INGERSOLL HOME IN NEW YORK BIG FACTOR FOR CIVIC IMPROVEMENT

Anne Shannon Monroe Describes Meeting Held in Honor of Edwin Markham, "America's Greatest Poet," from Oregon—Hostess Is Thoroughly Alive to All Progressive Measures of the Day.

BY ANNE SHANNON MONROE.

NEW YORK CITY, May 6.—(Special.)—A New York home that is a center for numerous activities looking to civic betterment, for delightful lecture courses of the very highest quality, and for resistance to injustice, particularly when that injustice is directed against the earnest efforts for good of some idealistic individual, is the home of the widow of Robert Ingersoll, in famous old Gramercy Park. Living with Mrs. Ingersoll are her daughter and son-in-law, the Walston Browns, and their daughter.

A notable thing about the women of this household is their beauty. Mrs. Brown is like her famous father, having the same look of light on her countenance and the same wonderful smile that made him beloved of his intimates.

Mrs. Ingersoll is thoroughly alive to all the progressive measures of the day, in touch with the moving world. She does not live in reminiscences—in fact, it would never occur to one to term her an old woman. She spoke enthusiastically of Portland, when I was there the other evening, and remembered our city's rare beauty of hills and coloring. She remembered also many friends she made during her last visit there, 17 years ago, and spoke particularly of the Montgomerys.

Oregon Poet Is Honored.

And right now her home has been used for the honoring of an Oregon poet—and America's greatest poet—Edwin Markham, of whom I must speak again, for he has just had a birthday. Edwin Markham is so perpetually young that he can afford birthdays, even though he has now rounded out 64 years since first he saw the light of day in Oregon City.

He has been giving lectures all the Winter in the Ingersoll home, so on this Sunday evening—simultaneously with the honoring of Shakespeare—his friends and admirers planned a surprise for him. The gathering was made up of eminent authors, poets, publishers, and a few laymen in the way of judges and clergymen.

After his usual address the meeting was captured from Mr. Markham by Edward J. Wheeler, president of the poetry society, and turned into a testimonial meeting, many speakers choosing to present bouquets while the honored head is here to bob in appreciation. Some had written sonnets of rare beauty; some had appreciated their bard in prose poetry; some told what his lectures and the inspiration of his presence had meant to them. Judge Waddams broke into poetry—his first attempt—and produced a most charming ode to the gray poet. Edgar Lee Masters, of "Spoon River Anthology" fame, Editor Griffith of National Sunday Magazines, Anne Rittenhouse, who has compiled a choice volume of verse, Ridgley Torrence, Anna Hempstead Branch, E. H. Blashfield, president of the National Academy of Arts, and many others of international fame paid their gracious and soul-stirring tributes. It remained for the present writer to draw the honor of talking on the poet's birthplace, no one else present having visited it.

Beauties of Oregon Pictured.

It was a pleasure to remind that group of distinguished geniuses that the greatest of them all had chosen far-away Oregon as the place where a poet had best be born; and to give them a picture of the beauty of this birth-environment—the towering trees, the mighty bluffs, the lovely river, the falls, and the soft, tender air that loves and caresses, while all about is purply-green and shadow-mantled as to suggest gnomes and fairies, pixies and elves. It was also pleasant to tell them that Edwin Markham's mother had written verse for the old Oregonian while the boy Edwin was dabbling his bare feet in the cooling waters of the Willamette; perhaps even in those far-off days getting the joyousness of bare feet in lush grass which was metamorphosed but recently in his poem "Shoes of Happiness"—these shoes being no shoes at all. It wasn't so nice, though, when nearly every speaker that followed took up the statement that Edwin Markham had been born amidst "towering bluffs" and played wittily upon it as accounting for the dear poet's later successes. Had I only thought to say crags!

Perhaps even Oregonians may not all know that Edwin Markham's mother and father were with the first of the intrepid souls to dare the Rocky Mountains and the unknown wilds to found a home in the "Oregon country" and carry religious light to the Indians in answer to their call, uttered at St. Louis, and responded to by the Whitmans, whom history has recorded as the saviors of the Oregon country with others like the Markhams whose names are not so well known in that connection.

Also, interesting in the light of the fight on large families, Edwin was the eleventh child of the Markhams, and is the most distinguished member of that family. He was taken away from Oregon City at the age of 5 and grew up in California, but he says of his early home: "My eye has a keen memory for the white rush of the falls, and my ear has a clear memory of their thunder."

Gentle Sweetness Praised.

One writer said of him "Acknowledged the greatest of living American poets, the greatest poet of social passion that has appeared in the world, he is yet the gentlest of lions for lionizing." There is a gentle sweetness about the man combined with a rugged sense of strength and force, and a genuine sincerity that makes him loved as a man quite as much as he is adored as a poet.

Edwin Markham is blessed with a wife who is his true mate and partner in all his activities, so much so that when you know them you instinctively say "the Markhams" are getting out a book, or writing a poem, or doing this or that, and a son, Virgil, a boy of 17, who gives promise of unusual poetic gift.

Yes, we breed poets in Oregon; when we also nurture them the Oregon country will be more famed in song and story than any other part of America, for it is the most beautiful part, and it has a marvelous history.

Mrs. Walston Brown has interested herself in the difficulties of John Kingsbury, Commissioner of Charities, who has been attacked for very evidently trumped-up irregularities in the the conduct of his office. John Kingsbury has, in fact, done a wonderful work in New York among the poor, this work extending over the past six or seven years. His keen interest is in the man down and out, the breadline chap and the desolate little child. He has had a careful eye on the conduct of children's institutions and has brought matters to light that are not pleasing to the powers that be, politically.

And he has brought system out of a junk heap of carelessness in the handling of unemployed men; he is undertaking to separate these men, care for the sick ones, find work for the strong, and properly look after the defectives. His whole soul is in the work, and he brings to it not only a keen sympathy for the underdogs of life but a clear-working brain and a scientific analysis.

Mr. Kingsbury Yakima Boy.

John Kingsbury grew to manhood just across the Columbia, in the Yakima country, where his father was known as a very gifted engineer, but where he was left an orphan as a little child, to grow up with such love and care as strangers could give him. He is one of the stalwarts to come out of the Northwest and make his deep impress on the East.

Mrs. Walston Brown has also taken up the defense and support of Thomas Mott Osborne, the former warden of Sing Sing, who, through political interference, has been made to suffer unjust and outrageous persecution. When you feel the hearty, strong hand clasp of this great man and look into his tired and tried eyes, you know he is every inch a man, utterly incapable of the despicable conduct accredited to him by political graft hunters. His work for prison reform will make its mark on the conduct of American prisons, for the atrocities which he has brought to light will never again be tolerated; he has started a ferment and people are aroused. Mr. Osborne is a man past 60, very tall and splendid appearing physically, and intensely in earnest.

His humane treatment made men of many wretched derelicts. But politics are terribly in evidence in prison affairs in New York, and when his humane methods included better sites for prisons, away from damp and unhealthy ground, the politicians who had land to sell for prison sites began to howl like a pack of wolves and demand his resignation. Mr. Osborne is a man of wealth; his position as warden was merely an opportunity to use power for the good of men.

Colonel Roosevelt Looks Better.

I heard Colonel Roosevelt speak before the Methodist Union the other night; he looks in better condition than when he visited the Coast last year, but his throat still bothers him, and his voice is still uncertain. There is nothing uncertain about his clamor for war, however; the poor Colonel seems to me to have reached the end of his limit; he is madly obsessed by his one subject, the spilling of blood, and is now dragging in his "four sons" as ready accomplices; there is no danger to the country from Roosevelt—he has killed himself. He is a man of whom we must speak in the past tense. His day is done.

Politics are raging—all the mad dogs seem let loose; out of the clamor and clangor one hears little but slander and vile epithets; every man mentioned in the most far-off way as a candidate for President brings down on his head a flood of underground stories of immoralities, either in his private life or his business. And you will hear the same story from a dozen different sources, showing plainly that the thing is being done systematically.

They are overdoing slop—nothing now makes any impression on the calloused mind. You could say to the average New Yorker: "So-and-so (candidate for President), deserted his wife, was sued for divorce, ran off with an actress, killed his private secretary, and ate up his children," and the New Yorker would answer in a bored voice, "Well, what of it?"

They—the politicians—will have to take another tack in the metropolis, even if they are able to make the mud stick elsewhere.

NURSE LOOKS FORWARD TO REAL WAR WORK

Edith E. Lanyon Tells of Amusing and Pathetic Occurrences in Big Military Hospitals in England, Where She Is Training.

BY EDITH E. LANYON, OF PORTLAND.

SOMEWHERE IN ENGLAND, March 27.—(Special.)—At last I have reluctantly said good-bye to my patients at the infirmary and left the town. The parting made me feel quite sad and my patients seemed sorry, too. I have been very busy this last week and was thoroughly tired out. Before going to the naval hospital I shall take a good long rest. It is embarrassing to fall asleep every time one sits down. The tiredness would descend upon me like a wave the minute I left the hospital. Whilst on duty there is so much "doing" that one never notices the tired feeling at all in the absorbing interest of the work. I dare say I shall get mixed up in some other kind of war work whilst taking that rest.

The navy man wrote "a greeting from the man behind the gun" in my autograph book. He is a gun-layer on a battleship. No civilian autographs are invited into that cherished book.

I have got my second certificate all safe and sound, so am qualified now for any V. A. D. hospital.

We bought some outdoor games for the soldiers at the military hospital with part of the proceeds of the game we invented in the Winter. We spent $25 on them. Two pairs of boxing gloves were amongst the things we presented, and we hear from the commandant that there are many bleeding noses in consequence and that the men are enjoying themselves hugely.

My railway man patient eagerly looked up the times of all my trains for my journey. They simply love to do anything for you.

One dear little girl in the children's ward had an operation for appendicitis the other day. Her father is a soldier, and to give her courage she had pinned his cap badge to her pillow.

The wail that goes up from the children's ward on visiting day when mother and dad say good-bye is most affecting, also extremely disturbing. All the nurses have to rush in to comfort those infants. Luckily they soon forget their sorrow and sit up and take an interest in the oranges, sweets and toys their parents left for them.

The sign of aristocracy that ward is for dad to be a soldier. It is most lovely of all when dad is on leave and comes up all in khaki to see his little girl or boy. They do feel so superior to those children whose dads are only "starred men," colliers or munition workers. A soldier father is the real thing to have. I have known a child to insist his father is a soldier when he is really a civilian. One little boy told me all sorts of stories about the battles his father had been in and what a lot of Germans he had killed—all pure fiction. His father was a collier. I think he made it all up in self-defense.

Small Boy Salutes.

When I was down in the out patients' department, a few days ago, a very smart Sergeant-Major came in. A tiny, wee boy about 3 years old dropped down off his bench, solemnly stood at attention and then gravely saluted him. The big Sergeant-Major quite as solemnly returned the salute, as carefully as if the little boy were a General. The small boy looked very bucked up, his mother looked very proud of her son and the Sergeant-Major and I smiled sympathetically at one another.

I was sorry that the soldier had only come in with a message, so I had no excuse for putting an extra specially beautiful bandage on him somewhere to signify my approval.

Red Cross bandages are famous for their symmetrical intricacy. I have to wear a red cross on the bib of my apron at the Naval Hospital and I hear that the men call it "the Hot Cross Bun sign"! Even the women at the working parties for hospital supplies wear uniform. Usually blue overalls with a red cross on an oval of white linen attached to apron bib. The overall is a big covering apron with sleeves. They also wear the regulation Army nurses' cap with the curtain.

I shall also wear that kind of a cap at the Naval Hospital. One is supposed to wear them so that all the hair is covered and the ears left out. As that makes people feel rather like bunny rabbits most women calmly fluff their hair up becomingly and let it show. But that is not regulation.

My Sergeant friend in the trenches is hopefully looking forward to having a few conscientious objectors out there to train up in the way that they should go. He seemed exceedingly cheerful in his last letter, he said, "about the sunshine."

My small niece out West sent me an urgent message just lately to tell my soldier friends to tell Kitchener not to let the Germans drop a bomb on Auntie! That message has duly gone to Kitchener by way of an officer friend and his General.

Girls Cook at Factory.

"Somewhere Else," March 30.—Now I am spending a few days with friends who live in a good-sized town en route to London.

As usual, all the women are busy, war working. Two of the daughters of the family are Red Cross nurses and the other one is getting breakfast for the workers at a munition factory. They have three shifts of eight helpers each and they prepare all the meals for these workers. Voluntary aid, of course.

I hope to go up and see the Red Cross Hospital in a day or two. One of their soldier patients is an American from Arizona. He seems to be very popular with the nurses. One of them said to him, "You were good to come and help us to fight." He said, "Sure, we're cousins, aren't we?" The rigid discipline does not make much of a hit with him any more than it does with me!

One of the maids at the house left a few weeks ago and went to the munition works. She is getting two or three times as much pay as she did at housework.

Our youngest Red Cross nurse, who is just 19, is on an all-night shift at the munition works tomorrow night in addition to her hospital work, so you see we are all very enthusiastic.

I am very proud of one of my friends who is a doctor. It seems that he wished to join the army as soon as ever war broke out.

They refused him because they said he had a tendency to varicose veins and would not be able to stand the long marches. To show his endurance he immediately started and walked from his home town to London—a distance of quite 125 miles. There he went straight to another recruiting office. Again they refused him for the same reason. Without hesitation he went into the hospital and had all those offending veins cut out. As soon as he was well the army graciously accepted him and he is now in charge of a military hospital in Cairo.

Last time I saw him we were both in Seattle. He was then surgeon on a Blue Funnel liner.

My hostess and I are going up to London together on Saturday. She is going to learn motor driving and running repairs and then hopes to be able to substitute for somebody's chauffeur, probably a doctor's. I am merely passing through town. Everyone is busy but me and for two whole days I have done nothing at all, and enjoyed it immensely. They will not let me help at the munition works unless I take my pedigree in one hand and it does not seem worth while applying to the herald's office for that for just two days. One of my acquaintances here is now in London driving a motor-van for Harrod's. When I was here before she was just the usual pleasure-loving society girl. Then the war came and changed everything. It is a never-ending wonder to see all these girls doing real hard work, going out in all weathers, up early in the morning and busy all day.

Before the war they were simply busy amusing themselves with golf, hockey, tea parties, dinners, theater parties and dances.

If the truth were told I believe they enjoy doing their share of war work just as much as ever they did the other thing.

This generation of English girls will be most awfully sensible and helpful.

LITTLE LAD IS HOST AT MERRY BIRTHDAY PARTY.

Dale Dean Willard.

Dale Dean Willard entertained about 23 merry little boys and girls at the home of his parents at Myrtle Creek Wednesday afternoon to celebrate his fifth birthday.

Games, music and refreshments were features. The little lad was assisted by his mother, Mrs. Bert Willard, and Mrs. Clifford Smith.

Easter decorations were carried out and an "egg hunt" was a feature.

PORTLAND MAID WHO WILL BECOME BRIDE IN JUNE.

Miss Anna Elizabeth Matschiner.

Miss Matschiner's engagement was announced recently to Leon James Conlin and the wedding will be an event of June.

Prominent Woman Is Chosen College Head.

Aurelia Henry Reinhardt, of University of California, Is Named to Presidency of Mills Institution at Oakland.

AURELIA HENRY REINHARDT, of the University of California, has been elected to the presidency of Mills College, Oakland, Cal., according to a communication just issued by the board of trustees of that institution. The communication characterizes the new president as a woman of forceful personality and of preeminent intellectual attainments. Of her, it says in part:

"Mrs. Reinhardt is well known throughout California as a university extension lecturer on English literature, and also, for three terms, as state chairman of literature of the California Federation of Women's Clubs.

Aurelia Henry Reinhardt, Newly Elected President of Mills College.

"Mrs. Reinhardt has a National reputation also, as a scholar of distinction. After graduating from the University of California in 1898, she taught in the English department of the University of Idaho. In 1901-3, she was a scholar and fellow in English in the Graduate School of Yale University. While at Yale she edited and translated The De Monarchia of Dante Alighieri and this publication is now a college textbook.

"Later she held a European fellowship. While in residence at Oxford University in England she edited and published "Epicoene or The Silent Woman," by Ben Jonson, for which she received the degree of doctor of philosophy from Yale University in 1905.

"The new president of Mills College is a member of Phi Beta Kappa, of the Dante Society of America and of the Concordance Society of America.

"A Californian by birth but of New England ancestry, she is interested in the Daughters of the American Revolution, of which she is a chapter regent.

"Her marriage to Dr. George F. Reinhardt, professor of hygiene of the University of California, took place in 1909. The exceptionally useful career of Dr. Reinhardt came to an untimely end with his death in 1914."

PYTHIANS TO ATTEND MEET

Arrangements Being Made to Have Special Train From Grays Harbor.

ABERDEEN, Wash., May 6.—(Special.)—Organization of a Portland club of Knights of Pythias in this county has been perfected for the purpose of procuring a special trainload of local knights to attend the supreme lodge convention to be held in Portland in August.

Each of the five lodges now has a secretary who is boosting the proposed excursion, and it is expected that upward of 100 will make the journey.

It is likely that the Olympia delegation will join that from Aberdeen in making the trip.

SUTHERLIN TO ENTERTAIN

Traveling Men's Day Will Be Held at Festival on May 20.

SUTHERLIN, Or., May 6.—(Special.)—The fourth annual traveling men's day will be celebrated at Sutherlin this year on Saturday, May 20, the week preceding the Strawberry Carnival at Roseburg. The festival is staged by the Sutherlin business men each year as an entertainment for the commercial travelers who "make" this section of the state.

The entertainment for the day will include a picnic, baseball game between the visitors and local merchants, trapshooting and a dance at night. A 25-piece band has been organized.

Telephone Company Formed.

CATHLAMET, Wash., May 6.—(Special.)—Articles of incorporation were this week filed with County Auditor Blanche Heron for the Wahkiakum County Co-operative Telephone & Telegraph Company. The incorporators are Charles C. Scmand, E. Rice and J. H. Harrison, of Grays River; F. Smalley, of Eden; George W. Wood, of Skamokawa, and W. W. Head, of Cathlamet. The County Commissioners have granted a franchise to the company, allowing them to erect lines and poles in the county.

Aberdeen Shows April Growth.

ABERDEEN, Wash., May 6.—(Special.)—It is estimated that 50 families moved into Aberdeen during April. The estimates are based upon the water department turn-on and shut-off orders, the turn-ons exceeding the shut-offs by 59. The electric company also reports the turning on of electricity in a large number of homes which have been empty for some months.

Monday and Tuesday Will Be Memorable Millinery Days at THE WONDER

$10-$12-$15 Trimmed Leghorns at $7.50

—In holding a sale of this kind we have surpassed by far any of our previous efforts this season.
—At $7.50 you will find beautiful genuine Italian Leghorns, trimmed with dainty French flowers and very narrow shoe-string velvet ribbons.
—Some of them have facings of crepe de chine in delicate pastel shades and others are of the large floppy Leghorn type, trimmed in the newest Summer modes.
—Our Special Window Display of these wonderful-value Hats will tell you at a glance what pages here would inadequately do.
—See them tomorrow..... $7.50

$10 White Trimmed Hats at $5.00

—We've taken sixty-five White Trimmed Hats from our $10 tables and each and every one of them is as daintily fresh and new as the Summer.
—You'll find large rolling sailors faced in white and trimmed in the latest way.
—White quaint Poke Bonnets in chic Summer-trimmed effects, and medium-sized sailors with white chiffon and maline trimmings.
—Every hat is a distinct new Summer style and no two alike.
—$10.00 is the usual price for such beautiful Hats, but for Monday and Tuesday we place them on sale at..... $5.00
—See windows.

$5.95 For One of Our $7.50 Waists
This Special Price for Monday and Tuesday Only

—These Waists are not a special buy for this sale, or a job lot, but are $7.50 Waists that have arrived in the last twenty days.
—The materials in these Blouses are very heavy silk-finished crepe de chine and Georgette crepe in many combinations, materials that you only find in $7.50 to $10 Waists.
—Numerous styles to select from and in new colors, too—mint, coral, Joffre blue, peach, flesh and white. Sizes 36 to 46.
—To appreciate them, you must see the display in our Waist Window.
—Special for this sale only..... $5.95

The Wonder Millinery
AT SIXTH AND ALDER STREETS

CHURCH WORK PRAISED

WRITER TELLS OF EDUCATIONAL PROGRESS IN MEXICO.

American Policy Is Criticised and Prediction Made That Carranza Cannot Rule Country.

Mexican conditions are given a full discussion in a letter recently received by C. V. Cooper, of this city, from E. C. Byam, now of Chicago, but who has been interested in properties in Mexico for some time.

The context of Mr. Byam's letter of Mexican conditions shows a decided displeasure with the Administration's Mexican policy.

In the letter Mr. Byam declared that there was no possibility of the Mexican government being in a settled condition under the Carranza rule. It is stated by Mr. Byam that trouble will sooner or later come between Obregon and Carranza that will mean either death or banishment for the latter.

An excerpt from Mr. Byam's letter says that "the revolutionary writers of Mexico repeat the I. W. W. propaganda as being their ideal, and they are agreed that they have attained that ideal in the present conditions now obtaining in Mexico."

It is also said by Mr. Byam that Wilson's attack on Huerta was "solely for the purpose of aiding the revolution."

Mr. Byam states that the allegation that there are no public lands in Mexico is false. "There are millions of acres of public lands available for settlement, to say nothing of other millions of acres that could be bought very cheaply if the settlers really wanted it," is his explanation.

It is said in Mr. Byam's letter that the church in Mexico has been responsible for the accumulation of great libraries and for the spreading of education among the common people. The people of this country, he says, have not a proper idea of the amount of work that the church is doing in Mexico."

MARKET BY MAIL IS AIM

Lane Grange Proposes Benefit to Producer and Consumer.

EUGENE, Or., May 6.—(Special.)—A marketing plan direct from producer to consumer by parcel post may be inaugurated by the Lane County Grange during the Summer. There has been some parcel post marketing in the past.

In marketing the produce of the farms, the Grange has found the co-operative shipment of livestock profitable to the producer. This year the farmers are also pooling their wool. The members of the Grange, back of the parcel post plan, believe that the producer will get more for his products and that the consumer also will be benefited by a saving through the elimination of the middle-man.

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Reliable Furriers
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POSTOFFICE PLANS READY

Federal Building at Wenatchee Promises to Be Imposing.

WENATCHEE, Wash., May 6.—(Special.)—The new Wenatchee Postoffice and Federal building will be an imposing one-story structure of brick and granite, according to the plans received this morning by Postmaster Battles. The building will face Mission street. Special attention has been given to harmony and balance.

There are three doors in the main entrance. A lobby 13½ feet deep runs almost the entire length of the building, 100 feet. To the left is the postmaster's office. Mailing boxes separate the lobby from the mailing and workroom. The basement will contain a recreation hall.

Springfield Graduates Are 19.

SPRINGFIELD, Or., May 6.—(Special.)—Springfield High School will graduate a class of 19 students this year, the same size class as last year. Of these graduates, 10 are going to go to college next year, and three already have made arrangements to teach. Baccalaureate services will be held Sunday, June 4, Rev. E. C. Wigmore preaching the sermon, and commencement exercises will be held Friday, June 9. Class officers are: Winifred May, president; Clarence Hill, vice-president; Sadie Allen, secretary, and Herbert Moore, treasurer.

Take Hair Out Not Off the Skin

It is useless to remove hair from the surface of the skin. This result is all that can be accomplished with pastes, rub-on preparations and imitations of De Miracle. To rob hair of its vitality, you must attack it under the skin as well as on the skin. De Miracle, the original liquid depilatory, does this by absorption. It alone contains certain ingredients which give it the power to devitalize hair. Well-groomed women always use De Miracle for removing hair from limbs and under arms. Buy De Miracle by name and you will get the only depilatory that has ever been endorsed by reputable physicians, surgeons, dermatologists, medical journals and prominent magazines. In 50c, $1.00 and $2.00 bottles at your dealer's or direct, postpaid, in plain wrapper. De Miracle Chemical Co., Dept. A-1, Park Ave. and 129th St., New York.

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"A sure remedy for this most humiliating and distressing affliction." Genuine magazines of the highest character endorse only De Miracle. Beware of so-called endorsements of bogus magazines which are used to exploit the sale of questionable depilatories.

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"Humming Bee Yoke"

Easy-to-follow-Instructions—Free

Use Klostersilk for all kinds of crocheting and embroidering—the perfect twist of the thread makes it impossible for Klostersilk pieces to shrink or pull out of shape—after many launderings they retain their brilliant lustre and remain as beautiful as new.

Present this advertisement to your dealer and get absolutely free "20 Klostersilk Crochet Instructions."

If he does not happen to sell Klostersilk, send his name and three 2c stamps for the 20 Instructions.

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"White that stays white—colors that last"