

FOR THE HOSTESS

Entertainments Pleasing to Guests and Callers, by an Authority on the Subject

For Choosing Partners.
The question of pairing partners for even a dinner party may be made a pretty ceremony by this method: Have two baskets of flowers in the drawing room, with numbered tickets on the stem of each blossom. The men are told to draw from the basket having, say, pink carnations in it, and the ladies take theirs from the rose basket. When numbers are duplicated partners are found and all proceed to the dining room.

This relieves the hostess of the responsibility for one's vis-a-vis, and if her party has only congenial people it will probably result in a pleasant evening for all.

Progressive Initials.

This scheme is not entirely new, but it is always interesting and has the advantage of being easily arranged.

Say there are to be 20 guests, that means five tables. Label the first "Cities," the second "Famous Americans," the third "Rivers," the fourth "Flowers" and the fifth may be "Heroes." In the center of each table place about 20 assorted letters, face down. The guests are given score cards on which in fancy lettering are the subjects of the different tables.

After all are seated the bell rings and the game commences. One player turns a letter so that all may see it. The first person who thinks of a city beginning with that letter and says it keeps the letter. For example, if "B" is turned some one says "Boston" and takes the letter. When all the cities are gone the bell rings. The two players having the most cities progress.

A Cupid Luncheon.

Cupid is a slender build; Come, ye maids, attend; With his little pot of gold, Cupid is a slender build. Passes the forth to young and old. Crying, "Hearts to mend." Cupid is a slender build. Come, ye maids, attend.

A young debutante whom no one suspected of having fallen a victim to Cupid's darts recently sent out her invitations with the above lines written on them, giving hour and date. Society was afoot with curiosity and awaited the denouement with bated breath.

Tea was served, and on each plate was a tiny envelope sealed with gilt hearts, inside of which were the names of the fair hostess and a man from the east who had succeeded in mending the young maiden's heart.

The table center piece on the dining-room table was a darling Cupid, his quiver filled with gilt arrows, one of which was given each guest as a souvenir.

The cakes were heart-shaped, ornamented with candy Cupids. Ices in the form of hearts, with a candy Cupid on each, a tiny arrow in his hand, were served on dainty lace doilies on pink plates.

A Musical Evening.

The following scheme originated with a musical girl and she sprung it upon her fellow students who lived in the same house. The guests were told that a number of musical instruments were concealed in the rooms, to be found as soon as possible. The instruments were represented by objects. It took clever guessing to divine that a small bar near a clay pipe was a bagpipe, a bottle by the photograph of a large hotel was violin, a small boy devouring an ear of corn

was cornet, a large cucumber pickle lying on a big round "O" was piccolo, a group of good-luck omens indicated cymbals, an advertisement for ear drums meant drums, and so on. Candy boxes, all in the form of musical instruments, were awarded as prizes, but a tin horn of mammoth proportions was given to the unfortunate individual who guessed the least number of objects correctly.

Smelling Contest.

Get bottles of a uniform size and color, number them and place in a row on a table. The contestants are to pass around and take one small out of each vial. Papers are provided with pencils, and then after making this tour of the table the guests are to write down the probable contents. A finger vinaigrette could be given for the head prize and a bottle of lavender salts for the consolation. The following list is suggested for the contents of the bottles:

1. Oil of cloves.
2. Oil of saffron.
3. Oil of cedar.
4. Oil of anise.
5. Oil of bitter almonds.
6. Peppermint.
7. Essence of peppermint.
8. Vanilla.
9. Cinnamon.
10. Wood alcohol.
11. Valerian.
12. Bay rum.
13. Camphor.
14. Ammonia.
15. Rhubarb.
16. Arnica.
17. Turpentine.
18. Castor oil.
19. Asafoetida.
20. Crocus.

Blind Menu.

This menu may be used at a church supper and thus vary the usual monotony of such affairs:

- Go-between (sandwiches), 5 cents.
- Hot berry drink (coffee), 5 cents.
- Resisters (rolls), 2 cents.
- Predicaments (pickles), 1 cent.
- Rabbits (buns), 2 cents.
- Perplexities (salad), 2 cents.
- Pressed curd (cheese), 1 cent.
- Confused mixtures (jumbles), 1 cent.
- A tight squeeze (lemonade), 5 cents.
- Buried seeds (berries), 5 cents.
- Golden spheres (oranges), 3 cents.
- Solid skinnings (ice cream), 10 cents.

MADAME MERRIL



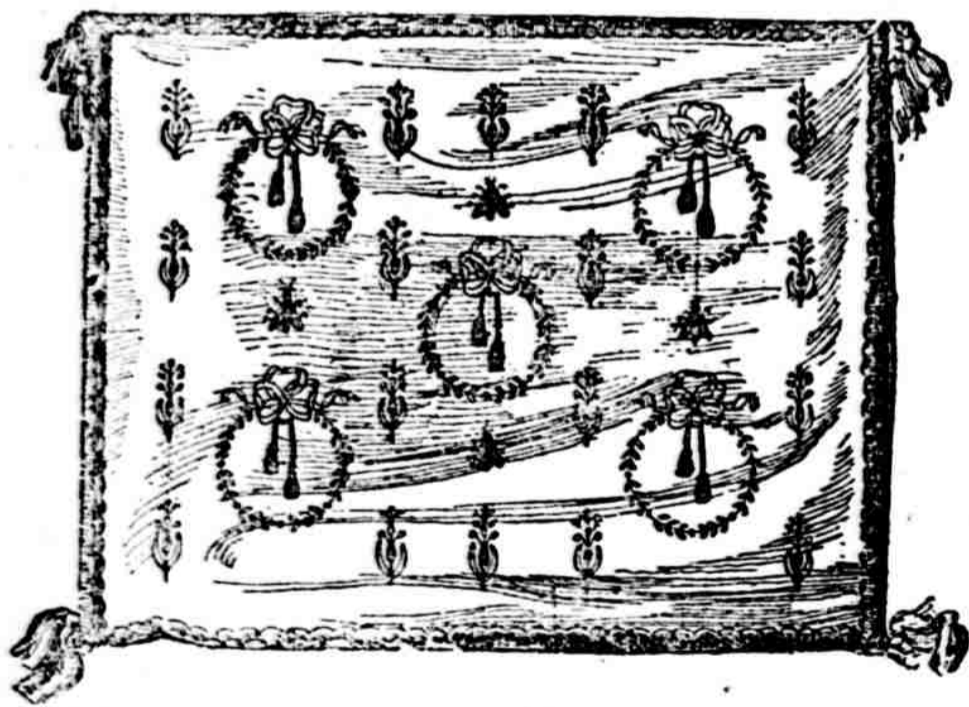
Sashes and neckwear show touches of bright color.

Although both tulle and net chemises are worn, the fact that the latter is washable makes it the wiser choice.

Grecian capes, fashioned from a big circle from which the sides have been cut, are favorite evening wraps. Many of the boas this spring are not boas at all, but close-fitting collars, while the larger ones are finished by tassels.

A new coat from Paris is long, coming within a few inches of the bottom of the skirt, and is made of cloth edged with silk braid.

CUSHION COVER



This is a novel and very attractive cushion cover; it is worked with ribbon and embroidery silk upon corded silk, though, of course, any other material preferred may be used for the ground. The silk selected is a dull shade of old pink, the daylet is in green ribbon and silk, the ribbon and tassels are worked with yellow silk, outlined with gold tinsel thread, the tassels and cord also crossed by the tinsel. The bee is worked in shades of brown and gold, the little spray below in the same colors with a little green ribbon introduced.

The back of the cushion cover is of furniture satin, the edge being finished with gimp and tassels of all the colors used in the embroidery, with gold tinsel introduced.

Altering Sleeves.

As every one knows, the sleeves of a gown or waist will make it either old-fashioned or up to date, and therefore many waists or dresses which have almost been discarded as old-fashioned can be made to look smart and quite new simply by altering the sleeves.

Sleeves are being made somewhat smaller than they have been for some seasons, and therefore the old full sleeves lend themselves to remodeling readily. The sleeves may be made after an entirely new pattern, or the old sleeve may be cut into strips measuring from two to four inches in length, the strips then being joined in one long piece. One edge of the entire strip is then hemmed and trimmed with lace and the other edge may be hemmed and gathered.

A snug-fitting foundation sleeve may be made and the ruffles sewed, with the top of one just hidden by the lace on the one above it. The seam of the foundation sleeve then may be sewed up and finished with a cuff. Dainty sleeves for nifty summer garments can be made in this way.

Oatmeal Beauty Pad.

If you have used an oatmeal beauty pad you know what a delightful and efficacious skin cleanser it is. If you haven't used one do not let another day pass without one. For this little article not only cleanses the face most satisfactorily, thus taking the place of soap, but it does away with all roughness, leaving the skin smooth, soft and white.

Buy a package of oats and a yard of cheesecloth; these will not cost as much as one of the dainty but expensive soaps.

Now out of the cheesecloth make little bars about four by two and a half inches and fill them half full of the oats. Hold one in the water until a milky substance can be seen in the water, then wash the face, arms, and neck with it until the skin feels clean and fresh.

Soap is trying to a sensitive skin and the oatmeal pad will be found a delightful substitute. A delightful fragrance can be imparted to the skin by the addition of a little orris root to the oatmeal.



Lim Jucklin on Drinking

By Charles Battell Loomis

MY dear young mother, will you pardon me if I address a few words to you on the subject of Theodore? I have noticed for some time how vigilant has been your care for the many little fellow. You will not let him play with Tommy Perkins in the summer because Tommy says "Gosh!" You have forbidden him to associate in the slightest degree with Eddy Conway because Eddy smokes cigarettes, and you have threatened to have his father chastise him if he has anything to do with Aleck Saunders because Aleck swears like a trooper in Flanders.

You have done all these things in order that Theodore's language may be free from the tares that might otherwise choke it; but have you been careful in all things? Have you seen to it that the records of the talking machine that you bought for his delectation are up to your own high standard of grammar and culture? I trow not.

A photograph need not be vulgar if its early associates are of the proper kind, but I notice that many of them are vulgar. One gets the impression that they have copied the speech of coarse and uncultivated men. Photographs have absolutely no creative ability, but they are, with certain limitations, absolute mimics and they have the knack of picking up the phrases of men whom you would never think of admitting to your drawing room.

You were horrified the other day at the notion of letting dear Theodore go to one of the most respectable of continuous shows, but the new record that came to him that afternoon had mimicked word for word a monologue that never would have been allowed upon the boards of that theater. His little friends Aloysius and Van Stuphen and Saltonstall use an English remarkable for its purity of inflection and intonation, but that

phonograph record has a diction unspeakably vulgar. It is not alone the thing it says, but the nasty way it says it, that makes it a poor companion for Theodore.

Pardon me, my dear young mother, but I can't help laughing at you just a little. You take Theodore to the symphony concerts that he may cultivate his musical taste, but I never hear him whistling any movement from Beethoven's, Schubert's or Schumann's symphonies. Yet that inexpressible street song that emerged from the phonograph last week was his in a half hour, both words and music—and vulgarly. I believe that Mrs. Perkins would have spanked Tommy if he had sung it in her presence, although she does tolerate his "Gosh!"

I really can't blame the talking machine. It has no conscience; it has no pride of ancestry to keep it in the right way. It has simply a waxlike receptive capacity and absolutely no sense of selection. If it heard good songs and refined speeches it would undoubtedly repeat them, but as its associates are for the most part vulgar it is small wonder that with its remarkable imitative faculty it should pick up many words, phrases, ideas, and leit motiven that are objectionable. The fault is not with the phonograph; it lies with you, and it is to me inexpressibly droll to see you shielding Theodore from those pestilent fellows, Tommy, Eddy and Aleck, while you admit to the intimacy of your house those records that successfully imitate the tough whine, the illiterate grammatical construction and the at times disgustingly vulgar witticisms of the cheaper stage.

I am not standing up for Tommy Perkins or Eddy Conway or Aleck Saunders, but Theodore might imitate some of their good points at the same time that he learned to say "Gosh!" or to smoke corn-silk cigarettes. It is also possible to break up a tendency to swear and one may reason a boy out of the habit of acting as a chimney while incinerating corn silk.

But the tough accent once acquired is almost ineradicable, and I cannot conceive of any good coming from Theodore's association with the unaccustomed voice which says: "Loidies an' gen't'mun, de udder day I wouldn't have went to de 'eater on'y I chanst

to meet a young dame on der street," etc. A man is known by the cylinders he keeps.

RE you dowdy? If you are not, don't read this at all, but if you are, take my advice and secure a full-length photograph of yourself and study it. What may have escaped your attention in your own small mirror will be brought home to you in a portrait. Ask your friends if you are dowdy, and if they hesitate, even for a moment, in answering you, you are.



Having found out that you are dowdy, the next thing to do is to stop being dowdy.

If you are married, stop it because your husband doesn't like it. If you are single, stop it because the young men of your acquaintance don't like it.

I can't tell the difference between a bolero and a polonaise; I am not an expert in feminine sartorial terminology, but I can tell a dowdy woman a block off and so can every other American man.

It is just as much an affront to your family to be a dowdy as it is to serve uninteresting dinners. Let your food be plain if need be, but let it be something that attracts the attention of the tongue and causes it to telegraph pleasant news to the stomach.

So though your clothes be plain and inexpensive, make them interesting. If you have been married for some time and have always been dowdy, you will be surprised to see how the change in your get-up will affect your husband. He will begin to take notice and will tell you you're growing young again.

Get together in this, oh women, and the dowdy will become as extinct as the dodo.

(Copyright, by James Pott & Co.)



Lim Jucklin on Drinking

By Opie Read

An old log distillery, famous throughout the country, had just been destroyed by fire, and several men, sitting in the courthouse, were talking about the passing away of this landmark, dating back to British rule, when Limuel Jucklin spoke up: "And I understand that it's not to be rebuilt. This shows how sentiment has grown in a certain direction. Why, I can remember the time when if a stillhouse had burned down it before the ground cooled off. Every man in the community would have been interested. It would have been almost like shutting off the supply of milk from a youngster. In those days if a man hollered hello you'd ask him to have a drink before you inquired the nature of his business. That much was naturally to be inferred. But a good many folks will tell you that there wasn't so much drunkenness then as there is now. Well, there wasn't as many people. If there had been as many people there would have been more drunkenness. The fact is that a good many men were about full all the time and as no one had ever seen them sober nobody could tell when they were drunk."

"Then you don't believe that a dram is good for a man?" said the county judge.

"Well, if he thinks it is, mebbe it is—as long as he is justified in thinkin' so. But in these days it requires about all of a man's loquaciousness—his freshness, you understand—to make a livin' or to push anything to success, and a good sized horn of liquor nearly always takes off the wire edge. I can recall when the average lawyer thought he had to be about half drunk before he could make a speech. Whisky gave him a bigger flow of words, and as whisky was the jury, and sometimes the judge as well as the lawyer, liquor appeared to have pretty high everything its own way. A trial wasn't hardly anything but a talkin' contest. The loudest talker was usually regarded as the smartest man, for of all critics in the world whisky is the worst."

"Whisky not only furnished the argument, but very often supplied the cause for litigation. Most of the trials were of a criminal nature, the cause for an ordinary lawsuit having resulted in a fight. And I could always believe the story they told of old Tom Marshall, one of the greatest lawyers of his time. I reckon. One day he was rather hurriedly engaged to defend a feller, but as he was pretty far along in his cups—quart cups at that—he got off on his wrong foot and began to prosecute. He tipped in his wrath. He painted the feller as bein' the worst scoundrel on the earth. Just then somebody pulled his coat tail and says: 'Tom, you're on the wrong side.' What did Tom do—apologize? No, he just sloshed his liquor over on the other side and there he was. He said: 'Such, gentle-

men of the jury, is the false argument that will be brought forward against this inoffensive gentleman, and so forth, and then he proceeded to clear him. The young lawyer had to drink because the old feller set him the example. Why, in those days a man didn't think he was at himself until he had about three drinks. There was hardly any such thing as farm machinery. They cut wheat with a cradle and plowed with cast iron—thrashed grain with a flail, and—"

Here old Uncle Ben Weatherby spoke up. "Yes, and folks were a dinged sight better off then than now. There wasn't half as much stealin' a goin' on."

"No," Limuel admitted, "because there wasn't half as much to steal nor half as many folks to steal it. But when a man thinks as you do, Uncle Ben, there ain't no use to argue with him. Nobody can successfully argue with a man that's a livin' in the past. It is of no use to dispute the writin' on a tombstone. But I happen to remember that in them good old days I had to work on a farm and I know what it was. There wasn't hardly a book in the whole neighborhood, and a newspaper was looked on as the agent of old Satan himself. The result was that when a man went a few miles from home he was in a strange land. There wasn't a stove anywhere, and in the winter we nearly froze to death. But there's no use in recountin' all of the inconveniences. You won't acknowledge 'em, anyhow."

"Well, that's all right," said the judge, "but with all the liquor drinkin' folk live longer." "That's so," said the judge. "The reports of the life insurance companies don't say it. The fact is we get out of the good old days the longer the average of life. They say it's on account of sanitation. But there hasn't been much of a change in that respect in the count'y. But here the average length of life is increasin' the same as in the towns. It's liquor, boys; just liquor. The most important truths are the slowest ones we learn, and it took a long time to find out that even one drink of whisky a day is bad. It builds up the substance of trouble and gives more of the shadow of pleasure. Of course, I know there is no use to talk this way to you old fellows. Your opinions are formed and your habits are set, but there is a generation a comin', and the youngsters are the ones I'm after."

"So far as liquor makin' a lawyer or a doctor smart, why, there ain't a thought in a whole distillery;—not one—any more than there is a truth in a deception. There is still a good deal of whisky mixed up in politics, and there is also a good bit of Old Nick left in the same. But there was a time when the man that could furnish the most whisky was the surest of election. I recollect once seein' a whisky keg used for a ballot box and

I never knew of anything more appropriate. And say, Uncle Ben, while you are turnin' your eyes back into the past, see if you can find a statesman that was a drunkard. Some of the most entertainin' speakers got drunk occasionally, but they wasn't statesmen. Now, a statesman ought to be able to see the comin' of a great calamity. But not one of those men called statesmen because they were entertainin' could foresee the almost never-endin' calamity of our civil war. On both sides they thought it would be a muster, the firin' of a few guns and then a subsidin' of the whole thing. Wine helped to blow the flame, but it never helped to put out the fire."

"Yes, I'd like to talk to the young fellows. There ain't no hope for the young man that drinks. He may be just as moral—in a general way he may be more moral than hundreds of fellers that don't touch liquor at all—but in these days liquor on a young man's breath offsets a thousand letters as to character. I notice in a newspaper that the emperor of Germany says that beer is ruinin' thousands of his people. Temperance folks used to hold up beer as a means of escapin' whisky. But when a man's drunk it doesn't make much difference what put him there. I've noticed that a right industrious man can get drunk on beer, and when it comes to drinkin' the average man ain't wantin' in industry."

"A good while ago, when I didn't have quite as much judgment as I've got now, some one told me that I ought to take beer as a tonic. He took it and was the healthiest lookin' man I ever saw. Well, havin' a little leanin' I started in one day when I'd come into town to get some barbed wire, and the more I drank the more I was convinced that it wouldn't make me drunk. I fell off my horse goin' home and as I couldn't get back, I slept right where I was. And when I woke up nobody could have convinced me that I hadn't eaten the barbed wire. I haven't touched a drop since, but it took me about ten years to live down that day's report. Folks would say: 'Oh, yes, I know Lim Jucklin—gets drunk and falls off his horse.' So boys, whenever some feller finds a good temperance drink for you, go him a little better and stick to water. I beg your pardon for preachin' to you, Uncle Ben, but I believe you needed it."

(Copyright, by Opie Read.)

Day's Travel for Good Hours.
A very good horse can in ten hours go 60 miles if the vehicle is light and the turnpike good.

London's Water Supply.
The water supply of London is derived from the Thames and Lee rivers and from springs and wells.

Standard for Beauty.
Women who are in doubt as to their claims to beauty should consult the following figures, that have been declared correct proportions for both the tall and short woman: Short woman—Height, 5 feet 4 inches; neck, 12½ inches; bust, 36 inches; waist, 21 inches; hips, 37 inches; around the largest part of the forearm below the elbow, 11 inches, which should gradually taper to 6 inches around the wrist. Tall woman—Height, 5 feet 8½ inches; weight, 137 pounds; bust, 36 inches; waist, 25 inches; hips, 42 inches; top of arm, 14 inches; wrist, 6 inches.



With a smooth iron and DeLano Starch, you can launder your shirt-waist just as well at home as the steam laundry can; it will have the proper stiffness and finish, there will be less wear and tear of the goods, and it will be a positive pleasure to use a Starch that does not stick to the iron.

Business Amounts to Something.
Last year Brazil needed over 20,000,000 jute bags to hold the year's coffee production. Each bag costs the shippers a trifle over 18 cents. The business of making coffee bags thus amounted last year to nearly \$4,000,000.

Try Murine Eye Remedy
For Red, Weak, Weary, Watery Eyes. Murine Doesn't Smart—Soothes Eye Pain. All Druggists Sell Murine at 50c. The 48 Page Book in each Pkg. is worth Dollars in every home. Ask your Druggist. Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago.

A Redeeming Trait.
"There was one good thing about Adam and Eve."
"What was that?"
"When they were in Eden they did not send out any souvenir postals."

It Cures While You Walk.
Allen's Foot-Ease is a certain cure for hot, sweating, callous, and swollen, aching feet. Sold by all Druggists. Price 25c. Don't accept any substitute. Trial package FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

Life's Foolish Period.
About the time a boy commences to think about smoking, a girl commences to think about flirting.

Lewis' Single Binder straight Sc cigar is good quality all the time. Your dealer or Lewis' Factory, Peoria, Ill.

A man's enemies anxiously await an opportunity to meet his widow.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup. For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, always cures wind colic. 25c a bottle.

Race horses and watches should go for all they are worth.

DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS
CURE ALL KIDNEY DISEASE
RHEUMATISM, GRAVEL, DIABETES, BRONCHITIS, BRIGHT'S DISEASE, NEURALGIA, MIGRAINE, HEADACHE, AND ALL AFFECTIONS OF THE URINARY SYSTEM.
75¢ Guaranteed

SICK HEADACHE
Positively cured by these Little Pills. They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER. They regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.
SMALL PILL. SMALL DOSE. SMALL PRICE.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.
Genuine Must Bear Fac-Simile Signature. REFUSE SUBSTITUTES.

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After suffering for seven years, this woman was restored to health by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Read her letter.

Mrs. Sallie French, of Panama, Ind. Ter., writes to Mrs. Pinkham: "I had female troubles for seven years—all run-down, and no doctors I could not do anything. The doctors treated me for different troubles but did me no good. While in this condition I wrote to Mrs. Pinkham for advice and took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and I am now strong and well."

FACTS FOR SICK WOMEN.
For thirty years Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from roots and herbs, has been the standard remedy for female ills, and has positively cured thousands of women who have been troubled with displacements, inflammation, ulceration, fibroid tumors, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, that baffling-down feeling, flatulency, indigestion, dizziness, or nervous prostration. Why don't you try it?

Don't hesitate to write to Mrs. Pinkham if there is anything about your sickness you do not understand. She will send you her letter in confidence and advise you free. No woman ever regretted writing her, and because of her vast experience she has helped thousands. Address, Lynn, Mass.

EPILEPSY CURE
If you suffer from Fits, Falling Stitches or spasms, or have Chorea that do not, try this new Discovery and Treatment. It will give immediate relief, and all you are asked to do is to send for a Free Bottle of Dr. May's EPILEPTIC CURE.

160 FARMS
Acres Western Canada FREE

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