

**W**HEN YOU send your family washing "out," where does it go?

Does it find the wholesome, sanitary surroundings your intimate garments should have?

Is it dumped in with the clothes from families under conditions that may easily carry disease back to your home?

Is the work done in a clean, well ventilated place, by modern processes that both cleanse and save your garments and linens?

You can answer each one of these questions as it should be answered, if you send all of your laundry to us.

It will pay you to investigate the way in which we care for every part of a family's washing.

## THE PINEHURST LAUNDRY

## VEUVE CHAFFARD

### PURE OLIVE OIL

BOTTLED IN FRANCE

IN HONEST  
BOTTLES.



Full Quart



Full Pint



Full Half Pint

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## FOR THE YOUNG FOLKS

### The Strange Story of the Mysterious Green Lady

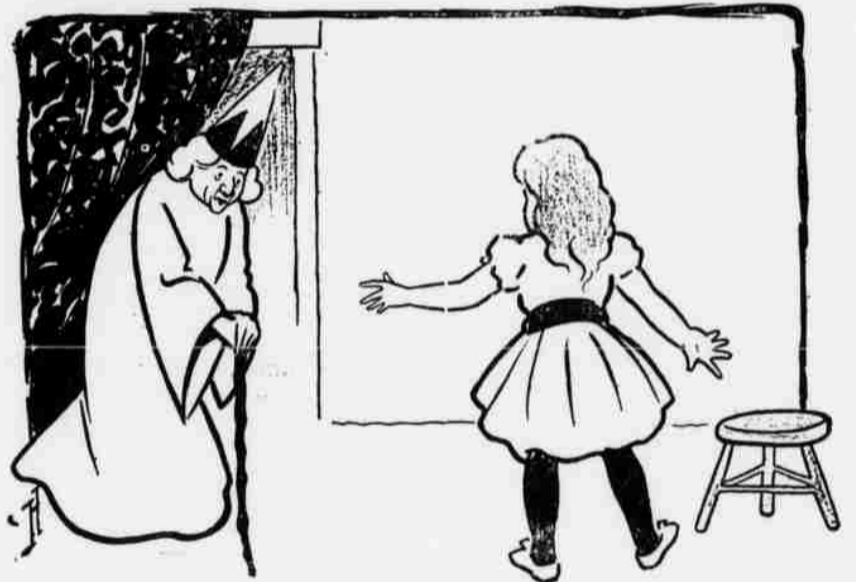


"ONCE upon a time," began May, there was, in the streets of London, a little girl who begged for her daily bread. She was an orphan, and did not know where to find her dead parents' relatives. So she was obliged to live on what charitable people saw fit to give her in the form of alms. This little girl's name was Sniffle-Tiffle, a pet name her papa had given her.

"One day as Sniffle-Tiffle was standing in front of a great market house a beautiful lady, all dressed in green velvet and green furs, drove by in a green carriage trimmed richly in gold and set with emeralds. To Sniffle-Tiffle's surprise the beautiful lady leaned from her cushions and beckoned to her, saying as she did so: "I fain would take thou home with me if thou hast no other home."

new protectress' orders and ran up stairs, entering the first room to her right. There she found a nice, large room, with everything needful to her comfort. Connecting were the bath and a large clothes closet. Sniffle-Tiffle took a delightful warm bath, combed her flaxen curls and then sought out a dainty pink frock and white, lace-trimmed apron from the closet so full of pretty clothes.

"After she had completed her toilet Sniffle-Tiffle went below stairs to find the butler, grim and forbidding in aspect, awaiting her. 'Miss,' he said, in a hard tone, 'it will be your duty three times each day to go up to our mistress' apartment at the front end of the hall and call her to her meals. You shall approach within three paces of her door, then stop and call in a loud voice: Green Lady, Green Lady, come down to your breakfast, or dinner, or supper—as the case may be. And three times you must call to her. Then you shall sit on a stool that you will find provided for your comfort and keep a strict watch on the door from which the Green Lady issues. But



"THE DOOR OPENED AND FORTH WALKED THE GREEN LADY"

"Then Sniffle-Tiffle told her sad story. In another minute Sniffle-Tiffle was in the warm carriage, wrapped in soft furs and driving through the London streets like the wind. In about half an hour the carriage drew up to the curb, in front of a magnificent mansion, and the lady bade Sniffle-Tiffle follow her. They alighted on the pavement and ran up the marble steps to the great front door, which was opened by a butler in livery. Inside Sniffle-Tiffle saw the greatest splendor everywhere. 'Now, run up stairs and enter the first room to your right,' commanded the lady in green, speaking to Sniffle-Tiffle. 'Thou wilt find connecting with the room—which is to be yours—a bath. Please go in and take a bath, comb your hair and then look in the large closet of your room and thou wilt find a complete wardrobe of clothes that will fit thee. Dress thyself and come down stairs. The butler will then tell thee thy duties in the house.' And upon saying this the lady in green turned on her dainty heel and walked into a glittering parlor. Sniffle-Tiffle began to feel a bit uncomfortable, but she obeyed her

under penalty of banishment—or worse—do not dare to go nearer that door than three paces. You may now go and call our mistress to dinner.'

"Sniffle-Tiffle, feeling a bit apprehensive, went upstairs, passed her own room and advanced to within three paces of the door leading into the apartment at the front. Raising her pretty voice, she called out: 'Green Lady, Green Lady, come down to your dinner! Green Lady, Green Lady, come down to your dinner! Green Lady, Green Lady, come down to your dinner!'

"In a few minutes the door opened and forth walked the Green Lady, but the sight of her face almost frightened Sniffle-Tiffle into a loud cry, for it was no longer the beautiful, smiling face she had seen in the carriage, but a hideous old face wearing a diabolical expression. She bent her gaze on Sniffle-Tiffle and spoke in a grating, angry voice: "Do thou remain on that stool and keep thy eyes on that door and see that none approach it from this hall. After I have finished my meal thou shalt go below and refresh thyself with food and drink. See