rapidly, he passed over the moonlit brow

the final seal on the renunciation Nance's words had well-nigh recalled, Still wake-ful, Alan started packing. He left out

cuit and a glass of milk and was mounted and away for a last ride.

But Alan's thoughts were far from sad-dle and saddle gear as he walked the

restive animal down the dipping slope of Long lane and with his riding crop ateadily discouraged the early morning flies, intent on settling down to the busi-

ness of life on his mount's arched neel

palate, but now in his mind the whole

moist, the hair cool and dry. His hand pressed the hair down into the moisture.

But when he had reasoned out the why

and wherefore and ticketed the phenomenon the impress still stared back at him. To his mood it seemed the emblem of isolation, a thing cut off, discarded, use

RAINBOW CLUB

FARMER EN L THE RAINEOW

BENEFIT LL. IT IS A

the young horse under it.

his riding kit.

THE NOVEL OF THE YEAR CHAMBERIAIN

Witel that was showin' me around slapped me on the back and sez, That sin't no lady; it's a barmaid.' An' then sint no laughed some mo' and the missus last kind o' laughed, an' I mought 'a' been dreamin', but I thought I seen a look in her eyes thet says she wasn't laughin' inside at all. Ever sense then I've been of opinion that a missus has no call to handle drinks, an' I ce'tainly hope I'll payer see one a-doin' of it under the home fence."

Kemp stayed at Maple House for a week. Before he left he was known throughout the country side. His lanky scare, drooping mustaches, domed hat and the way he held out the reins front of him when he rode marked him from the start, and when the youth of the surrounding farms learned that he was genuine cowboy that had ridden everything with four legs they worshipped from afar and storied in casual approaches. Just before he went away Kemp took Just before he went away Kemp took it upon himself to call on Alix. Alan led him to where she sat on the lawn among the trees at The Firs and left him. Alix jooked up in wonder at his tall, lank ferm. Kemp held his hat in his hands

ferm. Kemp held his hat in his hands and twisted it nervously. "Mis' Lansing," he said, "I want you should let me say a few words to ye. I seen Mister Lansing 'bout five weeks Alls sprang to her feet, her rale cheeks afame. "Yes?" she said. "When-when is he coming?" She sank down again and buried her face in her hands. The shame of putting that question to a

stranger overwhelmed her.

Kemp sat down near her. "Sho, Mis'
Lansing," he said, "don' you take it hard
that you're getting word of Mr. Lansing

though me. Him an' me an' Lieber's ben'most pardners."

Tenderness had crept into Kemp's drawl. Alix looked up. "Please," she sald, "tell me all about him—all about these years."

Terme healtraid before he spoke "I Kemp hesitated before he spoke.

Kemp hesitated before he spoke. "I ain't got the words ner the right to tell you all about them three years, Mis' Lansing, an' I can't tell you all about Mr. Lansing an' I can't tell you all about Mr. Lansing 'cause the biggest part o' some men don' meet the eye—it's inside en 'em. Thet's the way it is with Mr. Lansing. I c'n tell you, though, thet Mr. Lansing is well an' strong—strong enough to swing a steer by the tail.

"That's what I know, Now I'll tell ye some o' my thoughts. Mr. Lansing wasn't born to be a maverick. Right now, I'm willin' to wager, he's headed for home and the corral, but he ain't comin' on the run—be's browsin' and chewin' his cud.

"When I seen him five weeks ago I thought on hog-tyin' him an' bringin' him along, 'cause Mr. Wayne had tol' me

along, 'cause Mr. Wayne had tol' me about you an the two-year-old. But it come to me that a woman of sperit—one of ourn-wouldn't want her man should be brought in. She'd sooner he'd hog-tie

Alix' head hung in thought. Her hands were clasped in her lap. As Kemp's last | that." words sank in, the first smile of many days came to her livs.

The Truthful Little Boy

The "Truthful Little Boy," sent

in by Rose Fisher, South 4th street: Honored Father Washington,

Tell me, are they true, All these things that I have heard,

Did you, honest, chop that tree,

Just concerning you?

As I've heard it said?

To escape from bed?

I'd take off a million hats

If I could, to you.

Wouldn't you have told a lie,

By the great United States,

If all these things are true,

George Washington

(By Thomas Smith, Philadelphia Gen-

Do you know who George Washing-

ton was? Let me tell you. In the

year 1732, on the 22d of February, a

little baby was born in a comfortable

old farmhouse down in Virginia. This

baby was named George Washington.

Do you know who this baby grew

to be? He grew to be one of the

(By Anna McGuigan, Queen street.)

to tame it. He rode very fast and

did not treat it so gently, because it

was so wild and hard to manage.

Finally, the colt dropped dead. Of

. . .

George Washington

(By Ellis Williams, S. 16th street.)

George Washington, the father of

unts, who lived in Virginia, and he

was taught to be honest, truthful,

shedient and respectful to persons

Whether they were older or younger

than he was.

course, George was very sorry.

America.

eral Hospital.)

FARMER SMITH'S

down on her. He held out his big, rough hand and Alix gripped it. "Not good-by," she said.

CHAPTER XXXIX MAPLE HOUSE was riding the crest of a happy wave. In a body it ad-

vanced on the lake to picule and supper by moonlight and in a body it returned; the little ones excited and wakeful, the grown-ups tired and reminiscent. Days followed that were filled with laxiness and followed that were filled with laxiness and nights that rang with song. The cup of life was filled to the brim with little things. Sudden peals of unreasoning laughter, shrieks of children at play, a rumble of the piano followed by a rollicking college song, ready smiles on happy faces, broke like commas into the page of life, and turned monotony into living phrases. But beneath the galety ran the inevitable undertone. When joy paused to take breath it found Alan half aloof and Clem wistful behind her unvarying sweetness.

One evening Alan found himself alone with Nance. She had frankly cornered him, then as openly led him off down the road towards Elm House. "Alan," she said, "you've turned into a great fool or a great coward. Which is

Alan glanced at her. "What do you

Alan glanced at her. "What do you mean?" he stammered.
"You know what I mean. Clem. You're breaking her heart."

She felt Alan's arm stiffen. For a moment he was silent, then he said!
"Don't worry, Nance, You're wrong, of course, but any way, no harm is going to come to Clem through me. I'm going away. I've meant to go for ever so long but somehow I couldn't. Something seemed to hold me. I tried to think it was just the Hill and that it would be all right for me to stay on until the general break-up. But you have wakened me up and the proof that I'm not quite a coward yet is that I'm going to get up and run."

They came to the entrance to The Elms, but Nance led him on down the road.
"Run? Why are you going to run? Alan,
don't you love her?"

A tremor went through Alan's body. "I don't know," he said, "whether I love her or not. If I ever loved any one before, then I don't love her, for the thing that has come over me is new-newer than anything that has ever happened to me. I would rather see her come down from her room in the morning than to have watched the birth of Approdite and yet I would rather see myself damned, once and for all, than touch the hem of her

"Because it is not for me. Once Alix called her glorious. I don't know whether that was a bit of hyperbole on her part that was a bit of hyperbole on her part or not, but to me she is just that. There is a glory about Clem—the glory of pure light. Do you think I dure to walk into it? Me, with my scarred life, my blemished soul and the moral rags that only half hide the two? That would be cowardly. I'm not coward enough for that."

Nance sighed. "I'm disappointed in you. words sank in, the first smile of many days came to her lira.

Kemp rose and said good-by. With his hat miled well over his brows and his hands in his pockets, he slouched toward the gate.

Alix jumped up and followed him. She laid her thin, light hand on his arm. Thank you," she said, a little breathlessly. Kemp's deep-set eyes twinkled

"FIRST IN THE HEARTS OF THE RAINBOWS—WASHINGTON

Drawn by Paul Kelse

slope. There was a smell of moisture in the air. The valley, the whole world, was expecting, waiting for rain, and even as he stared the rain came down in a fine, veil-like mist that steadled the tones of earth and sky to one even shade of endless gray. Out of the gray came the click of iron on pebble. Alan recognised the quick, springy tread of a climbing horse. He turned and faced Clem. He felt the color slowly rising in his cheeks and his hands trembled.

They did not smile at each other; they even forgot to may good-morning. Alan licked his thin lips. They were as dry as ever they had been with fever. "Where's your hat?" he asked. of the hill and down, down into the shadows of the valley. Hard is the battle that has to be won twice, but when in the small hours of the morning Alan returned and crept noiselessly to his room he felt that he had won, that he had put

A flicker of amusement showed in Clem's eyes. She was quite calm and she could see that Alan was not, that he was biting his tongue at the feeble words he had endied. had saddled on a heavy moment. "Hats are for sunny days," she said. "I like rain on my head. Have you anything special to do? Don't let me bother you." "No," stammered Alan; "nothing that can't be put off."

That day awoke to clouds that lowered and hung about waiting for the fateful hour of 7, when they might with due respect to atmospheric tradition start in with an all-day rain, but long before the hour struck Alan had foraged for a bis-"Do you remember," Clem went "years ago I asked you to take me for a ride, and you said not then, but some time? I've never had my ride with you. I

Her eyes were fixed on his and held im. "I am ready," he said through dry

Alan rode with the ense of one born to the saddle. There was nothing of the cowboy in his get-up. He used a mere patch of a hunting saddle, fitted like a glove to his horse's back, and rode on the snaffle with a light hand. The curb rein, that last refuge of a poor horseman, hunt loose and forgotten. Alan himself was dressed in well-worn whipeord breeches, short coat, soft hat and close-ditting boots short coat, soft hat and close-ditting boots. Ifps. She turned her horse and he followed They rode in silence at a walk and ther at a trot. Clem turned into a wood road Her horse broke into a gallop. She flicked him with her whip and his gathered limbs suddenly stretched out for a free short coat, soft hat and close-fitting boots adorned with rowelless spurs. For his health Red Hill had done wonders. His body was trim, supple and as vibrant as run. The going was soft. Alan had fallen behind. Clots of mossy loam struck him in the face. Swaying branches showered drops of water on him. He lost his hat. Then his lips tightened, his eyes flashed and he began to ride. He was himself

> He urged his horse forward, but h could not get on even terms; Clem held the middle of the narrow track. Suddenly they burst into the Low road. With a terrific clatter of flying stones and slipping, scrambling hoofs they made the ter. "Clern," he cried, "stop! It isn't fair to the horses."

ness of life on his mount's arched neck and quivering quarters. He was thinking of Clem. Where could he go to get away from Clem? Not tomorrow, not some time, but today. Where could he go to-day? Once the world had seemed to him a fenceless pasture where it was good to wander, where every undiscovered glade promised fresh morsels to an unwearied palate but now in his wind the whole But Clem only laughed. Her slim body swayed to the bends of the road; her shoulders were braced; she leaned slightly world had shrunk to the proportions of Red Hill. Where Clem was, there was the whole world. Already he felt the yearning with which his heart must back, steadying her horse with a taut rein. Alan tried to draw even, but every time he urged his horse into a spurt Clem's spurted, too. Alan grew angry. hemseforth turn to its sole dealer.
He crossed the valley, and as his horse breasted the opposing hill be thought he heard an echoing hoofbeat behind him. He watched Clem's whip, but it never moved. He settled into the saddle and rode blindly. His horse must catch up or he would kill him. He was gaining. He turned and with one hand resting on A moment more at the same pace and he could reach Clem's reins below her horse's neck. Then Clem swerved again into a half-hidden wood road and Alan's horse from view by overhanging trees. As he lifted his hand its impress, clearly defined as an image, caught his eye. How strange. He had ridden a thousand times and he had never noted such a thing before. It was simple when reduced to physical terms. The horse was warm and plunged through the brush, broke out, and followed, a poor second.

Alan's face and hands were badly scratched, but he rode on doggedly. It never occurred to him to give up the chase. In the end he would catch up; he knew that, but what puzzled him was what he should do to Clem when he caught her. Any one else, man or woman, he would give a taste of their own riding whip for their own good, but not Clem. Alan suddenly knew that there was something in Clem that a man could not break.

less. With a smile of rebuke at his fancies he touched the horse with his crop and give him his head. The horse The wood road made a gradual ascent that the willing horses took at a steady, hard gallop. They left the tree line of the sprang forward, cleared the top of the hill, and the rhythmic clatter of his hoofs valley below them, scurrled across an ancient clearing, pushed through brush and branches and burst out on to the long, bald back of East Mountain. Then came another clear run over crisp sod, dangerously interspersed with wet, slipry stones and hindering boulders. At the highest point in all the country-

side Clem suddenly drew rein and slipped from her horse before Alan could reach her. She stood with one arm across the saddle-horn and waited for him.

CONTINUED TOMORROW.

350 SEE WILSON KISS ROGERS Tear Trickles Down His Honor's Face

When Director Pays Tribute to Friendship

to Friendship

William H. Wilson. Director of Public Safety, last night kissed Judge Joseph P. Rogers quite publicly—at least 350 persons saw him do it—in the salon de laxe of the Hotel Majestic. The Director's kiss was placed tenderly upon the Judge's forcehead. A tear trickled down his because he disliked Pull in the lacings at the hose supporters while the corset is still loose. This allows the stout woman to lean over comfortably. Give his corset a little pull at the waistline. The Director's woman to lean over comfortably. Give his corset a little pull at the waistline. Pull in the lacings at the hipline. Now Honor's face, not because he disliked being kissed, but because the Director

'As long as there's a breath of life in my body, I'll be his friend and his part-ner." That was all the 350 persons would let him say. They put in the next five minutes cheering kisser and kissee. Immediately after which, just as though to be kissed by a Director of Public Safety was not honor enough for one night, Judge Rogers had to submit to being boomed for the next Governor of Fennsylvania. Judge John M. Patterson

did the booming.

As a matter of fact, it was quite au fait that Judge Rogers should have been kissed and boomed, for everything else was done to honor him last night at the Majestic by prominent men of this city and men from the coal section of the State, who gathered to dine him and tell him how much they thought of him and his rise from "coal cracker" and "slate his rise from "coal or picker" to a Judgeship.

MARRIED 51 YEARS

Mr. and Mrs. Lewis A. Dresser to Celebrate Event

Mr. and Mrs. Lewis A. Dresser, who were married on February 21, 1865, and who celebrated their golden wedding just who celebrated their golden wedding just a year ago, will hold a reception tonight in honor of having passed the first mile-stone over half a century of connubial happiness. The affair will be informal, the guests consisting of the children, grandchildren and great-grandchildren of Mr. and Mrs. Dresser, together with such members of their family as reside in Phil-adsiphis.

Mr. Dresser served in the United States navy during the War of the Rebellion and retired from active work a few years ago, when he resigned from his employment in the League Island Navy Yard. Earlier such as an unhealthy scalp, skin eruptions, etc.
Every working girl owes it to herself and to her employer to get a reasonable amount of sleep.
Eight hours every night is the minimum. One must get this or she will soon feel her energy sag.
Baggy places under the eyes, deep circles, irritability, pain in the back, headaches and neuralgic pains may all be the result of improper care of one's self.
It pays in the long run to be particular about your health. in life he had been engaged in business in this city. Both Mr. and Mrs. Dresser are in excellent health.

DRAMA LEAGUE ENTERTAINS

A Large Audience at Adelphia Watches Jones' "Dolly Reforming Herself"

Yesterday afternoon the Drama League restered atternoon the brana League inaugurated its new president. Howard Reber, with a fittingly entertaining program. The Plays and Players Club, of which Mr. Reber is also head, gave its finished and amusing performance of Henry Arthur Jones' comedy, "Dolly Reforming Herself," at the Adelphia. Besides the recode at the Adelphia. sides the good acting there was also a short talk by Mrs. Otis Skinner, urging attendance at the introduction of the Portmanteau Theatre at the Bellevue-Stratford tomorrow night, and a racy little chat by Doctor Hoyt on "What Makes a Good Play."

RECORDS YOU'RE TIRED OF Bring them to us. We will exchange tham in others or buy them. Keep your collection each is this way at small cost. Large assistant from which you can choose, include Red Smal. Call and invasingsts.

Everybody's Exchange

100 N. 10th St. Just above Are

1626 Chestnut St.

GOOD FORM

"LEAN OR FAT, LET NO

GUILTY FORM ESCAPE"

Dumpy as Well as Svelte

There Are Seven

Varieties

AMERICAN MAKES BEST

The following are the seven variations of feminine figure. What kind have you? Decide and buy your corsets accordingly.

(1) The average figures. Usu-

and hips are standard proportions.

(4) Short and stout.(5) Tall and stout.

(7) Tall and thin.

Short and thin.

(2) Large below waist, small

(3) Small below waist, large

"The American woman has the best figure in the world," declares Mrs. M. E.

sary. Therefore, their figures are hy-gienically correct.

can woman to teach the proper way to

"I firmly believe that every type

figure can be fitted, and perfectly fitted. I have studied nursing, anatomy, hygiene

and have practiced corsetry for the last seven years, and the more I see of

nothing of an order from a doctor for a

ginal.
"Women don't treat their corsets prop-

onths, although many women can wear

one for a year. Two pairs a year is the

maximum.
"This is the correct way to get into a

the waist, and tie.

"There is no stock style for either the stout or the slender figure," she continued, "for every figure, like every individual is different. This doesn't mean

that every woman cannot be fitted in an

year in and year out, not considering the

particularly on the subject of the 20-inch waistline with which Paris threatened to inflict American women this spring. Mrs.

Pennington was emphatic.

"The real small waistline will never come in again," she declared. "Last spring the manufacturers tried to introduce the 1830 waist, but the result was an unqualified failure. Women have been confortable too long to give it up for a more waiter. The high-basted styles are

mere whim. The high-busted styles are doomed, too. No good corset should reach more than five inches above the walst-

line. And it should never be tight across the hust. It isn't necessary. A good brassiere will do the same work and has

How About Your Health

Falling hair is said to be the first symptom of a run-down condition. In many cases, this is due to other causes, such as an unhealthy scalp, skin erup-

Household Suggestions-The HANDY

FRYER-for frying Oyster Croquettes and for all deep fat cooking.

COME TO US FOR PRACTICAL.

J.FranklinMiller

The systems or cra-quattes are placed in the basket and plunged into the boil-ing fat, and when cooked are lifted out and grease al-lowed to drain into the pan. Saves time and teimer, and is a much more efficient method tian dahing each system out sep-araisly.

no ill effect."

her line.

cise to round out her figure, she

can ideal of the feminine figure.

"The Frenchwoman, on the other hand,

ally

possessed by the woman 5 feet inches tall. Her waist, back

CRIES CORSET EXPERT

Owing to the fact that the Evening Ledger is constantly asked questions relating to matters of eliquette, it has been decided to open a column in which queries of this kind may be ansucered. New Models Designed for

The column is edited under a pseudonym; but it is, nevertheless, edited by an authority on social conventions, who is prepared to answer clearly, carefully and conclusively any query which may be propounded.

Good form queries should be addressed to Deborah Bush, written on one side of the paper and signed with full name and address, though initials ONLY will be published upon request.

A matter about which there is often nuch discussion is the proper form to use

in addressing a letter to a widow. It is never good form for a woman to drop her husband's name upon his death, except for certain legal matters, when it is necessary; but never should this be done for social matters. Once a woman takes her husband's name it is hers for life, unss she be divorced or legally separated from him.

Speaking of addresses and signatures of women's names brings me to another sub-lect, and that is that it is very bad form a woman to sign her name to a letter Mrs. John Smith.

This breach of etiquette is frequently nade when writing to strangers, say for he reference of a maid or for some in-formation. The correct way to sign such communication would be

Sarah E. Smith. Then if the person addressed does not

Pennington, an expert corsettere. The same statement was made by a French-man, sent over here as a representative of a large corset concern. He wasn't beknow you personally, it is permissible to write under the signature in brackets (Mrs. John Smith). ing gallant either, he was just acknow-ledging gracefully what Mrs. Pennington has been contending for years. "The reason American women have good figures is because they are normally developed. They take plenty of exercise. They realize that this is absolutely neces-

In the same way (Miss) may be affixed in brackets before a signature if the per-son addressed in the letter does not know whether it is Miss or Mrs. who is writng. Brackets must positively be used.

Number of Cards to Send

is a stay-at-home, rather lazy type of woman, whose physical development is left to chance. Instead of taking exer-Dear Deborah Rush-I received cards Dear Deborah Rush—I received cards for an at home recently, and will be unable to attend. I would like to know how many cards to send on the day of the at home, which I understand is the proper time to send them? The cards I received read Dr. and Mrs. G. H. W. at home, and give the date, then inclosed is a second card on which is engraved Mr. and Mrs. W. H. C. and Miss G. H. C. Besides these two cards there are three segarate cards. The fetish of the small waist is the ruin-ation of her form. Now the American cornetteres are gradually overcoming this tendency towards lacing, and French women are beginning to accept the Ameri-"It is a great compliment to American two cards there are three separate cards with the names of the three sons of Dr. and Mrs. G. H. W. ANXIOUS. manufacturers that the Parislan buyers choose American-made corsets under the very noses of the French manufacturers. Not only this, but they ask for an Ameri-

and Mrs. G. H. W. ANXIOUS.

There is some question on this subject. According to strict rules of etiquette one woman's card should be sent to each woman mentioned on the invitations, and one man's card for each man mentioned. In this case you should send three of your own cards and five of your husbands, and if other members of your family have been invited add a like number of cards per person. Custom has made it permissible to send one card for each household, however, so you would be still correct if women's figures, the more I realize what strides have been made in the fitting art, Physicians understand this, too. They make the cornet business today. I think however, so you would be still correct if you send two of your own cards and two of your husband's.

Which Precedes

nothing of an order from a doctor for a corset which gives pressure on the anterior superior spine.

"Imagine how a corsetiere of the old school would feel if she got directions of this kind over the telephone. She'd think the woman wanted a straight-jacket. But this is the sort of order the modern corset expert must know, if she wants to get beyond the rank and file in her line." Dear Deborah Rush—When entering a restaurant, which should precede, the man or girl? I will be grateful if you will answer me in your columns. G. H. In this case, as in the question of alight-ing from a car, the man should precede the girl. It is an unpleasant ordeal for The average woman rushes into her clothes and seldom stops to unlace a woman to face the people in a public her cosines and sedom stops to unlace her corsets unless forced to do so by an unfortunate breaking of the strings. In a very few months she is confronted with the necessity of buying another pair, or wearing a shapeless, disreputable article which has no resemblance to the trim place such as a restaurant.

No Knife for Salad

Dear Deborah Rush-At a luncheon I attended last week I was puzzled whether to use a blunt or sharp knife when cat-ing the salad. May I ask your advice on his matter?

Salad is never eaten with a knife. The leaves are crisp and thin enough to sepa-rate with the side prong of a fork.

erly," continued Mrs. Pennington. "I wish there was some kind of a law to make women unlace their corsets every single night. The average corset of any reliable make ought to last at least six Are Gloves Necessary?

Dear Deborah Rush—Will you tell me if it is necessary to wear gloves at evening parties. A girl friend of mine says

Pull in the lacings at the hipline. Now tighten your lacers as needed from the top to the walst, and from the bottom to the walst, and tle. the custom of discarding long gloves at dances is gaining ground every day. It is not good form to use the expres-

A Question of Calling Cards

Dear Deborah Rush-Can you tell me that every woman cannot be fitted in an inexpensive corset, for she can.

"The manufacturer studies the seven types of forms, and gives each one the individual attention which it deserves, whether the price is \$2 or \$18. The trouble is with the woman, not the manufacturer. They wear the same style what it means when a person leaves a visiting card with the corner turned down. A lady called at my home recently and left her card, her husband's and her son's. The corner of her card was turned down, but the men's cards were not. T. G. R. Turning down the corner of a card indicates that the one whose name that particular card paid the call in peryear in and year out, not considering the changes in their own figures, and the different clothes which they wear. Any corset will be gladly and properly fitted, if the price is only \$2. Knowing this, a woman has only to take a little time and trouble, and her reward will be a lesson in fitting, in comfort, and in economy."

Apropos of the new style tendencies, and particularly on the subject of the 25-inch

LAW DEMANDS MUZZLE FOR DOGS YEAR ROUND CALLED PESTS OF CITY

Disease and Sleepless Nights Result From Failure to Enforce Ordinances, Says Imogen B. Oakley

JUDGE BRIGGS' DECISION

This is the minth of a special series of tritoles written expecially for the Evening sedact by innoun B. Collegy, which will appear every Tuenday, and which will deal with municipal laws which every efficiently as corresponding accretary and a member of the board of directors of the Civic Club, chairman of the Civic Bervice Reform Committee of the late. Federation, advisory chairman of the Civic Nervice Reform Committee of the vice in Section 1, vice president of the vice in Section of the Civic Nervice Reform Committee of the Vice in Section 1, vice president of the vinearly who is Linguist Committee of the Vonan's League of Good Government, and a member of the National Municipal League.

By IMOGEN B. OAKLEY

The number of persons who have been bit by dogs within the last few weeks recalls the fact that 60 years ago the menace of dogs in a crowded comminity was realized by our citizens and their official representatives.

On October 2, 1855. Councils passed an ordinance which provided that "every dog going at large within the limits of Philadelphia shall have around its neck Philadelphia shall have around its neck a collar bearing the name of its owner and his or her place of residence; also, that every dog so going at large shall have securely put on a good, strong, substantial, safe wire basket muzzle, inclosing the whole mouth of said dog so as effectually to prevent said dog from biting or snamping." biting or snapping."

March 11, 1871, Councils declared fur-ther that "it shall be the duty" of the Mayor to enter each year into a contract with some society or parties "for the taking up, killing and removing all dogs found running at large."

It will be observed that these laws are mandatory. Every dog running at large "shall" wear a collar and a muzzle at all seasons of the year, and "it shall be the duty" of the Mayor and police to have killed and removed all dogs found running at large without the protecting muzzle.

Why, then, are our streets full at all why, then, are our streets full at all times of dogs with neither collars nor muzzles? Possibly because dog owners have succeeded in permading the respon-sible officials that dogs are so uncom-fortable with muzzles that it is cruel to require them, but those who are bit by muzzled dogs are even more une

Dogs, as these laws would indicate, have no place in a city; first, because by their offensive pollution of streets and buildings they are a menace to public health. An eminent dentist tells us that such flith when blown by the winds into our faces gives rise to a very serious dis-ease of the eyes. This alone should banish dogs from our streets, because dogs have no place in a city; because by their barking they prevent sleep, and in this way do quite as much if not more, injury to health than by their filthy habits.

Judge Briggs' recent decision in favor a man who was obliged to sue a neighbor for mantaining a nuisance in the shape of a chicken yard says; "Those who reside in cities or centres of population must give up some rights that they might otherwise have in return for the comforts of urban life. The keeping of chickens, cows, pigs, goats, etc., while perfectly proper in the country, is en-tirely out of place in that part of the city that has become/residential."



The Order of the Day | Latest in Health and Oral Hygiene

"Today - and every day"

Much of Sickness Enters Through the Mouth. Keep Your Mouth Clean

and Avoid Many Ills. Modern science has proved conclusively that most diseases are of germ origin. Germs thrive on decayed matter under warm, moist conditions.

Your mouth is the most direct entrance to your mucous membrane lining and to your stomach and thence to other vital organs. The mouth is warm and moist.

Food lodges between the teeth—it quickly decays if neglected. A "had tooth" is a piece of decayed matter. With any such decay spots in your mouth you have then a splendid germ incubator situated at the entrance to yourself. Now then, you eat a meal-you chew your food—germs are scraped out of their incubator nests (the decay spots) by the

process or washed out with your drink and move down to their new home—your stomach. There they set up house-keeping or take a float through your blood or into organs connected with the stomach. What's the result only too often? - sickness.

Now you see why clean, sound teeth are so important to health as well as to looks. And you see why your dentifrice must be much more than a mechanical cleanser—it must purify by destroying germ life as well as by abrasion.

Without doubt the ideal dentifrice for you to use is one of the Sanitol Tooth



Preparations -e i ther Sanitol Tooth Powder or Paste.

They are thoroughly and harmlessly antiseptic—their antiseptic properties destroy the harmful germ life present in your mouth and retard tooth decay. They counteract acid mouth—and as this acidity promotes decay and is injurious to touth health the shifty to acidity be. to tooth health the ability to neutraliz acidity is a very important property of s. dentifrice.

They act as splendid mechanical cleans ers as well - removing food particles and tartar most effectively. They are pure white in color and contain no strong chemicals or harmful drugs.

Their base is the highest grade of pre-cipitated chalk of sufficient density to serve as an effective abradent but not dense enough to injure the enamel - no pumice stone, cuttle fish bone or any gritty matter is used.

Sanitol Tooth Powder and Paste are then as valuable for their health promoting and preventative qualities as they are efficient in keeping the teeth clean, white

and healthy.

In competition with all other dentifrices 16 judges awarded the Sanitel
Tooth and Toilet Preparations the Gold
Medal, highest award at the San Francisco Panama-Pacific International Ex-

All Druggists Free sample

der or Sanitol Tooth Paste for your name and address and 4c in stamps to pay postage and

oachage of Sanitol Touth Pow-

Sanitol Chemical Laborators



swers to the following questions: (1) What do you like about your school?
(2) What do you dislike about your school?
(3) What do you like about your home?
(4) What do you dislike about your home?
(5) What can you sources to bring your home and your school closer together? When George Washington was a boy his mother gave him a colt which she loved very dearly, although he was very wild. One day Washington went out with his friends and determined

First Prize of Ten Dollars Divided equally between Thomas I. Penruse. South Bd street, and Myrile Wingrade. North 21st street, who will receive checks for \$5 each.

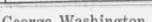
Fifteen Prizes of \$1 Each Checks will be mailed to the following who are entitled to \$1 each for their work in this contest:

Nancy E. Byan., North 11th sicest. Albert Hagshaw, Wyola street. Martha Aikinson, Chestauf street, Colwyn, Donald Fordner, Wind Gap, Pa. Leonard W. Bilterman, West Montgo. our country, was born on February 23. He was the son of very rich par-

Acoust worth.

In the Comment of the

Owing to the peculiar nature of the As he grow older he was a land question, no names of the writers will surveyor, in which occupation he not be printed, but next Saturday we will not only measured land, but also burned about the works of nature and publish a few of the answers received the ways of the animals. George and they will be very interesting, we washington also helped to lead the assure you. Many thanks to all who Americans to win their independence have answered-congratulations to a cor war with the mother country, those who won and good wishes to those who lost. FARMER SHITH.



(By Janice Bushnell, Wissahickon.) saw that the tree was cut down he

Emily atreet.

George Washington

"Who cut my tree down?" George said: "I cut it down because I wanted to see how sharp my hatchet

they could not be printed: Cyril Fair, West Glenwood ave-

and the Cherry Tree

CAR INGCOM

Once upon a time, George Washington received a new hatchet from his father. He wanted to see how sharp it was. There was a cherry tree in his garden, so he cut the cherry tree down. When his father

was. I can never tell a lie."

Honorable Mention The following children sent in splendid drawings, but because they were not made in black ink,

nue; Nelson Nelms, Honeybrook, Pa.; Thomas Foraby, Upland street; Hyman Hoffman, South 6th street; William Shuttleworth, Palethorp street; William Ward, South Rosewood street; James Christopher, South Rosewood street; James Collins, South Rosewood street; James Daly, South Rosewood street; Francis Kenney,