

# Housekeeping, Nursery, Gardening and News of Interest to Women

## WOMAN SENATOR WILL COME HERE

Mrs. Helen Ring Robinson of Colorado to Speak in Toronto.

## SENTIMENT IS GROWING

In Favor of Extending the Franchise to Married Women.

An interesting meeting of the Equal Franchise League was held at the home of Mrs. Hamilton, on Monday afternoon. The speaker was in the chair, and spoke briefly of the growing sentiment in favor of woman's suffrage, and the growing public knowledge of the aims and ideals behind the desire for the vote. She referred to the many letters on the subject which she had received from all over the province, and to the prominence given it at a recent Woman's Institute meeting in Toronto. Almost every speaker mentioned it in connection with the problems before the women of the country, and their solution.

She gave an account of the work of Mrs. Tilly, of London, Ont., who, although 70 years old, has been one of the moving spirits in the formation of a suffrage society there, and is its honorary president.

A letter was read from Miss Newcomb, of Australia, who is secretary of a newly formed Woman's Suffrage Union of British Dominions Overseas. This society owes its inception to the desire of the enfranchised women of Australia and New Zealand to help the women of the other British Dominions towards political equality. Miss Newcomb said they wished for a wider knowledge of our legislative problems which might help them in dealing with their own, and they also hoped to be able to give us accurate information as to what the enfranchisement of women had accomplished in Australia. They seek affiliation with the Canadian Suffrage Association, which is composed of various suffrage societies throughout the country.

New Girls' League. Mrs. Hamilton announced the formation of a new Working Girls' Suffrage League, founded by girls in whom she has been working assiduously for months, preparing for a bazaar, which they are going to hold at her house on Saturday, Dec. 13. In the afternoon there is to be a musical program, and in the evening a suffrage play.

She related her experiences in connection with a meeting held in support of the since successful Conservative candidate, Mr. Folles. She said that she had been asked to give notice of her wish to put the claims of woman's suffrage before him, and the audience, and when she and her husband arrived they were shown every courtesy, given seats of honor on the platform, and five minutes each to speak. Mrs. Hamilton spoke of the need for it, and Mr. Hamilton of the justice of it from the man's point of view.

A unanimous resolution, which is important as showing the practical interest of suffragists in such pressing problems as the high cost of living, was passed. It was moved by Miss Newcomb, and seconded by Mrs. Davidson, that the Equal Franchise League, being vitally concerned in the best interests of the home, hereby agrees to co-operate with the Canadian House-hold Economic Association to promote any effort that would result in better market conditions in Toronto, and closer co-operation between producers and consumers.

The interesting announcement was then made that the only woman senator in the world, Mrs. Helen Ring Robinson, of Colorado, is coming to Toronto on Jan. 7, to speak to the Equal Franchise League and the public in Columbus Hall. She is a remarkably cultured and talented woman, whom it is a pleasure to have in the city. She has been a devoted worker for public life, and has, both before and since her election, done much to advance social and industrial justice in Colorado. She is besides, a writer, an orator and a humorist, and Toronto is fortunate in having the opportunity to hear her speak.

After the meeting Mrs. Hamilton entertained the members and their friends at tea.

## HYMAN MILLER ESTATE PASSED MILLION MARK

Wholesale Hardware Merchant in Winnipeg Possessed Large Ontario Holdings.

The estate of Hyman Miller, wholesale hardware merchant of Winnipeg, who died at Los Angeles, Cal., on Jan. 8, 1912, was filed for probate in the surrogate court yesterday. The estate is valued at \$1,188,078, of which sum \$922,202 is held in Ontario. The sum of \$110,000 is left to charitable institutions. The son, Charles Alexander Miller, receives the residue of the estate in the neighborhood of \$1,121,470.

## SPECIAL COMMITTEE MEETING ON CEMETERY ROAD PLAN

Board of Works Will Meet Today to Discuss Mount Pleasant Topography.

A special meeting of the works committee will be held this afternoon to investigate the topography of Mount Pleasant Cemetery for the purpose of deciding the location of the proposed thru roadway to Jarvis street. Ald. Rowland had the meeting called.

There were produced in Cuba from the manufacture of sugar in the year 1912-13, 77,273,350 gallons of molasses, an increase of 19,139,746 gallons over the preceding year.

Women will find more news of interest to them in The World's magazine page every morning than in any other paper.

## THE WOES OF MRS. NEWLYWED



"This jelly will not harden. What shall I do?" queried Mrs. Newlywed. "Place the jelly in a mold," said Mrs. Neighbor, "and put the mold in a basin of cold water, adding a handful of salt and soda to the water. It will get nice and firm."

## THE OLD OAKEN BUCKET

A Famous Song and Its Composer

Samuel Woodworth, the son of a modest Massachusetts farmer, was born in Scituate, that state, Jan. 19, 1785. While the family were poor and had no luxuries, their lot was no worse than that of the ordinary New England family, and they lived in comparative comfort.

Young Samuel received the usual education of the country boy of his time, began writing verse at an early age—and was apprenticed at the age of 15 to the printing trade. While his life was a succession of ambitions, attempts and failures, his home rests secure on his faithful portrayal of the old-fashioned well and weather-beaten well-sweep, universally to be found on the farms of that day.

While living in New York City, on Duane street, he came home one July day, nearly overcome with the heat and with nothing to drink but the tepid water of the city—ice being unknown in those days in the summer months—he exclaimed to his wife: "What would I not give this moment for a long draught from the old oaken bucket hanging in my father's well!" "Same old," replied his wife, "that that is a good subject for a poem!" Forthwith he sat down—the thronging recollections of his childhood crowded thick upon him—and that charming old ballad of bucolic New England sprang into deathless life and fame. The music is said to have been adapted from an ancient Scottish melody by Frederick Smith. Woodworth died in 1852. His song, like so many of the heart lyrics of an older day, is found in the famous song collection called "Heart Songs"—which this paper is offering nearly free of cost to its readers.

We recommend them to look at the Heart Songs coupon, to be found elsewhere in this paper today—and learn the terms upon which this remarkable book can be had.

## PLACE MORE BAD BOYS ON PROBATION—McCARTHY

Controller Tells Board of Control Industrial Schools Are Overworked.

Ald. Wanless introduced a deputation to the board of control yesterday to the board of the annexation of an area of about two hundred acres, having these boundaries: St. Clair avenue on the south, Bathurst street on the west, Huron street on the east and Burton road on the north. The board will send on a recommendation in this area are the R. J. Fleming farm and the site for an isolation hospital.

Ald. McBride, chairman of the sub-committee on streets, advocated that payments of the assessments for all street widenings and extensions be extended over twenty years instead of ten. He urged that this change would do away with much of the opposition to these improvements. The board adopted his suggestion.

The executive of the Industrial Schools' Association applied for an increase in the grant from \$225 to \$310 per week for each boy or girl committed to the Victoria, Alexandra and Blantyre Schools. The high cost of living necessitates an increased grant.

Advices Short Sentences. Controller McCarthy brought up the issue of stopping indefinite terms for boys at that Victoria School. "What is needed is a radical change," he said. "The schools should be for detention and discipline and the maximum term should not be over a few weeks. Excepting the mentally defective a large proportion of the present inmates should be out on probation."

The department agreed to confer with the board next Monday upon Controller McCarthy's suggestion for amendments to the act. Hon. W. J. Hanna is to be invited.

## The Economical Home Light

GIVES GAS LIGHT AT HALF THE COST OF ELECTRIC LIGHT

100 Candle-power—3 Hours for 1 Cent

50c Cash Down—Balance Monthly

CONSUMERS' GAS COMPANY

12-14 Adelaide St. West. Telephone Main 1933-1188

## EFFICIENT HOUSEKEEPING BY HENRIETTA D. GRAUEL DOMESTIC SCIENCE LECTURER

### Beef Steak Pie.

BEF STEAK PIE need not be made from beef steak; any meat, poultry or game will do quite as well, if it is cut in small pieces. After the meat is cut prepare the seasoning; this is in three parts, one part salt, one pepper and the third just a pinch of nutmeg. You may dispense with the nutmeg and use onion salt or onion juice if you prefer, but the bit of nutmeg is delicate and usually well liked.

Put this seasoning mixture in a paper and dredge it lightly over the pieces of meat, then sprinkle minced parsley over it and place in a well-buttered baking dish with white potatoes, cut in quarters, between the layers of meat. Add boiling water to make gravy, and over each layer sprinkle a little flour so the gravy will not be too thin.

Cover with a short paste and wash its top with yolk of egg diluted with a little water. Bake in a moderate oven until you are sure the potatoes are done. Serve in the dish it is baked in.

Chicken short cake is made from the same short paste with creamed chicken for the filling. Roll the puff paste out into a sheet about half an inch in thickness and cut in good-sized rounds. Chop or cut the cold chicken into small pieces. A little veal may be added to help out if there is too little chicken. Make a thin cream sauce and stir the chicken into it; season.

Fold each round of paste over one-half so as to form a sort of a pocket and place a tablespoon of the chicken mixture in it. Pinch the edges firmly together, wash the top with egg and bake. These little "cakes" may be baked with a top and bottom crust if you wish by using gem or cup cake pans.

Oyster patties are made in this same way, but the oysters must be steamed in their own liquor and thickened with a little cream and cornstarch. The seasoning for the oysters is pepper, butter and celery salt. If you use muffin rings bake the rounds of pastry in them and when finished cut the middle right out with a sharp knife and fill this well, or cavity, with the creamed mixture.



## THE WISE GOOSE SAYS

By Virginia Vale.

Once upon a time there was a little girl who wanted a white kitten. It must be little and white, and she was sure some day she would get the kitten.

She looked, and there was, all sort of white kitten you ever saw, all sort of fluffy. Helen could hardly eat her color on it somewhere. One day her uncle came home to dinner with her father, and after he had kissed her, he said: "Run, Helen, and look in my overcoat pocket and see what you find there. It is for you."

She looked, and there was the dearest white kitten you ever saw, all sort of fluffy. Helen could hardly eat her color on it somewhere. One day her uncle came home to dinner with her father, and after he had kissed her, he said: "Run, Helen, and look in my overcoat pocket and see what you find there. It is for you."

She looked, and there was the dearest white kitten you ever saw, all sort of fluffy. Helen could hardly eat her color on it somewhere. One day her uncle came home to dinner with her father, and after he had kissed her, he said: "Run, Helen, and look in my overcoat pocket and see what you find there. It is for you."

She looked, and there was the dearest white kitten you ever saw, all sort of fluffy. Helen could hardly eat her color on it somewhere. One day her uncle came home to dinner with her father, and after he had kissed her, he said: "Run, Helen, and look in my overcoat pocket and see what you find there. It is for you."

She looked, and there was the dearest white kitten you ever saw, all sort of fluffy. Helen could hardly eat her color on it somewhere. One day her uncle came home to dinner with her father, and after he had kissed her, he said: "Run, Helen, and look in my overcoat pocket and see what you find there. It is for you."

She looked, and there was the dearest white kitten you ever saw, all sort of fluffy. Helen could hardly eat her color on it somewhere. One day her uncle came home to dinner with her father, and after he had kissed her, he said: "Run, Helen, and look in my overcoat pocket and see what you find there. It is for you."

She looked, and there was the dearest white kitten you ever saw, all sort of fluffy. Helen could hardly eat her color on it somewhere. One day her uncle came home to dinner with her father, and after he had kissed her, he said: "Run, Helen, and look in my overcoat pocket and see what you find there. It is for you."

She looked, and there was the dearest white kitten you ever saw, all sort of fluffy. Helen could hardly eat her color on it somewhere. One day her uncle came home to dinner with her father, and after he had kissed her, he said: "Run, Helen, and look in my overcoat pocket and see what you find there. It is for you."

She looked, and there was the dearest white kitten you ever saw, all sort of fluffy. Helen could hardly eat her color on it somewhere. One day her uncle came home to dinner with her father, and after he had kissed her, he said: "Run, Helen, and look in my overcoat pocket and see what you find there. It is for you."

She looked, and there was the dearest white kitten you ever saw, all sort of fluffy. Helen could hardly eat her color on it somewhere. One day her uncle came home to dinner with her father, and after he had kissed her, he said: "Run, Helen, and look in my overcoat pocket and see what you find there. It is for you."

She looked, and there was the dearest white kitten you ever saw, all sort of fluffy. Helen could hardly eat her color on it somewhere. One day her uncle came home to dinner with her father, and after he had kissed her, he said: "Run, Helen, and look in my overcoat pocket and see what you find there. It is for you."

She looked, and there was the dearest white kitten you ever saw, all sort of fluffy. Helen could hardly eat her color on it somewhere. One day her uncle came home to dinner with her father, and after he had kissed her, he said: "Run, Helen, and look in my overcoat pocket and see what you find there. It is for you."

She looked, and there was the dearest white kitten you ever saw, all sort of fluffy. Helen could hardly eat her color on it somewhere. One day her uncle came home to dinner with her father, and after he had kissed her, he said: "Run, Helen, and look in my overcoat pocket and see what you find there. It is for you."

She looked, and there was the dearest white kitten you ever saw, all sort of fluffy. Helen could hardly eat her color on it somewhere. One day her uncle came home to dinner with her father, and after he had kissed her, he said: "Run, Helen, and look in my overcoat pocket and see what you find there. It is for you."

She looked, and there was the dearest white kitten you ever saw, all sort of fluffy. Helen could hardly eat her color on it somewhere. One day her uncle came home to dinner with her father, and after he had kissed her, he said: "Run, Helen, and look in my overcoat pocket and see what you find there. It is for you."

She looked, and there was the dearest white kitten you ever saw, all sort of fluffy. Helen could hardly eat her color on it somewhere. One day her uncle came home to dinner with her father, and after he had kissed her, he said: "Run, Helen, and look in my overcoat pocket and see what you find there. It is for you."

She looked, and there was the dearest white kitten you ever saw, all sort of fluffy. Helen could hardly eat her color on it somewhere. One day her uncle came home to dinner with her father, and after he had kissed her, he said: "Run, Helen, and look in my overcoat pocket and see what you find there. It is for you."

She looked, and there was the dearest white kitten you ever saw, all sort of fluffy. Helen could hardly eat her color on it somewhere. One day her uncle came home to dinner with her father, and after he had kissed her, he said: "Run, Helen, and look in my overcoat pocket and see what you find there. It is for you."

She looked, and there was the dearest white kitten you ever saw, all sort of fluffy. Helen could hardly eat her color on it somewhere. One day her uncle came home to dinner with her father, and after he had kissed her, he said: "Run, Helen, and look in my overcoat pocket and see what you find there. It is for you."

She looked, and there was the dearest white kitten you ever saw, all sort of fluffy. Helen could hardly eat her color on it somewhere. One day her uncle came home to dinner with her father, and after he had kissed her, he said: "Run, Helen, and look in my overcoat pocket and see what you find there. It is for you."

She looked, and there was the dearest white kitten you ever saw, all sort of fluffy. Helen could hardly eat her color on it somewhere. One day her uncle came home to dinner with her father, and after he had kissed her, he said: "Run, Helen, and look in my overcoat pocket and see what you find there. It is for you."

She looked, and there was the dearest white kitten you ever saw, all sort of fluffy. Helen could hardly eat her color on it somewhere. One day her uncle came home to dinner with her father, and after he had kissed her, he said: "Run, Helen, and look in my overcoat pocket and see what you find there. It is for you."

She looked, and there was the dearest white kitten you ever saw, all sort of fluffy. Helen could hardly eat her color on it somewhere. One day her uncle came home to dinner with her father, and after he had kissed her, he said: "Run, Helen, and look in my overcoat pocket and see what you find there. It is for you."

She looked, and there was the dearest white kitten you ever saw, all sort of fluffy. Helen could hardly eat her color on it somewhere. One day her uncle came home to dinner with her father, and after he had kissed her, he said: "Run, Helen, and look in my overcoat pocket and see what you find there. It is for you."

She looked, and there was the dearest white kitten you ever saw, all sort of fluffy. Helen could hardly eat her color on it somewhere. One day her uncle came home to dinner with her father, and after he had kissed her, he said: "Run, Helen, and look in my overcoat pocket and see what you find there. It is for you."

She looked, and there was the dearest white kitten you ever saw, all sort of fluffy. Helen could hardly eat her color on it somewhere. One day her uncle came home to dinner with her father, and after he had kissed her, he said: "Run, Helen, and look in my overcoat pocket and see what you find there. It is for you."

She looked, and there was the dearest white kitten you ever saw, all sort of fluffy. Helen could hardly eat her color on it somewhere. One day her uncle came home to dinner with her father, and after he had kissed her, he said: "Run, Helen, and look in my overcoat pocket and see what you find there. It is for you."

She looked, and there was the dearest white kitten you ever saw, all sort of fluffy. Helen could hardly eat her color on it somewhere. One day her uncle came home to dinner with her father, and after he had kissed her, he said: "Run, Helen, and look in my overcoat pocket and see what you find there. It is for you."

She looked, and there was the dearest white kitten you ever saw, all sort of fluffy. Helen could hardly eat her color on it somewhere. One day her uncle came home to dinner with her father, and after he had kissed her, he said: "Run, Helen, and look in my overcoat pocket and see what you find there. It is for you."

She looked, and there was the dearest white kitten you ever saw, all sort of fluffy. Helen could hardly eat her color on it somewhere. One day her uncle came home to dinner with her father, and after he had kissed her, he said: "Run, Helen, and look in my overcoat pocket and see what you find there. It is for you."

She looked, and there was the dearest white kitten you ever saw, all sort of fluffy. Helen could hardly eat her color on it somewhere. One day her uncle came home to dinner with her father, and after he had kissed her, he said: "Run, Helen, and look in my overcoat pocket and see what you find there. It is for you."

She looked, and there was the dearest white kitten you ever saw, all sort of fluffy. Helen could hardly eat her color on it somewhere. One day her uncle came home to dinner with her father, and after he had kissed her, he said: "Run, Helen, and look in my overcoat pocket and see what you find there. It is for you."

She looked, and there was the dearest white kitten you ever saw, all sort of fluffy. Helen could hardly eat her color on it somewhere. One day her uncle came home to dinner with her father, and after he had kissed her, he said: "Run, Helen, and look in my overcoat pocket and see what you find there. It is for you."

She looked, and there was the dearest white kitten you ever saw, all sort of fluffy. Helen could hardly eat her color on it somewhere. One day her uncle came home to dinner with her father, and after he had kissed her, he said: "Run, Helen, and look in my overcoat pocket and see what you find there. It is for you."

She looked, and there was the dearest white kitten you ever saw, all sort of fluffy. Helen could hardly eat her color on it somewhere. One day her uncle came home to dinner with her father, and after he had kissed her, he said: "Run, Helen, and look in my overcoat pocket and see what you find there. It is for you."

She looked, and there was the dearest white kitten you ever saw, all sort of fluffy. Helen could hardly eat her color on it somewhere. One day her uncle came home to dinner with her father, and after he had kissed her, he said: "Run, Helen, and look in my overcoat pocket and see what you find there. It is for you."

She looked, and there was the dearest white kitten you ever saw, all sort of fluffy. Helen could hardly eat her color on it somewhere. One day her uncle came home to dinner with her father, and after he had kissed her, he said: "Run, Helen, and look in my overcoat pocket and see what you find there. It is for you."

She looked, and there was the dearest white kitten you ever saw, all sort of fluffy. Helen could hardly eat her color on it somewhere. One day her uncle came home to dinner with her father, and after he had kissed her, he said: "Run, Helen, and look in my overcoat pocket and see what you find there. It is for you."

She looked, and there was the dearest white kitten you ever saw, all sort of fluffy. Helen could hardly eat her color on it somewhere. One day her uncle came home to dinner with her father, and after he had kissed her, he said: "Run, Helen, and look in my overcoat pocket and see what you find there. It is for you."

She looked, and there was the dearest white kitten you ever saw, all sort of fluffy. Helen could hardly eat her color on it somewhere. One day her uncle came home to dinner with her father, and after he had kissed her, he said: "Run, Helen, and look in my overcoat pocket and see what you find there. It is for you."

She looked, and there was the dearest white kitten you ever saw, all sort of fluffy. Helen could hardly eat her color on it somewhere. One day her uncle came home to dinner with her father, and after he had kissed her, he said: "Run, Helen, and look in my overcoat pocket and see what you find there. It is for you."

She looked, and there was the dearest white kitten you ever saw, all sort of fluffy. Helen could hardly eat her color on it somewhere. One day her uncle came home to dinner with her father, and after he had kissed her, he said: "Run, Helen, and look in my overcoat pocket and see what you find there. It is for you."

She looked, and there was the dearest white kitten you ever saw, all sort of fluffy. Helen could hardly eat her color on it somewhere. One day her uncle came home to dinner with her father, and after he had kissed her, he said: "Run, Helen, and look in my overcoat pocket and see what you find there. It is for you."

She looked, and there was the dearest white kitten you ever saw, all sort of fluffy. Helen could hardly eat her color on it somewhere. One day her uncle came home to dinner with her father, and after he had kissed her, he said: "Run, Helen, and look in my overcoat pocket and see what you find there. It is for you."



## THE WISE GOOSE SAYS

By Virginia Vale.

Once upon a time there was a little girl who wanted a white kitten. It must be little and white, and she was sure some day she would get the kitten.

She looked, and there was, all sort of white kitten you ever saw, all sort of fluffy. Helen could hardly eat her color on it somewhere. One day her uncle came home to dinner with her father, and after he had kissed her, he said: "Run, Helen, and look in my overcoat pocket and see what you find there. It is for you."

She looked, and there was the dearest white kitten you ever saw, all sort of fluffy. Helen could hardly eat her color on it somewhere. One day her uncle came home to dinner with her father, and after he had kissed her, he said: "Run, Helen, and look in my overcoat pocket and see what you find there. It is for you."

She looked, and there was the dearest white kitten you ever saw, all sort of fluffy. Helen could hardly eat her color on it somewhere. One day her uncle came home to dinner with her father, and after he had kissed her, he said: "Run, Helen, and look in my overcoat pocket and see what you find there. It is for you."

She looked, and there was the dearest white kitten you ever saw, all sort of fluffy. Helen could hardly eat her color on it somewhere. One day her uncle came home to dinner with her father, and after he had kissed her, he said: "Run, Helen, and look in my overcoat pocket and see what you find there. It is for you."

She looked, and there was the dearest white kitten you ever saw, all sort of fluffy. Helen could hardly eat her color on it somewhere. One day her uncle came home to dinner with her father, and after he had kissed her, he said: "Run, Helen, and look in my overcoat pocket and see what you find there. It is for you."

She looked, and there was the dearest white kitten you ever saw, all sort of fluffy. Helen could hardly eat her color on it somewhere. One day her uncle came home to dinner with her father, and after he had kissed her, he said: "Run, Helen, and look in my overcoat pocket and see what you find there. It is for you."

She looked, and there was the dearest white kitten you ever saw, all sort of fluffy. Helen could hardly eat her color on it somewhere. One day her uncle came home to dinner with her father, and after he had kissed her, he said: "Run, Helen, and look in my overcoat pocket and see what you find there. It is for you."

She looked, and there was the dearest white kitten you ever saw, all sort of fluffy. Helen could hardly eat her color on it somewhere. One day her uncle came home to dinner with her father, and after he had kissed her, he said: "Run, Helen, and look in my overcoat pocket and see what you find there. It is for you."

She looked, and there was the dearest white kitten you ever saw, all sort of fluffy. Helen could hardly eat her color on it somewhere. One day her uncle came home to dinner with her father, and after he had kissed her, he said: "Run, Helen, and look in my overcoat pocket and see what you find there. It is for you."

She looked, and there was the dearest white kitten you ever saw, all sort of fluffy. Helen could hardly eat her color on it somewhere. One day her uncle came home to dinner with her father, and after he had kissed her, he said: "Run, Helen, and look in my overcoat pocket and see what you find there. It is for you."

She looked, and there was the dearest white kitten you ever saw, all sort of fluffy. Helen could hardly eat her color on it somewhere. One day her uncle came home to dinner with her father, and after he had kissed her, he said: "Run, Helen, and look in my overcoat pocket and see what you find there. It is for you."

She looked, and there was the dearest white kitten you ever saw, all sort of fluffy. Helen could hardly eat her color on it somewhere. One day her uncle came home to dinner with her father, and after he had kissed her, he said: "Run, Helen, and look in my overcoat pocket and see what you find there. It is for you."

She looked, and there was the dearest white kitten you ever saw, all sort of fluffy. Helen could hardly eat her color on it somewhere. One day her uncle came home to dinner with her father, and after he had kissed her, he said: "Run, Helen, and look in my overcoat pocket and see what you find there. It is for you."

She looked, and there was the dearest white kitten you ever saw, all sort of fluffy. Helen could hardly eat her color on it somewhere. One day her uncle came home to dinner with her father, and after he had kissed her, he said: "Run, Helen, and look in my overcoat pocket and see what you find there. It is for you."

She looked, and there was the dearest white kitten you ever saw, all sort of fluffy. Helen could hardly eat her color on it somewhere. One day her uncle came home to dinner with her father, and after he had kissed her, he said: "Run, Helen, and look in my overcoat pocket and see what you find there. It is for you."

She looked, and there was the dearest white kitten you ever saw, all sort of fluffy. Helen could hardly eat her color on it somewhere. One day her uncle came home to dinner with her father, and after he had kissed her, he said: "Run, Helen, and look in my overcoat pocket and see what you find there. It is for you."

She looked, and there was the dearest white kitten you ever saw, all sort of fluffy. Helen could hardly eat her color on it somewhere. One day her uncle came home to dinner with her father, and after he had kissed her, he said: "Run, Helen, and look in my overcoat pocket and see what you find there. It is for you."

She looked, and there was the dearest white kitten you ever saw, all sort of fluffy. Helen could hardly eat her color on it somewhere. One day her uncle came home to dinner with her father, and after he had kissed her, he said: "Run, Helen, and look in my overcoat pocket and see what you find there. It is for you."

She looked, and there was the dearest white kitten you ever saw, all sort of fluffy. Helen could hardly eat her color on it somewhere. One day her uncle came home to dinner with her father, and after he had kissed her, he said: "Run, Helen, and look in my overcoat pocket and see what you find there. It is for you."

She looked, and there was the dearest white kitten you ever saw, all sort of fluffy. Helen could hardly eat her color on it somewhere. One day her uncle came home to dinner with her father, and after he had kissed her, he said: "Run, Helen, and look in my overcoat pocket and see what you find there. It is for you."

She looked, and there was the dearest white kitten you ever saw, all sort of fluffy. Helen could hardly eat her color on it somewhere. One day her uncle came home to dinner with her father, and after he had kissed her, he said: "Run, Helen, and look in my overcoat pocket and see what you find there. It is for you."

She looked, and there was the dearest white kitten you ever saw, all sort of fluffy. Helen could hardly eat her color on it somewhere. One day her uncle came home to dinner with her father, and after he had kissed her, he said: "Run, Helen, and look in my overcoat pocket and see what you find there. It is for you."

She looked, and there was the dearest white kitten you ever saw, all sort of fluffy. Helen could hardly eat her color on it somewhere