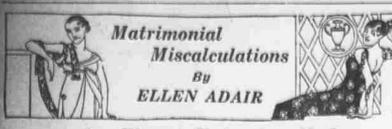
# PRACTICAL ARTICLES AND FASHIONABLE FANCIES FOR THE WOMAN AND THE HOUSEHOLD



## Are Women Untrustworthy?

o use the London law courts as a ventilator for their many grievance against fate and women, remarked mournfully the other day that it "docun't do to trust a woman?" His remark was In no wise original. Many, many men have said that before, and will go on saying it to the end of the chapter.

"You can take it from me," declares a well-known writer recently, "that the only thing that first drives a man out of his senses and then gives them back to him again is the fact that he can never really trust anything in petticoats;

"The young man, of course, only learns this lesson by degrees. He finds it difficult to understand that a strawberry-andcream looking girl needs a lot of love's sugar to make her palatable when he has lived with her a week; he finds it hard to believe that a person who has married a man of his superlative attractions should not be wholly resigned to an existence made up of looking after his socks and his digestion, and his pride gets a nasty blow when he discovers that her ideas are somewhat otherwise."

But if her ideas are somewhat otherwise, it is only natural that they should so. For it is an entire matrimonial miscalculation on the part of the husband to imagine that a woman can be wholly satisfied tending to his wants from morning to night! The woman who does that tending may be his ideal-in theory-but in reality he soon tires of the

"Are women untrustworthy?" goes the question

And it is a woman who boldly answers that question. "Of course, we're not to be trusted!" she proudly proclaims, in no wise abashed. "If we were to be trusted, where should we all be? Living the lives of nuns or domestic servants, most probably, with one frock a year, and the telephone cut off, while our lords and masters enjoyed themselves somewhere in the West. Why, if a man thought he could trust a woman he would never come home at all! He doesn't often now, but if he had perfect confidence in her she might be in heaven already for all she would ever see of him on earth!"

"As I said before, it never does to trust a woman, either in her appearances or disappearances, her obvious disadvantages and her hidden charms. And a good job, too! For it is just because a man can't trust a woman that she still

"Want to move!" exclaimed Mrs. Reddy

in dismay, "think of all the work that

moving is! Isn't there some way we can

fix this home up so you will like it?"
"No, there isn't," replied Reddy tersely,

and he went out of doors to nurse his grievance. Now, going out of doors on

a spring morning is the very worst way in the world to nurse a grievance—that is, if you want to keep the grievance!

For grievances have a way of vanishing in the fresh air; maybe you've notice!

Reddy had not been out of doors more than three minutes till he forgot how cross he was and began to feel like his usual jolly self. "I believe it's that house that makes me cross," he thought to him-

but I was wrong to be so surly about moving, but I was wrong to be so surly about it. Now, I wonder where we could move?" He looked all around the pratty park woods. The tree buds were swelling, the bushes and shrubs were beginning to

bloom and the grass was putting on its fresh green dress. A prettier place to live in no squirrel could ask for. Then

Reddy looked up into the trees; and right then he spled the house! It was a cunning little house stuck

up on a long pole and it was put there for birds (though, of course, Reddy didn't know that!) and the minute he saw it,

Reddy determined to make it his home. "That's just the kind of a place I want"

THE ONE-EYED WEASEL

By Bob Williams

One morning Farmer Thompson found.

With only one big Sky-Blue Eye A-peering from his Head,

"I think I was right about moving,

that yourself.

ONE of the numerous men who seem contrives to keep her hold over him. No man in his heart of hearts ever respecied the woman he was sure of, the Woman who never asked inconvenient questions or did inconvenient things, whose worth, in a word, was beyond rubles.

"If a man were quite sure of a woman he would play the devil with her, instead of which she plays the devil with him. Which is all as it should be. Some people will tell you that the world was nade for man. Agreed: But what was man made for? Woman, of course!"

The reason of many unhappy marriages hes in matrimonial miscalculations concerning the disposition of the bride. It always strikes me as an extraordinary thing that so many modern men demand perfection in a woman. They place her on a pedestal and they want to stay below, blindly wershiping. But, as a matter of fact, the woman who is a piece of perfection would be a dreadful bore. She would be hopelessly uninteresting and uncompanionable. Moreover, perfect woman and Imperfect man would prove a poor combination socially. They poor

wouldn't hit it off at all well together. The perfect woman could never say a word against her neighbors ner indulge in the retailing of these delectable little pieces of gossip which are the joy of the average woman's existence. She couldn't be really tactful, for she would gan packing his suitense. In the morn have to adhere rigorously to the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth. And tactlessness is the grave of matrimonial affection.

dividual viewpoint, and depends upon each particular interpretation of the the continent. term. There are beings on earth, you know who would rather have a very tactful, kindly wife than one who was a model of reliability. And there is also some truth in the old saying, "What the eye doesn't see, the heart doesn't grieve

Evanescence

What's the brightness of a brow?
What's a mouth of pearls and corals? Beauty vanishes like a vapor.
Preach the men of musty morals! Should the crowd then, ages since, Have shut their ears to singing Homer, Because the music fled as soon As fleets the violets' aroma?

Ah, for me, I thrill to see The bloom a velvet check discloses, Made of dust-I will believe it!

"Come quick with me!" he called to

Mrs. Reddy.

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Then run, and shout "Good Night!"

In Farmer Thompson's Sunday Pants While Bill was in the Hills.

One Night I saw this Weusel claw

Bill Thompson's frau she taught him how To look for Dollar Bills

My tose, and bite my Nose: jumped and saw that Rex. my Dog. Had punked off all the Clothesi

day!) "and I want to move now!"

CHILDREN'S CORNER

### The Daily Story

In the Last Hour

Thorne had ideals of honor and a square law. The latter showed that he had the courage and determination to keep the former above compromise. Indeed. Thorpe's ideals were not less unrelenting than his method of backing them up. He also had a heart Several little affairs, had made him aware of the existence of that organ, but of its real nature its capacity for untold pleasure and its potentiality of untold pain-he was quite unaware until he met Emily Royce at the Barry's house

Then there began strange proceedings in his rardine region, the like of which he had never before experienced. He rode, with her through the notumn lane, he shot with her in the autumn woods. The world and its cares were somewhere far away, and life was very new and strange and altogether charming.

It was the evening of the impromptu-ance that Thorpe came back to earth ofth a shock. He and Emily were seated behind a gereen of friendly palme. Some one was playing a Waldteufel waltz or the plane, and the swish of shirts and the click of dainty shoes on the pollahed the click of dainty shoes on the pollshed floor came in pleasant rhythm. They had drifted from the shallows of common-place talk into deeper waters. Her cheeks were scarlet, and her eyes had dropped to the fosskin rug at her feet. The words were on the edge of his tongue, but they were never said for suddenly the square faw set, the shoulders went back, and Thorpe in his masterful way was suggesting that they take a turn or two in the waits.

take a turn or two in the walts.

That night in the so-clusion of his own room Thorpe III a charette and communed with himself. That Emily Royce was the one woman in the world he would ever care for he admitted frankly. But Emily Royce was the helress to a round million, and Thorpe's assets were ing, despite the threats and entreaties of Barry and his guests, he departed. It was his ideals of honor that said he must go: it was his square law which enused this decision to be carried out; Whether women are trustworthy or un-trustworthy is largely a matter of in-dividual viewpoint, and depends upon scarlet cheeked, with her eyes on the

> It was June when he came back East At the office he found a letter from Barry saying he would never be forgiven if he did not run up into the country for a day or two upon his immediate return. For a moment the thought of going there filled him with a vague dread, but this he put sturdily from him.

he put stordly from him.
"Come, closer ranks there," he said
grimly to himself, "Den't skulk behind
the bushes in that fashion." And forestalling his arrival by telegram he left late Saturday afternoon for Barry

at one to the smelling compartment of the Fuliman to fluish his cigar. The sun had gone down belind the hills and mei-low twilight he over the green needow lands across which the train was speedlands across which the train was speeding, when he rose to go to his seat in the rar. As he muscled down the risks he suddenly stopped short, aware that every nerve in his body was tingling. He had come face to face with Emily Royce. The seat just ahead of her was vacant, and after an interchange of surprised greetings he dropped into it. If the cardiac disturbance returned with renowed viger, the square jaw was as tense as steel, and no hint of the true state of his feelings was conveyed to her. Their con-

even those queer little gray balls on the debris. Car chairs and broken boards were piled above him. Close to him he saw her white face with dishevelled hair may be plain or platted. If plain, a ruffice

and wide-open eyes.
"Emily" he cried, "are you burt?"
"Ne," she said slowly, "I think not. But
I can't move. I'm pinned down, Are you

"No," he said, "not at all." He struggled fiercely to free himself, ut it was useless, and a terrible pain in his left log made him smother a groan.
"We're quite helpless," he said, "but

keep your courage up. They'll have us out of here in a bit."
"I'm not afraid," she said. "But you are hurt. I know by your face. It's very

He said nothing, but began another struggle for freedom, engaged at his own helplesaness. Outside was a confused in of ax blows and voices. He listened. An ominous crackle came to his cars, and ommous crackle came to his ears, and even as he choked down a curse an acrid smoke was borne in upon them. He cov-ered his face with his free hand. "Oh, my God!" he groaned. "To have you die like this!"

"I don't think I shall be afraid," she He stretched out his hand and took walls are pretty" (she little guessed the

trouble those balls might cause her some "I have fought to keep myself from telling you," he said, "but now nothing matters. I can tell you now." "Oh," she said, "I saw and I knew, and because I was helpiess I was misera-Reddy laughed gaily and they went to work. Whether they moved so quickly because they had so few things to move or whether they worked extra

That's just the kind of a place I want!" move or whether they worked extra he cried, joyously. "I'll run and get Mrs. Reddy to look at it with me. I know she'll like it, too."

He scampered hack to his home as fast tiny porch and surveyed the park from his location. "This is the best home a squirrel ever had," he said gratefully, finest little house you ever saw. You will want to move the minute you see always!"

"The found he will leave you to guess, but by nightfall they were happily settled in the new home. Reddy stepped out onto the tiny porch and surveyed the park from his location. "This is the best home a squirrel ever had," he said gratefully. "and I'm quite sure we will stay here always!" He felt her hand tighten on his. The smoke thickened. Then all at once the ax blows were near; a flood of light broke upon them. Voices were close at hand, He saw her lifted out and felt strong arms beneath him.

"I should never have told you if I had hought we would ever he here," he told her later in the bare front room of the farmhouse where they had been taken. He lay on a sofa, his left leg swathed in bandages, and she sat close heside him. "Dear," she said, "I would go through all that—and more to hear it."

It was then the square (aw weakened.
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Have You Tried?

Mending your own china ornaments at home, because you can do so quite easily with a little good cement. A splendid cement can be made from a mixture of plaster of paris and gum acacia. Dissolve half an ounce of the latter in water and strain and add enough plaster of paris to make a paste. The cement should be make a paste. The cement should be used quickly and should only be mixed in the actual quantity required.

Wash the broken pieces before cement-ing. Warm them in front of the fire and then apply the cement to the part to be joined with a fine piece of stick. Press the two pieces together and prop up in position. Sometimes it is a good pian to keep them together with a rubber band until the cement has set.

Don't attempt to cement several pieces at once. If there are several pieces to be put together join two one day, two the next, and so on until the ornament is

China cups and plates which have to be frequently in and out of water should be mended with rivets, and riveting is best

Good Advice



An afternoon gown of unique design



flowered cretonne.

A prize of 50 cents has been awarded to Mrs. J. G. Stevenson, 7014 Hagerman street, Tacony, Pa., for the following suggestion: Pull out the slide under the burners of your gas range, and fit upon it a piece of paper-heavy wrapping paper is best. This can be changed every day, if soiled

A prize of 50 cents has been awarded to M. H. G., 226 South Warren street, Trenton, N. J., for the following suggestion: If a room has become atuffy from be-

ing too constantly used, or from tobacco smoke, it may be rendered sweet and habitable by placing one-half cunce spirits of lavender and a lump of salts of ammonia in a wide mouthed fancy in the final meeting of jar or bottle and leaving it uncovered. stitute will be held at t This is both pleasant as a deodorizer and

A prize of 50 cents has been awarded to A. C. D., 4527 Pine street, Philadelphia, for the following suggestion:
A good way to preserve the life of baby's flannels is the following: Do not wash them too frequently, for this will destroy the wool. Try airing them well, and dry-cleaning in flour and sait, or powdered magnesia.

# Tomorrow's Menu

'Hanish, dear Mrs. Cook, I beseech you, the

BREAKFAST Stewed Rhubarb, Rice and Cream, Curried Eggs, coast. Coffee Toast.

LUNCHEON OR SUPPER Hamburg Steak, Petato Chips. Graham Bread. Sliced Bananas.

DINNER Vegetable Soup. Corned Beef.

Baked Potatoes. Creamed Onlons.

Omnge and Grapefruit Salad.

Chocolate Custard.

Curried Eggs-Heat two cupfuls of stock with two teaspoonfuls of curry powder and a little culon juice and then add a cupful of rich milk, heated and thickened with a couple of teaspoonfuls of flour and rubbed amooth in a little cold milk or butter. Cook the whole mixture until it is smooth and thick and pour over hot builed ever the curry of the cold mixture until it is smooth and thick and pour over hot builed ever the curry of the cold mixture until it is smooth and thick and pour over hot builed ever the curry of the cold mixture until it is smooth and thick and pour over hot boiled eggs, cut in quar

Hamburg Steak—Make a loaf of Hamburg steak and cover with very thin strips of bacen. Bake thoroughly, basting occasionally with the fat in the pan and meited butter, and serve with to-



#### At the Women's Clubs A lecture on "The Pickwickians" will

be given by Frank Spealght at the New Century Club today for the benefit of the Heward Institution, 1612 Poplar street. The Biennial Election of the New Century Club, 124 South 12th street, will be

Reddy Squirrel Moves

Reddy Was a bit doubtful about the seedings was conveyed to her. Their constraint with his lideals of honor-small talk about the Rarrys; town, or the view from the window as they specification. "Some way or other," he finally said, "I'm dreadfully tired of this place." "That's funny," Mrs. Reddy replied, and worried look came into her face. "What surely will be better than a damp tree stump." she exclaimed, and then site squired up the pole for closer observation. Suddenly there was a joil of set brakes, and then site squired up the pole for closer observation. Suddenly there was a joil of set brakes, and then site squired up the pole for closer observation. Suddenly there was a joil of set brakes, and then site squired up the pole for closer observation as the policy of the Regrandation. Suddenly there was a joil of set brakes, and then site squired up the pole for closer observation as the policy of the Regrandation of the Current Events Class of the Sunday was a bit doubtful about the Rarrys; town, or the view from the window as they specified up the window as the baritone solo by J. Howard Sweetwood,

of this affair. of about three inches wide should be put around the top, or use a plaited one if Plastic Club, at 4 o'clock. Miss Emily if the goods are plaited. Thumb tacks are Sartain will entertain the members by a better to use. Line the basket with either colored cardboard or plain cretonne to talk about some distinguished artists she

match the predominating color in the has met. Miss Helen Jackson will preside at the samovar. Suffrage meetings for today will be held at the following places: Swarthn.ore, Haverford College, Haverford; Mes-

siah Reformed Church, 13th and Wolf streets, and at 455 Lancaster avenue. At the meeting of the Woman's Club This can be changed every day, if soiled by foods boiling over, and makes the slide much easier to clean.

of Morton and Rutledge, to be held Friday afternoon at 3, an address will be made by Mrs. T. H. O'Hara, president of the Eastern District of the Pennsylvania State Federation of Woman's Clubs. Folk songs and dances will be given by the Rowkolah Campfire Girls, and tea will The executive board of the Woman's

Club of Ridley Park will meet today at 10 a. m., at the home of Mrs. F. F.

The final meeting of the Lyceum In-stitute will be held at the Alumnae Building. Broad street above Columbia aveng, Broad street above Common avenue, tomorrow evening, at \$15. The officers of this organization are as follows: Stanley M. Getz, president; Stanley Oppenheimer, vice president; Miss Nell V. Schwab, corresponding secretary; Miss Rhea Olsho, recording secretary, and Europe Brandels treasurer. Eugene Brandels, treasurer.

A most interesting feature of the meet-ng of the Review Club of Oak Lane, to be held this afternoon in the Oak Lane Library, will be the presentation of a "Unique Living Club Magazine." This consists of an "Author's Afternoon," "from Editorials to Nuts" and full of local humor. The articles will be illustrated by means of lantern slides. The committee in charge includes Mrs. Scrib-ner, Mrs. Major, Mrs. Austin, Mrs. James, Mrs. Knipe, Mrs. Taggert, Mrs. Yeager, Mlss Keyser, Mrs. Preston, Mrs. George Smith and Mrs. Charles F. Feurer.





#### A Satin Afternoon Frock

to-you can ramble on about everything. and she never contradicts you. I was very busy telling her all about Elipor and George, as her needle flew in and

shown at the opening of one of our most exclusive shops. The material used was some lovely black satin, which Jane had been keeping for some time, waiting for the right opportunity to use it. The blouse was cut with a V-front and back, and the girdle was formed by a clever crossing of the bodice at the waist line. wide foundation of white satin peeped on from under this overskirt. The whole sown was so simple, and yet so odd, that I know Jane will look as well in it as if she had to pay the full "imported price for it. I wish I knew something about sewing.

JANE was sewing as usual when I ran A long-sleeved blouse of ivory-white in to tell her the good news, and to satin, with chiffen ruching at the need gossip about the world in general. She and cuffs formed a neat vestee. The s the most comfortable person to talk girdle fell in soft ends at the back, edged with ball trimming.

The skirt was very pretty, with its Carmencita lines, as June called it. The top was made with a rather wide roke, outlined by ropes of the satin, and with out. At the conclusion of my tale she tiny ball trimming at the side. A long put on her dress to show it to me.

Determined by ropes of the satin, and with the conclusion of my tale she tiny ball trimming at the side. A long tiny ball trimming on the ankles from this, with ball trimming on the bottom. This was more novel in line than the ordinary plain tunic, because the sides were slit, allowing a flare which was more becoming to Jane's siender figure, wide foundation of white satin peeped ou

### AROUND THE BARGAIN COUNTERS

Newest Findings in Shoes and Gloves

White shoes are beginning to make their appearance as the warm days approach, and it is astonishing how reasonably priced these are. Most of the buckskin and kid shoes, which are seen. buckskin and kid shoes, which are seen, are trimmed with narrow pipings of black, and vari-colored heels promise to be very fashionable. Even the white shoes have white celluloid heels, so that they will not soil too caully.

The production of low part of short give, with 2 classes at the plain ones are for instance, one of the Market street department stores is selling a well known.

they will not soil too coolly.

One very handsome pair of low oxfords was selling in a Chesinut street shop for 36. They were made of blade patent leather, with a light top of chamber of the Market street department stores is selling a well known brand of short glove, with 2 clasps in brand of short glove, with 2 clasps in order silk, for 50 cents a pair.

One Chestnut- street shop is having

patent leather, with a light top of chamois skin, with most attractive lacings on each side of black silk cords.

A pretty pair of white buckskin pumps, with pipings in black, and a black celluioid heel, sells for \$3 in one store.

Another pair at the same price is made of white kid, suitable for evening wear, and also frimmed with black. These have a white heel.

another pair at the same price is made of white kid, suitable for evening wear, and also frimmed with black. These have a white heel.

## "MASHER" MENACE HIT BY WORKING GIRL WHO TELLS EXPERIENCES

Woman Reveals Methods of Culprits Who Prey on Victims in Streets and Public Thoroughfares-Chief Obstacle in Ridding City of Scourge Is Aversion to Publicity.

The following story of the bone-fide experiences of a girl now employed in Philadelphia was shown to Director of Public Safety Porter. His answer was that he had no doubt that the hoadlum, or so-called "masher," abounds in many sections of the city. Tomorrow an interview with the Director will be published in which he will fell the reasons for the existence of these fellows and will give some timely advice for their extermination.

one of the safest places on earth for a girl to be alone. New York was different. Everybody down our way had heard about New York and the vultures who waited round on the street corners and in the railroad stations, seeking to devour the fresh young things from the "provinces" whose ambition led them to the metrop-

But Philadelphia's reputation in the outlying districts is one of impeccable spot-lessness. Therefore, feeling rather friend-Now Century Club of Norwood today, Cher events on the program include a soprano solo by Mrs. George Petzold, a I started forth at eight in the evening the "masher" begins his ogling, comes in I started forth at eight in the evening the "masher" begins his ogli-to take a walk. It was without the slightthat our disagreeable experiences might overtake me

anclusion that the obnoxious breed of umanity known as "the masher" is particularly indigenous to these parts.

Sometimes he is on shank's mare, other they circle round and times he pursues his quarry from the when their victim the front seat of a luxurious touring car, out regardless of his point of vantage, every girl who goes out often unaccom panied, recognizes him as a distinct type which she has either to put up with or run the risk of being hauled into the olice court and "getting her name in the apers." Few girls like notoriety. The papers." masher" abounds as a result.

When I started out on that first night from my boarding house on Spruce street I headed toward Broad, because I knew it to be one of the main thoroughfares. A man in an automobile was coming down Camac street. He stopped still at the crossing, his big car completely the crossing, his big car completely blocking my way. I waited a minute for him to go on, thinking, of course, that the machinery of his car had had a tem-porary fit of obstinacy. But he didn't go on. Instead he leaned far out from the hood and sticking his anemic face almost into mine said in honeyed tones; "Come, sweet little one, come have a ride with me."
I am not little. But I have since discov-

ered that this is a favorite method of address, regardless of the size of the

On Broad street, at Locust, a fat, pink man came out of a cafe and before I knew what he was about linked his arm in mine and in words flavored with alcohol issued an invitation for the "little one" to go with him. I shook him off and by the time I got back to the boarding house I had arrived at the fixed conclusion that there was a dearth of "little ones" in this vicinity.

By A WORKING GIRL

BEFORE I came to Philadelphia to that night are conservative girls. They dress as inconspicuously as it is possible to dress in 1915 attire, and yet they tell me that mine was no unusual experience. There is a certain type of girl of whem I always think as the "Chestnut street chicken." She would seem to be the logical prey of the "masher," because her "get-up" is so obviously designed to attract the roving male eye. Her kale-mined nose and her rose pink cheeks; her Tommy Atkins bonnet, short skirt and "loud" feet all scream out for atten-

Perhaps she gets it, but the little Jenny

mount Park along the Schuylkill is not But was happened that night and what has happened almost every day on the streets of this city since has led me to the the majority of the men who pass her in the majority of the men who pass her in motors consider her to be open to their motors consider her to be open to their advances. One rebuff does not discourage them. Sometimes, like persistent files, they circle round and round, and only when their victim threatens them with

"THE GOLDEN HOUR"

But the "after-office" hour is the golden nour of the "masher" in Philadelphia Usually there is at least one on every. corner of the husiness district. Somethen they stand in groups.

At any rate, the result is that a girl who stops at a shop window to admire the latest thing in footwear or blouses, at the only hour of the day when she has time to stop and admire, can be virtually esttain that at least one "masher" is mind to take her act as an indication that she'd like to make his acquaintance.

The worst of it is that there doesn't seem to be anything that can be done about it. From my own experience know that I would rather be ogled at 10 times a day than have to go to court and testify, and if all women feel this way about it, the police department's job is exterminating the "masher," were such a thing attempted, would not be an enviable one. For, along with his other talents, the "masher" is subtle. To "catch him with the goods" would not be an easy

# STEOPATHY

Dr. George D. Noeling. Dr. Katharine L. Noeling. Registered Osteopathic Physicians, 1107 Chestnut St. Bell Phone, Walnut 684

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--William & Gilbert. Corned Beef-After corned beef has been served bot, return it to the water in which it was cooked and bring it to the boiling point. Then let it attand over night to cool in this liquer. This method makes the ment tenderer and juicier. Today 1115 Chestnut Street

## The Lamp was right between his Ears, And loked like Fifty Cents; Except 'twas bluer than your Ma When Father pays the Rents! Old Thompson tamed this One-Eyed Pet, And trained him ev'ry day. Until he knew where Rabbits lived Who chewed the Cattle's Hay. He'd hide behind a Bale of Straw. And when a Bunnie came To eat the Holstein's Breakfast Food, He'd call the Bun by Name. And when the Hare came out to where The Weassi was in sight, He'd see the Ruscal's Optic Nerve-

TOWN OF FUNNY DREAMS