

THE WOMAN'S CORNER

WOMEN WIN IN REBELLION AGAINST THE RAT

By Cynthia Grey.

The rebellion against the rat—yes, that's the proper word, for woman HAS rebelled, raising louder each day her protest and demand that this foolish, artificial, hair-destroying toilet aid be banished from Dame Fashion's dresser.



The back of the head, after a simple, ratless coiffure is arranged.

And woman has won. The "rat" is doomed, is already passing from the scene, scampering away when shown up to womankind in its truest light.

New styles displayed by "Madam" this fall will show how the milliner recognizes an accomplished fact, and is building her creations with smaller crowns, to fit the ratless head.

"Yes, it's true, the 'rat' must go," said the girl at the hair-dresser's to her favorite customer. "And it's all because women have at last come to their senses."

The rebellion began with some sensible woman upon whom it suddenly dawned one day that the lifeless, lack-lustre, falling condition of her hair must be blamed upon her "rat." Then she stopped worrying and fretting about her hair long enough to take out the "rat."

"Women will readily follow a cour-

Isn't this a chic little turban—and not so very little after all. It's just the kind to wear with the back-to-nature hair dress. It is made of folds and swirls of black taffeta, with tiny little loops of the same at the side-front, and it's new this fall.

agous leader. And, of course, this woman was right. The "rat" heats the scalp and compels an increased flow of oil. This oil gets into the "rat" and

Simplicity distinguishes this coiffure, which is the very newest in that line.

becomes rancid. The dead oil rubs back on the hair and a daily shampoo wouldn't undo the damage it causes.

"Between you and me, she remembered just in time that her hair is her crowning glory—a thing that many women will recall too late.

"Of course, we are in business to make money, and the more rats, puffs, switches and braids we sell the better we're off, so we say little about this revolution. Puffs and light switches will still be worn, and the hair will be soft and fluffy about the face. But rats—well, confidentially, we're not buying any new rats."

As a result of this timely (?) discovery of a rational woman, milliners are working overtime, making hats with smaller crown-sizes to fit these ratless heads. This fall and winter, there will be a radical change in hats on account of the change in coiffures.

FASHIONS

The newest skirts are very narrow, many not measuring two yards at the lower edge. In cloth they do not look out of the way, but in summer, silk they seem somewhat skimpy.

Black cashmere is considered serviceable and chic. It is made dressier when trimmed with a lace gumpie and lace sleeves.

Separate waists are made of marquisette. Some are handsomely embroidered. These are to be worn with white serge and linen suits.

HILMA

William Tillinghast Eldridge.

I watched him, fascinated. The change in his appearance was remarkable, and I could hardly feel that it was Zergald himself before me. As the face changed my hatred for it seemed to die down.

He put on his hat and turned up his collar slowly. Then he stepped over to the door, and as he put his hand on the knob paused and looked at me again.

"The compartment would have meant safety. This will be the same. Of course, I know you do not fear personal danger, but let me tell you this: Your death will not remove the princess from my path, but your marrying her will. If you fail me in this, if you fail to remove her from my way after I have put the matter fairly before you both, and made it possible, you're more fool than I think, and," he paused, turning the handle of the door, "fools deserve to die, and die quickly."

THE HARDEST TASK OF ALL, Zergald's steps died away, and silence followed, yet I stood there by the desk, one hand on the corner. Whatever feeling of anger there was then I laughed. Zergald's disguise, the heavy grey beard, the last grand eloquent speech almost made the thing seem like opera bouffe. The ridiculousness struck me instantly. And yet, seeing the ridiculousness, I realized the serious side of the matter.

Pool! I called myself, to let my feelings be so plainly read. Yet who would have supposed Zergald's carriage would swing around the corner of the road at such a moment, and then, as I hesitated, he smiled so politely, for assuredly this scheme had flashed through his mind on that instant.

And then while I cursed him for his impudence and laughed at his false whiskers, I admired the cunning by which he thought to remove the princess so easily from his path.

Did it mean he had the papers? Assuredly, if it meant anything, it was that he did not have them, and fearing they might be in existence, or some evidence to prevent Joachim from taking the throne, he strove by any means to get the princess out of the way. Well, he counted without his host, for instantly I began to plan the more to circumvent him and see Hilma crowned.

Yet for one brief moment I allowed myself to picture his idea as successful, and for once I was ready to admit that he was right in his advantages.

Yet what did he take me for? A knave to come in one guise and act in another? Did he think I'd take his bait? The temptation was great, yet I hated the man for the suggestion.

It was, however, only a waiter with a hurried note from Kurlmurt, saying he would be a little late in meeting me at the princess' that afternoon. It hinted, however, that there was some news to be expected.

I had little to do until it was time to see, yet more than enough to occupy my mind.

My principal thought was the necessity of so schooling myself that when I did meet Hilma, I would let no hint slip that I had seen her face, that was unimportant in my mind when I alighted at the castle, about five and asked for Kurlmurt.

He had not come, neither was Karl about, and so I turned toward the terrace on which I was to wait until one of the two should arrive.

I had hardly moved a dozen paces along the path, when a servant called me back to say her highness wished to see me.

I was shown into a small library off a side hall, which led through to the left from the main one, and there, seated before an open fire, her cheek resting in her hand, sat Hilma.

I could see but a little of her profile, yet I felt the look on her face as she studied the fire before her. Her hair, living lines of golden brown, looked deeper and richer than ever in the side light from the large window at her right.

She wore an evening gown, and the clear skin of her throat and shoulders seemed carved from pink-tinted ivory. It was a picture that made me catch my breath, and my heart leaped.

I could have stepped forward ever so little to have had a better view of her look and stood there watching her forever. The lines were true; so true I felt a single alteration could not be asked.

Suddenly she raised her head, realizing someone had entered. It seemed that I had been waiting overlong, when in reality we had hardly stepped inside the door when she looked up.

Then the servant mentioned my name and withdrew.

Instantly she sprang to her feet and greeted me.

"Kurlmurt has not come, but he may at any moment. Before he does I wish to speak to you alone."

It was that I was coming and my hands clinched.

She led the way back to the open fire, and as she seated herself again I held my hands to the blaze. It was warm enough, yet I felt my flesh grow cold and a nervous tremor pass over my body.

As I studied the fire I knew her eyes were upon me, yet for the life of me I could not turn. I dreaded what was coming, dreaded it as I cannot remember ever having dreaded anything before. How could a subject could be discussed I was at a loss to realize.

How I could looking into her eyes speak of Zergald's suggestion, and not pour forth my heart. I did not know.

And then as I stood there hesitating she spoke. She told me simply that she had the prime minister's note, and presumed he had called upon me, as he had said he had.

ALL AROUND THE HOME

The disagreeable task of scraping new potatoes is entirely unnecessary, and takes a great deal of time. Boil the potatoes with the skins on and remove skin when done, and finish as desired, left whole, mashed or served with white sauce.

Instead of ironing flannels, fold smoothly as if to iron and wring in rinsing water through the wringers, then hang out to dry, and they will look as smooth as if ironed. This saves time and no danger of scorching.

A black hat that still has a dusty look after being thoroughly brushed may be freshened by being brushed over with a little weak gum water, to which a little good black ink has been added, and then left to dry.

Common salt and vinegar mixed will be found efficacious in cleaning bottles, and another remedy is to put strips of brown paper into cold water and fill the container with vinegar. This will give a polish to the glass unless it has been scratched and rendered cloudy by other means.

ADVERTISER PATTERNS

BEAUTY PATTERN COMPANY.



8762

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PATTERN DEPARTMENT OF THE ADVERTISER.

Please send above-mentioned pattern, as per directions given below, to

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Street Address

Town

Province

Measurement—Bust

Age (if child's or miss's pattern)

CAUTION—Be careful to enclose above illustration and send size of pattern wanted. When the pattern is sent measure, you need only mark it 2, 4, 6, or whatever it may be. When in waist measure, 2, 4, 6, or whatever it may be. If a skirt, give waist and length measure. When miss's or child's pattern, write only the figure representing the age. It is not necessary to write "inches" or "years." Patterns cannot reach you in less than one week from the date of order. The price of each pattern is 10 cents in cash or in postage stamps.

PATTERN DEPARTMENT, LONDON ADVERTISER.

"TIGHTWAD" KEEPS BOOKS ON ALL WIFE COSTS HIM

"This Child" Thought She Married a Chum; Now She Hasn't a Decent Dress.

By Cynthia Grey.

When I asked my correspondents recently to tell me how their husbands had realized or failed to realize their girlish ideals, I expected some interesting answers. They are coming. Here is one today from a young wife, whose letter indicates she is a bright, attractive, merry girl, used to the ordinary good things of life. She finds she has married a man who counts every penny, squeezes it hard before he lets go, and acts the general grouch.

Advice in her case is hard to give, but if she is the girl of force and character I think she is, she will make this "tightwad" act like a human being. He needs something sharp and severe to wake him up, to make him realize his wife is entitled to share equally with him. I suggest that my correspondent meet him some day with a smile, tell him exactly how things stand with her, calmly, firmly and coolly—without tears—outline what she wants and must have—a definite weekly allowance for clothes and pin-money. Tell him plainly that he must appreciate your position and give willingly and without nagging, as he is able; and let him understand that there is no alternative. It will take your mind off your troubles, provide just the pin-money you want, and probably shame him into a decent provision. No man in his position in life wants it known that his wife works. And work won't hurt you a bit—remember that.

Here is the letter from "One of the Victims":

Dear Miss Grey: Your request to

hear from our poor married folks re-

sponding our ideals has given me no

little to think about. If every girl

got married, expecting a sweet, loving,

chummy life with a man, and got a

hell, it was this child. Even yet I try

to reason out how it all came so dif-

ferent from what I thought, and I find

the best thing to do is to forget it all

and do the best I can with the lemon

I drew. Terrible, you say? Yes, it is,

and the worst part is, it's TRUE.

I was a girl who never knew any-

thing but a sweet, jolly life, loads of

friends, never knew the want of a dol-

lar, always had lovely clothes, lots of

pin-money, etc. I married a man who

KNEW THIS WELL, said I could have

all that, and hoped in the future to

bestow more. He married me and

brought me here, where I knew no one.

Then began the "thumb-screw" pro-

cess, "well known to lots of women,"

as regards money—to grow worse and

WORSE, until my whole soul revolts

at his homecoming. Yet I must smile.

Mayhap a guest is brought home to

dinner. I must show off—never mind

how long it is since I have been down-

town, or have been to accept an in-

invitation out (because it cannot be

returned, nor are there right clothes

to wear). I miss all the good shows,

and "I love 'em."

Then, last, but not least, I find a

little book hidden away, and in that

book is a strict account of every penny

I had cost him since the wedding—

every penny written down, quarters

and 50-cent pieces, even when it would

go to the man who cut the grass. It's

all charged to ME, as if I had USED

IT. If I ask for money after being with-

out even car fare for days, yes, even

a whole month without even a dime,

he will look at me as if I asked for one of

his eyes, and say: "Well, how much do

you have to have?" I meekly say my

stockings are gone and I pay 50 cents

a pair. I get 60 cents, not a cent over.

I never pay a thing. I never have a

cent. Can't even buy a melon at the

back door. When I do my own work,

as I often do, do you fancy I get the

\$4 paid to the girl, Perish the thought.

Never a cent do I get. What would

you think, and how would you feel to-

ward such an ideal?

ONLY ONE OF THE VICTIMS.

CYNTHIA GREY'S CORRESPONDENTS

Dear Miss Grey: Please give me a

good and quick cure for obesity.

A. I. D.

A.—This question frequently comes

to my desk, and I can only repeat—

most advertised or known medical

reduction compounds are more or less

dangerous. Remember that fat comes

from eating and drinking more each

day than one needs and uses. The rem-

edy is as simple as the cause. Exer-

cise in the open air. Take cold baths

and massage. Eat less—cut it away

down—one egg a day—no meat—little

starches and sugar—less fats. Drink

only four times a day between meals,

and use no beverage or soup at meals.

Dear Miss Grey: I have a marmalade

jar with a hole in the bottom and a

saucer goes with it. How is it to be

used? GREY EYES.

A.—The glass of jelly, jam or mar-

malade should be placed inside the jar.

It serves the same purpose as the jar-

linere does for the potted plant.

Dear Miss Grey: My sister and I

are invited to an out-of-town wedding.

I am not going, but my sister is. I

shall I send a letter of regret and con-

gratulation? 2. Ought my sister send

a letter of acceptance? 3. Shall I

bestow more. He married me and

brought me here, where I knew no one.

Then began the "thumb-screw" pro-

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at his homecoming. Yet I must smile.

Mayhap a guest is brought home to

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SOLE AGENTS FOR THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL PATTERNS.

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It was done so simply that it took the embarrassment out of the thing.

"Yes," I answered as I turned, "he called upon me."

"I knew you could not speak of it," she said, looking up at me with a content that told plainly of the deeper emotion she felt.

"Understand," I began, "I was carried off my feet by the audacity of the man. He made his suggestion in such a way I was powerless, and then he was in my room."

"Yes," she answered slowly. "You could not, of course, have killed him there."

"Is there," I said instantly, "any need of going further? He expects to gain his end by this trick, and expected me, the poorest compliment ever paid a man, to fall into his trap. Cannot we see the matter is settled?"

Already I felt I could not go on and yet hold to my resolve.

"Is it settled?"

She asked the question calmly, watching me all the time. Of the two, she was, I am sure, far the cooler.

"Is it settled?" I repeated.

"Yes, it is settled? Is not what Zergald proposes the only thing to do?"

The only thing to do? I repeated, again, hardly believing I could be hearing rightly what she said.

"It seems to me the only thing to do."

"But it's impossible!" I protested.

"Be both careful," she answered slowly. Her eyes never left my face, but rather opened wider and held my gaze with a beseeching look.

"Do we?"