Laundering the Flags of a Ship

PACIFIC steamship that is noted for the fresh appearance of its flags gives out the information that it sends them to the laundry almost as often as it sends the table linen. Fog and smoke soon dim the bright colors of a flag.

A Magazine Page For Everyone

Limiting London's "Skyscrapers"

A LTHOUGH the height limit of buildings in London has been raised 20 feet, this still restricts them to 80 feet from sidewalk to ceiling of the top storey, a very limited neight according to

THE STRANGER" A Gripping Story of Love Triumphant BY JOHN Over the Plots of a Master Criminal GOODWIN

Over the Plots of a Master Criminal

Philip Presents a Brilliant Defence Before Jury Trying Joan Mottisfont

"Who was it that, in cold fact, desired the death of Lady Tallbols, and difficult. The door of the flat may swore to bring it about? This old adhave been left open—it often is when have been left open—it often is when I am expected—at any rate, Miguel Miguel Casas, the Floridan—who folgot in. I say that he was there, the lowed her to England—who deserted evidence has been laid before you to his ship—who was so hard pressed prove it! Had he left his signafor money that he pawned his only weapon, a pistol which doubtless he weapon, a pistol which doubtless he was too great a coward to use. You have heard Lady Tallbois testify that he threatened her—you have heard him. And Miguel makes good his he threatened her-you have heard from her own lips her estimate of his retreat. character-treacherous and cunning as a snake?

Knayth Abbey, where Lady Tallbois and her lover sit alone in a room that opens on the grounds. Watching them Miguel. He has laid his plans well: he is prepared. Miguel knows, none better, the habits of the woman the opportunity that would bring him had used. And enough, too. with safety to himself. Let "I have done with Miguel Casas. us briefly reconstruct the scene.

den rage—so he tells you—flings the decanter through the window. It breaks, the water flows and collects beyond all doubt.

Does it deceive you? Who but a guilty man would concoct such a letter, and deliver secretly such an accusation? And it is Bell's letter beyond all doubt. the flag-stones. Even in the beyond all doubt. morning, it is not dry. There is, however, a victim. Merely a dog—one of
the Knayth deerhounds, that has
lapped the pool of water among the

"Why, you may ask, should he
take such a risk? Gentlemen, those
who prey on society live by taking
risks; they play for heavy stakes. stones, and is found in the grounds—
dead. The cause of death? Strychnine low-scoundrel Vaille were the men

"No one pays any attention to the evidence that enthroned her briefly incident. Nothing is thought of it. Who, at such a point, would connect the dog's death with the decapter from the dining table? Miguel who, under a heavy camouflage, who is the price. In the cast of has covered his action very well. You blackmailed her with the threat of may well think it an insane trick publishing her dead father's record for him to play; but there is frequently a strain of insanity in criminals, even in their cunning. The man was mad with baffled desire,

and greedy for vengeance. "Miguel for the time has failed.
But he is safe. No action is taken blackmail, and Joan Tallbois, being then my wife, I commenced to set against him for his intrusion at the law afoot, that these scoundrels Knayth. Lady Tallbois has not comapparently, want her connection with return thrust was this diabolically this half-breed adventurer adversubtle and daring plot for the detised. And she treats him and his struction of Joan Mottisfont and mythreats with contempt. You have self. It came within a hair's breadth seen her in the box. Lady Tallbois of success. For if Mrs. Mottisfont quality courage. Courage even to evitably follow and my conviction be

folly.

"Miguel clearly is still watching, still shedowing her still hoping for a better opportunity. And fate plays see that the finding of the sham not his hands. What happens next? Lady Tallbois misses the Knayth pearls. She believes or has it sug- guilt, but of innocence. It was clear knows the truth about the pearls.

cocted, is thrust into her hand bidding her go to Mrs. Mottisfont and falls in ruins. necklace. Impulsive and claim the necklace. Impulsive and said Philip, with scathing contempt, as he turned his face to the Jury. you that she lost the letter. It falls into the hands of Miguel Casas.
Whether by accident or design, I do to act on that advice. She has told not know or care—the one thing sure is that Miguel had the letter, for it is that Miguel had the letter, for it a copy made of them, which I was was found on his dead body and you about to take with me to America "Miguel, therefore, knowing Eng- as a souvenir?" elves have seen it.

of the knowledge that Lady Tallbois a scene was inevitable. The cunning

"There are two stairways in the ture, it could not be more clear. And the devil had made things easy for

"The rest, gentlemen, you know a snake?

Lady Tallbois appeared, and my wife, in perfect innocence, ministering to her cast-off lover had prepared. It was subtly done, and this time the vile trick succeeded. Mrs. Mottisfont was left to bear the burden and the penalty.

"No more of Miguel, till he is Her sudden passions, her invariable found dead, killed by an unknown greed for water after a scene—you, sitting in the jury box, have seen that him; we are not trying the murderer with your own eyes, and it was no secret from Miguel. On that he based upon him were found the lying letter his plan. He was content to wait for

"Miguel bursts in and confronts ments-who stole the Knayth neckthe lovers. But they are two to one against him, and the woman the more whole trouble? Who was the thief? dangerous of the two. It is a wasp's nest, indeed, that the Floridan has stuck his head into. There is a departer on the table; he grasps it as a weapon of defense. And a weapon of hills Bell, this absconded ex-law-this indeed! What more simple than yer on whom the police cannot lay their hands! Note that it was he the palm of his hand into the decanter? He does so, and falling back becausing Mrs. Mottisfont of the theft fore the attack that threatens him, and that this letter was handed to Lady Tallbois on the very day after "Lady Tallbois, maddened by the she missed the pearls, though she insolence and the threat, had never has told us all that she kept that more need of water than at that matter secret until then! I say Bell, moment. But she does not drink directly or indirectly, was the thief! the poisoned water. Well for her! "His letter deceived Lady Tallbois. Does it deceive you? Who but a

who first offered Joan Tallbois the

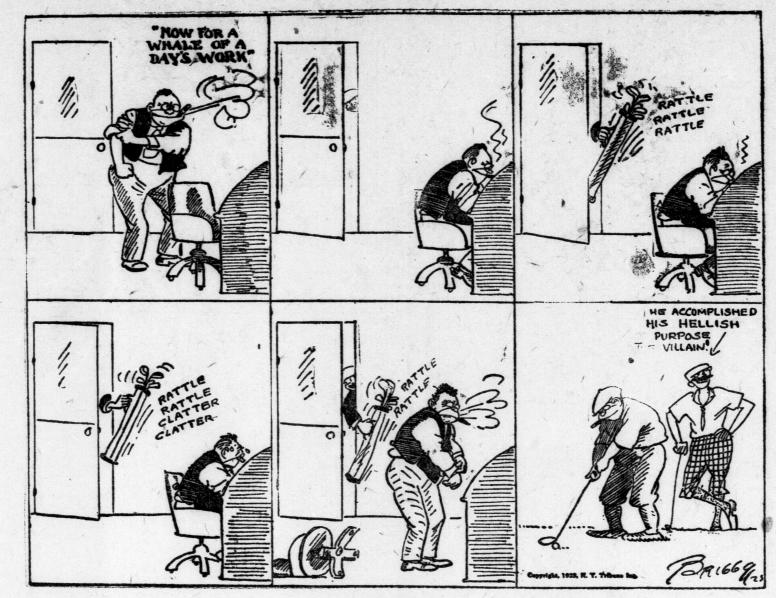
peeress of Knayth, I learned of this plained to the police. She does not, found themselves in danger, and their bitter, passionate, vindictive, an maxing woman, but she has one and trial as an accomplice would in almost certain.

> "Now that this flood of evidence ly contrived by the same scoundrels them!

"Can any sane man now believe." "that the gentle lady before you in

"Miguel, therefore, knowing Eng-lish and speaking and reading it his words and swept around the court.

"Aye, we laugh now!" said Philip, to a certainty confront Mrs. "but remember that Joan Mottisfont Mottisfont, at the very hour given has stood upon the brink of tragedy. that she would find her alone, and But for the death of Casas, with the evidence of guilt upon him, and the brain of the Floridan seized upon all clearing of this web of lies, the subtly the possibilities of the situation very cruel plot would have succeeded. No is all I have to say, gentlemen swiftly. Here was a chance well effort of mine would then have saved you may consider your verdict." worth trying and everything in his favor, if he could only forestall Lady voice rang clear. "The truth is made instead of rising, remained seated. Tallbois at Endsleigh Buildings. And manifest. Well was it written, 'Let For barely a minute there was a



HAMBONE'S MEDITATIONS By J. P. Alley

- DAT WHITE MAN WHUT KEEP DE GRAVE-YAHD, HE SAY EF ALL DE FOLKS IN DAH WUZ T RISE UP DEYD TELLA WHOLE LOT, BUT DEY WOULDN' TELL ME NOTHIN'



sted to her—that Mrs. Mottistont is the state of the same section of the same state letter to Theophilus Bell, that plan of applause which the ushers could hardly check. When it was stilled the deep tones of the judge broke in. Mr. Justice Judd's summing up

was a short one, and every word of it in favor of the accused. He marshaled the facts rapidly and clearly giving the testimony its due weight. "I must point out to you also, gentlemen," he concluded, "that prosecution has been able to produce down de street?

no evidence that Mrs. Mottisfont ever Rufus—Who you-all lookin' at? as much as set eyes on the Knayth necklace—much less that she stole and sold it. And whether she know vest and de red trousers. Lawsey! ingly poisoned Lady Tallbois, in the Ain't he grand! light of the evidence you have heard concerning the man Casas, is a ques tion I will leave to your commo sense, with no further comment. That

the took the chance. He was there the innocent have faith, for the pow-ers of hell shall not prevail against the foreman, in answer to a question, rapid consultation among them, and ose and turned to the judge.
'My lord, I find there is no neces-

for us to retire. We have de cided on our verdict; my fellow jurors are unanimous.' "Do you?" said the clerk of ar-

raigns gravely, "find the prisoner guilty or not guilty?" 'Not guilty. This time nothing could stop the the Great World for himself, wisely applause. Seldom had such an outheeded the warning of Mother Bear urst been heard in the New Bailey Vhen it died down, the judge ad-

ressed Joan.

your innocence of this charge has You leave the court a free woman. you for what you have gone through. the weather grew warmer, there were knock each other off. on a statement that has most generously been made to me through the joying life. Now and then he met his father, great, big, Buster Bear. tion with Miguel Casas has been admitted that the chain of evidence offend him. Altogether, they were which has so triumphantly cleared the accused, was divined, collected, Boxer was continually finding new

from Scotland Yard, rising in the body of the court, with a smile, "a

"And the great counsel gained by the bar," said the judge.

THE ETERNAL OUESTION

Jeff-Howdy, Vi'let!

clo'es when Ah's wukin' in de livery Violet—Wal, 'tain't mah fault, in's at de lodge. Jeff-But, Vi'let, listen, honey, Ah wants to axe you—ain't you gwine wants to axe you—ain't you gwine Mysterious Potentate—and Ah's it! Violet—Lawsey! Violet-De ball? What ball is

ou-all talkin' 'bout? Jeff—Lawsey! Ain't you heard? De grand ball dat de lodge am givin'? ball, but what you got to do not be legant ball like dat?

Jeff—Pears like Ah recollects
Jeff—Ah's axin' you—will you go wid me?

Violet—Whee! Dat am funny—
Violet—Me goin' wid dat niggah?

Violet—Me goin' wid dat niggah? ball, but what you got to do wid an

like you. No. suh! Ah's gwine wid s Jones. f-You ain't sho' noff goin' wid dat big niggah, is you?

Violet—Ah sho is! He am de bestest dressed gentleman in town bestest dressed gentleman in town weah de 'fficial robes, too? dress, so you all bettah git yo'se'f another gal. Good-bye.

Rufus--'Evenin'. vi'let! Is you ready foh de ball tonight? eady foh de ball tonight?

Violet—Ah sho' is—mah feet jest all dressed up like dat!

Jeff—You all knows dat all you won't keep still. Rufus—You is lookin' po'ful fine in dat red dress!

Violet—Ah reckon you and me is gwine to be de bestest dressed folks at dat—Lawsey! Who dat comin'

-Why, dat's Jeff White-

conversation Ah wants to have wid a puson dat looks like somethin' de cat brung in outa de garbage can!

Jeff — 'Tain't mah fault Ah's small, is it, and has to weah mah old che's when Ah's well's in de livery.

Violet—You sho' is lookin' mighty

hurryin' 'cause day Jeff-Ah's can't open de ball widout me leadin' de grand march.
Violet—Lawsey! Does we lead de grand march? We sho' is gwine to be desired "Bride's trousseau." I have switching the conversation from de handsomest couple—

Jeff—'Pears like Ah recollects quested, and shall keep a copy in the

me to potentate wid him? Jeff-Now you all is comin' to you doors in the summer as well. Just An-

de Grand Mysterious Potentate get to wean de micial robes, too?

Jeff—Dere ain't nobody else kin wear 'em 'cept de wife of de Grand Mysterious Potentate.

Violet—De wife! Golly! Ah reckon Ah's give up half mah life to be

Jeff-Sho'! Dat's it!

to accept, 'cause Ah does want to be a Grand Potentatess-even if Ah has to take in washin' to support a for lazy, good-foh-nothin' niggah! (Copyright, 1923, by Public Ledger the Cynthia Grey cot. But that is

Dear Miss Grey.—Thank you so dark blue, with a purplish cast—a much for the gladioli bulbs, which I perfectly good silk and wool sock. received Monday and put in the Clara's father wore all wool at this ground right away. I am inclosing a time of the year and her brother work etter for Busy Hands. I used to live silk the year round, and neither of opposite the hospital in which she is them wore purple socks. before I was married, and my hubby Clara carried it in and examined it brought me to the farm to live. My brought hie to the farm to live. My carefully indoors. Les, she concluded her bur lillies from Aunt Nannie are not up yet, but I am looking for them every keen observation, it was a very, very day. Like True Breton, I was wondering if they stayed in the ground sock and in perfect condition.

She felt real concern for whoever Mr. I all winter.
swer in the Mail-Box.
JUNE ROSE.

have been to see her as well.

Everlasting Gratitude. sent the copies of it which were re-Mail-Box in case others ask for it. tion. You've won my everlasting gratitude, a day

I think Madeira vine will grow into tell us the next time she writes. package, and you can congratulate your friend for myself and the Box-

Just Fifty Short.

Dear Boxites,—I think all the city

Violet—Den Ah reckon Ah'll have short of having the brass tag on our short, 'cause Ah does want to be very own cot. I suppose the Boxites all, know that the cot must be paid only going to be a space of a few weeks or so, isn't it? Then a little note from the editor himself the other day told me that just as soon as the cot is paid for and

becomes our very own and the first wee patient is tucked away in it, one of The Advertiser staff photographers will be at the hospital, and every one kiddles with their dimes to the grown-up Boxites who have been so enerous with their shinplasters and iollars, will be able to see what has come to pass by reason of our stock-ing-foot pattern and our seeds and bulbs. And, by the way, Boxites, there are some dahlia bulbs still left. The city folks might call at The Ad-CYNTHIA GREY

"Be Johnny on the Spot."
Dear Miss Grey,—Is there still a corner left in the Mail-Box for one more. I hope so, as I want to be that Many, many times have I been help and always it seemed someone beat me in sending the needed help or else I waited too long, as I mon vine, but was moving at the

snapping of broken twigs and dead branches. pathy from the other busy mothers who belong to the minute-saving club. Your bulbs are on their way,

THE DAILY SHORT STORY

THE PURPLE SOCK.

By JANE OSBORN. Since Clara Wells had decided to the end of the meal. "Mr. Parsons is the end of the meal."

There was much pleasure to be deevery day. It gave one an air of importance to sit at the head of the table opposite a person so very important—in Clara's eyes—as Judge Wells, and a pleasurable air of responsibility in inspecting the larder portant—in Clara's eyes—as Judge Wells, and a pleasurable air of re-sponsibility in inspecting the larder every day and checking up the freship roned clothes that were sent up from below stairs every Tuesday afternoon. Clara kept a neat list on a slate hanging in the linen closet. Not that there was the dimmest possibility that Nora, the laundress, would carry thing might get caught in the clothes chute or mislaid in the laundry of a dozen tea napkins. She had re-

membered quite distinctly having sent down eight, for there had been several guests besides herself Friday afternoon when she used them at her chute?" she asked. "Things might

get mislaid and I don't want to wait intil Nora comes again."

A wind blowing from the southwest and he really didn't look forty. would blow in the direction of the northeast, that was simple enough; and at the northeast of the Wells's place was the high hedge that divided their property from that of the Pep. pers. So Mary went out searching disheloth and, very perplexing, in-leed, a perfectly good sock. Clara felt sure that neither her father nor brother had lost a sock, for she had been so careful in checking up the laundry lists. Besides, this sock was

Jeff—Ah ain't got time foh talkin' all winter. I shall look for the an- had lost it. He wouldn't mind losing two, she was sure, but anyone would be irritated to lose one. There'd al-Violet—You sho' is lookin' mighty fine tonight!

I received several letters today for Busy Hands. I was sure the Boxites would let me have a generous response. A number of the city Boxites Would let me have a generous response. A number of the city Boxites mournfully on its little perch after its mournfully on its little perch after its

"Do you know anybody that wears Together with a mite for our cot, purple socks?" Mary asked her father Lonesome Lue has sent me the muchdiscussion of their favorite candidate for governor at the approaching elec-"Not a real purple, exactly, but dark blue with a purplish shade.' "No. thank fortune." quoth the bro-

"I don't cultivate any freaks, "I confess I never notice the color We might ask Betty's Mother of the socks my associates wear," was us the next time she writes. her father's rejoinder, "Still, I At any rate, I am sending you a hardly think, daughter, that anyone in my position would be apt to know intimately anyone with a taste for

purple hosiery. If I were a theatrical producer, for instance, it might be different-but remember I'm only a Boxites except poor Cynthia Grey staid and conservative old lawyer." herself were able to be at the opening He paused, smiling. "Why, daughter, Jeff—You all knows dat all you got to do is to say de word, Vi'let, and you kin!

Violet—Is you all proposin' to me, Violet—Is you all proposin' to me, It does seem a little bit of a shame, show it. "I've quite set my heart on the proposition of the Memorial Hospital last week. Would you like to make wears purple socks?"

"Indeed I would," said Clara, a little annoyed, but not wanting to show it. "I've quite set my heart on the proposition of the Memorial Hospital last week. Would you like to make the proposition of the Memorial Hospital last week. Would you like to make the proposition of the Memorial Hospital last week. Would you like to make the proposition of the Memorial Hospital last week. Would you like to make the proposition of the Memorial Hospital last week. Would you like to make the proposition of the Memorial Hospital last week. Would you like to make the proposition of the Memorial Hospital last week. Would you like to make the proposition of the Memorial Hospital last week. Would you like to make the proposition of the Memorial Hospital last week. Would you like to make the proposition of the Memorial Hospital last week. Would you like to make the proposition of the Memorial Hospital last week. Would you like to make the proposition of the Memorial Hospital last week. Would you like to make the proposition of the Memorial Hospital last week. Would you like to make the proposition of the Memorial Hospital last week. Would you like the make the proposition of the make the make the proposition of the make t doesn't it, that we were just \$50 meeting a man who wears purple

either-it's just a whim.' The next morning, instructed by for before the tag is put on, and it clara, Mary started out after dishes will officially go down in history as were washed making a round of the neighborhood, beginning with the houses to the northeast as being most heighborhood, beginning with the houses to the northeast as being most likely. She carried the sock and at unnerved. I think Clara would have every door asked if the gentleman to whom it belonged lived there. But

the sock remained unclaimed. Mary suggested throwing it away at the end of her bootless search, but Clara carried it off frantically. She added the governor-to-be, "that sock paper in one of her bureau drawers.

find the owner of the sock. It seemed all.'

a very interesting event, but the judge and his son were too engrossed in political discussion.

"By the way," said the father, at

leave college after her junior year to going to make a speech here tomorkeep house for her father, she had row night, as you probably know. I had few regrets. can't be here for dinner, but suppose rived from the trip to the market sort—nothing elaborate, of course—

> "If you want me to," said Clara.
> "Only of course you'd have a better
> time talking politics if I just stayed in the kitchen getting things ready." "I prefer to have you play the role of charming hostess," instructed the judge.

From immediately after luncheon the next afternoon Clara worked in the kitchen preparing the spread for the gubernatorial candidate. She was when Clara, counting the clean clothes, noticed the absence of one gone about the matter with her usual precision. Her father had given no hint as to what Mr. Parsons liked to eat. So she called up the clubhouse, where she knew her father had often met Mr. Parsons and asked to speak two-table bridge party.

Clara consulted Mary, maid of all work. "Would you mind looking around the laundry and in the clothes supper menu that she was sure would be supper menu that she was supper menu that she was sure would be supper menu that she was supper please her father's guest.

When the chef had told her that he was partial to simple country cooking Mary started to descend to the laundry. "It's more likely they'd get blown off'n the lines," said Mary in going. "I minded Nora to fasten the things or good with the to fasten the things on good with that strong wind lief that he was middle-aged, overa blowin."

Clara recalled that the wind had been southwest on Monday. Clara was like that, a keen observer with a precise memory. She quickly went into the garden stretch behind the kitchen. straight, smoothly-brushed black hair,

He seemed thoroughly appreciative of Clara's apple pie and smiled unaffected approval at her when her father proudly proclaimed her as the cook. Then after that late supper, just when Clara thought she would best go off to her room and leave through the neage, a thick heads your sharp twigs that scratched your hands. But the scratches were worth while for Mary found the tea napkin but two -not only the tea napkin, but two glass towels from the kitchen supply, a dishcloth and, very perplexing, the cheer to an early autumn evening. Clara started and then suppressed

a little exclamation. Her brother looked at her inquiringly. Clara looked at Mr. Parson's ankles and then looked meaningly at her brother.
To be sure they were purple socks not a bright purple, but a sort of dark blue that verged on the purple. Clara was quite sure that they of the silk-wool variety that matched the lone sock she had stowed away between sheets of white paper in her bureau drawer - her Prince Charming's sock, as she called it to

Mr. Parsons, feeling the eyes of his host's son and daughter on his ankles, awkwardly drew up his feet Clara, "but those socks-they're just

Parsons. "But you see there are five of us men at home—dad and my three brothers and—well, mother got tired of having to sort out the things and she could never get a maid who would pay any attention to the marks, so she hit on the idea of having us all wear different colors. Dad wears black-insisted on it-and Tom wears green ones and Fred has different shades of gray and Sidney takes at the time and they left red or pur-ple for me. It really saves no end of confusion. I've never lost but one sock since we bagan the scheme." Clara had jumped to her feet and had unceremoniously gone upstairs to fetch the missing sock, now exuding a faint scent of her sachet. She showed it to Mr. Parsons and then, sitting down like little girl on a footstool at his side. compared the texture of it with that of the socks he was wearing. As she sat with head bending low beside him he looked at her father with an expression of kindly amusement and admiration so full of honest admiration that the judge didn't seem at all surprised eve of the election, Mr. Parsons asked

him for Clara's hand. "I oughtn't to ask until you know whether I'm going to win the election me. She had a funny little girl no-tion in her mind that she'd marry the man who owned the purple sook So the whole thing seems most natural to her. But, Judge Wells," isn't really mine-"
"Don't let that worry you,"

her brother and father, who had obShe discovered her mistake the other jected to its color on principle. "I'm day. Our laundress found out that sure he is very nice," she told the it belonged to our neighbor's chaufsock. "Plenty of nice people like feur. So we bought him a new pair bright colors."

That evening at dinner Clara you of the mistake. She says you wanted to talk about her efforts to really are her prince charming after

"I Was Terribly Weak After Baby Was Born" Mrs. H. McClure, Nor-



wood, Ont., writes! "After my baby was born, I was terribly weak and run down, with pains acros my back. I had heard so much of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food that I decided to try it. Three boxes proved enough to make me quite strong and well again. I also used Dr. Chase's Ointment for a rash which broke out on the baby, and the rash disappeared completely in a

DR. CHASE'S NERVE FOOD

IN ATONIC DYSPEPSIA Vin St-Michel

(ST. MICHAEL'S WINE)

is employed to promote the flow of gastric juice. In gastric catarrh, it relieves that morbid state of the mucous membrane on which the depends. It is known as being the best stomachic tonic.

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AGAIN. By THORNTON W. BURGESS. Old Mother Nature.

People of the Green Forest and and not seeing or hearing anything fond of ants.

new and interesting discoveries to Now, it happened that Boxer came time, and they were all gone so soon

you both on your defending counsel and your husband."

"My lord," said Philip's friend growing wiser. He sometimes did

to a tree and tell them to stay there nothing they liked better than climb ing about in a tree. They used to have great times together, playing with each other among the branches. One day Mother Bear had led them the Green Meadows soon forget further from their old home than troubles that are past. Boxer, the usual. She had sent them up in a big young Bear who had started out into hemlock tree, and then had gone off a short distance to pull over some heeded the warning of Mother Bear old logs and tear apart some old to keep away from that part of the stumps in search of ants. You know, Mother Bear, like all Bears, is very "Mrs. Mottisfont," he said gently, wore of the three little cubs, which, as you know, were Boxer's little and were as lively as only three little and were as lively as only three little established before the world. brother and two little sisters, he cubs can be. They chased each other There was plenty to do, and as hemlock tree, and did their best to I wanted very much to get a cinna-

> Boxer became curious. Very caregrowing wiser. He sometimes did foolish things, but when he had once learned a lesson he never forgot it.
>
> Now, all this time Mother Bear's triplets had been growing and learning. Though still very small, they were big enough now to follow her about while she hunted for food. Usually they kept close to her heels. When she wanted to get rid of them

along that way shortly after the Best wishes to all the circle who are cubs had been sent up in that tree.

He had nothing in particular on his JACK OF ALL TRADES. He had nothing in particular on his with Miguel Casas has been Boxer had the greatest respect for skilled and valuable, yet it is him, and always took care never to the was just roaming about. mind. He was just roaming about.

He was startled by a noise off at one side. Instantly he stopped to listen.

There was pust roaming about.

Bon't allow anyone to beat you again, Jack of All Trades.

After this, besides being Jack of All Trades, this, besides being Jack of All Trades, and the Start's the Start's this besides being Jack of All Trades. the accused, was divined, collected, and welded by Mr. Philip Mottisfont things to eat. It was great fun to alone. Mrs. Mottisfont, I congratulate explore the Green Forest. All the you both on your defending counsel stronger and more constructed by the stronger and more