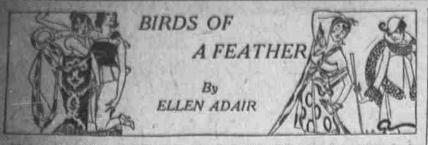
EVENING LEDGER-PHILADELPHIA, MONDAY, JANUARY 4, 1915.

WOMAN AND THE HOME-PRACTICAL ARTICLES-FASHIONS FOR THE ATHLETIC GIRI



to actract or even become acquainted a moment that you and your men acwith the right sort of men," said a very quaintances are in the same class at all. charming and pretty girl to me the other Quite the opposite, in fact, and therein day, 'I really can't understand how it lies the trouble. You mix with a class lat By the 'right' sort I mean the of men of whom, in your better judg-

yond the fact that they give me a good time in the way of acting escort.

10 *

"Now I see lots of girls who really as myself (ob, you'll think I'm conceited for talking this way, but I want to speak frankly on this subject)-I see these outwardly unattractive girls with really worth-while' men dancing attendance on them and taking them about everywhere and finally marrying them. Why should I be left out of things where the really nice, interesting people are con-...

"One day I sat down by myself to think things out. I had been out to lunch with George Smith. He is a brainless sort of boy with lots of money and no profession. I don't think that George ald do a stroke of work if he tried. After lunch he took me to a matinee, and then we looked in at a dansant. In the evening James Brown called round and took me to a big dance. Yes, I had lots of partners at the dance, but none of them were men who interested me in the loast!"

"But there were lots of interesting, clever men at the dance, weren't there?" indeed," was the immediate "That was why I felt so vexed. answer. Not one of the nice, amusing men bothered to ask me to dance with them! It was rather hard for me to watch my sigl friends having such a good time while I had to content myself with the stupid, vapid crowd!"

"Yes, it certainly was hard," I agreed, "but if you will pause and consider just a little further, I think you will arrive at the right solution of the problem." "Do tell me," cried the pretty girl quickly, "I would give anything if I only

had nicer friends." "Have you never heard the old proverb,

Useful Hints

"It is a curious thing that I never seem | I queried. "Not that I would imply for worth-while' type. The men who run ment, you cannot possibly approve, Now, after me and take me to theatres, par- the other class, the 'worth-while' men, tian, sic., are really rather foolish and can only judge you by your friends. They boring. Yet a girl must have men do not know that the vapid talk and friends if she is to have any sort of a empty goasip of these outwardly dear mood time at all, so I'd hate to give my friends of yours only serve to bore you. present friends up-such as they are! I How can they know that? The very fact den't care a scrap about these men be. that you are seen everywhere in the company of these foolish men hall-marks you as being like themselves.

"One is inevitably judged by one's asaren't one half as pretty or interesting sociates. The girl who is seen in public places, such as theatres and dansants, with men who are known to be brainless-or worse-is damning herself soclally. And small wonder, too. The public only shrug their shoulders and remark. 'Birds of a feather.' And one cannot blame the public for judging from outward appearances. If I were a man I should certainly not wish to bother with the girl who was content to run about with any Tom, Dick or Harry. I should

consider it a little beneath my dignity to place myzelf in the same category as these men.

"The girl who wishes to have really less fool, the notorious man and the man whom all other men dislike. When men whom all other men dislike. When men dislike a man, by the way, there is nearly always an excellent reason. Your friend The tables are oval shaped and the two always an excellent reason. Your friend of the matinee, George Brown, is disliked by all sensible men, and you know it. Yet you run the risk of appearing everywhere

with him in public! It is small wonder that the sensible men hold off. They figure out that if you like the kind of person that poor George Brown represents. then you won't like them-and deduce from your choice in friends that they certainly won't like you."

"But I don't care two pins about George Brown." walled the pretty girl in a despairing tone; "I'd give him up tomorrow if a nicer man turned up."

"He won't turn up until you cut out all these silly friends, then." I answered frankly. "At present the sensible man will only look at you and, summing you up inwardly, repeat the old adage, 'Birds of a feather flock together.' Drop the empty, fooliah crowd and the nice men

"Have you never heard the old proverb. will soon become interested in you. That sible, and then apply two coats of the that 'Birds of a feather flock together?' is the best advice I can give you."

The Modern Child

Some Hints on Her Upbringing. The American child has been accused of many things, but the most serious of these is an entire lack of respect for authority. This is not an exaggeration by any means. The ordinary American child is her own mistress; she neither obeys nor takes a correction. She manages all whe come her way, and the househeld is run to suit her convenience. She has no hesitation about speaking her mind—in fact, the modern American child consid-ers it her duty to put poor mother or fa-ther right at certain times. The mistaken notion of individuality in

ther right at certain times. The mistaken notion of individuality in child-rearing is primarily responsible for this. Mothers are told to let their chil-dren shape their own characters, that the good old-fashioned corporal punishment is a mistake. Perhaps this is true, but there are certain things every well-bred child should not be allowed to neg-

In the first place, teach the little folks "company manner." This is abso-ruinous to their character. It is them insincerity, and makes them lutely teaches teaches them insincerity, and makes them an object for disike. Children soon learn things anyway, but if you let them think that they should be any more polite or any more obliging when a stranger is present, they will use the knowledge to your disadvantage. You will soon find that they become rude and discourteous that they become rude and discourteous ne circle. in the he

Teach children to be orderly when they are young. If you don't do it then, there is very little hope of their becoming so later. Make them stand up when they are addressed by an older person. Never let them sit in the easiest chairs while the older folks have to use straight ones. They must be trained to be thoughtful and considerate of others. They

The Sewing Table

Have you seen the new Martha Washington sewing tables? They are the handlest things you can imagine for the "stitch in time." The most attractive thing about them is that they come in

"The girl who wishes to have really nice, interesting friends must entirely forego the companionship of the brain-work. Milady has only to drop her collars, cuffs, ruffles and furbelows in the large openings on the sides and

> sides are just a sort of cupboard for odd pieces of material and such things. The centre of the table is a series of drawers, each one for a different purpose. The top drawer is very shallow and inside is a rack for spools-in fact, for several of them. The idea is very useful, as there is nothing more annoying than to have to look all over for your materials when you are ready to work. The other drawers are for the innumerable things which seem to accumulate in some mysterious way around the sewing room.

If Mrs. Washington really used one of these delightful affairs, the modern these woman does well to imitate her, as they are so attractive and useful.

To Use Up White Shoes.

When, after many cleanings, white when, after many cleanings, white shoes look grey and shabby, they can be made a pretty brown by applying saffron. Mix six drops of saffron with three tablespoonfuls of olive oil. Clean shoes well; remove dark spots when pos-



sort of chilly when the snow is flying down outside, but if you knew just how comfy and warm it can be made you'd mer, wicker furniture will be the most never sleep inside the house again. The serviceable. You can get it in green, tan or natural willow, and if decorated with sleeping porch is quite an institution in the summer, when we swelter and turn over on torrid nights, but in the winter, when the cold winds whistle around the house-you crawl into your steam-heated bedroom and curl up tight! Builders, designers and interior dec-orators have all combined their efforts

to make the sleeping porch extremely comfortable nowadays. Your porch can be stranged so that you have the steam heat at the base.

of the wall and open windows at the top. These windows are on rollers, and can be pushed open, one or more at a time, as you choose. This is a very time, as you choose. This is a very the older folks the out-door sleeping is good arrangement, because the timorous excellent. beginner will only try one or two win-dows at first, and when the habit grows, she will want more air. The seasoned sleeper-out wraps herself up well, then opens all the windows, and spends the night breathing in pure, fresh air.

cretonne covers, the effect is delightful, Have your bedframe made of metal, if possible, as the covers can be tucked in more securely. Of course, there is dan-ger of a severe cold or pneumonia if your shoulders neglect to be properly covered while you are sleeping out. Children are better off in their rooms

for this reason. They are so reatless and unreliable as a rule, and so precious, that it is better to keep them in a well-ventilated room. Then the nurse can close the windows before they rise, and this will protect them against chills. But to excellent. If you would have bright eyes, and rosy

cheeks and good health, sleep out. But if you sleep out, take precautions to do it without endangering your health. No matter how good a thing is there is such a thing as "doing it wrong."

pursuit of him.

When Wimberley reached the house 20 men were out looking for him. His mother and Joan were in the hall, apparently on the verge of tears. Lady Wimberley flung her arms round her son's



THE ATTRACTIVE SPORTS SUIT

"However," she continued, "I am fairly

free movement, and I can always us

button these innumerable fasteners. 1

see you, too, have patch pockets, on

let you have the lovellest pheasants

wing to put in it. It's an exquisite golden

brown, and, with your brown tweed sult,

brown boots, brown sports hat and brown

I value Elinor's opinion, and when the

soft velours hat was trimmed with the

The Mothers of Men

The bravest battle that ever was fought

Shall I tell you where and when? On the maps of the world you will find

'Tis fought by the mothers of men.

Nay, not with cannon or battle shot.

Yet faithful still as a bridge of stars,

She fights in her walled-up town-

Fights on and on in endless wars,

Then, unseen, silently goes down.

Oh, ye with banners and battle shot,

Were fought in those silent ways.

With silent and silent scorn

The kingliest warriors born!

And soldiers to shout and praise, I tell you the kingliest victories fought

Oh, spotless woman in a world of shama,

Go back to God as white as you came-

Three "Economy" Hints.

First. If a fire has to be left unwatched

for several hours, put a handful of sait

on the top of the coal. This will prevent

-Joaquin Miller

With sword or nobler peni Nay, not with sloquent words or thought From mouths of wonderful men.

pheasant's wing I did rather fancy my-

eyes, you will look simply perfect."

self as a real sports-clad girl.

it not-

When Amy's invitation came yesterday, off altogether, for I have breeches in I was wildly excited, for ever since the match." And she dropped the dark gray cold weather set in I have been longing skirt deftly to the floor and stepped out to get away to the country. And Amy, looking like a charming little jockey is just in the nick of time, has asked me the well-cut breeches. to come and visit her at her lovely home content to wear the skirt, for it is very up in the Adirondacks. short-seven inches from the ground, my

Now, the problem of clothes has started dear! Then it is sufficiently wide to allow to worry me, for I feel sure that all the other guests will be as smart as possible. I have only a week to prepare in, and not a superfluity of cash, either. So I Dorothy, your brown velours hat is jun must just set my wits to work. the very tone for this suit of yours. Fr

"Don't worry, Dorothy," said mother in her bright, cheerful way. "We'll manage somehow. One thing you have to be thankful for, and that is your new sports suit that father gave you for Christmas. It will be the very thing now."

I breathed a sigh of relief. "Yes, indeed," I cried, "on Christmas morning when I got that suit I didn't think that

it would be required so soon. Why, it will be the very thing!" and I hurried upstairs to try it on once more, this time with a keenly critical eye, for the friends whom I was about to visit moved in a wealthier set than myself.

Yes, the new sports sult is exceedingly smart. It is a Scotch tweed of a deepbrown shade that exactly matches the color of my eyes. Luckily, although my eves and hair are dark brown. I have

But deep, in the walled-up woman's heartfair complexion, so that I can wear a Of woman that would not yield, But bravely, silently, bore her partgreat variety of colors with safety. The skirt, which is set on a two-inch Lo, there is that battlefield! band, thus having a slightly high-waisted

effect, is cut rather wider than usual at Marshaling troops, no bivouac song, the bottom and very short. The hem is No banner to gleam and wave: But, oh, their battles, they always last From babyhood to the grave. quite five inches from the ground and the skirt buttons all the way up the front

with very cute brown leather buttons. The latter method of fastening is ideal for climbing and for all sports, for, if suitable breeches are worn below, the skirt may be removed and used as a

cape! I am particularly fond of the coat. I omes well below the hips, and has a se-

vere mannish cut, fastening with the same brown leather buttons as used on the skirt. The set-in sleeve is popular on sports suits just now, so, of course, this coat has set-in sleeves, too.

What especially delights me is the fact that the coat boasts of four large patch pockets. "Whatever do you want with those enormous pockets, Dorothy?" asked mother.

"Why, to carry cartridges, of course," the fuel burning away quickly, and a sur I said instantly, "Amy tells me there with the poker will result in a nice is some good shooting just now." glowing fire. With this suit I wear a very smart tailored shirtwaist of pussy-willow taf-

Second. When making tea, instead of the usual spoonful for the pot, add a lump fetas, with a high, soft collar and a of sugar. When drawn the tea will be brown knitted silk tie. My boots are of just as strong.

russet leather, waterproofed to withstand Third. Save coffee grounds, dry them. the muddlest roads, and I have a pair of add a pinch of carbonate of soda, and

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RESH



By CLAVER MORRIS on his way more determined than ever to

nothing to his mind. Doubtless if he could see the outside of the place he would know exactly where he was.

Doctor Anderson came and stood near "Are you going to come quietly?" he

said. "Or have we got to put you to sleep again?"

Wimberley laughed. "I'll come quietly," he replied. "It's rather fun-the sort of thing one reads of in a book." Doctor Anderson gripped him by the

arm and helped him to his feet. The

than the noise of a popgun. Doctor Anderson rolled over with a groan, clutching at his side with both his hands.

Wimberley sprang to his feet and durted away into the darkness, struggling and panting for breath, running as though some hideous terror were in hot

owed as much character in the way she put on her gloves as in the man-ner of her speech. "If you will observe the gloved hands of momen you will deduce to some extent

gloves.

of women you will deduce to some extent their characters. The woman who puts on her gloves and leaves little pointed tips to turn over and get in the way of every-thing she touches is careless, negligent and untidy. "Then there is the woman who pulls

an her gloves so tightly that her fingers come through the ends. She is of the penetrating kind, She will ferret out everything and go to any extreme to gain her point. She is inclined to rush, and in her rushing she does not stop to correct her mistakes.

"There is the woman who always has the fingers of her gloves twisted and crooked. She never will do anything straight, she would go two blocks out of her way to get somewhere when going straight ahead would get her there

"The woman who wears her gloves a The woman who wears her gloves a couple of sizes too small, because she thinks it makes her hands look daintier, is mistaken. A glove too small pinches the hands so that they appear like dummy hands, and an attempt to touch anything is ridiculous. Such a woman in weak-minded

"There is the strong-minded woman who wears gloves several sizes too large for her. She is masculine. "There is another class of woman who wears no gloves at all. Not because she waits to ford gloves, but because she waits to karden her hands to the ele-mants. Such a woman would risk pneu-Buch a woman would risk pneuonla by exposing her throat in a snow-

"Gives are a sort of blessing for the comfort they give, and a decoration to woman's tollet when worn correctly, it takes no more time to put a giove on give than to put it on wrong, and there is positively no excuse for colored gloves, other than gray or tan. The gives other than gray or tan. The gives would wear blue or pink gives would gaint her checks green and be to de. The well-ground woman weare white gloves for evening, als tan, gray or while for afternoon, tan the deep mounting. Nothing would die her to wear colored gloves. Were us to also a farts also for yink red, ghen at. They gloves to would be also be to de the afternoon the solution has been mounting to the motoring and black be to wear colored gloves. Were us to ask in a Parts also for yink red. They never make them."

Pudding Secrets

The Dainty Fichters.

Author of "John Bredon, Solicitor." Guy Wimberley, son of Anne, the Marchioness of Wimberley, is at Harptree

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CHAPTER XIII (Continued).

"Oh, I can find my way. Why, there are the lights of the house. I'll tell 'em to send you down your supper and you can sleep in the car for the night." He set off along the road, whistling cheerfully and kicking up the snow in little showers before him.

The boy plodded along steadily in the direction of the light, seen dimly through a belt of leafless trees that lay between him and the house. He had his own opininn of the chauffeur's ability to effect a

Pudding Secrets The your clean your surrents for put a don't want them. This takes at havor out of the fruit. An expet keaper advises this method: Put is the secret part amount of fruit in a colander prime with flour. Rub well with the other. The flour and foreign the other. The flour and foreign the other, the flour and the solut. Man and the house. He had his own opin-the dent amount of fruit in a colander the other. The flour and foreign the other, the flour and foreign the other, the flour and foreign the dist, and while it is cooking the flour of the fruit from mathing at the and dist, and while is the account in you the top prime fruit from mathing at the and dister a hall of pudding takes twice and the top prime line to swell and remains the top prime line to swell and remains the prime fruit from mathing at the the source the log. The point is in the set the prime mathing the should the the top the point is the the top the point is the boy alout. The top prime mathing the should the the top the point is the the the state of the four the work of the boy alout the the state of the case. Then has decided to go the work flue case for the would looks at head as the the prime distribution. The base at the the the top the state of the top should be the top the state at the the prime distribution the base the the work for the scale for the prime distribution. The mathing the scale is the flow the prime distribution the scale for the scale for the top is the the scale for the scale for the scale distribution the scale for the prime distribution the scale for the scale for the scale for the prime distribution

something about it that appealed to his love of adventure. He liked to think that there were dangers lurking in the darkness. For all he knew to the contrary, that black-bearded doctor might have chosen this particular night to make another attempt to carry him off. He chuckled with joy at the very thought of it. He'd astoniah the fellow when he whipped out that jolly little pistol. He pictured himself in a scene of remarkable herolam. There would be bloodshed, of course. It would be splendid-something to talk about for the rest of one's life. He shifted the weapon into the

irre, He shirted the weapon into the right-hand pocket of his overcoat, and kept his fingers on the butt of it. "They won't find me asleep —" he said to himself. Then, suddenly, he tripped over something and fell headlong to the ground, and before he could rise there was a blanket over his head, and a most horrible smell that took away his breath. He screamed and struggled, and tried to tear away the blanket with his hands. All thought of the weapon had vanished from his mind. His only desire was to free himself from the horrible thing that seemed to be strangling himhorrible to draw a breath of fresh air into his bursting lungs. Then strange scenes be-gan to flit quickly through his brain--

which is of flowers and colored lights, and sunshine on blue water. Then he slipped down into a great darkness. When Wimberley' came to his senses his head was free, and he was lying on his back on a soft bed of hay. The light of a small bulk save lantern showed him

When Winnberiey came to his senses his head was free, and he was lying on his back on a soft bed of hay. The light of a small bull's-sye lantern showed him the rafters of a low, narrow shed and the dim figure of a man. "Feeling better, sonny?" said a clear, quiet voice. The boy moaned and closed nis eyes. He was still dased by the fumes of the chloroform and his head ached violently. He was also conscious of failure. He had certainly not emerged from the contest with fiying colors. Of course, they had his pistol. And now he was quite helplas. "Had to do it, sonny." the man con-tinued. "But we're not going to harm you if you behave yourself and your folk come up to the scratch with the brass." "Where am I?" queried Winbertey in a faint voice. The man laughed /and came a little closer so that the light streamed up on to his face. "I thick we're met before, sonny." "As he stroated and turned over on his side, and almost gave a cry of foy as something hard dig itself into his thigh. They had not taken his pistol after all. Of course, now he came to think of it more clearly it would never have occurred to them to march him for a weapon. And the folly little thing was there-chock full of cartridges. Well, there would he some fun now. The scoruciating pain of his headache seemed to vanish in the poyons anticipation of a really splendid atoms it was a pity there was no one there to see it. He would have liked the whole school' to be watching him-mas-ters and all. "For marriy is minime there was sfince-then a door creaked on its hinges and all.

ters and all. For rearing a minute there was silence, then a door creaked on its hinges and a oold blant of air rushed into the abed. The black-bearded man turned. "Wall" he said struptly. "Ally ready. Is the young cub awakes?" "Yes. What's it like outside?" "Snyshig hard again-sil the better. We'vd got to look sharp. Thure int't month time to been." "Bhas far from bere?" "Bhas far from bere?" "Stet more than a homitred yards." Wimbertey mining up his sers. At has he bad entre the sharp the "The

opened the door. accomplish the journey. There was They made their way out into the driving snow, Anderson still holding the boy by his arm.

Wimberley's heart beat quickly as they tramped over the rought ground toward the river. His teeth chattered and he was thoroughly frightened, not at the thought of what might happen to him, but at the idea of taking that ugly little pistol out of his pocket and shooting one, perhaps both, of the men. All the glamour of the situation had faded away. He saw nothing but the beaatly side of It. It was easy enough to fire at a target, but to fire at a human being, with the knowledge that the man might crumple up and fall down and bleed to death did not seem such a very fine thing after

all. Somehow it seemed all very different from the scenes of bloodshed and he-rolsm he had read about.

They reached the bank of the river and the swift stream looked black as ink in contrast to the snow-covered fields on either side of it. The small man placed the lantern on the ground and stepped into the boot and the ground and stepped the lantern on the ground and stepped into the boat and began to unfasten the painter that was tied to the stump of a willow tree. Anderson ist go of the boy's arm and picked up the lantern. Wimber-ley felt that the time had come to do something. He did not quite know what he would do, but in any case he was not wong to sten into the beat

he would do, but in any case he was not going to step into the boat. "Now then, sonny," said Anderson. "You're going a voyage-quite like a story book, isn't it?" "Not much," said Wimberley, and he turned and ran as fast as his legs could carry him. It was an ignominious end-ing to what had promised to be a glorious adventure.

adventure. But the end was not be as peaceful as he thought. Before he had gone a hun-dred yards Anderson overtook him, gripped him by the shoulder and flung

"You young devil," said the man. "Well, now we'll have to quiet you," and kneeling down on the boy's legs, he drow a cloth out of his pocket and a small

a cloth the share bottle. "Don't you do that," screamed Wimber-ley: "If you do that, I'll kill you_kill will you..."

you-kill you-" The man haughed and sprinkled some of the chloroform on the cloth. Wimber-ley, mad with terror, withdrew his right hand from the pocket of his overcoat. There was a spurt of flame and a report, hardly louder so it seemed to Wimberley

neck and kissed him again and again Joan's anxiety turned to anger. "Where have you been, Guy?" she said

sharply. "How dare you behave like this -frightening us all so-you made mother quite ill."

"Sorry, mother," he said in a low voice. "awfully sorry-lost my way, that's all, you see. I'll explain it all if you'll let me -but the lights of the house-I reckoned they'd guide me-and the rotten things went out. All over the place I've been; thought I'd never see any dinner tonight.

"You're wet through," said Joan. "You've been falling about in the snow-here, let me take your cost."

"No, thanks," said the boy, sharply and then he remembered that the pistol was not there, that he had flung it intothe lake as he came up through the garden

"Mother, dear, I am so sorry to have given you all such a fright. I ought to have stayed in the car. When did it some in?"

"Only half an hour ago," faltered Lady Wimberley. "We thought it had broken down. Your uncle is furious with Lawis for letting you come on by your self with a lantern."

"Oh, Lewis couldn't help it-he tried-well, I'll go and change. I expect you're all hungry, aren't you? Oh. mother dear, I forgot-many happy returns of the dear.

the day." Lady Wimberley caught him in her

Lady Winderley caught him in her arms and kissed him. "I don't mean a return of this sort of thing," he said, with a laugh. "I was frightened myself, I can tell you. I think I must have lost my head."

He freed himself from her embrace, and made his way up to the bedroom, And when he looked at his white face in the glass, the horror of the whole thing came back to him, and he burst

Grade Theo. J. Siefest, 1426 Walnut St.

into tears. (Continued tomorrow.) Copyright, 1914, by the Associated News-papers, Limited.



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Early Showing New Straw Hats for Southern Travel

Opening The New Imported Embroideries. Laces and Dress Trimmings Spring 1915

heavy brown leather gauntlets that match use on the knlfe-board instead of knife the color scheme beautifully. powder. The mixture answers admirably,

"You do look cute, Dorothy!" said my friend Elinor when she caught sight of me thus arrayed. This is a splendidlooking Ayreshire tweed you have on! Going off to the country, are you? You lucky girl! What do you think of my suit? It's a Galashiels tweed-Scotch, you know-the very latest thing, made of silk and wool, therefore very light. Oh, yes; it's very warm, and rainproof, too. Don't you

think my Norfolk coat, with its smart belt, is attractive? Do look at the skirt. It buttons all the way up the front, and almost all the way up the back, too. When I'm right out in the country or mountaineering I just take the skirt right

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