

PLEADS FOR PLACE
OF READING IN LIFEMiss Drew, Honor Graduate
of Oxford, Addresses Wo-
men's Canadian Club.CULTURE VERY HUMAN
But Doesn't Consist in Num-
ber of Books Read, Says
Speaker.

"In addition to making life more vital and real, the great point in connection with good literature is the sense of comradeship it establishes with the minds of all times, the sense of the unity of all life in all ages and all countries. Through literature, the realization is brought home that the people of all ages and climes have felt as we have felt, faced the same problems that we are facing.

"Men and women who love books are richer in humanity than those who are too busy to learn of humanity, excepting from human life."

The foregoing was the earnest plea for giving literature a prominent place in education, and in life, presented to a large audience of the Women's Canadian Club in the Central Col- legiate Auditorium by Miss Elizabeth A. Drew, eminent English university woman and lecturer.

Mrs. F. W. Hughes, president of the Women's Canadian Club, announced that the membership of the club had reached the high water mark of 500 already this season, a large representation of this number turning out to hear a woman with the reputation of being the best lecturer in English at Cambridge University.

Possessed of a most pleasing personality and fine presence, Miss Drew added interest and charm to her lecture by quotations from the masters of English literature, her familiar friends, flashes of wit, and her intensely human and practical as well as idealistic treatment of her subject.

"Of making of theories of education there is no end," she said, "but the man of old, touching upon the evolution of ideas that has taken place in the past few hundred years, with regard to the aims of education."

Her illustration of the eighteenth and early nineteenth century idea of education was that, just as a museum was looked upon as a place for the stuffing of animals, so an academy was regarded as a place for stuffing the minds of children of the nineteenth century young woman left school with the idea she had "finished her education."

"The main difference between education nowadays and then," said the speaker, "is that the present aim is to produce a certain attitude of mind towards life. The aim in education is to enable us to live as complete and full a life as possible in the whole being, body, mind and spirit, to stimulate and develop the power to express the personality."

"The old idea was to put in, the modern idea to make more alive to the impressions that come from outside, to make more responsive to the experiences of life."

Dealing with the part literature may play in bringing about the realization of these educational ideals, the lecturer humorously touched upon what she termed, "certain ways of reading that are no reading at all."

The first of these of which mention was made was appropriating the finest treasures of poetic art for advertisement purposes, of poets to tell the world the virtues of pink tonics."

More dangerous still she regarded the "stuffed process," the reading of books simply for the acquisition of knowledge, no more education than

Mothers and Their
Children

FOR THAT RAINY DAY.
When my children are restless, I let them get a bag of roasted peanuts and make peanut animals. They pick out an odd-shaped peanut, paint ink features on it, and paste on a paper tail or wings. Soon they have a whole menagerie of these quaint animals, and they are quiet and contented.

(Copyright, 1922, Associated Editors.)
law in itself is virtue," she declared. "A thrust at this point was made at the blotting paper type of person, who wipes up the last printed matter perused, and goes about with the idea culture consists of the number of books read."

Literature More Than Maxims.
While fully admitting the value of literature in supplying moral lessons, useful and helpful characters, and useful and patient inculcating maxims, Miss Drew took issue also with those who value literature simply for the moral content. Such people were in the same category, in her estimation, as those who regarded life as nothing but duties.

To literature she gave the place of honor as closest to life experience, the greatest expression and interpretation of life experience of all the arts. The function of the highly sensitive artist, she declared, was to be able to make people see, understand and appreciate life through clear spectacles.

While the range of English literature supplies food for the most adventurous minds," said Miss Drew, "the development of a taste for solid reading is its own reward. Anything as life advances which makes aloofness from the chances and change of mortal life possible, frees from petty concerns, and provides happiness through companionship with the great spirits of all ages is a possession above rubies."

"Unlike genius, good taste can be developed. Taste for literature comes by knowledge. There is no other way than by reading and reading."

"Culture has nothing to do with the acquisition of knowledge. It is much more human. It is not secured by adding to the knowledge, but is possessed by the spirit."

USE OLD SILK HOSE
TO MAKE BLACK CATS

Princess Patricia Chapter Members
Reveal Much Ingenuity in
Planning Bazaar.

One of the most successful bazaars of the season was held Tuesday in a downtown shop by the members of the Princess Patricia Chapter, I. O. D. E. Black cats for good luck, cleverly designed from cast-off silk hose, were among the attractive novelties.

Bags to take shopping or to protect Madam Housewife's fancy-work were for sale, also, a certain attitude of mind towards life. The aim in education is to enable us to live as complete and full a life as possible in the whole being, body, mind and spirit, to stimulate and develop the power to express the personality."

"The old idea was to put in, the modern idea to make more alive to the impressions that come from outside, to make more responsive to the experiences of life."

Dealing with the part literature may play in bringing about the realization of these educational ideals, the lecturer humorously touched upon what she termed, "certain ways of reading that are no reading at all."

The first of these of which mention was made was appropriating the finest treasures of poetic art for advertisement purposes, of poets to tell the world the virtues of pink tonics."

More dangerous still she regarded the "stuffed process," the reading of books simply for the acquisition of knowledge, no more education than

"The old idea was to put in, the modern idea to make more alive to the impressions that come from outside, to make more responsive to the experiences of life."

Dealing with the part literature may play in bringing about the realization of these educational ideals, the lecturer humorously touched upon what she termed, "certain ways of reading that are no reading at all."

The first of these of which mention was made was appropriating the finest treasures of poetic art for advertisement purposes, of poets to tell the world the virtues of pink tonics."

More dangerous still she regarded the "stuffed process," the reading of books simply for the acquisition of knowledge, no more education than

"The old idea was to put in, the modern idea to make more alive to the impressions that come from outside, to make more responsive to the experiences of life."

Dealing with the part literature may play in bringing about the realization of these educational ideals, the lecturer humorously touched upon what she termed, "certain ways of reading that are no reading at all."

The first of these of which mention was made was appropriating the finest treasures of poetic art for advertisement purposes, of poets to tell the world the virtues of pink tonics."

More dangerous still she regarded the "stuffed process," the reading of books simply for the acquisition of knowledge, no more education than

"The old idea was to put in, the modern idea to make more alive to the impressions that come from outside, to make more responsive to the experiences of life."

Dealing with the part literature may play in bringing about the realization of these educational ideals, the lecturer humorously touched upon what she termed, "certain ways of reading that are no reading at all."

The first of these of which mention was made was appropriating the finest treasures of poetic art for advertisement purposes, of poets to tell the world the virtues of pink tonics."

More dangerous still she regarded the "stuffed process," the reading of books simply for the acquisition of knowledge, no more education than

"The old idea was to put in, the modern idea to make more alive to the impressions that come from outside, to make more responsive to the experiences of life."

Dealing with the part literature may play in bringing about the realization of these educational ideals, the lecturer humorously touched upon what she termed, "certain ways of reading that are no reading at all."

The first of these of which mention was made was appropriating the finest treasures of poetic art for advertisement purposes, of poets to tell the world the virtues of pink tonics."

More dangerous still she regarded the "stuffed process," the reading of books simply for the acquisition of knowledge, no more education than

"The old idea was to put in, the modern idea to make more alive to the impressions that come from outside, to make more responsive to the experiences of life."

Dealing with the part literature may play in bringing about the realization of these educational ideals, the lecturer humorously touched upon what she termed, "certain ways of reading that are no reading at all."

The first of these of which mention was made was appropriating the finest treasures of poetic art for advertisement purposes, of poets to tell the world the virtues of pink tonics."

More dangerous still she regarded the "stuffed process," the reading of books simply for the acquisition of knowledge, no more education than

PERSONALS

Mrs. Ray Lawson is in Sarnia, the guest of her parents, Rev. P. G. Newton and Mrs. Newton.

Mrs. J. G. Gunn was the hostess last weekend of a charming tea given at her apartment in Hayman Court.

Mrs. L. G. Firth, who has been the guest of her sister, Mrs. Harvey Skelton in Piccadilly street, has returned home.

Mrs. E. R. Bluthner is entertaining at a small bridge Wednesday afternoon at her home in Waterloo street.

Miss Berryhill has returned to her home in Port Huron, after a ten-day visit in town, the guest of Mrs. Owen Mooney.

Mrs. A. D. Jordan, The Grange, London South, will receive on the first and second Thursdays of the month and not again until February.

Mrs. Helen Clarke, who has been the guest of her brother, Mr. G. L. Macdonald and Mrs. Macdonald, Hyman street, has returned to her home in South River, Ont.

Mrs. R. C. Doarle was the hostess last week of a tea given in honor of Mrs. Ferguson of Esterhazy, Sask., who is the guest of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Wardrope, South London.

Miss Margaret Torrance of Westmont, Montreal, a school friend of Miss Margaret Jordan, at King's Hall, Compton, Quebec, is arriving in the city the day after Christmas for a ten-day visit at "The Grange," the home of Mr. and Mrs. A. D. Jordan.

A trip around the world is a treat in store in the New Year for a group of well-known Londoners, including Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Cairncross, Mrs. H. Meek and Miss Annie Saunders. They will be joined by friends from St. Thomas and other places, and the long-pleasure jaunt, leaving the middle of January.

Miss Margaret Coleman was the hostess of a smart bridge Tuesday afternoon at her home in Hayman Court. At the tea hour the hostess' mother, Mrs. H. Coleman, poured tea, assisted by Mrs. J. G. Gunn. The guests included Misses Helen Little, Jean Jarvis, Louise Duffield, Margaret Johnson, Teek White, Kathleen White, Kathleen Cowan, Kathleen Coles and Madeline Simson.

Mrs. F. G. Marshall was the hostess Tuesday afternoon of a bridge of six tables, given at her home in Oxford street in honor of her sister, Mrs. Rankin of Tillsonburg; also in honor of two young brides, Mrs. D. H. Nichol, formerly Miss O'Brien, and Catherine Day. The tea-table was adorned with American Beauty roses and was presided over by Miss Day, assisted by Mrs. Rankin and Mrs. Nichol. A number of tea guests dropped in late in the afternoon.

A merry whirl of holiday festivities is always assured for the young people who have just been making their bow to society this season, and the students from schools and colleges arriving home in the course of the next few weeks for Christmas. Amongst coming events already casting are rosy shadows before them, is a party which Mr. and Mrs. Kitchen are giving for Miss Dorothy, a dance to be given by Dr. Chester Abbott and Mrs. Abbott just before Christmas for Miss Lorraine, and a holiday party at the home of Mrs. J. H. A. Beattie are giving at the Hunt Club for their daughter, Miss Marion. Mrs. Wismer is entertaining for her son John, and Mrs. T. H. Smallman, "Waverley" in honor of her grandson, Mr. Thomas Smallman.

Scores of visitors called at the home of Mrs. Hubert H. Casselman at Lambeth when she received Tuesday afternoon for the first time since her marriage. The rooms throughout were tastefully arranged with quantities of bronze and yellow mums, making a pretty setting for the young bride, who assisted in receiving, with Mrs. G. A. Routledge. Mrs. Casselman wore a graceful gown of black and white, with a smart black hat. The tea-table was covered with a handsome cluny lace cloth and centered with a silver vase, filled with golden mums. Tea was poured out by Mrs. Andrew J. Vandenberg, who assisted in receiving, with Mrs. G. A. Routledge. Mrs. Casselman wore a graceful gown of black and white, with a smart black hat. The tea-table was covered with a handsome cluny lace cloth and centered with a silver vase, filled with golden mums. Tea was poured out by Mrs. Andrew J. Vandenberg, who assisted in receiving, with Mrs. G. A. Routledge.

A charming post-nuptial reception was held Tuesday afternoon, when Mrs. Oliver McClary, formerly Miss Opal McCauley of Meadville, Pa., received for the first time since her marriage, at her home, 400 Queen's avenue. Columbia roses and shaggy mums were used, with palms and ferns, to decorate the rooms. The young bride received with her mother, Mrs. Charles McClary, and Mrs. Charles McClary. The latter wore a black velvet gown beaded in jet and a corsage of Richmond roses. Mrs. McCauley wore a French gown of Elizabeth crepe, heavily beaded in bronze, and a corsage of Sunset roses. The tall sticks holding tall yellow candles were also used. Here Mrs. William Smythe presided, wearing a black velvet gown, beaded with steel and a black velvet hat; also Mrs. Gilbert Ward, wearing a black velvet gown with a blue and silver hat. Mrs. Rose Johnson and Mrs. Frank White ushered to the tea-room. Mrs. Johnston wearing a smart brown velvet gown and a brown lace hat, and Mrs. White a black velvet gown and a black velvet hat. The tea-room assistants included: Mrs. Clifford Gray, wearing a French gown of King's blue Elizabeth crepe, beaded in steel and jet trimmings, and black lace hat; Mrs. Roy Moore, in black gown and a rose velvet hat, and Miss Helen Leitch of Detroit, a house guest with Mrs. McClary, who was wearing a black georgette with crystal trimmings and grey and silver hat. Mrs. McClary entertained her assistants at a dance in the evening.

HEADS LEPER MISSION.
Mrs. J. W. Jones has been elected president of the London Leper Mission, who is succeeding Mrs. George Wood, who is retiring after holding the office for four years. Miss Ella Davis has accepted the secretaryship for another term, and Mrs. John Stevenson the treasurer.

The treasurer reported at the annual meeting held this week a total of \$382.20, raised in the past six months, including \$100 under the will of the late Mrs. Dent.

Rev. H. N. Konkle of Toronto, secretary for Canada, will be the speaker at the February meeting.

CLUB NEWS

GIVING HOLIDAY DINNERS.

Plans were made for Christmas dinners for a number of poor families at the quarters of the Sir George Ross Chapter, held Tuesday afternoon at the home of Miss Lorraine White, The Ridgeway. Many little garments were made for the War Memorial Hospital during the afternoon. Tea was served by the hostesses.

HERE MAN GETS CANDLES.
STICKS.

A most successful bazaar was held Saturday by the Ladies' Auxiliary of the G. L. A. to the E. L. of E., under the joint convenerhip of Mrs. A. McMillan, Mrs. A. Cove and Mrs. George Byway. A pair of silver candlesticks were won by Mr. Hayes, Dundas street, who held the lucky number, 338.

PLAY SANTA CLAUS.

A large and enthusiastic meeting of the Seventh Regiment Chapter, I. O. E. was held Tuesday afternoon in the officers' quarters at the Armory. Plans were made for a Christmas treat to be given for the children at the shelter, with Mrs. J. W. Smith and Mrs. Rankin as convener of the committee in charge. A generous donation was given to the Santa Claus fund by the chapter. Plans were discussed for a bridge to be held in the near future, but nothing definite was decided upon. Mrs. Earl Johnson and her husband acted as tea hostesses and the meeting was presided over by Mrs. F. H. Butler.

GIVES CHICKEN SUPPER.

Happy Thursday evening last a very happy event took place at the Children's Shelter, when the Waukena Club entertained the children to a chicken supper.

The tables looked very tempting and were prettily decorated with red paper. At each place stood a china doll dressed in red, much to the delight of the children.

The remainder of the evening was spent in games and music, and thoroughly enjoyed by all.

SENDS CHECK FROM FLORIDA.

Final arrangements were made for the bazaar to be held under the auspices of the Trafalgar Chapter, I. O. D. E., Saturday, at 417 Richmond street, at a meeting of the chapter Tuesday afternoon. The meeting, which was a most interesting one, was held at the home of Mrs. S. K. Emery, 417 Richmond street. A substantial check was received from the honorary vice-regent, Mrs. Emery, for the bazaar. The bazaar, which will be held in the morning and afternoon, will be under the general convenerhip of Mrs. M. Atkinson, assisted by the following convener: Mrs. F. Logan and Mrs. Leckie, Mrs. Rankin, Mrs. Phillips, Mrs. John Loughton, home-cooking and candy. Mrs. Rankin, Mrs. Phillips, Mrs. John Loughton, home-cooking and candy. Mrs. Rankin, Mrs. Phillips, Mrs. John Loughton, home-cooking and candy. Mrs. Rankin, Mrs. Phillips, Mrs. John Loughton, home-cooking and candy.

Fashions by Wire

Paris, Dec. 5.—There is today a recurrence of veils as first aids to the milliner. They may be rolled with an edge like a Turk's turban, or they may be embroidered, or simply of the sheer sort bordered with folds. There are veils of blonde and black lace, delightfully decorated with bands of metal.

MUST STICK TO ONE.

Paris, Dec. 5.—Neck furs have undergone a curious change. While animal scarfs are still in good taste today, the newer neckpieces extend back to the back of the head, and are of the proportions and shape of a small cape. Two kinds of fur are not permissible in a neckpiece, though several kinds may be used on a coat.

TALKING OF LININGS.

London, Dec. 5.—Lunings for evening cloaks are still sumptuous lengths of brocade, but linings for the less dressy outer garments have toned down considerably from the wild colors of the past season. Printed satins are the favorites today, in shades of gray, blue or sand.

BIND HAIR WITH SHELLS.

London, Dec. 5.—Still another recent idea in evening bandeaux is the straight, narrow band of shell, or sea shells. Worn with an ocean green costume foaming into lace, it is especially attractive.

The shells are very tiny and of the scallop variety, made of stiff bits of varnished ribbon.

FLOWERS BLOOM AGAIN.

New York, Dec. 5.—Varnished flowers and fruit, translucent and of gay colorings, are adored on the hats now being shown in several smart shops. These gay and glistening garlands of cherries and grapes, in the straight, narrow band of shell, or sea shells. Worn with an ocean green costume foaming into lace, it is especially attractive.

The shells are very tiny and of the scallop variety, made of stiff bits of varnished ribbon.

New York, Dec. 5.—Varnished flowers and fruit, translucent and of gay colorings, are adored on the hats now being shown in several smart shops. These gay and glistening garlands of cherries and grapes, in the straight, narrow band of shell, or sea shells. Worn with an ocean green costume foaming into lace, it is especially attractive.

The shells are very tiny and of the scallop variety, made of stiff bits of varnished ribbon.

New York, Dec. 5.—Varnished flowers and fruit, translucent and of gay colorings, are adored on the hats now being shown in several smart shops. These gay and glistening garlands of cherries and grapes, in the straight, narrow band of shell, or sea shells. Worn with an ocean green costume foaming into lace, it is especially attractive.

The shells are very tiny and of the scallop variety, made of stiff bits of varnished ribbon.

New York, Dec. 5.—Varnished flowers and fruit, translucent and of gay colorings, are adored on the hats now being shown in several smart shops. These gay and glistening garlands of cherries and grapes, in the straight, narrow band of shell, or sea shells. Worn with an ocean green costume foaming into lace, it is especially attractive.

The shells are very tiny and of the scallop variety, made of stiff bits of varnished ribbon.

New York, Dec. 5.—Varnished flowers and fruit, translucent and of gay colorings, are adored on the hats now being shown in several smart shops. These gay and glistening garlands of cherries and grapes, in the straight, narrow band of shell, or sea shells. Worn with an ocean green costume foaming into lace, it is especially attractive.

The shells are very tiny and of the scallop variety, made of stiff bits of varnished ribbon.

New York, Dec. 5.—Varnished flowers and fruit, translucent and of gay colorings, are adored on the hats now being shown in several smart shops. These gay and glistening garlands of cherries and grapes, in the straight, narrow band of shell, or sea shells. Worn with an ocean green costume foaming into lace, it is especially attractive.

The shells are very tiny and of the scallop variety, made of stiff bits of varnished ribbon.

New York, Dec. 5.—Varnished flowers and fruit, translucent and of gay colorings, are adored on the hats now being shown in several smart shops. These gay and glistening garlands of cherries and grapes, in the straight, narrow band of shell, or sea shells. Worn with an ocean green costume foaming into lace, it is especially attractive.

The shells are very tiny and of the scallop variety, made of stiff bits of varnished ribbon.

New York, Dec. 5.—Varnished flowers and fruit, translucent and of gay colorings, are adored on the hats now being shown in several smart shops. These gay and glistening garlands of cherries and grapes, in the straight, narrow band of shell, or sea shells. Worn with an ocean green costume foaming into lace, it is especially attractive.

The shells are very tiny and of the scallop variety, made of stiff bits of varnished ribbon.

New York, Dec. 5.—Varnished flowers and fruit, translucent and of gay colorings, are adored on the hats now being shown in several smart shops. These gay and glistening garlands of cherries and grapes, in the straight, narrow band of shell, or sea shells. Worn with an ocean green costume foaming into lace, it is especially attractive.

and dark brown, even on those which are tailored in style.

USE BLACK FOR UNDIES.

New York, December 5.—Black crepe remains the material of which one extraordinary set of underthings shown today is made. The rich crepe of almost mourning dullness is relieved by lozenge-shaped insets of georgette in different shades. The insets, for example, are ocean green, royal purple, canary yellow, crimson and lilac blue.

DAUGHTERS OF ZION AID
DESERVING CHARITIES

Over a hundred couples attended the annual dance of the Daughters of Zion at Hyman Hall. The hall was gaily decorated with the club's blue and white. Miss Ida Lewis, president of the Daughters of Zion, was presented with a beautiful corsage of roses. Many novelty dances, such as serpentine, balloon and cap dances, were introduced throughout the evening. A buffet supper was served by Miss Ida Lewis and her charming assistants, Misses Cohen, White, Berman, Silverstein and Lewis.

The proceeds go towards the funds for the Northern Ontario fire sufferers and the Palestine Orphans. In aid of the Palestine orphans' fund, the Daughters of Zion also held a handkerchief shower recently. Many called during the afternoon, donating hundreds of handkerchiefs. Miss Lewis was assisted by Miss Rose Kaufman, London, England, a charming guest in the city for the winter.

It was a long night that night Peter Rabbit spent in the hole into which Yowler the Bob Cat had driven him. It seemed to him that it never would end. Time after time he made up his mind to start for home, but each time before he could get started he was reminded that Yowler was nowhere about. He had waited a little while after driving Peter into that hole, and then gone off to look for a dinner of course. Peter had no way of knowing this and so at last he had made up his mind to start right where he was. "Where he was?" thought Peter. "When daylight comes he probably will go home to sleep. I don't like to travel by daylight, myself, but I guess it will be the wisest thing to do this time."

So Peter remained in that hole all night. Toward morning he took a nap. When he awoke he could see the light creeping in at the entrance to that hole. At once he started up, intending to start for the dear Old Briar Patch. But when he reached the entrance he stopped. He remembered that Yowler was still there.



HOW PETER KNEW THAT THE WAY WAS CLEAR.
By Thornton W. Burgess.

Impatience never'll get a dinner; The patient one will be the winner.

—Peter Rabbit.

It was a long night that night Peter Rabbit spent in the hole into which Yowler the Bob Cat had driven him. It seemed to him that it never would end. Time after time he made up his mind to start for home, but each time before he could get started he was reminded that Yowler was nowhere about. He had waited a little while after driving Peter into that hole, and then gone off to look for a dinner of course. Peter had no way of knowing this and so at last he had made up his mind to start right where he was. "Where he was?" thought Peter. "When daylight comes he probably will go home to sleep. I don't like to travel by daylight, myself, but I guess it will be the wisest thing to do this time."

So Peter remained in that hole all night. Toward morning he took a nap. When he awoke he could see the light creeping in at the entrance to that hole. At once he started up, intending to start for the dear Old Briar Patch. But when he reached the entrance he stopped. He remembered that Yowler was still there.

It was a long night that night Peter Rabbit spent in the hole into which Yowler the Bob Cat had driven him. It seemed to him that it never would end. Time after time he made up his mind to start for home, but each time before he could get started he was reminded that Yowler was nowhere about. He had waited a little while after driving Peter into that hole, and then gone off to look for a dinner of course. Peter had no way of knowing this and so at last he had made up his mind to start right where he was. "Where he was?" thought Peter. "When daylight comes he probably will go home to sleep. I don't like to travel by daylight, myself, but I guess it will be the wisest thing to do this time."

So Peter remained in that hole all night. Toward morning he took a nap. When he awoke he could see the light creeping in at the entrance to that hole. At once he started up, intending to start for the dear Old Briar Patch. But when he reached the entrance he stopped. He remembered that Yowler was still there.

It was a long night that night Peter Rabbit spent in the hole into which Yowler the Bob Cat had driven him. It seemed to him that it never would end. Time after time he made up his mind to start for home, but each time before he could get started he was reminded that Yowler was nowhere about. He had waited a little while after driving Peter into that hole, and then gone off to look for a dinner of course. Peter had no way of knowing this and so at last he had made up his mind to start right where he was. "Where he was?" thought Peter. "When daylight comes he probably will go home to sleep. I don't like to travel by daylight, myself, but I guess it will be the wisest thing to do this time."

So Peter remained in that hole all night. Toward morning he took a nap. When he awoke he could see the light creeping in at the entrance to that hole. At once he started up, intending to start for the dear Old Briar Patch. But when he reached the entrance he stopped. He remembered that Yowler was still there.

It was a long night that night Peter Rabbit spent in the hole into which Yowler the Bob Cat had driven him. It seemed to him that it never would end. Time after time he made up his mind to start for home, but each time before he could get started he was reminded that Yowler was nowhere about. He had waited a little while after driving Peter into that hole, and then gone off to look for a dinner of course. Peter had no way of knowing this and so at last he had made up his mind to start right where he was. "Where he was?" thought Peter. "When daylight comes he probably will go home to sleep. I don't like to travel by daylight, myself, but I guess it will be the wisest thing to do this time."

So Peter remained in that hole all night. Toward morning he took a nap. When he awoke he could see the light creeping in at the entrance to that hole. At once he started up, intending to start for the dear Old Briar Patch. But when he reached the entrance he stopped. He remembered that Yowler was still there.

It was a long night that night Peter Rabbit spent in the hole into which Yowler the Bob Cat had driven him. It seemed to him that it never would end. Time after time he made up his mind to start for home, but each time before he could get started he was reminded that Yowler was nowhere about. He had waited a little while after driving Peter into that hole, and then gone off to look for a dinner of course. Peter had no way of knowing this and so at last he had made up his mind to start right where he was. "Where he was?" thought Peter. "When daylight comes he probably will go home to sleep. I don't like to travel by daylight, myself, but I guess it will be the wisest thing to do this time."

So Peter remained in that hole all night. Toward morning he took a nap. When he awoke he could see the light creeping in at the entrance to that hole. At once he started up, intending to start for the dear Old Briar Patch. But when he reached the entrance he stopped. He remembered that Yowler was still there.

It was a long night that night Peter Rabbit spent in the hole into which Yowler the Bob Cat had driven him. It seemed to him that it never would end. Time after time he made up his mind to start for home, but each time before he could get started he was reminded that Yowler was nowhere about. He had waited a little while after driving Peter into that hole, and then gone off to look for a dinner of course. Peter had no way of knowing this and so at last he had made up his mind to start right where he was. "Where he was?" thought Peter. "When daylight comes he probably will go home to sleep. I don't like to travel by daylight, myself, but I guess it will be the wisest thing to do this time."

So Peter remained in that hole all night. Toward morning he took a nap. When he awoke he could see the light creeping in at the entrance to that hole. At once he started up, intending to start for the dear Old Briar Patch. But when he reached the entrance he stopped. He remembered that Yowler was still there.

It was a long night that night Peter Rabbit spent in the hole into which Yowler the Bob Cat had driven him. It seemed to him that it never would end. Time after time he made up his mind to start for home, but each time before he could get started he was reminded that Yowler was nowhere about. He had waited a little while after driving Peter into that hole, and then gone off to look for a dinner of course. Peter had no way of knowing this and so at last he had made up his mind to start right where he was. "Where he was?" thought Peter. "When daylight comes he probably will go home to sleep. I don't like to travel by daylight, myself, but I guess it will be the wisest thing to do this time."

So Peter remained in that hole all night. Toward morning he took a nap. When he awoke he could see the light creeping in at the entrance to that hole. At once he started up, intending to start for the dear Old Briar Patch. But when he reached the entrance he stopped. He remembered that Yowler was still there.