TWO SMART SPRING BONNETS

IMRS. A. J. ENO SUES

RIVAL SUFFRAGISTS

Caused Them to Be Locked in Room, It Is Said, When

\$50,000 Summonses

Were Served

CASE STIRS N. Y. WOMEN

NEW YORK, Jan. 10.—An incident of the war being waged between two factions of Queens Horough's suffrageties came to light yesterday when it became known that Mrs. Alfred J. Eno. of Jericho turnpike, had started suits for \$55,000 each against Mrs. Elsa Milles and Miss Cecelia Levy, of Arverne, alleging stander. It is charged that Mrs. Eno, chairman of the suffrage party in Queens, and its leader, caused the two women to be locked in a room and served them with summonsea in the suits after they had refused to sign retractions.

Mrs. Eno's part in the prosecution of two young men, charged with having as-saulted Mrs. Clare Ellert in the Cassidy Democratic Club building, in Long Island City, brought about friction between her-self and members of the party. Notable

City, brought about friction between herself and members of the party. Notable
among these are Mrs. Joseph Fitch, of
Flushing, wife of Magistrate Fitch; Mrs.
Beatrice Forbes-Robertson Hale, of Forest Hills; Miss Elizabeth McDonald, of
Flushing; Miss Elsa Milles and Mrs. W.
D. Rogers, of Richmond Hill, all of whom
have worked actively against Mrs. End's

re-election to the chairmanship at the As-sembly District conventions today.

sembly District conventions today.

In May, 1814, the financial support of the Suffrage party was withdrawn from Queens. The constitutional amendment campaign had just opened, so Mrs. Eno, after consulting with her lawyer, collected \$495.42 with which to meet expenses. This action is said to have caused considerable comment upon the part of her enemies, despite the fact she declared she could produce receipts for every cent of her disbursements. As Mrs. Eno was being criticised Mrs. Milles is alleged by her to have approached Mrs. Elmira T. Kush, of Rockaway Park, and urged her to vote against the chairman. Mrs. Kush concealed the fact from Mrs. Milles, according to Mrs. Eno, that they were friendly, so Mrs. Kush invited Mrs. Milles to her home last Friday to relate to friends some stories that had been heard about Mrs. Eno. Mrs. Milles is said to have agreed and Mrs. Kush is said to be a her her agreed and Mrs. Kush is said to be a hear agreed and Mrs. Kush is said to be a hear agreed and Mrs. Kush is the said to be a hear agreed and Mrs. Kush agreed and Mrs.

heard about Mrs. Enc. Mrs. Miles is said to have agreed and Mrs. Kush ar-ranged for her sister Alice to hide behind a curtain and take down the conversa-

tion. Mrs. Eno was notified and she and Mrs. Cora P. Hamilton, of Highland avenue, Jamaica, were to enter the meeting room at a signal. Meantime Mrs. Eno had armed herself with summonses sho

According to witnesses, Mrs. Milles said Mrs. Eno had used funds she collected to pay tradesmen's bills. At this point Mrs. Eno and Mrs. Hamilton entered the room. Mrs. Milles started to depart with

Mrs. Milles told last night of having been locked in the room, but denied she had been served with assummons. She said some sort of legal paper had been thrown at her as she was allowed to leave the room.

eave the room.

Mrs. Eno said last night she would put

every enemy she has in the Suffrage party on the stand in an effort to find where the so-called slanders against her

Call on Me

If you're ever feelin' lonely come around

and call on me

And we'll go somewhere and wander
where the wind is in the tree.
And the sangs of far-off oceans come
across the hills that glow
In the vision o'er a valley where the
dreams of morning grow.

of honey of the dew.
And the wine that bubbles over when the

dreams of morning grow

heart is brave and true

originated.

had prepared in the two suits.

refused to sign retractions.

ON SLANDER CHARGE



# KAZAN

and Joan dress his Inno is fatally ill. makes
no to reach safety before
however, when 40 miles
not Joan takes up tha
When Joan becomes exwho is in the traces,
child to safety.

CHAPTER IX-(Continued).

TYAZAN flaw across the rock, His attack was the swift, silent assault of wolf, combined with the greater courfury and the strategy of the neither husky would have died in husky. Another husky would have died in hat first attack. But the lynx was not a one or a wolf. It was "Mow-lee, the wift," as the Sarceeg had named it—the mickest creature in the wilderness. Kanan's inch-long fangs should have sunk teep in its jugular. But in a fractional art of a second the lynx had thrown it—left back like a huge soft ball, and Kanan's teeth buried themselves in the flesh self back like a huge soft ball, and Ra-n's teeth buried themselves in the flesh of its neck instead of the jugular. And tran was not now fighting the fangs of wolf in the pack. He was fighting claws -tlaws that ripped like twenty razor-sized knives, and which even a jugular eauld not stop.

helind him he heard Gray Wolf sobbing and crying, and he knew that she was surely hurt. He was filled with the age and strength of two dogs, and his seth met through the flesh and hide of be cat's throat. But the big lynx escaped with by half an inch. It would take a he cat's throat But the old lynk checked teath by half an inch. It would take a resh grip to reach the jugular, and sud-inly Kazan made the deadly lunge, there was an instant's freedom for the that moment it flung itself ek, and Kazan gripped at its throat-

The cat's claws ripped through seh, cutting open his side—a little too sigh to kill. Another stroke and they sould have cut to his vitals. But they ad struggled close to the edge of the ock wall, and suddenly, without a snari or a cry, they rolled over It was 50 or 55 feet to the rocks of the ledge below. or 0 feet to the rocks of the ledge below, and even as they pitched over and over in the fall. Kazan's teeth sank deeper, They struck with terrific force, Kazan upperment. The shock sent him half a deeen feet from his enemy. He was up the a fash, dizzy, snarling, on the defender. The lynx lay limp and motionless where it had fallen. Kazan came searer, still prepared, and sniffed caulmusly. Something told him that the 18th was over. He turned and dragged imself slowly along the ledge to the trail, and returned to Gray Wolf. all, and returned to Gray Wolf.

Gray Wolf was no longer in the moon nt. Close to the two rocks lay the mp and lifeless little bodies of the three ips. The lynx had torn them to pieces. with a whine of grief Kazan approached the two boulders and thrust his head between them. Gray Wolf was there, cryng to herself in that terrible sobbing way. He went in, and began to lick her bleeding shoulders and head. All the wall of that night she whimpered with aln. With dawn she dragged herself out the licker little bodies on the root. the lifeless little bodies on the rock.

And then Kazan saw the terrible work all time. A gloom that no sun could break had become her shroud. And perhaps again it was that instinct of animal reation, which often is more wonderful than man's reason, that told Kazan what had happened. For he knew now that she was helpless—more helpless that the little creatures that had gamboled in the moonlight a few hours before. He temained close beside her all that day.

Vainly that day did Joan call for Kazan, voice rose to the Sun Rock, and Wolf's head snuggled closer to Kasan, and Kazan's ears dropped back, and he licked her wounds. Late in the fitermoon Kazan left Gray Wolf long mough to run to the bottom of the trail ind bring up the snowshoe rabbit. Gray Wolf muzzled the fur and flesh, by would not eat. Still a little later Kaza wreed her to follow him to the trail. H onger wanted to stay at the top of Sun Rock, and he no longer wanted by Wolf to stay there. Step by step rew her down the winding path away n her dead pupples. She would move when he was very near her—so that she could touch his scarred

They came at last to the point in the mil where they had to leap down a dis-ance of three or four feet from the edge of a rock and here Kazan saw how ut-trly helpless Gray Wolf had become. the whined and crouched 20 times before as dared make the spring, and then she imped stiff-legged, and fell in a heap at faman's feet. After this Kazan did not urge her so hard, for the fall imed on her the fact that she was safe when her muzzle touched her mate's

Karn was heading for a thicket in the bottom half a mile away, and a times in that short distance Gray stumbled and fell. And each time she fell Kazan learned a little more of the limitations of blindness. Once he cannot be limitations of blindness. Once he cannot be limitations of blindness. Once he cannot be limitation of the limitation of the lad not taken 20 leaps when he stopped and looked back. Gray Wolf had not the looked back. Gray Wolf had not three lands in the stood motionless, siming the air—waiting for him! For a full minute Kazan stood, also waiting. Then he returned to her. Ever after this he returned to the point where he had aft Gray Wolf, knowing that he would full her there.

All that day they remained in the

and her there.
All that day they remained in the thicket. In the afternoon he visited the sibia. Joan and her husband were there, and both saw at once Kazan's torn side and his lacorated head and shoulders.

Pretty near a finish fight for him," aid the man, after he had examined him. "It was either a lynx or a bear. Another sid could not do that."

For half an hour Joan worked over him, alking to him all the time, and fondling its with her soft hands. She bathed his winds in warm water, and then covered

with her soft hands. She bathed his conds in warm water, and then covered in with a healing salve, and Kaxan affiled again with that old restful deto remain with her always and never so back into the forests. When night he he watched his chance, and went through the door. The moon had risen as he rejoined Gray Wolf. She greeted sturn with a low whine of joy, and seturn with a low whine of joy, and sled him with her blind face. In her lessness she tooked happier than an in all his strength.

rom now on, during the day that foling the the same and the same and faithful Gray Wolf and the
ing. If Joan had known of what lay
the thicket, if she could once have
a the poor creature to whom Razan
how all life—the sun, the stare, the
ing and food—she would have helped
Wolf. But as it was she tried to
Karan more and more to the cabin,
thowly she won.

Ing the great day came, eight days
the fight on the Sun Rock. Karan
lakes Gray Wolf to a wooded with

the first on the Sun Rock, karanaku (iray Wolf to a wooded point or river two days before, and there is then the preceding night when it is the casm. This time a stout is though as itself to the colar round and he was faatened to a staple in and he was faatened to a staple is wall. Jour and her husband

were up before it was light next day. I tribe. Wherever he struck the scent of The sun was just rising when they all the big gray cat he was turned into a went out, the man carrying the baby, and Joan leading him. Joan turned and locked the cabin door, and Kazan heard pietely a part of the wild. a sob in her throat as they followed the

man down to the river. The big cance was packed and waiting. Joan got in first, with the baby. Then, still holding the babiche thong, she drew Kazan up close to her, so that he lay with his weight sgainst her.

The sun fell warmly on Kazan's back as they shoved off, and he closed his eyes, and rested his head on learn a back.

and rested his head on Joan's lap. Her hand fell softly on his shoulder. He heard again that sound which the man could not hear, the broken sob in her throat, as the cance moved slowly down to the

Joan waved her hand back at the cabin, Just disappearing behind the trees.
"Good-by," she cried, sadiy. "Good-by—" And then she burled her face close down to Kazan and the baby, and sobbed.

The man stopped paddling.
"You're not sorry—Joan?" he asked.
They were drifting past the point now,
and the scent of Gray Wolf came to Kagan's nostrils, rousing him, and bringing

a low whine from his throat.
"You're not sorry—we're going?" Joan shook her head. she replied. "Only I've-always lived here-in the forests-and they're-

The point, with its white finger of sand, was behind them now. And Kazan was standing rigid, facing it. The man called to him, and Joan lifted her head. She, too, saw the point, and suddenly the baliche leash slipped from her fingers, and a strange light leaped into her blue eyes as she saw what stood at the end of that white the of sand. It was Gray Wolf. white tip of sand. It was Gray Wolf, Her blind eyes were turned toward Kazan, At last Grey Wolf, the faithful, under-stood. Scent told her what her eyes could not see. Kagan and the man-smell were together. And they were going-going-"Look!" whispered Joan.

"Look!" whispered Jean.
The man turned. Gray Wolf's forefeet
were in the water, And now, as the canoe
drifted farther and farther away, she
settled back on her haunches, raised her
head to the sun, hich she could not see, head to the sun, hich she could not see, and gave her last long wailing cry for Kazan,

The canoe lurched. A tawny body shot through the air—and Kazan was gone.
The man reached forward for his rifle.
Joan's hand stopped him. Her face was

"Let him go back to her! Let him go-let him go!" she cried. "It is his place-with her."

with her And Kazan, reaching the shore, shook the water from his shaggy hair, and looked for the last time toward the woman. The canoe was drifting slowly around the first bend. A moment more and it had disappeared. Gray Wolf had

> CHAPTER X. THE NEW COMPANIONSHIP.

From the night of the terrible fight of the Sun Rock, Kazan remembered less and less vividly the old days when he had been a sledge-dog, and the leader of a pack. He would never quite forget them, and always there would stand out certain memories from among the rest. So Kazan's life seemed now to be made up chiefly of three things: his hatred of everything that bore the scent or mark of the lynx, his grieving for Joan and the baby, and Gray Woif. It was natural that the strongest passion in him should be his hatred of the lynx, for not only Gray Wolf's blindness and the death of the pups, but even the loss of the woman and the baby he laid to that fatal struggle on the Sun Rock. From that hour he became the deadliest enemy of the lynx

without consulting the children.

closer together?

pietely a part of the wild.

He found that Gray Wolf was more necessary to him now than she had ever been since the day she had left the wolf-pack for him. He was three-quarters dog, and the dog-part of him demanded companionship. There was only Gray Wolf to give him that now. They were alone. Civilization was 400 miles south of them. The nearest Hudson's Bay post was 60 miles to the west. Often, in the days of the woman and the baby, Gray Wolf had spent her nights alone out in the forest, waiting and calling for Kazan. Now it was Kazan who was lonely and uneasy when he was away from her side.

In her blindness, Gray Wolf could no

In her blindness, Gray Wolf could no longer hunt with her mate. But gradu-ally a new code of understanding grew up between them, and through her blindness they learned many things that they had not known before.

By early summer Gray Wolf could trivel with Kazan, if he did not move too swiftly. She ran at his flank, with her shoulder or muzzle touching him, and Kazan learned not to leap, but to trot. Very quickly he found that he must choose the easlest trails for Gray Wolf's fact. When the content of the country to the country of the country choose the easiest trails for Gray Wolf's feet. When they came to a space to be bridged by a leap, he would muzzle Gray Wolf and whine, and she would stand with ears alert—listening. Then Kazan would take the leap, and she understood the distance she had to cover. She always overleaped, which was a good fault. In another way, and one that was destined to serve them many times in the future, she became of greater help than ever to Kazan. Scant and hearing entirely took the place of sight. Each day developed these senses more and more, and at the same time there developed between them the dumb language whereby she could impress upon Kazan what she had discovered by seent or sound. It became a curlous habit of Kazan's always to look at Gray Wolf when they stopped to listen, or to seent the air.

At this time there came from the Hudson's Hay post to the east a slim, dark-freed.

son's Hay post to the east a slim, dark-faced French halfbreed by the name of Henri Loti, the most famous lynx hunter in all the Hudson's Bay country.

winter months.

a tour of the more exclusive houses

along Chestnut street shows the prevailing trend just now is toward sailor shapes. You see them carried out in contrasting

shadings and contrasting materials, bot

shadings and contrasting materials, both on the same hat. For instance, a crepe sailor hat in gendarme blue is faced with tagal straw in a deep strawberry tint. A beaded ornament forms the only trimming, the effectiveness of the whole depending for the most part upon the angle at which it is worn.

This rage for beaded ornaments of all

Toques, especially the flower-and-rib

Transparencies of every sort are fash-ionable, and tulle-trimmed chapeaux in

(CONTINUED TOMORROW.)

#### ECONOMY PLAN SPOILED BY CHURCH AND POLICE

Motorist Fails in Brilliant Plan to Keep the Upkeep Down

After he had solved the problem which has perplexed owners and prospective owners of motorcars—that of keeping the owners of motorcars—that of keeping the upkeep down—by building a garage of tar paper in the front yard of his home. Charles Wackes, of 951 North 10th street, has had his plans shattered by an edict of the Department of Public Safety. He has been ordered to take it down.

Thousands of persons passing Wackes' home have remarked his ingenuity. Hundreds who berefore believed they could

dreds who heretofore believed they could

dreds who heretofore believed they could not afford to keep a car because of the high rate of storage saw in this improvised garage a saving of many dollars. They falled to consider the possibility of interference from the police. They also falled to consider what might be the result should such a building catch fire. And last but not least they falled to consider whether their neighbors might object to having their view of the surrounding territory obliterated by such a garage. Members of the Tenth Street Presbyterian Church, adjoining Wackes, began

rian Church, adjoining Wackes, began to frown on his garese, and then the neighbors began to talk about it. But when the police saw it they didn't talk or think. They just notified Wackes that he would have to remove it.

FARMER SMITH'S ( RAINBOW CLUB



A dress hat of tulle

#### TOO PROUD TO FIGHT ARE CO-EDS AT SWARTHMORE, SO THEY WEEP

Rumor of Declaration of Hostilities Between French and German Professorse of Tender Sex Cause Heartaches, but Peace Is Declared

This rage for bended ornaments of all kinds is significant. Few feather fancies are shown, and simplicity—extreme, costly simplicity—is noticeable on all the newer models. Fine French felts in white and pastel tints are faced with a contrasting straw. One well-known shop is showing the basket-woven styles which were worn almost to distraction last summer. Two little sophomores were shedding misty tears as they walked down the long asphaltum or promenade at Swarthmore today. They were feminine sophomores, for the masculine second-year men at Swarthmores do not ween. at Swarthmore do not weep.

bon-trimmed types, are good. The usual early spring introduction of all-violet turbans is seen, with a rose at the front. Light panamas are also popular. These are, as a rule, wholly plain, or girded with white faille. The Quaker college was trying hard to be green and pretty, even though it is the dead of winter; but an air of gloom pervaded bare tree and green-brown stretches of campus. For rumor said that the war had parted two bosom friends in the Friends' community. That was why the sky looked gray and why pretty sophomores were crying. smart fieldmouse gray, tets de negre. Havana or Galt brown, wistaria, bleu de la vierge—harmonize charmingly with the favorite dinner or bridge frock. The season is young yet, the majority of hats are plain coutloudy as White is how.

"If it was just somebody else besides Miss Bronk and Mrs. Newport I shouldn't mind it so much," wept one of them. "I feel like I should take sides, but I can-n-n't!" wailed the ther. "I love

are plain, cautiously so. White is bow-ing to the sway of colors, and simplicity reigns over all-for the present. them both." And Dame Rumor laughed a hard, mirthless laugh. She likes to see the heartache she causes.

Rumor had carefully sread a report that caused the college to gasp and huzz. For it was said that Dr. Isabelle Bronk, head of the French department, and Dr. Clara Price Newport, acting head of the German department, had renounced their lifelong friendship for each other because they could not agree on the war.

Our Story Writers' Column | The sympathies of Miss Bronk and the GOOD-NIGHT TALK

Our Story Writers Column

A story appeared last week, and I

A story appeared last week, and I

A story appeared last week, and I

Americans of American stock, very nat
"Miss Bronk and the sympathies of Doctor Newport, both good American stock, very nat
"Miss Bronk in France, Our sympathies, therefore, are placed differently."

"Miss Bronk is very broad-minded in Americans of American stock, very natAmericans of American stock, very naturally are with the belligerent nations in
which they have the greatest number of
friends, France and Germany, respectively. The outbreak of hostilities found
ively. The outbreak of hostilities found
they leaped into one another's arms and
this time for joy. The grass

GRIP HITS CHURCH FOLK

Slimly Represented at Sunday

Services-One Pastor III

rector, the Rev. S. Lord Gilbers said grip was the cause. He also said that in St. Titus Mission, under his care, the epidemic has struck with heavy force,

one-third of the congregation being ill.

The Rev. F. H. Lynch, of the Ebenezer

M. E. Church, 52d and Parrish streets, said there was a noted decrease in the attendance at his church due to grip.

The same was true of the Temple Lutheran Church, 52d and Race streets,

said the Rev. A. Pobliman, the pastor.
Nearly every family of the Princeton
Presbyterian Church. 25th street and
Powelfon avenue, had one person ill, said
the Rev. H. Boggs, the pastor. He only
got over an attack of grip yesterday.

The same was true of the Tenent Me-

morial Church, 52d and Arch streets.

The congregations of Gethsemane Lutheran Church, 66th and Callowhill streets, and the Siloam M. E. Church, 70th street

and Woodland avenue, were depleted by illness. Two persons were buried from the latter last week as a result of the

Old borough pumps were blamed for some of the sickness in Darby, Colling-dale and Glenolden. Samples of water have been taken and will be sent to the State laboratory, to be anayized.

KNITTING SOCKS FOR SOLDIERS

Italian Women Kept From Starvation

by Gifts of Yarn From This City

Italian women, made widows and penniless by the world war in which their loved ones have been fighting, are being kept from starvation by the money they earn knitting socks from the yarn, which Philadelphia women are sending to the American Embassy in Rome.

Mrs. Fage has "knitting headquarters" in the American Embassy. Each Thursday afternoon, Italian women, who need work apply at the Embassy, where yarns are given to them. This they make into socks and mittens for the men at the front. They are paid for their labors. In many cases the knitting is their sole source of income, and they and their little ones would be penniless without the work.

An appeal for more yarn, old linena.

particularly is hard hit.

Miss Levy. The door was locked and Mrs. Hamilton offered her a paper call-ing upon her to retract the "slanders." she refused to sign the paper and was served with a summons. It is said Mrs. Milles hurled it to the floor. When Miss Levy refused to sign a retraction she also was served. Then the door was unlocked and the women were permitted they began arguing about the justice of the war, and their friendship strained, cracked and broke; they "cut" each other publicly. It was a very good story

Try These Little Helps

to tell over teacups and books. The col-lege was agog. Students lined up to take sides—all except the two little sad sophomores. But squash! Mrs. Newport and Miss Bronk denied it alk Dame Rumor was chased off the campus—for the time be-

"It is not true," said Miss Bronk. "Doctor Newport and I are the best of friends. It is about to say that we argue about the war. We occupy the

argue about the war. We occupy the same office every day.

"See, here is a Christmas card she sent me. We greeted each other just as cordially as can be when we came back from our Christmas vacation. We are firm friends. It would be foolish for me to quarrel over the war."

Doctor Newport laughed when she was told that she and Miss Bronk had ourselved the she and Miss Bronk had ourselved.

told that she and Miss Bronk had quar-

"It is too funny," she said. "Miss Bronk is a very dear friend of mine. We differ on the war, it is true, but that is natural. I have many very dear friends in Germany, and Miss Bronk has

I will set you down to table with the linnet and the wren And I'll fill you such a beaker that you'll want it filled again, For within its depths will glisten drops

port in Germany. After the experiences undergone by so many "marooned" americans they returned to take up their duties at Swarthmore and renewed their that is coming to beautify the picturesque friendship, telling each other of the thrill- | Quaker college.

If you're ever feelin' lonely don't stay of there in your gloom,
But come and let me take you to a
wonderful land of bloom, Where the simple country answers to the

When the longings for a friendship of the spirit o'er us steal.

-Baltimore Sun.

ASK FOR and GET HORLICK'S THE ORIGINAL

# MALTED MILK Cheap substitutes cost YOU same price

### Address Farmer Smith, the Children's Editor, the EVENING LEDGER. FARMER SMITH, The Children's Editor,

be shown to any one except to those for whom they are intended.

The Evening Ledger, Philadelphia, Pa. I wish to become a member of your Rainbow Club and agree to DO A LITTLE KINDNESS EACH AND EVERY DAY. SPREAD A LITTLE SUNSHINE ALL ALONG THE WAY.

GOOD-NIGHT TALK

with the wonderful thing which I am about to tell you. Draw up your chair

these prizes. The money for the prizes will be mailed February 21, as a

Smith's Rainbow Club. Here are the questions, which must be answered on

(5) What can you suggest to bring your home and your school

The names of those winning the prizes will be announced in the

EVENING LEDGER on Washington's Birthday, but the names of those who

write the answers will NOT be printed along with the answers. Your editor

and the Evening Ledger will be the sole judges and your letters will not

ONE side of the paper only, and mailed BEFORE February 8:

(2) What do you dislike about your school?

(4) What do you dislike about your home?

(1) What do you like about your school?

(3) What do you like about your home?

NAME ..... Address ...... Age ...... School I attend .....

#### Our Postoffice Box

A lot of little folks have decided opinions about things. Read what these girls and boys think about the little girl whose mother gave her another penny when she cried. You will remember that your editor told you ing her pennies when she cries." about her last week.

Winifred Quirk, Addison street, writes: "I think the mother did wrong by giving the child another penny. If she had made her wait till she earned another penny she would have been more careful and perhaps have saved it, and by saving penny by penny she would have a lot of money of her own

Rose Fisher, South 4th street, says: children agree with him.

"If her mother would refuse to give her another after she lost the first one, the next time she would get a penny she would take more care of it."

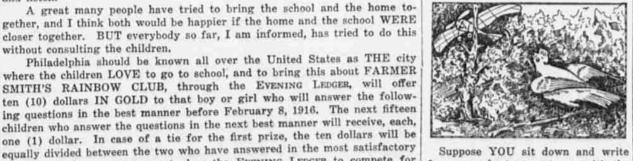
Hannah de Maison, Howell street, Wissinoming, sends this opinion; "Her mamma is surely spoiling her by giv-

Rose Mungiole, South 8th street, says "that the little girl will grow to expect her mother to give her anything she cries for."

Paul Freed, Market street, writes: "The little girl will grow up and waste ing, gave, many, often, books, lessons, money carelessly and will never try to earn her own living; she will expect

her mother to support her."
Your editor is glad to know that the

want to see if YOU can remember it. her little boy to make him call her "Dearest," but that has nothing to do I had our artist draw a picture for it, and here it is:



Suppose YOU sit down and write manner. It is not necessary to buy the EVENING LEDGER to compete for for me a short story to go with the picture. Don't tell anybody, but I Washington's Birthday present from the Evening Ledger, through Farmer want to see if some of you can't write better stories than I can. I will print your story in the Rainbow Club news, with your name, on January 25, if your story is better than mine. Write on one side of the paper only and address Farmer Smith, Children's Editor, the EVENING LEDGER.

#### Rich and Poor By FRANCIS ARCIPELAGO, Spring Garden Street.

One cold night in January Mr. Maynard, a very wealthy person, was walking along Market street. Suddenly he noticed a poor boy, who was looking in a shop window of toys. Mr. Maynard said, "Would you like to have a toy?"

The boy looked up and said, "Yes, but I have no money."

Mr. Maynard took the boy up in his arms and brought the boy into the store and asked him which toy he liked best. The boy said, "I would like that set of trains."

Mr. Maynard bought it and gave it to him and went to a clothing store and bought a suit of clothes for him, and then said, "Here, take this to your mother," as he handed him a tendollar bill. Both hearts were made happy that night.

Do You Know This? 1. What happened one winter many years ago at Valley Forge? (Five

2. Make as many sentences as possible from the following words: Singare, were, the, girl, young. (Five

An appeal for more yarn, old linena, table cloths sheets and white clothing, for bandages, old places of fur, no matter how small, and flannel in place, is made at this time by the members of the Italian Committee. 3. How does Philadelphia compare in size with New York city and Chicago? (Five credits.)

#### Luncheons Improve Scholarship Better scholarship is the result of the inauguration of a noon lunch service for

West Philadelphia Congregations Are the children of St. Edward's Parochial School, 8th and York streets. Fifty boys and girls are reported to have become bet-Grip is making its inroads on church ter pupils under the scheme of scientific feeding and many of them have also im attendance just the same as it is in the army of working folk. West Philadelphia proved physically. The work was begun by the Dorcas Society following an inves-At old St. James of Kingsessing, 63th street and Woodland avenue, the attendance was much decreased yesterday, and tigation which disclosed the fact that many of the youngsters were underfed.

## EMMA HARTMAN 1502 WALNUT STREET

Presents Advanced Modes for Wear at the Fashionable Southern Resorts : : : :

> Evening Gowns, Lingerie Frocks, Day Dresses, Tailleurs, Blouses, Sport Suits, Shirts, Sweaters, Skirts, Coats, Tailored Hats

A Showing That Portrays the Trend of Paris Models for Early Spring : : : :

Commencing

MONDAY, JANUARY THE TENTH