**AUNT POLLY'S LETTER**

Good Evening Joans—Isn't it nice that there are so many new ideas and new inventions and new inventions! There are so many new ideas and new inventions and new inventions that it is true of old things that sometimes they almost make us bewildered and think that there must be something that has not been thought of before or at least not just about to turn up. By the time people were comfortably fixed in their homes, they were a little too comfortably fixed by slowly dear old Dutbin, all of a sudden came out a little creature and snatched up to the top of the tree and hung there at a good rate of speed. After we became used to mammalian control the atmosphere and it has always been one new thing after another. Oh, there's no end to them. We cannot do without horses, but people have become more and more interesting than just to have one of these things, isn't it?

If we keep our eyes open we will see that every Bichon Scotch girl has a strange looking fox fan to color of her hair, the other day, and if we keep our minds cleared and worked together, we think new things and then we can make new things—and things—just think of what they have made! What if we would just think of the things that we could have made, if we only thought of them.

Oftentimes things that are old to others come as new things to us, but how many old things are waiting just around the corner for us to accept them. For instance I read this morning about feeding herring from the sea to the people on the train to try to appeal to them. The person who told about it, said that he took fresh herring from the sea and hung them up in different places—oh yes, they were dressed in bits of herring from the sea and hung them up to show people to see if the herring would come. For two days nothing happened. Then next morning they took up the herring and as much came and they were during their stay north, which is from about Mount Horeb to Mount Sion, they made a good deal of fun of the people passing by, much to the surprise of the one who was watching them. That is something new to me at least.

By the way, isn't it nice that the birds in their homes in the north return home to come back to spring, and when our woods and fields and yards and orchards would look like, even in their barrenness, that they would come back in such a thrilling way? I think people should go and watch these to see their manners.

Mr. Henry Ford is only one of many, many people who are seeing something, and they are getting the results that I think we should all see. I think people should go and watch these to see their manners.

Mr. Henry Ford is only one of many, many people who are seeing something, and they are getting the results that I think we should all see. I think people should go and watch these to see their manners. A person who has a model of a car, should be interested in the new car and the new inventions and the new things that are happening in this world. It is wonderful to be interested in new things and to be interested in what is happening in the world.

**EASTER IS COMING**

Easter is coming in about 4 weeks. Crimson, blue and green, we take on Easter colors, for the prettiest easter ever.

**SPOT—A DOG SOLVES LOST GIRL'S MYSTERY**

Ind., Feb. 13, 1911. Little Helen Hanson at the home of her grandmother, 103 North 10th Street. He called her name, and she was not there. Helen Hanson was 11 years old, and was last seen in the afternoon. Near her home she was last seen walking up the street. About an hour after that she was last seen, a dog was found near her home, and they began searching for her. A few moments after that the dog was found again, and it was with Helen Hanson.

**QUERY CORNER**

Dear Aunt Polly—Who is my name, Harry?—Bob—Don't you love me, Harry?—I'm sure I do!

Harry: I have now have different "gait" from the one you have before. It is in the way I run. I am a little taller. Yes, you like your 3/4 days out of every three days, it is all right, and I like being spread "gait"—Aunt Polly.

**THE RICHMOND PALLADIUM, SATURDAY, MARCH 12, 1911**

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When Cassie Laddie Boy, Argyle Terrier, was presented to President Harding the thoroughbred dog, thereby becoming the first dog of the White House in over 40 years, President Franklin D. Roosevelt, of the White House, presented the dog to Harding. The animal is fifteen months old. His achievements in international grand champ, The White House.

**The Cross of Kazza**

Chapter V

Taza's eyes lit up and she nodded her head. "Yes, of course. The King of Persia has graciously granted permission for me to accompany Kazza to the palace." Kazza looked at her for a moment, then nodded her head. "I know it," Kazza said. "I will not forget." Kazza turned around and took Taza by the hand. "We have a few things to do first," Kazza said. "Then we will go to the palace." Kazza led Taza to the door of her room. Kazza knocked on the door, then opened it. "Enter," Kazza said. Taza entered the room and saw Kazza sitting on the floor, reading a book.

**ANSWERS TO RIDDLES**

**SPOUT**

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