HAD TO STRUGGLE TO GAIN PASSAGE ON REFUGE TRAIN

Little Food or Comfort on Long Railway Trip From Paris to Bordeaux.

BORDEAUX, Sept. 8.

"Follow the French Government from Paris to Bordeaux," said my instructions. It sounded simple enough. There were trains running, three a day. "Why not motor?" a friend in Paris suggested. "Get there quicker by train," I said. How little I knew!

First of all, there was an afternoon spent in obtaining permission to leave that same night. In the ordinary way tickets had to be taken 48 hours in advance. At the Surete (Scotland Yard) they referred me to the War Office. From the War Office I was passed on with a recommendation to the Foreign Office. The Foreign Office gave me a letter to the station master at the Gare d'Orsay, and the station master filled up a form instructing a ticket clerk to sell me a ticket. "Twenty-one o'clock four," said the clerk (meaning 4:00 p. m.). "Austerlitz Station. Be there in good time."

* * * * * * *

I sent my bags there at half-past 7 and arrived myself at a quarter-past 8, after a melancholy drive through the dark streets, dark in case a Zeppelin should come. The entrances to the station were barred against a big and angry crowd. I got through with my Foreign Office letter and found in the hall thousands of people struggling to get on to the platform. The train was waiting. Waving my letter again, I slipped through a back way. But I could not find my bags or my messenger. He was evidently in the jam. It had not occurred to any one to let the unfortunate crowd through. Not until 20 minutes to 9 was the barrier opened, and then all had to squeeze past a narrow "guichet," dragging their babies and their bundles after them, struggling worse than ever, in a scene of indescribable confusion and heat and noise.

I stood on a chair and by good luck spotted my messenger—"Wet through," he said. We set off to find a carriage. I only had a third-class ticket. Big bills all over the station announced that no others were issued. "If you can find a first-class carriage, pay the difference," the ticket clerk had said. I did find one, but it was "retenue pour les blesses" (reserved for wounded). Luckily I got an empty second-class. It was also reserved for somebody, but as "somebody" did not come I induced a guard at the last moment to open it. I shared it with a postman (one of many summoned to Bordeaux to reinforce the local staff), and we chuckled to ourselves to start so comfortably. Every other carriage was chock full.

After the first stop ours was, too. Some young men of 19 going to join the army got in, and four drovers who had been up from Orleans with cattle for the army commissariat. Their blouses, all blood-stained and byre-filthy, filled the carriage with an appalling smell. So we jogged along, packed four a side in a small corridor carriage, and so we remained all the way. Not all the time with the same companions, though—happily!

* * * * * * *

At Orleans about 7 in the morning the drovers took themselves and their blouses and their little cask of red wine from which they refreshed themselves (they were quite decent fellows) away. After that we had among other fellow passengers two young girls fleeing to the Atlantic seaboard, with two kittens in a basket; an officer's widow and her maid; the wife of an artillery captain and her tiny baby (with its nurse) and her two brothers and her father and mother (after this I lost consciousness and came round asking to be told the worst). Another postman joined us, too. We all picnicked together and shared our scraps of food in the most affectionate way.

Luckily I had brought some buttered rolls and a bottle of wine. Scarcely anything could be bought on the way. The refreshment rooms were closed or turned into hospitals. At Poitiers, late in the afternoon, a "buvette" (bar) was doing business, but a sentry stood before it to keep customers out. I bought some bread and chocolate there, though, and near Tours toward midday I managed to get from a man beside the line some little cantaloupe melons, deliciously juicy, for twopence each.

In the ordinary way it takes seven hours to run from Paris to Bordeaux. It took us 29½. Our immensely long train crawled slowly and stopped often, sometimes for an hour or more at a time. Yet my experience is not by any means the worst I have heard of. We passed a train at Tours which had left Paris a whole day before we did! Several, in spite of persevering efforts, have not reached Bordeaux at all. Even the one which brought the Ambassadors and their staffs took 24 hours. A starving struggle for cups of coffee and chunks of bread at a wayside station showed diplomats in an entirely new light.

* * * * * * *

It is troop trains and horse trains and trains carrying food or ammunition for the troops which cause the delays, and therefore one cannot complain. "After all," said the artillery captain's wife, "there are many worse off than we. Les pauvres blesses (the poor wounded), for instance." The colonel's widow stretched her hand out quickly. There were tears in both their eyes. At Bretigny in the night I heard shouts that sounded familiar and found we were alongside a train of British soldiers. They were in the highest spirits, a great many of them riding outside their carriages on the footboard. To my "Are we downhearted?" they gave back a stentorian "No!" At another place was a train of wounded British horses. Every big station had its Red Cross staff of nurses and doctors busy in waiting-rooms full of beds. At Les Aubrais, close to Orleans, a priest vested and an acolyte with censer headed a sad procession of stretchers, the burial procession of those who had died during the night.

The sun of the South filled midday with a parching heat, but the evening made cool amends, and toward night a violent rain fell with thunder and lightning. Luckily it had ceased when we dragged wearily into Bordeaux at 2:30 a. m. Luckily, because few of those arriving had any place to go to. "Every hotel crowded" was the callous announcement of the few cabmen who met the train, and it was hardly the hour to seek for rooms in private houses. Most people encamped outside the station. They were not allowed to remain inside unless they had tickets to some destination further on.

I was fortunate. After sitting on my bags for an hour I bribed a cabman, returning after other journeys, to take me to the famous Hotel de France. Here I made friends with the night porter and was allowed to stretch myself on three chairs in the hall. I slept soundly till the sleepy hotel servants began to dust me at 7 o'clock. Then I remembered that for two nights I had not had my clothes off. I inquired for a swimming-bath and made off to it with all possible speed.

COMEDY AND TRAGEDY FROM GREAT EUROPEAN WAR DRAMA

A four-leafed clover, pressed, dried and scented—the same one carried by his grandfather 44 years ago—is tucked away in a pocket of Kaiser Wilhelm's gray greatcoat these days.

The little daughter of an old court official, Louis Schneider, plucked this leaf in the Royal Park, Kabelsburg, in July, 1870. After the German victory at Sedan the child presented the green spray to old King William.

Months later the Schneider child and her father were summoned before the Emperor.

"Here is your little piece of clover," said the monarch. "It has won me victory. I give it back to you, my child, and hope it will bring you luck, too."

The Kaiser then cut off one of his white curls and handed it with the clover to the girl.

Years later Miss Schneider presented the talisman to the daughter of the Countess Dehna as a baptismal gift. When the war broke out in August last the Countess, through the Empress, presented the clover to the Kaiser.

(The truth of this piece of news is vouched for by the German War Press Bureau.)

A statement by the British Official Press Bureau says:

"The Germans rely on concentrated and prolonged artillery fire to shatter our nerves, but the British soldier is a difficult person to impress or depress even by immense shells filled with high explosives which detonate with terrific violence and form craters large enough to serve as graves for five horses. The German howitzer shells are eight and nine inches in calibre. After impact they send up columns of greasy black smoke. On this account they are irreverently dubbed 'coal boxes,' 'black Marias' and 'Jack Johnsons.' Men taking things in this spirit seem likely to upset the calculations based on the loss of morale carefully framed by the German military philosophers."

A Masonic sign, given by a Belgian resident of Louvain, and immediately recognized and honored by a German officer, saved 50 Belgians from death in Louvain. All had been arrested charged with shooting at the Germans.

The Belgian Mason while facing the firing squad gave a certain sign and the German officer immediately engaged him in conversation. He explained masonically that he was not guilty and that not a single one of the party had been guilty of any atrocities. The German officer immediately ordered them all released.

Although he received nine wounds in the chest and back and lost a finger a few weeks ago, Kozma Krjutchkoff, a Cossack, who attacked 27 Uhlans single-handed, has returned to the front and is again with his regiment.

Krjutchkoff regarded his wounds inflicted by Uhlan lances, with contempt. "They are not wounds," he insisted, "for the Germans cannot fight."

The Cossack killed 11 of the 27 men against whom he fought alone and was standing out against the rest when five comrades came up and assisted him in dispatching the others.

"The Uhlans thought I was cornered," said Krjutchkoff. "But I gave them no time to attack me. An officer tried to cut me down, but I hit him over the head. His helmet protected him and then I got angry and killed him. They were charging me with lances, so I seized one, too, and drove it in one after another. I was too angry to feel the thrusts they gave me. Finally five comrades arrived and the Germans who were not killed or wounded fled."

Belgians are telling with great pride many stories of Burgomaster Max, of Brussels, who is now regarded as one of the national heroes, as a result of his handling of the delicate situation presented when the Germans marched upon the capital.

One of these stories is that when Max met the German commander and it was agreed that the invading troops should enter the city without resistance, the German officer laid his revolver on the table across which they were to confer with a great flourish. Immediately the Burgomaster whipped out his fountain pen, and, with a gesture equally emphatic, banged it down on the table alongside the revolver.

Eighteen-year-old Corporal Lupin, who served in the regiment of Major Jeanne, wounded during the heroic defense of Liege, will henceforth hold a place in Belgian history as high as that accorded any individual. Corporal Lupin gave his life to his country. The Germans to whom he gave his life paid for it with the annihilation of a batery of field artillery, horses and men, and the decisive defeat of an attacking column of infantry. Major Jeanne tells the following story of Corporal Lupin's heroism:

"We were on the right bank of the Meuse at Bellaire, in close touch with the German battery. The musketry on both sides was terrible. All at once the Germans adopted new tactics. They seemed to withdraw from their position, and we could distinctly notice their ranks splitting as if in great confusion. It was only to bring up more artillery which had been rushing from behind. The move was smartly executed, the ranks closed again, and for a time they seemed as if they were going to have the advantage over us.

"But now again young Lupin had seen his chance looming, and what he did altogether changed the face of things. Like a flash, the boy dashed off under cover of a ditch to the left of the German battery. At 200 metres distance he found shelter behind a wall. He took aim at the battery in enfilade, and his Mauser brought down in quick succession the chief officer, the under officers and the artillerymen. This time real confusion took place at the German battery, which was nearly silenced. The Germans, thinking that a whole platoon was now attacking them, directed their last piece of artillery on the wall, and with a terrific crash the wall came down, burying the brave Corporal Lupin. The boy's bravery had weakened the German position, and it did not take us long to scatter them and put another victory on our list."

U. OF P. OPENS ITS DOORS FOR 174TH ANNUAL SESSION

Important Changes Include Establishment of Separate School of Education. Many Professors in Europe

The 174th annual session of the University of Pennsylvania was formally opened this morning in Weightman Hall. It was begun with a devotional service in the Chapel, conducted by Provost Edgar F. Smith, who delivered the address of welcome to the students.

Vice Provost Penniman, dean of the nine University schools, also extended a important announcements. Among these was the announcement that the new School of Education, under the head of Dr. Frank P. Graves, will be conducted this year as a separate school having its own faculty of 45 professors and teachers. In thus recognizing education the University is following out the general policy of Provost Smith in raising the standards and efficiency of the University.

Another new dean, it was announced, will be Professor William E. Mikell, in place of Dr. William Draper Lewis, who is one leave of absence for one year. This is the last year when the old requirements for admission to the law school will be accepted. In the future only a degree from colleges and universities of recognized standing will be taken in lieu of the entrance requirements.

In the medical school for the first time in the 150 years of its history women are being admitted to the general courses.

A number of professors who have gone abroad, it was announced, have not yet returned, being unable to get passage for home. There were 77 members of the faculty who were abroad during the summer. Of these Paul Cret, professor of design, and Leon Arnal, assistant professor of design, have gone into the French army, the former as a private and the latter as a lieutenant. Walter Fischer, instructor in French, has entered the German army as reserve lieutenant. Frederick Maria Urban, assistant professor of psychology, has entered the Austrian army, and Victor Emil Sabary, instructor in German, the Austrian army.

In the dental school announcement was made of three new professorships which are destined to mark an epoch in dental education in America.

In the Wharton School and Graduate School Dr. Leo S. Rowe, professor of political science, is on leave of absence during the first term. He is in South America studying conditions there. During his absence Dr. John H. Latane, professor of History at Johns Hopkins, will give Dr. Rowe's lectures in International law. Extension schools of the Wharton School will be opened this fall in Reading and Harrisburg.

The new building of the Evans Dental Institute and Museum will be ready for occupancy during the coming winter. It will be the largest and best equipped dental laboratory in the world. For the purpose of providing additional quarters for the Wistar Institute of Anatomy the old police station and fire house at Woodland avenue and Spruce streets have been fitted up for the use of the Institute. The Clemean Dormitory has been completed during the summer and will accommodate 30 additional students this fall. Many of the old dormitories have also been renovated. Among the new fraternity houses are the Phi Gamma Delta, 36th and Spruce streets, and the Delta Upsilon, at 3614 Locust street. The stack room of the Biddle Law Library has been refitted and is now capable of receiving 100,000 volumes.

FREDERICK GUTEKUNST, WAR PHOTOGRAPHER, IS 83 TODAY

Took the Best Picture of General Grant Fifty Years Ago.

Frederick Gutekunst, who was one of the first men to go to war with a camera in lieu of a musket, is celebrating his eighty-third birthday today at his studio, 712 Arch street, where he started in business 57 years ago.

Many friends called to offer congratulations. The aged photographer would have been surprised at the number of his callers had he not been forewarned. A friend, knowing that Mr. Gutekunst generally forgot the arrival of the anniversary of his natal day, dropped into the studio yesterday to jog the photographer's memory.

Mr. Gutekunst was called the official photographer of the Army of the Potomac. Many years ago he experienced just such inconveniences as the present war photographer is meeting. He was not wanted on the battlefield, but he managed to get where the action occurred at Gettysburg two days after all the big excitement was over. He "snapped," if there was such a thing as "snapping" in those days, the carcasses of horses and the scarred earth and got the pictures of the wounded later in the hospital camps.

All the generals liked to pose for Mr. Gutekunst. Mr. Gutekunst took a picture of General Grant, of which General Frederick D. Grant said that it is the best likeness of his father ever taken.

CHILDREN AS PREACHERS

Son of Minister at Stratford Tabernacle Preaches Striking Sermon.

Without the slightest sign of nervousness, and with all the religious fervor and enthusiasm of one who has spent many years in the pulpit, the 14-year-old son of the Rev. Charles Forbes, who has been conducting a mission at the Stratford Tabernacle, preached a striking sermon recently.

Young Forbes began preaching at nine, and he has since toured through several American towns. Some of his sermons have been printed and published, while many more have found their way to the hearts of American workingmen.

Curiously enough, it was at the Stratford Tabernacle that Miss Helen Coulthard, who, as "Nellie, the Child Evangelist," has touched the emotions of thousands, preached last Easter. Miss Coulthard is now 20 years of age, and when she was nine spoke in the open air at a church army meeting. Since then her conversions have been many. She is a sister of Miss Libby Coulthard, the 14-year-old mill girl of Bolton, who has held large congregations spellbound with the eloquence and simple directness of her preaching.

Libby, like her sister Helen, began preaching when she was nine years of age. "I love preaching," she says, "and it is very funny how sermons come to me. When I am at work in the mill a text comes into my mind and I think about it all day, and then I go home and find it in the Bible."

THE SHOPS INDIVIDUAL BECKER'S THINGS THAT MEN WEAR

Last Call

Real savings on things that men wear. See our stock before you buy and be convinced.

Balmacaans

Priestley Cravenetted Rain-Proof

Regular $15, $18 and $20 value, while they last... $7.85

Earl & Wilson Red Man Collars, per doz. $1.10

At These Addresses Only:

906 Chestnut St. 20 & 22 S. 15th St.

Juniper and Filbert Sts.

No Connection With Any Other Store.

GERMAN REVERSES RENDER UNLIKELY ANTWERP INVASION

Investment of Belgian City Would Take One Month and at Least 200,000 Men. Food Supply Always Available.

ANTWERP, Sept. 25.

A month ago, or even less, a siege of this city seemed not improbable, but things have fared so badly with the German army since its retreat from Paris that this contingency is no longer considered. The mere preliminary investment of Antwerp would last one month and require at least 200,000 men, and these the Kaiser cannot spare just now, much as he may be inclined to get even with Belgium for daring to dispute the passage of his troops through her territory.

That the seat of government should be changed from Brussels here was to have been expected, for a retirement on Antwerp had always been foreseen as an essential part of the defense of Belgium. As early as 1859, as soon as the fortifications of Antwerp, erected in 1860 by General Brialmont, approached completion, the principal port of the country had been officially chosen as the military capital of the kingdom, as the "reduit national" where the Government would seek refuge in case of invasion.

At that time there was no thought of barring the road of the Meuse. The field army's action was limited to the northern part of the country, taking Antwerp as the base of its operations. After the first reverse it would have sought refuge in the stronghold, which was considered impregnable.

This consisted of three lines of defenses—the advanced line, with nine forts scattered on the south, and on the west, 15 miles from Antwerp, the second line, with 14 forts, surrounding the town at a radius of about four miles, and the third line, being the wall of circumvallation itself.

LESSON FROM FRANCO-PRUSSIAN WAR.

The scare of 1870-71, when the Franco-Prussian War raged, showed the danger of this plan of defense. In order to prevent an armed invasion of Belgian territory after Sedan, the field army had to be moved toward the southern frontier, in spite of the advice of experts. After fierce quarrels and long discussions, General Brialmont's ideas prevailed in 1888, and Liege and Namur were fortified in order to guard the Meuse road and to shelter the main army during the first stage of mobilization.

Meanwhile the progress of siege artillery had necessitated a transformation of the fortifications around Antwerp. The military commission of 1900 insisted strongly on the urgency of such a work. It was pointed out that the advanced line, in spite of the flooding of part of its area, was far from complete, a gap of more than 15 miles being left open to the enemy, toward the east, between Schooten and Lierre. It was also noticed that the second line could not have resisted a prolonged bombardment, and that the third enceinte had accordingly become useless. It was finally decided by the Chamber, in 1906, to complete the first line by the construction of 30 forts and redoubts, to transform the second line to an "enceinte continue," and to demolish the walls.

ANTWERP PRACTICALLY SAFE.

It would be difficult to say exactly if every particular of the new program has been carried out to the satisfaction of military experts. After the Agadir coup very strong criticisms of the War Office were made because the first line of defense was still far from being complete. The general, Van Sprang, who commanded the place, admitted that, in case of an attack, he would have had to abandon the first line. But since then very great efforts have been made, and if we may judge by the results at Liege, the position of Antwerp must be very strong indeed.

As long as England is mistress of the seas Antwerp can never be short of food. Holland would, no doubt, oppose the entrance of warships in the Schelde, but she has already allowed, and will continue to allow, the entrance of freight ships.

All these circumstances point to an invasion of Antwerp, even if the Kaiser's troops are victorious in France, as both unlikely and unprofitable.

FORMER BELGIAN OFFICER SUICIDE IN EAST RIVER

Loss of Property Deeds in Fleeing War Zone Prompted Act.

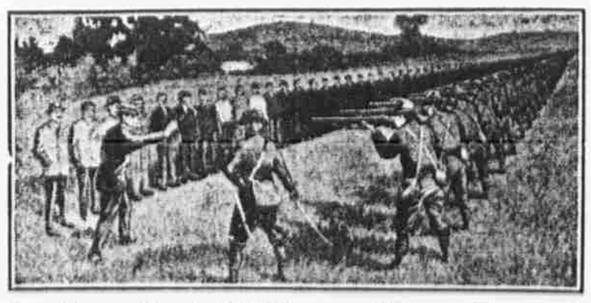
NEW YORK, Sept. 25.—The body of Ernest Wertheim, 50 years old, a retired German merchant and a former Lieutenant in the 14th Belgian infantry, was found floating in the East River at 50th street.

He came to this country on September 7 and was a patient at the German Hospital in this city. He lived many years in Belgium, and, in leaving that country, he lost a trunk containing valuable papers relating to property in Europe.

9000 Philadelphians die annually

from preventable causes."

—Board of Health Report



Would you like to STOP some of the needless accidents and diseases that are occurring in your neighborhood? Then visit The Home and School League

"Carnival of Safety"

Convention Hall

Broad Street and Allegheny Avenue

September 26, 28, 29

Afternoons at 2 Evenings at 8

Admission—Adults, 25 cents; Children, 10 cents

Reserved Seats, 50c and 75c, at Gimbel Brothers

AN ATTRACTIVE BEDROOM FURNISHED IN EXQUISITE TASTE

PERIOD ROOM EXAMPLE OF GOOD TASTE IN FURNISHING

Wall Paper Dignified and Floor Has Few Rugs, Well Placed.

THIS period room is an example of good taste in furnishing. The wall paper is restful and dignified, while the floor, oil-finished, shows the decided advantage of a few rugs well placed.

Even the most hopeless floor can be made attractive with the use of a filler and one of the many excellent finishes on the market, at the cost of a few dollars and a little work. The rag rugs, which are so appropriate with old furniture, may be purchased from 35 cents up to several dollars for the small sizes. Braided rugs, too, are charming with mahogany furniture and may be easily made at home. Our great-grandmothers always used odds and ends rugs, and the cretonne curtains that you are tired of or faded a little can be used most efficiently in this way.

The double doors of the closets in this room offer opportunities for many arrangements of drawers and shoe or hat boxes. The mahogany chest of drawers of Sheraton style appeals to the lover of a nice old piece, while the four-poster, with its old hand-made spread, is very appropriately dressed. There has been a decided eye to comfort shown in the arrangement of the bedside table, with its reading light, clock and favorite books, while the pictures are placed evidently from a sentimental point of view. The cretonne cover on the old chair, of course, must match the curtains to finish this well-balanced room.

MOROCCAN BRIDEGROOM DRESSED UP AS BRIDE

Then He Sits on Cushions With Eyes Closed.

Certain odd marriage customs prevail in Morocco. After a couple have been betrothed, free Negresses, whose business it is to assist women on special occasions of festivity, dress up the young man as a bride with the garments which they have brought with them. He is then seated on cushions placed on a mattress opposite the door, and sits there with his eyes closed as if he were a bride.

In some country places in Morocco, the bride on her part imitates the appearance of a man, by wearing her shawl thrown over her left shoulder, or leaving her old home clad in a man's cloak, or having designs resembling whiskers painted on her face.

Many extraordinary tests are tried to see which of the two, bride or bridegroom, will be leading spirit and ruler in the new home. The bride may throw one of her slippers at the bridegroom, or beat him three times with it, and should he cry out, it is regarded as an obvious sign that she, and not he, will be master in the home for the future.

The bridegroom, on his side, tries similar little pleasantries of a somewhat painful nature, and should his little bride protest, or in any way cry out, then he will rule the roost for all their married life.

In Morocco, too, one wedding is supposed to act as an incentive to others, and is always regarded as the forerunner of many other nuptials. It is the custom for seven girls to pour water over the bride at a spring, hoping to get married themselves by so doing, and if any unmarried woman or girl is living in the house of the bride's parents when she leaves it, the bride is told to "drag her foot" when she goes away, so as to help the unmarried one to a husband.

CHILDREN'S CORNER

ONE fine spring day a gardener picked up a shovelful of Japanese sunflower roots.

"Where do these go?" he asked.

"Oh, let me see," said the other gardener, "we can put those here in front of the hedge and behind the golden rod—that's just the place for them."

So the sunflowers were planted.

Now the hedge grew very high and very thick, so that no sun shone through it at all.

And the golden rod grew very fast and very tall and the poor little sunflower roots down in between didn't have any chance at all.

They spread out roots and sent up green stalks and leaves, but they couldn't get enough sun.

Finally, one day, the sunflower resolved to ask the sun about it.

"Oh, Mr. Sun," she called, "what is the matter; why don't you shine on me all day as you used to in the spring?"

And the kind old Sun smiled down.

"Shine on you!" exclaimed the sun, "I surely am trying to, but you see with the tall thick hedge at your back and the tall golden rod in front of you, I can't even see you most of the day. But I'll tell you what to do; you keep on growing the best you can and I'll keep on shining the best I can, and between us maybe we can have some flowers."

So the cheerful little Japanese sunflower smiled and set to growing.

Every day, from 10 till 2, the sun shone on the plant, and every day the roots grew stronger and the stems grew taller.

But the golden rod grew, too—never was there such tall golden rod! And the poor little sunflower was completely hidden.

One day in late September the gardener went round behind the golden rod to hunt for weeds.

"Well, well," he exclaimed, "if here isn't that sunflower plant—I'd forgotten all about it. It's had a hard time back here in the shade. I guess I'll move it next year, for it won't bloom before frost at this rate."

"Oh, dear," shivered the sunflower, "is it time for frost? I wanted so much to open my buds—they are nearly ready now."

The kind old sun heard the sunflower and said, "Don't you worry a minute. I'm going to shine warmly for a few days yet and you can open your flower buds."

So the sun shone warm and cheerful, the warm winds blew the frost away and the sunflower worked very hard.

At last, on a warm October day, the first sunny bloom opened. And then another and another, till the whole bush was covered with miniature suns.

And the kind old sun smiled down and said, "Now just look at those blooms—we did that by working together."

Tomorrow—Jimmy South-Breeze and his cousin.

Copyright, 1914, by Clara Ingram Judson.

LULLABY

By MALCOLM S. JOHNSON.

Good night, little man, good night,
Good night, little man, good night;
Far away is the sun,
And our play is now done;
All the day we've had fun; dear,
Good night.

Good night, little man, good night,
Good night, little man, good night;
You must never once peep,
And you'll soon be in sleep
Safe and quiet and deep; dear,
Good night.

Good night, little man, good night,
Good night, little man, good night;
Just another big kiss.
And the light you won't miss;
Then a last one like this; dear,
Good night.

(Copyright, Malcolm S. Johnson, 1914.)

Safety First

You will be amazed to know how Cat's Paw Heels have greatly reduced the number of accidents from slipping on wet sidewalks, ice or polished floors.

The Foster Friction Plug won't let you slip. It is set in Cat's Paw Rubber Heels right where the weight falls—right where the wear comes. Not only prevents slipping but *makes 'em wear longer.*

CAT'S PAW CUSHION RUBBER HEELS

All Dealers 50¢ Attached

Note the three arrows. Each points to a sign of safety.

The first shows the Foster Orthopedic Heel which affords safety against falling arches. Gives extra support where needed. Especially valuable for heavy people and those who are on their feet a great deal.

The second arrow points to the famous Black Cat which is your safe guide in buying. Whenever you see a Black Cat think of Cat's Paw Heels. Wherever you see this sign, you know the genuine are sold.

The third arrow points to the regular Cat's Paw Heel which is "worn the world over."

Insist on Cat's Paw Heels from your dealer. Black or tan, 50c. attached. Cost no more than ordinary kinds. Foster Orthopedic, 75c.

Foster Rubber Co., 105 Federal St., Boston, Mass.

Originators and Patentees of the Foster Friction Plug which prevents slipping.