KNOW YOUR CITY

KNOW YOUR CITY

The Birmingham (Alm.) Junior Chamber of Commerce is doing a Tweat deal to aid scouting by a contest known as "It Know Birmingham." One hundred questions have been suggested by the different civic organizations covering the historical, jeegraphic, population, climatic, industriat, transportation, ribble utility municipal, educational, 'financial, real estate and general phases of the city. The scouts who successfully pass one of the examinations which are held each quarter receives a bronze bar, bearing the words "I Know Birmingham." Abd as soon as the scout carns this bar, his record in civic service is then kept by his scoutmaster and when he has rendered 100 hours of such service, a small broaze civic service, as strength of the service, and then when, his record, as certified by the scoutmaster, shows he has rendered 500 hours of civic service, a stiver medal is substituted for the bronze; and, then when his total reaches 1,000 hours, he will receive a gold medal in place of the silver. This contest is stimulating much interest, not only among the scouts but among the citizens as well. In addition to this award, the 16 boys who pass the highest grades during the year are taken on a truck (tip over some of the old southern battlefelds and potats of interest along the way. The 16 boys who take this trip will meet



Woman's Section of The Enterprise

Authoritative Ideas on Fashions by Julia Bottomley, and Cooking and Balling Hints by Vellie Maxwell.

Also Short Stories and Features by Noted Writers, pl Particular Interest to Women and Children Readers.

Cabinet -



The Kitchen Sport Duds for the Warm Days



CHATS WITH BIRDS.





By LILLIAN CYR.

Theed, in spotless white fiannels, sauntered aimlessiy down the sunbated attentile in the sunbat

He had nearly passed the house when Anita halled him from the plan-

He had nearly passed the house when Anita halted him from the plazza.

"Cm on up, and have some lemonade," she invited.

He pocketed his instrument and sank down in a comfortable wicker chair, while the little hostess presided over the drinks and edibles.

"What is it?" asked Anita, not without some curlosity, "that thing you were blowing?"

"This," said Theed, holding up the instrument, and adopting the manner and the fluency of the young clerk in the music store who sold it to him, "is a birdiola," an instrument of rare qualities. From it one may induce the calls, the whisties of any bird, or all birds—"

"Here comes Fred. Hello, Freddie," called Anita sweetly. "Oh, I'm so glad you brought your plarinet."

"Hello, Laurle, ol' top," said Fred, garly.

"How d'y do," Theed responded, saiffly. He thoroughly disliked Fred and his clarinet.

A bit later the two boys rose to go. "I'm glad you boys are coming to my

