



Babies Recommend Mennen's

IF they don't put it into words, they do better—they prove their argument in practice. Their sensitive skin knows and shows the difference between powder specially designed for their use and other kinds. The baby whose skin is regularly dusted with Mennen's is comfortable, happy, lovable—all the time.

But grown-up skin needs and enjoys soothing Talcum just as much as does baby skin.

The trouble is, most grown-up skins are neglected.

Think of being always comfortable as a freshly bathed baby—no skin irritation, no chafing from corsets or collars or belts or tight shoes—our bodies kept smooth and cool with a silky film of Mennen's Talcum Powder.

Just to start the next hot day—try Mennen's—a shower of it—after your bath. Use plenty of Mennen's Talcum to protect against sun and wind.

If you've never tried it, you will be amazed at the comfort of a Mennen Talcum bath. Your clothes will feel loose and won't irritate your skin in hot weather. You won't know you have a skin.

If your feet trouble you in hot weather, shake Mennen's Talcum into your shoes and stockings.

Dust Mennen's between the sheets on a hot night. They will feel like sheerest silk.

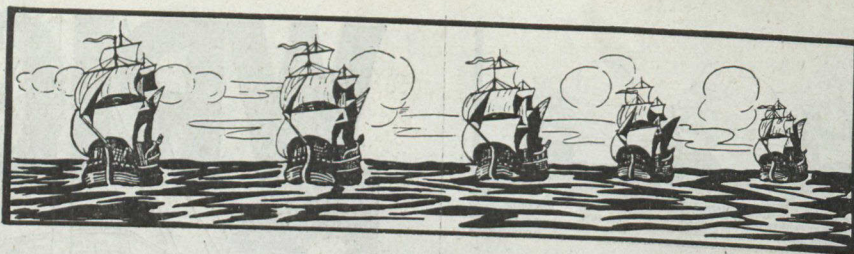
Let Mennen's mean to you what it has meant to millions of happy babies.

Mennen's Talcums—all with the original borated formula, which has never been bettered—include a variety to satisfy every need: Borated, Violet, Flesh Tint and Cream Tint, each charmingly perfumed, and the new Talcum for Men, which is neutral in tint and delightful after shaving.

MENNEN'S TALCUM POWDERS

G. Mennen Chemical Company
Factory - Montreal

Sales Office:
Harold F. Ritchie & Co., Limited
Toronto



Their Recipe for Success

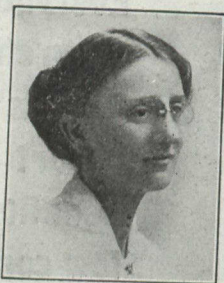
"I ATTRIBUTE my success," said Miss Anna Fraser, proprietor of The Children's Store, Calgary, "to close attention to all the small details of my business, and also to the fact that I did not try to walk before I could creep!"

"To exploiters of neither oil nor real estate booms did I lend an ear. I was offered very large sums during the oil boom for the use of the front of my store,

including windows, but I consistently refused, knowing that oil and dry goods would not mix well, in a business partnership! Instead, I used any surplus for enlarging my business and not buying property which was represented as being a dead sure thing, and worth ten times the money my business was. I turned a deaf ear to all allurements to 'come in on a good buy,' and have never regretted my stand.

The result of having placed large orders for woollens three years ago in anticipation of war conditions leaves me to-day with a splendid stock of goods unobtainable at any price. (Land and oil territory seem not quite so desirable.) And the little people to whose wants and needs I love to cater may still have the garments they require made of the material best suited to them.

"SERVICE has been my motto, throughout my six years of business life, and I find that a satisfied customer is the best advertisement."



Miss Anna Fraser

MISS FAWDRY is another one of Calgary's successful business women, one whose chosen profession is particularly interesting to us because Canada has so few. She is a photographer, and many of her reproductions have appeared in her magazine.

"I attribute my success," she said, "to the fact that I studied photography in one of the best galleries in London,

England, where I commenced at the very bottom of the ladder and advanced step by step under the most competent artists available. 'Developing and finishing' have become more or less of a science, and if certain laws are followed the work is successful, but the

'successful' photograph may be like the 'successful' operation under which a patient dies—I mean that scientific developing and finishing cannot produce a pleasing photo alone. Artistic and sympathetic posing, light, exposure, all play too important a part in the final result to be overlooked for a moment.

For more than a year Miss Fawdry has operated her large gallery on Eighth Avenue, the principal business street of Calgary, and she has been almost too busy for comfort. Her specialty has been photographing children and women, but of late the military command of men-folks has been too definite to be ignored and her clientele now includes all of the human species.



Miss Fawdry

If Everywoman's World Is Late

IF your copy of Everywoman's World is late in reaching you, or perhaps is lost altogether, please remember the difficulties under which EVERY ONE is working just at present.

We are trying to give you the best delivery service possible and will gladly replace lost copies or extend subscriptions to cover.

The mail service throughout Canada has been greatly disorganized owing to the previously unheard of congestion of the railroads and the depletion of staffs in post offices and elsewhere due to the Military Service Act.

Magazines, which are in the second classification of mail matter, must give precedence to letters, etc. Unforeseen contingencies are constantly confronting us. They all mean delay that is far reaching in its effects.

Before complaining of non-delivery, kindly allow a couple of weeks after publication date for your copy to reach you.

Conditions everywhere are unusual and we will all help best to get them back to normal quickly if we exercise a little tolerance. So we ask that you co-operate with us and—BE PATIENT!

The World's Sweetheart

(Continued from page 17)

pleasure of her mother's society, and she leaves her home on Riverside Drive, going to a hotel with Mr. Moore. This gentleman evidently remembers the difficulty he had in the days of his courtship and does not forgive as easily as Christians might wish.

"He won't live under the same roof with me!" Mrs. Smith ruefully complains.

This division in her family makes no difference in the little actress's devotion to her mother. A more affectionate daughter never lived; her mother accompanies her on all her trips, spends most of her time in the studio when Mary is there, and no one meets the daughter without meeting the mother, first.

She is not extravagant in her personal attire. The first time I saw her she wore a blue serge suit a girl getting fifty dollars a month, could afford for every day wear. The next time she wore a black velvet dress a girl getting fifty a week couldn't afford to dream of, and she looked better the first time than the second! She is boyish in manner, decidedly unconventional, and a favorite in the studio, so lacking in dignity that she is universally known as "Little Girl."

IT will be a blow to little-girl-Mary-Pickford-fans, to learn that her hair is not naturally curly. Neither is it naturally straight, hanging in the stiff lines which are a sorrow to so many of us. It

falls into the curls which she has made famous only after it is twisted and brushed hard around the finger. It is a beautiful golden color, and a maid cares for it with a devotion inexplicable until one has seen the anxiety of the little star concerning it. "Let me see the comb," she asks eagerly after every dressing. "Did that much come out last time?" If it is more than came out at the previous combing, she is greatly distressed, and the consultation that follows impresses upon even the mind of an ignorant maid the care that must be given to every hair of the actress's little head.

Her eyes are hazel, and her complexion is very good considering the unnatural life she leads in a badly-ventilated studio the greater part of the day, with the glare of the white lights thrown on her hair. She is pretty in a wistful, pleading sort of way. She has a way of looking as if she wanted you to please try to like her; an expression she retains in her work on the screen, and which has undoubtedly had much to do with her world-wide popularity.

"Won't you please like me?" her eyes ask. And the world has replied by loving her. You may not care for the movies, but this pleading wistfulness tugs at your heart strings, and in spite of yourself, you become a howling, rooting Pickford fan. Her last big release was Bret Harte's "M'Liss," followed by "How Could You, Jean?"

Vacation Days Made Miserable by Sunburn

Comfort Assured by Forethought

SO busy packing—so busy rushing to get away by "Saturday Noon"—that we forget something.

Then, by Sunday night, or Monday morning—oh, tortures! Neck—arms—shoulders—smarting fire with sunburn!

Get a packet to-day—of Mennen's Kora-Konia.

Use it now—and then pack it so you'll be sure you have it with you. Don't take chances on a holiday made miserable by Sunburn, when such a simple remedy can be had at your corner Drug Store.

It was an eminent physician who first suggested to Mr. Mennen the big need for a healing powder which could be dusted on wounds, chafed and irritated skin, sunburn, diaper rash and scalds, to ease the pain, absorb moisture and prevent friction.

The result was Kora-Konia.

We want you to learn for yourself the almost magic power of Kora-Konia to relieve and stop skin discomfort. We want you to try it on sunburns or chafed limbs which drive you nearly crazy on a hot day, and see how the discomfort ceases and the skin becomes white again. Note how the powder clings to the skin all day, refusing to be washed or rubbed off. See how quickly Kora-Konia cures diaper rash or teething rash and how it eases the skin irritation of bed patients. The full size box costs 50 cents.

Kora-Konia should not be confused with Talcum Powder. It has somewhat the same soothing and healing action, but in addition contains several other ingredients of recognized medicinal value which are indicated in the treatment of the more serious skin abrasions. It is antiseptic, absorbent, lubricating, adhesive, slightly water-proof, soothing and healing.

MENNEN'S KORA-KONIA

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