

**W**HAT DO you know about a modern laundry?  
Have you ever visited one?

We should be glad to welcome you to ours. The visit will delight any housewife. The more fastidious you are; the more insistent you are upon the surroundings which your laundry work should have; the better for both of us.

We want all your washing; not merely the man's linen. He needn't have all the good things. Mostly we want the evidence of your own eyes to prove to you that we can do all of your work better than any private laundress can do it.

Don't guess about laundry systems, because you might guess wrong. You are pretty sure to do so, if you have not seen a really up-to-date laundry, fully equipped as ours is.

## The Pinehurst Laundry

**S. S. PIERCE CO'S**  
IMPORTED  
HAVANA CIGARS



# Cosmopolitana

ALSO THE

# Overland



**DOMESTIC CIGAR**  
Sold at the Leading Hotels

### Your Summer Tour



Will be incomplete, without a run through picturesque **DIXVILLE NOTCH**. You will find there the best service and homelike comfort; and a well equipped garage.  
**DIXVILLE NOTCH, THE BALSAMS, New Hampshire.**  
Winter address, 608 Perry Bldg., 16th and Chestnut Sts.  
Write for interesting illustrated booklet. Philadelphia, Pa.

## FOR THE YOUNG FOLKS

### How Baker Bates Made Big Pennies of a Little One



**LITTLE** Madge sucked a chubby thumb dreamily, while the half stick of toffee lay on the mat beside her. Uncle Frank would be coming in the afternoon. What would he bring for her in that big pocket of his? Would it be another funny little monkey on a stick, like the one which had made her laugh so much until Toby ran away with it and lost it in the garden? Perhaps it would be a little box that would make music when you turned the handle. Or it might be an india rubber dolly that squaked when you cuddled it. The door opened suddenly and in walked Uncle Frank.

"Hullo, Madge," he said, as he lifted her up and kissed her. "You have sticky

Then Uncle Frank, after a great show of searching, brought out from one of his deepest pockets—a penny. Madge took it shyly. She was quite overcome. It was such a new sort of present. It was her very first penny. She got off her uncle's knee abruptly. "I'm going to the man!" she said.

"What man, Madge?" Uncle Frank opened his eyes very wide.

"That man who can change it into anything! I know him, too!" she added, triumphantly. "It's Mister Bates at the big cake shop."

Uncle Frank laughed and went to the window to wait there for her return from the bakery just a little way down across the road. He saw a pair of little white socks flash along the pavement towards the baker's, and vanish through the open door. Mr. Bates sat behind his counter reading his newspaper. Madge could just see the bald top of his head as she



FOR WHOM DOES BEAU BRUMMEL WAIT?

little fingers, as usual, and half a stick of toffee not eaten yet!"

"What have you—got—in—your pocket?" she asked shyly, fumbling at his coat. Mother would not allow her to do this if she knew.

A regretful look shadowed Uncle Frank's face for a moment. In his haste to reach his brother's house on pressing business he had forgotten to make his usual small purchase for his niece. But another idea soon presented itself. "It hasn't got any paper to it today, Madge, and it's in my other pocket."

"Can I—can I eat it?"

"N-no, not exactly. But I know a man who can turn it into anything you like best, toffee, cake, a doll, a ball—"

"Oh! Do give it me, please, Uncle." Madge's cheeks, were rosy with excitement and her eyes shone.

tip-toed up to the counter. But she was not yet ready to talk to Mister Bates.

She stared hard at the rows of good things set out on the side counter, on shelves, on tables, everywhere. Then she looked at her penny. How splendid it was to think that Mister Bates was going to change her penny into—into—into that big cake all pink and white with a little silver birdie on the top. No! into—into that—that big bottleful of green and pink toffees. But no, she would have that little tart with the cream on it, and that little chocolate pig with the green candy tail, and the sugar lamb with the pink ribbon round its neck, and, oh, best of all— Madge clapped her hands with delight. "Mister Bates! Mister Bates!" cried a shrill little voice.

He jumped up and looked round in alarm. On leaning over the counter he