



Philadelphia Has a Great Family of Foundlings

PHILADELPHIA, Pa.—The city of Philadelphia is the official father and mother of thousands of children, according to Miss Ella F. Harris, children's agent of the department of public health and charities. The city has selected their names and religion and is trying to be the best parent that an impersonal city government can be.

In addition to supervising the health, safety, entertainment and general welfare of its citizens, the city also assumes the parental obligations of the many nameless little strangers that are each year found within its limits.

The foundling, the orphan, the delinquent, and the child who for some other reason has been cut off from its parents are very numerous in the city.

They are well taken care of in the City of Brotherly Love and but few know of the presence of more than twelve thousand children in nearly seventy-five institutions within the city limits. A social worker in touch with the facts has said that nearly \$1,000,000 are spent annually in the care of the city's future citizens, who have been deprived of a home training.

The city cannot give its name to this vast army of adopted children. The system of naming the municipal children has been along different lines, until the present administration. A foundling was often named after the street upon which it was found. Sometimes for the store near where it was found, or the church where its mother had left it, or the policeman that brought it to the nearest hospital.

Recently a policeman had occasion to bring a young colored boy to his station house. When asked his name by the house sergeant he gave the same name as the policeman. Investigation showed that this name, even to the initial, was all that he had ever had. It later developed that this same policeman had about seventeen years before picked up a small colored baby from an ash can and taken it to the Women's Homeopathic hospital. The hospital authorities had taken the officer's name for their record and had also given it to the baby who was the same that he picked up again over seventeen years afterward.

At present there is a regular system under which a baby is given a name when it becomes a ward of the city. One hundred of the most common names for boys are picked from the telephone directory and a similar number for girls. When a boy is brought into the care of the city, a nurse thrusts her hand into the box full of names for boys and brings out the name under which the baby is later christened.

Many Chinese Farms Within the City of New York

NEW YORK.—One who from a skyscraper window looks across the East river to the Long Island part of Greater New York commands a view of a patch of rural China thriving there, its farmers using ancient methods of tilling, mostly by means of the tools of Marco Polo's time, and cultivating the very vegetation immemorially cultivated along the Sikiang and the levels of Quanguang. Using their native intensive methods, these Cantonese farmers average in profits about \$500 per man per season. When the growing season is over they come farther into the city, take jobs as cooks and waiters in chop-suey restaurants or as helpers in laundries, returning to the farm lands in the spring. They prosper and are healthy and peaceable. Doubtless they could do something with the cost of living problem if they took over more nearby farms and "truck" gardens. But the Chinese farmers raise no more than they and their New York countrymen consume. They are in competition with no one outside their own people. Mon Foon Jung, editor of the Chinese Daily News (Mon Jee Yat Bo), enumerates the vegetables grown, as follows:

- Goy-choy—a green plant, boiled for eating.
  - Bak-choy—a white plant, boiled with rice.
  - Dungwa—a melon, not sweet, weighing from ten to twenty pounds, boiled for eating.
  - Tak-wa—a green, bitter squash, used in chop-suey.
  - Lunga-baktu—a sort of elongated cabbage or Chinese artichoke, used for soups.
  - Doog-wa—a bean with a pod one to two feet long.
  - Chinese cucumber—as large as a squash, used in chop-suey.
  - American corn—as fodder for the mules on the farms.
- Also a few of the American vegetables for ingredients of the chop-suey made for Americans.

Dig Up Skulls on Site of Old Fort Pontchartrain

DETROIT, MICH.—The annual crop of skeletons is now being harvested on the site of Fort Pontchartrain. Souvenir fiends are dashing madly up and down and across Jefferson avenue, carrying skulls, arrow heads, beads, wampum, bayonets, musket locks, horse-shoes, brass buttons and other mementoes of a gory but historic past.

Merchants along the big thoroughfare are preparing to decorate their windows with grisly remnants of an ancient burial ground.

A workman digging in a trench in Jefferson avenue, near Griswold street, made the first important find. His spade struck something hard, and in a few seconds he unearthed a skull of magnificent proportions. In close proximity he found two others. He grew voluble and everybody quit work. Business men dashed out of their stores and shops and people got off street cars. There was much comment. The Old Residenter was among those present. He said the skulls were resting on the site of the gateway to old Fort Pontchartrain. He said no doubt many more skeletons will be found before the trenches are completed.

A man in shirt-sleeves said the skulls probably were once the property of members of the Iroquois tribe of Indians.

"You can tell that by the high cheek bones, the ingrowing eyes and the diminishing forehead," he said.

The workmen were digging a sewer and the excavations extend east in Jefferson avenue as far as Mt. Elliott avenue. This serves to bring to light a collection of fine old ruins, as it includes the ground where the battle of Bloody Run was staged.

Chicago Has Produced a New Type of Irish Beauty

CHICAGO.—Chicago has evolved a new type of Irish beauty. It tumbles down all the old traditions of the Irish race and stands forth as the new ideal of Celtic pulchritude. Its sole exponent—at least as far as is known—is a girl of sixteen years—Miss Agnes Daley of 4236 St. Lawrence avenue. She is blonde instead of brunette, and short and slender instead of tall and stately.

Five judges selected her at the annual ball of the Irish Counties Social union as the most beautiful colleen in Chicago. These are the charms which led the judges unanimously to declare her beauty superior to that of 400 other contestants:

Hair, light blonde; eyes, deep blue; lashes, jet black; complexion, "pink and white;" height, 5 feet 5 1/2 inches; weight, 128 pounds.

That the new type is unique is shown by the fact that selections of the judges for second and third prize were girls of the conventional type of Irish beauty.

John W. Rainey, clerk of the circuit court, presented the prize to Miss Daley—a large silver "beauty set," which bore the stamp of a manufactory in Ireland. Applause which greeted the announcement of the first prizewinner testified to the fact that the 800 guests heartily indorsed the selection of the new type pronounced superior by the judges.

The Remodeled Dress



THERE is a lot of comfort to be had out of a remodeled dress. It seems, and is, wasteful to discard a perfectly good garment, that has nothing the matter with it, except that some new idea in outline has come in and displaced that on which it was built. The sense of being economical is so acute, and when a remodeled gown has all the earmarks of a spick-and-span, up-to-the-hour new model, the joy of the average woman is complete. She has achieved economy and style at the same time.

This season the incoming of the tunic, the vogue for thin sleeves, the wide girle and the girle made of the fabric of the dress have all played into the hands of her who is determined to remodel her gowns instead of discarding them. Skirts set on the yokes have helped out, too, for the skirt too narrow at the bottom has been cut off where it began to narrow, and the missing length provided for by a smoothly fitting yoke. Thanks to a fickle, but not always unkind goddess of fashion, short skirts are the proper thing for the street, and some of the bottom edge may be trimmed away from those that show signs of wear.

Then there is the skirt with the battlement edge at the bottom, that is, skirts slashed into shallow, straight-edged scallops about the bottom edge, sometimes bound with braid. This one alteration gives an up-to-date touch to last year's gown.

A straight, plain underskirt of satin worn under a cloth tunic, has solved the problem of changing many cloth and velvet dresses of last winter into styles introduced for the present season. The tunic of plaited cotton worn over the skirt of last year's silk gown and the introduction of a wide girle about the waist have helped out immensely in altering afternoon dresses.

Nothing has been more helpful to the economically inclined than the very fashionable band trimmings of fur and fur cloths. By means of these tunics have been lengthened the fashionable collars and cuffs introduced on jackets, pretty turbans to match suits made possible. All the pattern books abound in suggestions for clever remodeling.

An attractive dress shown in the picture may be copied, using a last year's dress as a foundation if the owner had the forethought to buy a little extra length of goods with a view to remodeling her gown. Where a provision of this kind has not been made, it is best to make an underskirt of satin and convert the cloth skirt into a tunic. Or if the cloth skirt is very narrow the underskirt may be finished with a panel of satin up the front and the cloth tunic set in at each side of this.

Very wide silk braids are fashionable for trimming, and, like the bands of fur and fur cloth, have been most useful in the remodeling of gowns.

At the Ribbon Counter



IT is hard to pass the gay ribbon counters and the show cases full of this year's offerings for the holidays. The very first thing to catch the eye in the heaps of half-opened roses, made of satin ribbon set in small millinery foliage. They are mostly in American Beauty colors, but there are some pink and a few rich yellow ones. The stems are wound with narrow green ribbon and a stream of silver half-dollars flows inward as a stream of roses flows outward as they change hands. The single rose pinned close up to the neck or on the shoulder is being worn by smart women and many of them bought as gifts for friends.

Next one notices the neckbands of velvet ribbon which have a ruff of lace or maline at the back and fasten under a rose or two small buds, at one side. Sometimes the ruff is in black and sometimes in white.

Below in the show cases are the new bags made of the richest brocaded ribbons. Among them that one shown in the picture is of white satin figured with splendid American Beauties in the natural colorings. It is moderate in size and plain and the roses could hardly be more lifelike on a painted canvas. This is one of many beautiful bags brought out for holiday gifts.

**Pussy-Willow Underwear.**  
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The petticoats fit without a wrinkle, fastening with snaps.  
Evening petticoats are altogether flimsy—for day wear there's an accorded frill.

**Measure Knitting.**  
Always make a gauge before beginning any important piece of knitting. Cast on about twenty stitches with the needles and wool it is intended to use. Knit about a dozen rows, withdraw the needles, and measure how many stitches go to the inch; then cast on accordingly for the piece of work that is to be done. In following directions that state so many stitches to the inch, change the needles—finer or coarser—until the right size is found.

INSULTS NOBLE GAME

FRENCHMAN ACTUALLY DARES TO RIDICULE GOLF.

Devotees of "Billiards on the Green Turf" Must Think of Something in the Nature of a Fitting Punishment.

"We see on the green countryside during the warm days of summer perspiring creatures, flushed and unkempt, armed with long-handled clubs, striking the ground with frenzy, as if they wished to discover rare stones or precious metals. It is golfers at work."

Thus writes a contributor to the Paris Journal in giving what he calls a "Guide du Golf." He explains some of the peculiarities of the game. First, with regard to the ground. "Any ground will do, so long as it is not level. Having found your ground, you then take great care to fill up all the natural holes in it. Having done so, you make a number of artificial holes, which are all of a fixed shape and depth—the more these holes resemble natural holes the better they are.

"Golf is the direct descendant of a now unfashionable sport known as stonebreaking, which consists of breaking the stones on roads with the aid of a long hammer. The essential difference is that the golfers do not wear wire spectacles like their ancestors, the stonebreakers.

"The stones have been replaced by a small india rubber ball, which lasts much longer, being unbreakable.

"The problem is to make this ball go into the holes on the golf course without touching it with the hands. That would be much too easy. To push it toward the holes you use a wooden stick with an iron butt, very inconveniently shaped so as to make the problem as complicated as possible. This stick is called a club, and its number is legion, since it is the correct thing to choose the club between each stroke, just as you change forks between each course. The collection of clubs, contained in an umbrella case, is carried behind the line of fire by a youngster known as a caddy. The player having chosen with great care from among his clubs one which is likely to make a successful stroke, flourishes it with both hands, strikes—and misses the ball. There are two ways of missing the ball—one by using too much force and the other by not using enough. The stroke with too much force behind it is the easier; it consists in striking the earth a few feet behind the ball without touching it. When this stroke is well done it sends into the air a shower of earth and turf after the style of a fireworks display, with very elegant effect. The hit which misses is more delicate to achieve. In this case it is necessary that your club, after a vigorous flourish, should make straight for the ball, pass it without touching it, and return by the impetus given it to strike the player on the back of the head.

"This is how I found golf played, and I have studied it a number of years."

**Women Need Exercise.**  
The woman who does her own housework (and that is the fortune of the majority) is usually worn out at the end of the day. She is apt to conclude, therefore, that exercise is a word not intended for her. She couldn't make a greater mistake, writes Frances Frear in Leslie's. A woman needs a half hour's rest near the middle of the day, it is true, but she needs also systematic and stimulating exercise. One reason why women are so fatigued at the end of the day is that they lack muscle tone. Half an hour of brisk exercise suited to the peculiar needs of each individual, taken regularly, followed by a cold dash of water will serve to keep the whole muscular and nervous system in tone and work wonders in keeping the eyes bright and the color good, something that all women desire.

The housewife who takes both a brief rest and systematic exercise daily will not find herself so much a prey to that tired out feeling at the day's end, and will be able to do all of her work the better.

**Event in American History.**  
November 24, 1758, marked the evacuation and destruction of Fort Duquesne. A short time previous to this the British had initiated the work of fortification. The French, coming down the Allegheny river from their forts on and near Lake Erie, made a sudden descent on the small British garrison, and the latter was forced to surrender unconditionally. The French and their Indian allies completed the fortification and called it Fort Duquesne. A British force commanded by General Forbes was sent from the east to retake the fortification, and doubtless would have succeeded without the loss of a man had it not been for the impetuous Captain Grant. The fort was blown up while the main force was yet ten miles east of the site of the future great city. They heard a great explosion, saw volumes of smoke, and realized at once that the French and Indians had destroyed the little fortification and had taken to the woods and the rivers.

**Farming in Pike County.**  
Commenting on the railways' demand for higher rates, President Rea of the Pennsylvania told the following story to a Washington Star reporter: "You can't raise much on these stony hills, I reckon," said an angler to a Pike county farmer.

"Oh, yes, stranger, we generally get fine crops," the farmer replied.

"But you don't raise much grain?"

"Sure we do. We raise a sight of barley. I don't know what we Pike county farmers would do if it wasn't for our barley crops."

"What do you get for the stuff?"

"Oh, we don't sell a grain of it."

"Feed it to your stock?"

"You don't catch us wasting barley like that."

"Well, what do you do with it, then?"

"Why, we save every grain of it for feed."

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