writer of the best contribution printed each week.

Address all communications to CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT, Omaha Bee, Omaha, Neb.

house with a porch and a little hole where the wrens could get in. One day to my surprise I saw two wrens carrying twigs into the house, for I had put it on a post out-of-doors. Every day I would put some crumbs on the porch of the wren house and they would come and eat them. When it was getting to be winter they went away, but have come back this summer.

Perilous Adventure.

By Earl Babbitt, Aged 13 Years, R. F. D. No. 2, Plattsmouth, Neb. Red Side.

About 200 miles west of here on the South Platte river is the city of Ogallala. This city has about 600 people populating it, while it is also the county seat of Keith county. It was at this particular place that Johnny Upstart and the other boys began their adventures. The one that I am about to relate took place two miles due east of Ogallala. This time only two boys were concerned, Johnny Upstart, the hero, and Freddie Standstill, the saved. The boys were down by the river and Freddie was coaxing John to go into the water. Johnnie objected to this, but was persuaded to climb in a boat and ply oars. Here it was that Freddie's impetuous spirit showed itself. He seized both oars and sent the boat into the middle of the stream. Ah, unlucky boy. For, indeed, the boat, while going at that rate, suddenly turned over and Freddie kept going while Johnnie "staid by." The boat carried its burden well, but it had lost the biggest half of its load. But Freddie was not far away and soon secured on the boat, was helping to push it ashore, but by that means neither could swim. Well, the short distance between them was soon covered by an oar and, once connected, Johnnie Upstart and Freddie Standstill did not part till both were safe on dry land.

Alice Helps Grace.

By Ruale Pinson, Aged 12 Years, R. F. D. 2, Plattsmouth, Neb. Blue Side.

Once Alice did some work for her neighbor and the woman gave her a quarter. As she started down the street to get a doll with her money, she met Grace, crying as hard as she could.

"What is the matter?" asked Alice. "Oh," said Grace, "some bad boys pushed me down with my pitcher of milk."

"Don't cry," said Alice, "I will give you my quarter and you can buy another pitcher and get some more milk and I will go with you."

So Grace took the quarter and bought a pitcher just like the other. They got some more milk and Alice went home with Grace and told Grace's mother. Then she gave Alice another quarter. Alice now went home and told her mother of the incident. Her mother was greatly pleased at Alice's generosity and helped her. It is always good to help others.

The Young Doctor.

By Lucile John, Aged 5 Years, R. F. D. No. 1, Elmwood, Neb. Blue Side.

There was once a boy and girl playing together in a yard. The girl had a doll and a doll-bed. The children lived in town. The girl's name was Nellie, the doll's name was Ruby and the boy's name was Albert.

One day Ruby was very sick. Albert played he was the doctor. Nellie sent for him to come and see Ruby. Albert soon came. He had his papa's clothes on. He also had a suitcase with him. Soon the doctor took his watch from his pocket and held it in his hand while he felt Ruby's pulse. After that he fixed some medicine for her and she was well in a few days.

Has Many Pets.

By Catherine Treadway, Aged 10 Years, Boone, Neb. Blue Side.

We have many pets. We have six little kittens. We have names for two of them. They are Snowball and Pluffy. My little brother, Duane, says Pluffy is his kitten. He has a little puppy named Shep. It is black and white. I have a doll. It can sit up and hold a book in its hand. It can also go to sleep. My sister Laura has a doll, too. We like to play with our dolls. My doll's name is

and then we ate dinner. After dinner we played and then we ate oranges. We children were called in to have our program. After we had our program we had our pictures taken. Our teacher gave the pictures to every family of the scholars. Our teacher for next year is Miss Nedelia Beitz.

Picking Blackberries.

By Henrietta Lentz, Aged 12 Years, R. 1, Box 56, Gothensburg, Neb. Blue Side.

It was Friday morning and Harold had been playing in the fields. He intended to take home to the cook a basket of blackberries tomorrow. Perhaps if he had been left to himself he would have filled the basket, but he heard some one singing on the other side of the hedge, so he ran up to the gate and there saw a dear little girl standing near it. She wore a large bonnet, out of which her little face peeped prettily.

"Why that is the little girl that lives in the house yonder," said Harold to himself. "I should like to play with her."

Then he remembered that he had often seen his father help his mother over gates, so he held out his right hand and said all in a breath:

"If you please, little girl, can't I help you over this stile. I know who you are quite well. You live in that pretty white house," pointing just ahead, "and my mamma is coming to see your mamma some day, and my name is Harold, and if you please, what is your name?"

The little girl, after thinking a while, decided, I suppose, that she liked this polite little boy, for she smiled at him and holding out the gate with her right hand placed her left in his.

"Thank you," she said. "My name is Aline. Please tell me what you have in that basket."

"Come and see," said Harold as he helped her scramble over the gate.

"I have eaten all the biggest," he said mournfully. "These are for the pie. Had I known you were coming I should have kept the best ones for you. But we will go and find some more. It is so jolly in the fields, and if we happen to meet any cows you needn't be frightened. I can take care of you."

Aline was delighted and the two children ran off together as happy as could be, full of fun and merriment.

Little Bird Dies.

By Evelyn Vogel, Aged 13 Years, 1618 Ohio St., Omaha, Neb. Red Side.

One morning last week while mamma and I were sitting on the front porch a woodpecker dropped down onto the driveway. As he did not move I ran and picked him up. He was not dead, but seemed to be stunned. A man who happened to come along to leave a circular for a furniture house told us the bird might have touched an electric light

and had a shock. We felt so sorry, the bird was such a pretty fellow and helped keep bugs and worms off the maple trees. So we asked the man what

point they united and followed up the south bank of the Platte to Denver. The route from Omaha to Denver was up the north bank of the Platte to Shinn's ferry in Butler county, where it crossed to the south side, and continued up the river to Fort Kearney. There was also a road from Nebraska City up the south bank of the Platte, which was joined to California. This mail at first started by thousands of immigrants and freighters. Over the Denver trail went the Pike's Peak immigrants and the supplies and machinery for opening the mines of Colorado.

After a few years the mail and stage coach and pony express followed the immigrant and freight wagon along the overland trails. In 1850 the first monthly mail coaches began running from the Missouri river to Salt Lake and California. The hard winter of 1856-7 blocked this route for several months. The California mail coach was then placed on a southern route through Arizona, but with the breaking out of the civil war it was brought north again and in 1861 the first daily overland mail began running from the Missouri river to California. This mail at first started from St. Joseph. After a few months it ran from Atchison. Joining the Oregon trail a few miles south of the Nebraska state line, and following it as far as the crossing of the South Platte near Julesburg, where it diverged, making a new road, called the Central route, through the mountains to Salt Lake City.

This was said to be the greatest stage line in the world. From 1861 to 1866 daily coaches ran both ways except for a few months during the Indian war in 1864. Over this line also ran the pony express, beginning April 3, 1860, and continuing for eighteen months, until the completion of the telegraph line to San Francisco.

The pony express was a man on horseback, carrying a mail bag and riding as fast as the horse could run. As the horse and man, covered with dust and foam, dashed into a station, another man on horseback snatched the bag and raced to the next station. So the bag of letters and dispatches rushed day and night across the plains and mountains from the Missouri river to the Pacific ocean. The quickest time ever made by the pony express was in March, 1861, when President Lincoln's inaugural address was carried from St. Joseph to Sacramento, 1,800 miles, in seven days and seventeen hours.

The old overland trails fell out of use with the completion of the Union Pacific railroad in 1869. Short stretches from one settlement to another were used as roads, but they were no longer the great highways of travel. The snowplow and tumble weed settled in their furrows and for many years these trails could be traced across Nebraska prairies by a wide ribbon. With passing years the breaking plow ran its furrows across the furrows of the wagon wheels and the harrow and cultivator smoothed away their wrinkles until over a large part of our state the old overland trails can be traced only by the records of the early surveyors and the recollections of the few old-timers. In the far western part of Nebraska, and especially along the course of the Oregon trail on the south side of the North Platte, the old wagon tracks still remain and the long ribbons of snowplows still trace the routes of the old trails across our country.

CROWN PRINCE HUMBERT of Italy selling patriotic emblems on the streets of Rome in connection with the recent Red Cross fete.



CROWN PRINCE HUMBERT SELLING EMBLEMS IN STREETS OF ROME.

Stories of Nebraska History : By A. E. Sheldon

(By special permission of the author, the Bee will publish chapters from the History of Nebraska by A. E. Sheldon, from week to week.)

The Overland Trails

Each of the old overland trails which crosses Nebraska from the Missouri river to the mountains has a story. It is a story written deep in the lives of men and women, and in the record of the westward march of the American people. The story of these overland trails was also written in broad deep furrows across our prairies. Along these trails journeyed thousands of men, women and children with ox teams, carts, wheelbarrows, and on foot, to settle the great country beyond. Over them marched the soldiers who, built forts to protect the settlers. Then the long freight trains loaded with food, tools and clothing passed that way. So there came to be great beaten thoroughfares 100 or 200 feet wide, deeply cut in the earth by the wheels of wagons and the feet of pilgrims.

The Oregon trail was the first and most famous of these in Nebraska. It started in Nebraska at Independence, Mo., ran across the northeast corner of Kansas, and entered Nebraska near the point where Sage and Jefferson counties meet on the Nebraska-Kansas line. It followed the course of the Little Blue river across Jefferson, Thayer, Nuckolls, Clay and Adams county, then across the divide to the Platte near the head of Grand Island in Hall county, then along the south side of the Platte through Kearney, Phelps, Gosper and Dawson, to a point in Keith county about seven miles east of Big Springs, where it crossed the South Platte and continued up the south side of the North Platte through Keith, Garden, Morrill and Scott's Bluff counties, where it passed out of Nebraska into Wyoming.

The beginning of the Oregon trail in Nebraska were made in 1812 by the little band of returning Astorians as they, leading their one poor horse, tramped their weary way down the Platte valley to the Otoe village, where they took canoes for their journey down the river. These first Oregon trailers left no track deep enough to be followed. They simply made known the way. After them the fur traders on horseback and ahead followed nearly the same route. On April 19, 1826, Milton Sublette with ten wagons and one milch cow left St. Louis and arrived at the Wind River mountains on July 16. They returned to St. Louis the same summer, bringing back ten wagons loaded with furs and the faithful cow which furnished milk all the way. Theirs were the first wagon wheels on the Oregon trail across Nebraska. The track they made from the mouth of the Kansas river up the valley of the Little Blue and up the south side of the Platte and North Platte was followed by others, and thus became the historic trail. Their famous cow, and the old horse which seventeen years before carried the burdens of the Astorians are entitled to a high place among the pioneers of the west.

In 1822, Captain Bonneville, whose story is told by Washington Irving, followed over Sublette's trail from the Missouri river to the mountains. In the same year Nathaniel J. Wyeth, following the same trail, pushed through the South Pass in the mountains and on to Oregon, thus making an open road from the Missouri river to the Pacific ocean. With slight changes this road remained the Oregon trail through the years of overland travel. Every spring in May the long emigrant trains left the Missouri river and arrived on the Pacific coast in November. It was a wonderful trip. Every day the train moved fifteen or twenty miles. Every night it camped. Every day there were new scenes and

events. New friends were found among the traders. Children were born on the way. There were weddings and funerals. It was a great traveling city moving 2,000 miles, from the river to the ocean.

There are five periods in the story of the Oregon trail. The first was the period of finding the way and breaking the trail and extends from the return of the Astorians in 1812 to the first wagon in 1826. The second period was that of the early Oregon migration and extends from 1826 to the discovery of gold in California in 1848. The third period was that of the rush for gold and extends from 1848 to 1850. During this period the Oregon trail became the greatest traveled highway in the world, wider and more beaten than a city street, and hundreds of thousands passed over it. The fourth period is that of the decline of the Oregon trail and extends from 1850 to 1859. The fifth period, from 1859 to the present day, is witnessing its gradual effacement.

The best brief description of the Oregon trail is that of Father De Smet, who knew it well and tells of its appearance when first seen by him and his party of Indians from the upper Missouri in 1825.

"Our Indian companions, who had never seen but the narrow hunting paths by which they transport themselves and their lodges, were filled with admiration on seeing this noble highway, which is as smooth as a barn floor swept by the winds, and not a blade of grass can shoot up on it on account of the continual passing. They conceived a high idea of the countless white nations they fancied all along that great road, and that an immense void must exist in the land of the rising sun. They styled the route the 'Great Medicine Road of the Whites.'"

In another place Father De Smet tells of the great government wagon trains he met on the Oregon trail in 1838:

"Each train consisted of twenty-six wagons, each wagon drawn by six yoke of oxen. The teams were led by a driver being placed in command of his wagon and twelve oxen. The master wagoner is a man of little little fleet of 200 and white awnings of the wagons have the effect of a fleet of vessels with all canvas spread."

The second important trail across Nebraska is the one that started from the banks of the Missouri river near Bellevue and Florence, followed up the north side of the Platte and North Platte to Fort Laramie, where it joined the older Oregon trail. This was the route across Nebraska of the returning Astorians in 1812 and some of early fur traders. The Mormons made this a wagon road in 1847 when their great company wintered at Florence and Bellevue took this way to the valley of the Great Salt Lake. It was often called the Mormon trail. Some of the immigrants to Oregon and California went over this route, and hence it is sometimes called the Oregon trail or California trail. There was less travel on this trail than on the one south of the Platte because there was more sand here.

This north side trail ran through the counties of Douglas, Ferry, Dodge, Colfax, Platte, Merrick, Hall, Buffalo, Dawson, Lincoln, Garden and Scott's Bluff.

The third celebrated trail across Nebraska was from the Missouri river to Denver and was called the Denver trail. It had many branches between the Missouri river and Fort Kearney. Near this

we could do as the bird seemed to be suffering and we thought he might be saved. The man suggested a drop of whisky in a spoonful of water. We had no whisky, but did have some grain alcohol, which we tried, but the poor bird died any way right in my mamma's hand. Mamma thinks we did not use the remedy soon enough.

Play Circus.

By Evelyn Van Burn, Aged 8 Years, Kearney, Neb. Red Side.

It was a warm day in summer. We thought we would have a circus. We had it in a hay loft. I was a funny clown. We had a parade in the morning. When the circus was ended they all said they liked it very much.

Reads Page Regularly.

By Mildred Wilson, 303 N Street, South Omaha, Neb. Blue Side.

This is the first time I have written. My father takes The Bee, and I read the children's page every Sunday. I am 10 years old and I am in the sixth grade. I would like to join the Blue side; also wish to see my letter in print.

Reads Busy Bee Stories.

Anna Moskovitz, Aged 12 Years, 718 N. Sixteenth, Omaha, Neb. Red Side.

I am reading the stories every Sunday in the papers and I enjoy them very much. I wish I could join them, too, and would be very happy to see them in the Sunday Bee. I go to the Cass school. I passed into Sixth A and my age is 12. My birthday is September 1 and I have a quite white cat, which is my pet. My father is a merchant. I love to live in Omaha. I think it is a nice place to live in, and I also love to go to school and have my teacher teach me. Her name is Miss Hewitt. She is a very nice teacher. I am glad she passed me and now my new teacher's name is Miss Wallace.

The Liberty Bell.

By Enoch Bender, Aged 10 Years, Brighton, Colo., Neb. Red Side.

I have been reading the children's page for some time and I enjoy it very much. I will join the Red Side. I am going to tell you about the Liberty Bell. The Liberty Bell came here and stopped about five minutes. I went down to the depot to see it. There a great crowd had assembled.

The Liberty Bell had not been used ever since that great event in 1776 when it rang out our independence. We celebrate the Fourth of July to remember the day when we were declared free from England.

Little Visitor Here.

By Dixie Louise Mullins, Aged 11 Years, No. 12 Angelus Apartments, Omaha, Neb. Red Side.

I enjoy reading the Busy Bee page and I would like to join them. I am visiting my aunt in Omaha, but my home is in Kingsville, Mo. I would like to join the Red Side as it is my favorite color. I hope this short letter will escape Mr. Waste Basket.

Books of Knowledge.

By Martha Johnson, 717 East Fourteenth, Fremont, Neb. Red Side.

My mother kept buying sets of books, thinking they were good books telling all about the world and to help me in history, but every time she was disap-

pointed. One day a man came to our house and told mamma about the best books in the world. She thought she should not buy them, but finally she did, and they are the best books, the books of knowledge. I have made much use of them. They tell about everything a child wants to know and it helps you in school and in everything. There is not a question you can ask but what is in the book of knowledge.

Lilian and Ethel.

By Catherine Treadway, Aged 10 Years, Boone, Neb. Blue Side.

Once there were two little girls, whose names were Lilian and Ethel. Ethel was gentle and kind, but Lilian was rough and selfish. One day their mother said, "If you will each pick a gallon of apples, I will give you each a big peach." So both of the girls went out and in a little while they had a gallon of apples. And then they ran happily into the house. Their mother gave them each a nice large peach, and then they went out to play, and were very happy.

Makes Mud Pies.

By Leona Walter, Aged 8 Years, Wahoo, Neb. Blue Side.

Once the little neighbor boy and I were making mud pies. We made cakes, coffee rolls, doughnuts, pies, cookies, angel food cake and all sorts of things. My sister and brother would come and buy them. After we had played awhile we got tired, so I went home, cleaned up and got ready so I could go to the picture show. I think I had a very nice time that day.

The Sparrows.

By Madeline Kenyon, Aged 14 Years, Omaha, Neb. Blue Side.

I have a small stand and on it a pan of water and a few crumbs. Every day I see about ten birds gather around the stand and have their meals. They enjoy themselves very much, for every day they bring more of their friends to help feast.

The grey little birds are very common, but useful.

Busy Bee Rhymes.

By Helen Vais, Aged 13 Years, Clarkson, Neb. Blue Side.

A little girl went to town one day. With Rover, the dog, at her side. Her father and mother were both away. And she was left home with the maid. With her basket in her hand, Rover carrying the money bag in his mouth. The way they went was the sunny South.

With the roses bloom in the path, And the walk leading where there is not wrath, Down by the river where the sweet flowers grow, Where the little girl picked and then she strow—strew them at Rover's feet, The dear large dog who was so neat.

When they had rested they went to town, And soon they were coming with a parcel brown. Rover licking the little girl's hand, Wandering now, long they had been on their stand.

Dear little child, you have spent the day well, Doing an errand for the maid as well. I wish you praise and good fortune—always, For what you have done in that one short day.

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