



SIGNS OF SPRING.

Again the street comes into its own as a parlor for shaving and other niceties of the toilette. There is unlimited light and company. Clothes can be hung out on the line to dry without fear of their freezing solid. For the soldier who is wielding a razor there is unlimited advice shouted to him by his friends, together with hints on the gentle art of pulling the recalcitrant hair from one's haughty chin.