POPULARITY OF BABY

IN BEST HOMES WANES,

SAYS 'DAN'S' GUARDIAN

Mrs. Charles F. Judson, in

Search for Clothes for Little

Protege, Finds There Just

"Aren't Any Babies"

SEEKS HOME FOR BOY

The search for clothes in which she

could dress the 4-month-old baby that

she is raising until she can find a suitable

home for it has strengthened the belief

of Mrs. Charles F. Judson, of 1006 Spruce

street, that the old American families are

In all the big list of her friends and

acquaintances she could find only two

dying out.

CURWOOD

CHAPTER VI-(Continued). THEN Kazan caught the scent and he I saw the shadowy figure coming through the starlight. He tried to drag himself back, but he could move only, by inches.

The man came rapidly nearer. Kazan caught the glisten of the rifle in his hand, He heard his hollow cough, and the tread of his feet in the snow. Gray Wolf crouched shoulder to shoulder with him. trembling and showing her teeth. When Pierre had approached within 50 feet of them she shrank back into the deeper shadows of the spruce.

Kazan's fangs were bared menacingly Kazan's fangs were bared menacingly when Pierre stopped and looked down at him. With an effort he dragged himself to his feet but fell back into the snow again. The man leaned his rifle against again. The man leaned dis file against a sapling and bent over him fearlessly. With a fierce growl Kazan snapped at his extended hands. To his surprise the man did not pick up a stick or a club. He held out his hand again—cautiously—and spoke in a voice new to Kazan. The dog snapped again and growled.

The man persisted, talking to him all the time, and once his mittened hand hed Kazan's head and escaped before

touched Kazan's head and chaped before the jaws could reach it.

Again and again the man reached out his hand, and three times Kazan felt the touch of it, and there was neither threat nor hurt in it. At last Pierre turned away and went back over the when he was out of sight and hearing,

Kazan whined, and the crest along his spine flattened. He looked wistfully toward the glow of the fire. The man had not hurth him, and the three-quarters of him that was dog wanted to follow. Gray Wolf came back, and stood with stiffly planted forefeet at his side. She except when the pack had overtaken the sledge out on the plain. She could not understand. Every instinct that was in her warned her that he was the most dangerous of all things, more to be feared than the strongest beasts, the storms, the floods, cold and starvation. And yet this man had not harmed her mate. She sniffed at Kazan's back and head, where the mittened hand had touched. Then she trotted back into the darkness again, for beyond the edge of the forest she once more saw moving life.

The man was returning, and with him was the girl. Her voice was soft and sweet, and there was about her the breath and sweetness of woman. The man stood prepared, but not threatening.
"Be careful, Joan." he warned.
She dropped on her knees in the snow.

just out of reach. Come, boy-come!" she said gently. She held out her hand. Kazan's muscles twitched. He moved an inch-two inches

when another woman with shining hair and eyes had come into his life. "Come!" she whispered as she saw him move, and she bent a little, reached a little farther with her hand, and at last touched his head.

Pierre knelt beside her. He was proffering something, and Kazan smelled meat. But it was the gir's hand that made him tremble and shiver, and when she drew back, urging him to follow her, he drasged himself painfully a foot or two through the snow. Not until then did the girl see his mangled leg. did the girl see his mangled leg.

In an instant she had forgotten all cau-tion and was down close at his side. "He can't walk," she cried, a audden tremble in her voice. "Look, mon perc Here is a terrible cut. We must carry

toward her. There was the old light in, her eyes and face now, the love and gentleness he had known once before, when another woman with shining hair

"I guessed that much," replied Radisson. "For that reason I brought the blanket. Mon Dieu, listen to that!" From the darkness of the forest there ame a low wailing cry. howl deep in the Kazan lifted his head and a trembling head and whined.

She dropped on her knees in the

snow, just out of reach.

It was a miracle that Pierre Radisson should put the blanket about Kazan and

carry him into the camp without scratch

or bite. It was this miracle that he achieved, with Joan's arm resting on Kazan's shaggy neck as she held one end

of the blanket. They laid him down close to the fire, and after a little it was the man again who brought warm water and washed away the blood from the torn

leg, and then put something on it that was soft and warm and soothing, and finelly bound a cloth about it.

the furry bundle on the sledge that brought his head up with a jerk.

Joan saw the movement and heard the

Kazan could see. He had never seen a baby before, and Joan held it out before him, so that he could look straight at it

and see what a wonderful creature it was Its little pink face stared steadily at Kazan. Its tiny fists reached out and it made queer little sounds at him and then

FARMER SMITH'S (A) RAINBOW CLUB

FARMER SMITH,

Children's Editor, EVENING LEDGER.

GOOD-NIGHT TALK

that MUST keep time, for I spent a lot of money for it."

the expensive watch up and then set it.

a boy and sent him to the jeweler's with the expensive watch.

watch all to pieces and charged the man four or five dollars?

Once upon a time there was a man and he bought a very expensive watch

One day the man's watch stopped and he was very much surprised. He

Now, what DO you think the jeweler did? Do you suppose he took the

No, he simply told the boy to wait a minute while the jeweler wound

From this we may learn to use our thoughts and to STAY WHERE

The first thing to do when you are worried, upset and don't know what to

do is to STAND STILL. If our good friend had just stood still it would

have occurred to him that the watch might have run down and that all he

had to do was to wind it, but he got excited and bothered the boy and also

When in doubt, do the simplest thing. Look in your pocket first before

the jeweler. The simplest thing you can do to a watch is to wind it up.

you go all the way back to school to find your knife or pencil.

He sent word to the owner of the watch that all it needed was winding.

and he said to himself, "Now I can always be on time, for I have a watch

looked at it and wondered what could be the matter. He thought that if he

paid a lot of money for a watch it ought not to stop that way. So he called

Gray Wolf calling to him.

howl deep in the forest. Kazan lifted his understandingly.

He coughed, and clutched a hand to his breast, where the pain seemed rend-

ing him.
"Frostbitten lung, ne said, speaking straight at Kazan. "Got it early in the winter, up at Fend du Lac. Hope we'll get home—in time—with the kids."

In the loneliness and emptiness of the big northern wilderness one falls into the

Kazan's whole body relaxed and he dragged himself to the girl's feet.
"See, he likes the baby!" she eried.
"Mon pere, we must give him a name.
What shall it be?"
"Wait till morning for that," replied the father. "It is late, Jean. Go into the tent and sleep. We have no dogs now, and will travel sleep!.

and will travel slowly. So we must start

early,"
With her hand on the tent flap, Joan

In the loneliness and emptiness of the big northern wilderness one falls into the habit of talking to one's self. But Kazan's head was alert, and his eyes watchful, so Pierre spoke to him.

"We've got to get them home, and there's only you and me to do it," he said, twisting his beard. Suddenly he clenched his fists.

His hollow racking cough convulsed him again.

him again. him again.
"Home!" he panted, clutching his chest.
"It's 80 miles straight north—to the
Churchill—and I pray to God we'll get
there—with the kids—before my lungs

He rose to his feet and staggered a litthe as he walked. There was a collar about Kazan's neck, and he chained him to the sledge. After that he dragged three or four small loss upon the fire and went quietly into the tent where Joan and the baby were already asleep.
Several times that night Kazan heard the distant voice of Gray Wolf calling

for him, but something told him that he must not answer it now. Toward dawn Gray Wolf came close in to the camp, and for the first time Kazan replied to her. His howl awakened the man. He came

out of his tent, peered for a few moments up at the sky, built up the fire, and began to prepare breakfast. He patted Kazan on the head, and gave him a chunk of meat. Joan came out a few moments later, leaving the baby asleep in the tent. She ran up and kissed Pierre, and then dropped down on her knees beside Kazan, and talked to him almost as he had heard her talk to the baby. When she jumped up to help her father, Kazan followed her, and when Joan saw him standing firmly upon his legs she gave a cry of pleasure.

All this was strange and new to Kazan. Pierre's hand, as well as the girl's, stroked his head. It was the man who It was a strange journey that began into the North that day. Pierre Radisson couplied the sledge of everything but the brought him a gruel of meal and tallow and urged him to eat, while Joan sat with her chin in her two hands, looking at the tent, blankets, food and the furry nest for buby Joan. Then he harnessed him-self in the traces and dragged the sledge over the snow. He coughed incessantly. "It's a cough I've had half the winter," dog and talking to him. After this, when he was quite comfortable, and no longer afraid, he heard a strange small cry from lied Pierre, careful that Joan saw no sign of blood on his lips or beard. "I'll keep in the cabin for a week when we low answering whimper in his throat. She turned quickly to the bundle, talking and cooling to it as she took it in her arms, and then she pulled back the bearskin so that

Even Kazan, with the strange beast knowledge which man, unable to explain, calls instinct, knew that what he said was not the truth. Perhaps it was largely because he had heard other men cough like this, and that for generations his sledge-dog ancestors had heard men cough as Radisson coughed-and had learned what followed. More than once he had scented death in

tepees and cabins, which he had not ensuddenly it kicked and screamed with delight and laughter. At those sounds at the mystery of death that was not

quite present, but near—just as he had caught at a distance the subtle warning of storm and fire. And that strange thing seemed to be very near him now, as he followed at the end of his chain behind the sledge. It made him restless, and half a dozen times, when the sledge stopped, he sniffed at the bit of humanity buried in the bearskin. Each time that he did this Jonn was uickly at his side, and twice she patted his scarred and grizzled head until every drop of blood leaped riotously with a joy which his body did not reveal.

This day the chief thing that he came to understand was that the little creature on the sledge was very precious to the girl who stroked his head and talked to him, and that it was very helpless. He learned, too, that Joan was most delighted, and th ther voice was softer and thrilled him more deeply when he paid attention to that little, warm, living thing in the bearskin.

For a long time after they made camp Pletre Radisson sat heside the fire. To-

"He came with the wolves," she said.
"Let us call him Wolf." With one arm
she was holding the little Joan. The
other she stretched out to Kazan. "Wolf! For a long time after they made camp Pierre Radisson sat beside the fire. To-nisht he did not smoke. He stared straight into the flames. When at last he other she stretched out to Kazan. "Wolf!" She called softly.

Kazan as his feet. Suddenly the allence was broken again by Gray Wolf's lonely howl deep in the forest. Kazan illted his.

back one of those tearing coughs when the tentflap dropped behind him. Kazan lay stiff and alert, his eyes filled with a strange anxiety. He did not like to see Radisson enter the tent, for stronger than ever there hung that oppressive mystery in the air about him, and it seemed to be a part of Pierre.

CONTINUED TOMORROW.

TALL BRUNETTES OWN **BOARDWALK AND FEW** BLONDES ARE SEEN

"Birdcage" Skirts Become Popular, but Visitors Oppose Wider Styles for Springtime Wear

MOSQUITO MEN TO MEET

ATLANTIC CITY, Jan. 5.-Tall girls and matrons, of the brunette type in particular, have the call on the Boardwalk. "Wooden-Way" habitues assert ed today, have the maldens of the petite order been so thoroughly in the minority. The classic blonds is almost a rarity at the shore. Room clerks at the Board-walk hostelies confirmed these passing impressions, but set them down as a mere coincidence. Next week, they said, may bring blondes enough to swing the scale the other way.

The so-called "birdcage skirt" is no dream. Seen first on Saturday, it has multiplied rapidly. Made of atrips of satin laid upon materials of vell-like texture, it is exceedingly diaphanous,

Women visiting here from many cities do not take kindly to the tip from New York wholesalers that skirts are to be still wider for springtime. Few of them believe it. Textile manufacturers, they say, doubtless would like to have it so. but women who have their clothes made to order, as most of those who come shoreward during the winter season do, will have a whole lot to do in setting the style. Just at present the tendency is to take in sail.

Many are talking of an unpleasant episode at one of the Boardwalk theatres on New Year's Eve. A bill of the best and of vaudeville was announced, but some persons did not find the talent what they expected. There were calls for "the book." Some patrons went to the box hook." Some patrons went to the box office and demanded their money. But they did not get it.

BAD FOR MOSQUITOES.

Mosquito exterminators from all over Jersey are going to meet at the Traymore next month to report the progress more next month to report the progress of concerted State and county action to eliminate the pests. Governor Fleider, of New Jersey: Surgon General W. C. Gorgas, of the army, and Dr. J. C. Price, new Jersey's Commissioner of Health, will be among the speakers. Doctor Gorgas will define the general principles of uito-control for disease prevention in Havana, on the Isthmus and in New Orleans.

helsea is interested in a statement that J. T. Balley, senior member of the firm of Balley, Banks & Biddle, Phila-delphia, will creek a palatial home there and become a summer dweller. Mr. and han, North Percy street. She is an Mrs. Craig Bicdle and their family still energetic club worker in every way, are remaining at the Brighton.

PHILADELPHIA GUESTS.

the work of sending postcards to the "shut-ins."

Mrs. Henry Philip Hammann, Ellis Clark Hammann, Mr. and Mrs. N. Y. Worall, Mrs. J. C. Coppage and her two children. W. A. McCalla, W. W. Walsh, H. N. Smith and C. H. Bell are

Let Katherine tell you herself. She says: "I am glad to think that the Rainbow Club is not forgetting the children who are children who are sick. I was in the Municipal Hospital Rogers, of Rutherford, are spending their Rogers, of Rutherford, are spending their

> Catholic High School Properties Sold The four two-story brick dwellings at 6-8-10-12 Waverly street have been sold by the trustees of the Roman Catholic High School to Rupert C. Finch for \$7000. The dwellings, it was learned today, will e razed to make way for a garage.

POVERTY'S CRY FINDS ANSWER IN EXHIBITS OF CHARITIES TODAY

Society for Organizing Charity Opens Educational Meet in Widener Building to Teach Sane Giving

ACTORS TO AID SCHEME

The cry of the thousands of poor in this city was heard and how it may be answered was demonstrated today when the educational exhibit under the auspices of the Society for Organizing Charity pened its doors at noon in the Widener Building.

Last year this society helped in rarion ways more than 50,000 persons. The lmportance of this work wil be emphasized during the 10 days of the exhibit, as well as the necessity that it be done with a definite social program in view, both as regards the individual and society in gen-

It is the first charity educational ex-hibit of its kind ever held in this city. It is expected to awaken the people of Philadelphia to the further opportunities for doing good by bringing forcibly before their eyes the advantage of a greater cooperation with the trained social worker Hundreds of striking exhibits are ar-ranged, and many of the booths depict actual scenes taken from blighted home Demonstrations of the work done at the

Demonstrations of the work cone at the Wayfarer's Lodge will be a daily feature of the exhibit. In these it will be shown how it is a daily occurrence to pick a human derelict and, with the aid of a moral and physical bath as well as a square meal and a soft bed, often and him out in the morning with a new idea of life and a spark in his eye which may set him on his feet.

"SOCIAL PREPAREDNESS." One of the slogans of the exhibit is "social preparedness for national defense." All the hidden, to most people, evils and conditions that tend to drag down a nation to decay or its poor classes to misery are being disclosed.

How to deal with these conditions, not nerely from the surface but from the very closest relationship, will plained and demonstrated as a daily fea-ture of the exhibit. There is no effor being made whatsoever to solicit funds, It is merely the throwing of a searchlight on modern problems of poverty and it is expected that this public showing of its "hand" by the society will go a long way toward explaining to skeptical people just what organized charity really means and go a long way toward clear-ing up all the misunderstandings and misapprehensions that have arisen in the public mind as to the constructive work of the modernly equipped institution for righting human wrongs.
"The personal note is the one we try to

strike in our work," said R. M. Little, general secretary, today. "We are trying to show that the movement of organized to show that the movement of organized charity is based on sympathy and understanding, and while the principles are fixed, the methods are as varied as the conditions of life. Besides helping individuals and single families, the movement aims to furnish a sound basis for social reconstruction and better customs for society."

exhibit there will be talks by workers who have made a study, by actual contact with them, of the conditions existing among the poor. These talks will be at 12:30 and at 4 o'clock. Stevens Heckscher, president of the Society for Organizing Charity, is on the program to-day.

PLAYS THAT TEACH.

Between times there will be a three-Between times there will be a three-act play showing the success of the society in dealing with typical cases aris-ing from poverty. The play was/written by Fullerton L. Waldo and is entitled "Where Charity Begins." Mrs. Jasper Yeates Brinton, Mrs. J. Howard Reber, Mrs. Wirt Henry Tutwiler and Henry S. Schaefer, Jr., compose the cast. All are amateur actors of ability, and the show was received with much enthusiasm this afternoon.

Tomorrow R. M. Little, secretary of the society, will be the speaker, and he will tell just what the society is and what it alms to do. Other speakers later in the week will be: Dr. John P. Garber, Superintendent of Schools; Director of Public Safety William H. Wilson, Judge Charles A. Brown, of the Municipal Court, and Dr. Wilmer Krusen, Director of Public Health and Charities.

Can't Clog the Sink

A clever plumber has devised a strainer which catches all particles of food from the dish-washing process and prevents them from clorging up the kitchen sink. them from closging up the kitchen sink. This arrangement is very common in apartment houses and new homes in Los Angeles, although quite unknown to this part of the country. A removable pail, with - fine strainer in the bottom, is fitted roughly into the enamel part of the sink. This is tight enough to allow no bits of 'cod to get lodged in the opening. The dishes are washed under the sink. This is tight enough to anow ho bits of "cod to get lodged in the open-ing. The dishes are washed under the faucet in the ordinary way, and the pail is afterward removed, taking with it all the grease.—Popular Science Monthly.

Child Scalded to Death

Helen McNeally, 4 years old, of 4907 Girard avenue, died today in the Presby-terian Hospital of burns received when she pulled a tub of hot water over herself at her home yesterday.

Just around the bend. You'll maybe find a dollar Or & brand-new friend!

THE CHEERFUL CHERUB

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Try These in Your Kitchen An easy to make cake frosting—a cup-ful of rolled walnut meats, a 15 cupful of chopped raisins, 115 cupfuls of confection-er's sugar. Stir together and add enough milk to spread well on cake.

A touch of salt in the coffee will make it clear and settled. It must be added just before serving.

Cream may be whipped fust as stiff in a Mason jar as by a patent device. And you won't lose any.

MORE INTERNATIONAL MARRIAGES PEACE BOON

John Frederick Lewis Believes Cupid Could Do Much to Prevent War

International marriages in Europe are recommended by John Frederick Lewis, a prominent attorney, as a strong means of doing away with the boundary lines

between nations. "If there had been more marriages be-tween the Germans and the French, and between the Germans and the English, I think the possibilities of an international war would be greatly diminished. An in-ternational marriage is the exception to-

Mr. Lewis declared that the surest hope for lasting international peace was based upon a definite international agreement as to what the law of nations really is, the establishment of an international court to pronounce judgment on that law and the establishment of an international marshal or a police, whose duty it shall be to enforce the court's judgment.

"The chief difference between America and the nations of Europe, as far is concerned, is the fact that in America we have no national hatreds accentuated national boundary lines," said Mr. wis. "We take the immigrant, no matter what his nationality, and by means of what has been called the 'melting pot,' we turn him out an American. We always accomplish this in one generation. and occasionally in less time.

"In Europe," explained Mr. Lewis,
"there is no 'melting pot," Each nation
is separated by a marked and guarded
boundary. International marriages are
comparatively few, so that neighboring
nations require the strong arm of the law to keep them in order. "A typical instance of the strong na-

tional feeling came to me one summer in Switzerland. A narrow stream is bounded on one side by Italy and the other by Switzerland. On one side the natives speak Italian, the other French. The people keep themselves carefully to the side on which they live. But the children, the cows and the dogs have to be kept on the right side by constructed boundary lines. The instinct is to ignore artificial boundaries. But we human boings have made them and force ourselves to keep ourselves from our neighbors. At least they do in

"International marriages, I think," concluded Mr. Lewis, "are one means of breaking down the boundary lines be-tween the nations of Europe."

Society Succors Thousands of Horses More than 2000 horses were blanketed during the cold weather by the Pennsylvania Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, according to the report covering operations for the month of December, 1915. Forty owners of horses were prosecuted for crueity, 1982 cases were remedied without prosecution. 106 animals were humanely killed, while 42 were moved in the society's ambulance after being injured. More than 2000 horses were blanketed after being injured.

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families where there was or had been recently a baby and, therefore, baby That is one of the reasons Mrs. Judsen is trying to find a home for the baby, Daniel by name, which she has been grooming for two months now. It is not only a case of a home for baby; it is also baby for a home.

Baby Daniel can be sure of one thing, snyway, and that is it will have a good home. Mrs. Judson and her husband, Doctor Judson, will see to that.

At least a score of applications have been received, but Mrs. Judson said to-day that the child would not be given into the care of any poor folk, for she wants it to have a home where it can be raised properly; where it can have a nurse, good surroundings, an education and a choice of what he will do in life after he gets that education. Those who have applied, for the most

part, have not been in a position to give these things, but some of the letters have been so pathetic that Mrs. Judson will try to get other babics for the applicants. Let-ters are being received each day. "We are just hungry for a baby," one wrote yesterday. "The cause of many divorces can be

traced to the fact that there is no baby in the home," she said today. "The peeple may not know, what's the matter, but that is often the trouble. They know something is wrong, and frequently

"It is true that there are fewer babies in the homes of the wealthier folks. The old American families are dying out and this is a shame. It is not the money of these families which is important, but what their money can buy. It is the generations of culture behind, the cheerful surroundings, the refinement, and above all, the American ideals of the home, which are important.

"Although this baby will not have the blood of any such family, if it should be adopted it would have the advantage of environment and training. I do not believe that heredity is nearly so important as is made out. It counts, of course, but this baby is of good peasant stock, and environment and training should count for seven-eighths in raising it."
Mrs. Judson does not ask that the people who adopt the child be rich, but she

wants them to have a comfortable in-come, for she says Daniel needs good care. It is having a really luxurious life now, for a whole floor in the Judson home is given over to him. He has a day nur-sery where it is warm and a night nursery where it is cold. It has a roof garden, where he sleeps in the open air every day. He has a nurse. Mrs. Judson has just started this new

"I expect it to be hard at first," she said, "but when I get started I ought to have no trouble. Whoever takes the baby will tell their friends of their happiness, for he'll bring happiness all right, and then it will be easier to find a home for the next haby." for the next baby."

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a beautiful thought, Katherine, to FARMER SMITH, Children's Editor, keep on remembering the little ones Evening Ledger, Philadelphia, Pa. who are so anxious to be remembered! I wish to become a member of your Rainbow Club and agree to DO A LITTLE KINDNESS EACH AND EVERY DAY. Madeline Cuneo, Salter street, has SPREAD A LITTLE SUNSHINE ALL ALONG THE WAY. a very original idea. She says: "I have one of the Evening Ledger cal-Name endars and " have printed across the Address top of it, 'Rainbow Club' and I am Age going to paint the letters some pretty School I attend..... color. I think it would be a good plan for all the members to do this. replied the big thing. "Do you underand then they can look for dates on a stand the automobile language?" real Rainbow Calendar." How many members are going to have "Club "No, my mother has not taught me Calendars"? that," said the little chick thought-Rosalie Frasch, South Front street, fully. terrible noise outside the henyard. "I hopes that her friends who became "Then you run home and ask your club members may be the means of mother what 'Honk! Honk!' means." extending the "Faith, Hope and Love" So the little chick went home, and which may bring happiness. You have when he got near the henhouse he caught the spirit of the club, Rosalie. said, "Mother, what does 'Honk! chick looked up and down the road-May you always keep it! Honk! mean ?" With that, all the chickens flew out of the henhouse and when the little Do You Know This? chick's mother came along she said, 1. What street in North Philadel-"How you frightened us! We thought phia represents something that hapan automobile was coming." came near where the big thing was. "The 'Honk! Honk!' must mean, pens every morning in the East? "Excuse me," began the little chick,

> What State in the union becomes 'yourself' when it is abbreviated? (Five credits.)



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The Chick and the Auto "Honk! Honk!! HONK!!!" "Oh, mercy me" said the little chick to himself one day when he heard a

wonder what kind of a hen makes that noise—or maybe it's a rooster. I must go and see." Outside of the henyard the little

then saw such a funny thing. It had such a face on it that the little chick wondered what kind of a thing it could be and so he went under the fence and crept along until he

politely, "but just who are you and in that barnyard do you live?" "Honk!" went the big thing. "Ob, dear!" exclaimed the little

chiek. "Can't you talk in chicken

Get out of the road." "It surely does," said the mother, out of breath.

Our Postoffice Box The little girl that is looking at "No, only in automobile language," you this evening is Katherine Calla-1 sting? (Five credits.)

energetic club worker in every way, but she is particularly interested in

Municipal Hospital for six weeks and not allowed to see

my parents or friends. My, I was happy when mother sent me postal cards and things! Since I've been home I send the other children cards,

because I know just how tired they

get, never seeing any one." That is

(Five credits.)

3. Which letter of the alphabet can