Cynthia Grey and EVERY WOMAN'S Page

DO ALL MEN HAVE AFFAIRS?

I never knew of but one man who sneered at love. He declared that "all men could do without it, and that he for one could live quite as happy as the day was long if he never saw a woman's face.

I saw no reason why he should tell a story about it and I believe him, pitying him profoundly for misgiving the sweetest boon ever given to mortals—love. When he passed away a score or more of angry females were found to be on the verge of starting legal proceedings against him for building love hopes in their hearts which, in each case tumbled, ending in total wreck.

Since then I have been skeptical about men's apparent indifference to the tender passion. I fancy that there is not a man who, at one time or another, does not succumb to the beguiling influence of some one sweet woman. Nine out of ten wed that woman.

The tenth man misses marriage by some unfortunate series of circumstances. He puts off naming the day too long and she, perhaps, in a spirit of pique, weds his rival. Or it may be that her charms have palled in his estimation with the fading of the years and his inclinations have bent toward a fresher heart.

Fate has a way of playing tit for tat with such men by causing the newer love to weary in turn of him and the reason is obvious as to why he forswears love and gives out to the world, which does not know what is behind his resolve "That he will have none of it."

No man is so strong, so brave, so indifferent but some one woman has the power to make his heart beat faster at a glance from her eye or thrill his heart by the touch of her gentle hand. No man is in truth a stoic nor is he born with a marble heart in his breast.

The general run of men have a score of heart affairs to a woman's one love dream. Few men are exempt from this category. We still give them the benefit of the doubt that they use every effort in their power to prevent such a catastrophe, such a waste of good affection. The fact remains the same. With as many samples to choose from it is little wonder a man may doubt which, if any is the real sentiment. Can he be blamed for holding aloof from matrimony under the impression there may be still another love star to rise above his horizon which shall be brighter, grander than all others?

Procrastination under such conditions is his undoing and he dies unmarried.

Whenever I read of the demise of a bachelor who they say has never had a love affair I feel like saying: Look for the woman in the case.

Cynthia Grey's Correspondence

Good for Eyelashes.

Dear Miss Grey: What will increase the growth of eyelashes? And what will darken the ends so that they will look like the rest? H. B.

A.—Let your eyelashes alone and be satisfied with them as they are. Better have short lashes than lose your eyesight, as you probably would do if you were to experiment.

To Kill Trees.

Dear Miss Grey: Is there a solution which will kill poplar trees if poured around the roots? MISS JONES.

A.—A salt water solution is said to do this.

Slight Misunderstanding.

Dear Miss Grey: In order to settle a misunderstanding, will you kindly give your opinion on the following? A young man acquaintance who lives in the same house as I do asked me to go to an amusement place with him. I consented, and the time was set. Going home from work the same evening I met this young man's chum and he said he was going to come up that evening, and in order that he might not make the trip for naught, I told him of our intention to go out. He asked if he would have any objection to his accompanying us. Inasmuch as the three of us had gone out together several times, I said I did not think there would be any objection. When I got home I told Mr. A. of my meeting Mr. B., who Mr. A. felt a little put out, although he did not say anything. Mr. A. never spoke all the evening, and Mr. B. showed me considerable attention. The next night I had to go to Mr. B.'s house, and naturally he walked home with me, and Mr. A. was in waiting. He called me to a much and blamed me for the entire trouble, and told his friend so, who spoke up in my behalf, but Mr. A. would blame nobody but me. Do you think I was to blame, and what do you think I ought to do?

"B."

You were undiplomatic to ask the second man; it really wasn't your party, you know. Better tell the first that you acted thoughtlessly and didn't realize how you complicated affairs.

Do They?

Dear Miss Grey: Do you think people ever get their ideal in matrimony? It seems that I get the opposite from what I have in mind, so I have just about given up all hope of ever obtaining it. What are your views on this subject? I have often heard, too, that by being persistent and waiting what you have in mind often develops the right way. GRACE M.

I don't know, Grace. The best way to do is to accommodate your ideal to the man you like.

Big Clearance Sale of Ready-to-Wear Garments All This Week.

Gray's

Odds and Ends of Silks, for Fancy Work, etc., 15c Yard.

Materials for Evening Wear At Greatly Reduced Prices

Winter is now here to stay, and with it comes the time of dances, balls and evening functions of all kinds. Are you prepared for it? Those whose wardrobes are not yet complete will be saved considerable worry and expense by inspecting our stock of dress materials for evening wear, now on sale at greatly reduced prices.

75c Dress Materials for 42c Yard

Beautiful and sheer materials, such as Crepe de Chines, Plain and Fancy Voiles and Permo Cloths, in popular evening shades, such as old rose, sky blue, Copenhagen blue, reseda green, mauve, light grays and champagne, 42 and 44 inches wide. Regular price 75c. This week, at yard ..... 42¢

$1.25 Materials for 68c Yard

Popular evening fabrics, such as Crepe de Chines, Creponnes, Plain and Fancy Voiles and Eoliennes, and in such desirable shades as sky blue, mauve, Copenhagen blue, reseda green, light grays and champagne shades. Beautiful and charming materials. Regular $1.25 a yard, for per yard ..... 68¢

Yard-Wide Silks 98c Yard

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AGENTS FOR THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL PATTERNS.

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The PRODIGAL JUDGE

The Famous Novel by

VAUGHAN KESTER

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"Can't you find some word of welcome for me, Betty?" he asked at length, still softly, still with something of entreaty in his tone.

"Then it was you—not Tom—who had me brought here!" She could have thanked God had it been Tom, whose hate was not to be feared as she feared this man's love.

"Tom—no!" and Murrell laughed. "You didn't think I'd give you up? I am standing with a halter about my neck, and all for your sake—who'd risk as much for love of you?" he seemed to expand with savage pride that this was so, and took a step toward her.

"Don't come near me!" cried Betty. Her eyes blazed, and she looked at him with loathing.

"You'll learn to be kinder," he exulted. "You wouldn't see me at Belle Plain; what was left for me but to have you brought here."

While Murrell was speaking the signal that had told of his own presence on the opposite shore of the bayou was heard again. This served to arrest his attention. A look of uncertainty passed over his face, then he made an impatient gesture as if he dismissed some thought that had forced itself upon him, and turned to Betty.

"You don't ask what my purpose is where you are concerned; have you no curiosity on that score?" She endeavored to meet his glance with a glance as resolue, then her eyes sought the boy's upturned face. "I am going to send you down river, Betty. Later I shall join you in New Orleans, and when I leave the country you shall go with me."

"Never!" gasped Betty.

"As my wife, or how ever you choose to call it. I'll teach you what a man's love is like," he boasted, and extended his hand. Betty shrank from him, and his hand fell at his side. He looked at her steadily out of his deep-sunk eyes, in which blazed the fires of his passion, and as he looked her face paled and flushed by turns. "You may learn to be kind to me, Betty," he said. "You may find it will be worth your while." Betty made no answer, she only gathered Hannibal closer to her side. "Why not accept what I have to offer, Betty?" again he went nearer her, and again she shrank from him, but the madness of his mood was in the ascendant. He seized her and drew her to him. She struggled to free herself, but his fingers tightened about hers.

"Let me go!" she panted. He laughed his cool laugh of triumph.

"Let you go—ask me anything but that, Betty! Have you no reward for patience such as mine? A whole summer has passed since I saw you first——"

There was the noisy shuffling of feet on the stairs, and releasing Betty, Murrell swung about on his heel and faced the door. It was pushed open an inch at a time by a not too confident hand, and Mr. Slosson thus guardedly presented himself to the eye of his chief, whom he beckoned from the room.

"Well?" said Murrell, when they stood together on the landing.

"Just come across to the keel boat!" and Slosson led the way down the stairs and from the house.

"D—— you! you might have waited!" observed the outlaw. Slosson gave him a hardened grin. They crossed the clearing and boarded the keel boat, which rested against the bank. As they did so, the cabin in the stern gave up a shattered present in the shape of Tom Ware. Murrell started violently. "I thought you were hanging out in Memphis, Tom?" he said, and his brow darkened as, sinister and forbidding, he stepped closer to the planter. Ware did not answer at once, but looked at Murrell out of heavy bloodshot eyes, his face pinched and ghastly. At last he said, speaking with visible effort:

"I stayed in Memphis until five o'clock this morning."

"D—— your early hours!" roared Murrell. "What are you doing here? I suppose you've been showing that dead face of yours about the neighborhood? Why didn't you stay at Belle Plain since you couldn't keep away?"

"I haven't been near Belle Plain; I came here instead. How am I going to meet people and answer questions?" His teeth were chattering. "Is it known she's missing?" he added.

"Hicks raised the alarm the first thing this morning, according to the instructions I'd given him."

"Yes?" gasped Ware. He was dripping from every pore, and the sickly color came and went on his unshaven cheeks. Murrell droped a heavy hand on his shoulder.

"You haven't been at Belle Plain, you say, but has anyone seen you on the road this morning?"

"No one, John," cried Ware, panting between each word. There was a moment's pause, and Ware spoke again. "What are they doing at Belle Plain?" he demanded in a whisper. Murrell's lips curled.

"I understand there is talk of suicide," he said.

"Good!" cried Ware.

"They are dragging the bayou down below the house. It looks as though you were going to reap the rewards of the excellent management you have given her estate. They have been trying to find you in Memphis, so thesooner you show yourself the better," he concluded significantly.

"You are sure you have her safe, John, no chance of discovery? For God's sake, get her away from here as soon as you can; it's an awful risk you run!"

"She'll be sent down the river tonight," said Murrell.

"Captain," began Slosson, who up to this had taken no part in the conversation. "When are you going to cross to t'other side of the bayou?"

"Soon," replied Murrell. Slosson laughed.

"I didn't know but you'd clean forgot the Clan's business. I want to ask another question—but first I want to say that no one thinks higher or more frequent of the ladies than just me; I'm genuinely fond of 'em, and I've never lifted my hand ag'n 'em except in kindness." Mr. Slosson looked at Ware with an exceedingly virtuous expression of countenance. He continued: "Yo' orders are that we's to slip out of this a little afore midnight, but suppose there's a hitch—here's the lady knowing what she knows and here's the boy knowing what he knows."

"There can be no hitch!" rasped out Murrell arrogantly.

"I never knew a speculation that couldn't go wrong, and by rights we should have got away last night."

"Well, whose fault is it you didn't?" demanded Murrell.

"In a manner it were mine, but the ark got on a sandbank as we were fetching it in, and it took us the whole night to get clear."

"Well?" prompted Murrell, with a sullen frown.

"Suppose they get shut of that notion of theres that the lady's done drowned herself, suppose they take to watching the river. Or suppose the whole bottom drops out of this deal? What then? Why, I'll tell you what then—the lady, good-looking as she is, knows enough to make West Tennessee mightly unhealthy for some of us. I say suppose it's a flash in the pan and you have to crowd the distance in between you and this part of the world, you can't tell me you'll have any use for her then." Slosson paused impressively. "And here's Mr. Ware feeling bad," he resumed. "Him and me don't want to be left in no trap with you gone, no one knows where."

"I'll send a man to take charge of the keel boat. "I can't risk any more of your bungling."

"That's all right, but you don't answer my question," persisted Slosson, with admirable tenacity of purpose.

"What is your question?"

"A lot can happen between this and midnight."

To Be Continued.

Loss of Appetite

Which is so common in the spring or upon the return of warm weather, is loss of vitality, vigor or tone, and is often a forerunner of prostrating disease.

It is serious and especially so to people that must keep up and doing or get behindhand.

The best medicine to take for it is the great constitutional remedy

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Which purifies and enriches the blood and builds up the whole system.

Get it today. Sold by all druggists everywhere. 100 Doses $1.

Uses for Old Magazines

A great deal of good may be done with old magazines after the family has finished reading them. Let the children in the family, or in your neighbor's family, have the magazines from which they are allowed to cut pictures for paper dolls, scrapbook or toy furniture.

Cut out all interesting articles that you will wish to refer to in the future and paste them in a scrapbook for that purpose.

Pictures that are good enough to be kept lay away in a flat box; some day these may afford the children or yourself a great deal of happiness in framing or for decorative purposes.

One woman had her attic room papered with good pictures cut from magazines. They are arranged in an artistic manner and are the joy of all the children in the neighborhood, who delight in hearing her weave romances about each picture.

The cut-up magazines are then relegated to the kitchen, where they are used to rub off the hot irons or as a pad under hot pots and pans that are taken from the stove and set upon the table.

When the pages are scorched or soiled they are torn off and thrown away, having a clean one underneath.

Lastly, they are used to start the fire or to produce a little extra heat for the browning of a cake if the oven is not quite hot enough.

Miss Ethel E. Ram, who has been spending the holidays with her parents, King street, has left to take charge of the entrance class of Bothwell public school

ADVERTISER PATTERNS

BEAUTY PATTERN COMPANY.

8921—A Simple, Effective Model.

Woman realizes the importance of having a house dress that is adapted to its purpose. This one is simple in design and comfortable. We submit in the design here shown a model that is practical and that will prove desirable and suitable. The waist may be developed with centre front plain closing, or with the extension as illustrated. The skirt has the new back panel effect and closes at the centre front. This practical feature will appeal to every home-worker and laundress, as it renders the ironing of the dress easy. The sleeves may be made in elbow length, or in waist length. The pattern is cut in seven sizes—32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches, bust measure. It requires six yards of 36-inch material for the 36-inch size.

A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10c in silver or stamps.

PATTERN DEPARTMENT OF THE ADVERTISER.

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

Name .....

Street Address .....

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Province .....

Measurement—Bust..... Waist.....

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CAUTION.—Be careful to inclose above illustration, and send size of pattern wanted. When the pattern is bust measure, you need only mark 32, 34 or whatever it may be. When in waist measure, 22, 24, 26 or whatever it may be. If a skirt, give waist and length measure. When misses' 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.

Milady's Hand Bag

The pattern of her handbag is a detail of her equipment that no well-dressed woman will neglect nowadays.

Quite a novel idea as to the method of carrying one's shopping or visiting bag is with a comparatively short cord and tassels attached to a tortoise shell hoop, intended to be slipped over the arm. The bag itself is of black antelope set in pleats into the silver gilt mount, and expands conveniently for shopping.

Of altogether delightful patern is another bag in fine seal morocco, olive, navy blue or black, measuring eleven inches by seven, and containing a set of natty fittings in silver gilt. In the centre is a kid-lined compartment for money.

Very attractive is the miniature carriage or motor bag, some 5¼ inches long, in morocco of all kinds of dainty colors—pale pink and grey—and containing card case, mirror, powder box and numbers of other toilet requisites in silver.

Then there are the bags for theatres and evening use, of which the charms are legion. There is a handy little matinee bag in pretty shades of soft beaver calf, grey, brown, green or mole, fitted with opera glasses, mirror, etc., and having useful pockets for handkerchief, money, and so on.

IN THE SEWING ROOM

In drawing threads for Mexican work or hemstitching it saves much time and trouble to draw the thread from the middle of the space first; after this two threads, one on each side of the drawn one, may be pulled out at once.

The home seamstress in a family where there are many small children, especially those of school age, should carefully save all scraps of sheer white materials that may be used for handkerchiefs for the little hands that are always losing them. Dainty handkerchiefs can be liberally supplied out of the piece bag if care is taken of the scraps.

Before beginning to embroider the edges of towels outline the edge of the scallops with a small stitch done on the sewing machine. The buttonholing covers the stitching perfectly and gives a very firm edge that is unobtainable in any other way. When padding scalloped edges for towelling use tiny rolls of raw cotton instead of the usual darning cotton. This is sewed in place with fine thread. It makes a satisfactory and thick padding.

WORLDLY WISDOM

Charity covers a multitude of sins—when it begins at home.

Leap year girls are now looking anxiously for the coming man.

The wise leap year maid will keep both eyes on the young widows.

Resolve not to mistake a demijohn for the fountain of youth in 1912.

Water cannot extinguish some men's burning desire for something stronger.

There is more than one brand of smokeless powder that is dangerous to mankind.

In Adam's day woman was merely a side issue, but during leap year she poses as the whole show.

Right here and now, pause and consider the fact that there are people in the world who never even heard of you.

Fads of Fashion

Furs are used much in combination—zibeline, chinchilla, taupe and ermine impartially mingled on coats and gowns.

The coat and skirt costume, in spite of the innovations of the one-piece gown and the fur coat, is still much loved and prized.

Rings are charming and unusual this season—the Egyptian scarab, jade stones and lapis lazuli are among the favorites.

Shining beads, silver and crystal fringe, long silver and bead tassels make heavy and beautiful embroidery for the winter gowns.

Wide side jabots are drawn out at the top of their full width and caught with a pin. The newest ones turn to the right and are without fullness.

MARVEL OF MARVELS

Is Woman's Changed Figure, Says Convict Who Sees First Airship.

Paris, Jan. 3. — Thirty years ago a man named Leon Peltzer was imprisoned for life. He has been in prison at Louvain, Belgium, until this week, and has lived in total ignorance of the world's doings. He did not know when he came out that Queen Victoria was no longer on the throne of England. He had never seen a motor car or an aeroplane, he had never heard of the Dreyfus case, of Mr. Winston Churchill, or of "Chanticler."

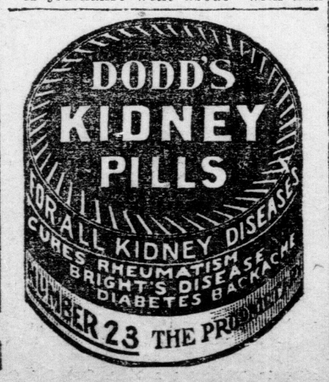
A journalist went about with him and showed him things. After a day or two he asked him what had surprised him most. Peltzer's answer surprised the journalist. He passed over aeroplanes, motor cars, phonographs, the tube, picture postcards, and all sorts of other novelties in silence.

"The most surprising change of all," he said, "is in the shape of the women. When I went into prison they were quite round, and the fashion made them rounder still. Now they are flat and oblong, like a pencil-case."

CENSOR RESIGNS.

London, Jan. 2.—George Alexander Redford has formally relinquished his duties as censor of plays, it is stated, and he will give the lord chamberlain's office and his recently-appointed joint examiner of plays, Charles Brookfield, the benefit of his advice. As Redford indicated that his chief reason for resigning was because Brookfield had been appointed to assist him, the latter is unlikely to welcome his assistance.

There have been shoals of applicants for the post of censor since the news of Redford's resignation became known, but the lord chamberlain does not appear to be in a hurry to fill the vacancy, and meanwhile Brookfield will do the work and collect the fees.



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34 inches long, 2½ oz..$4.00
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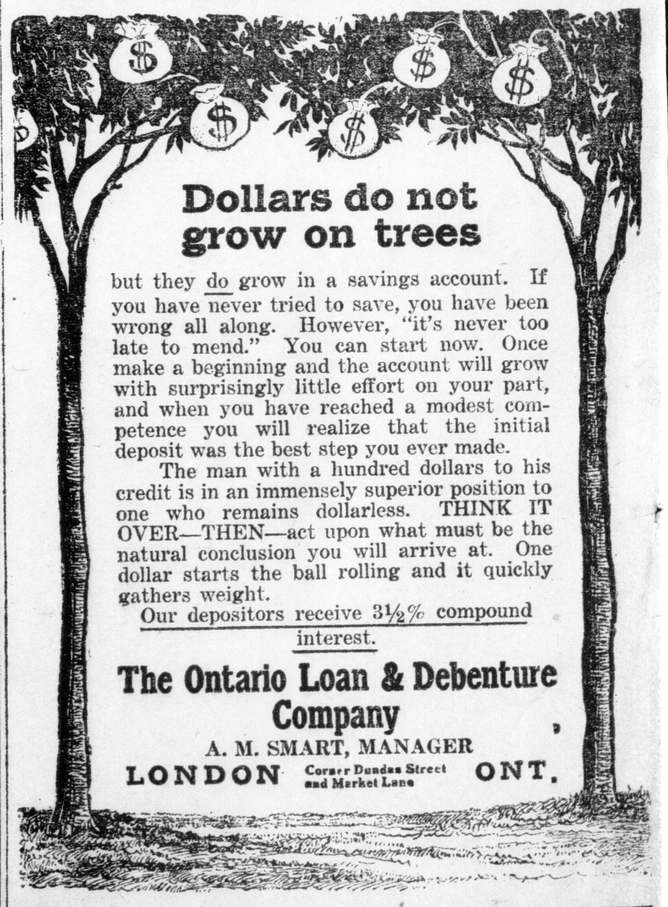

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but they do grow in a savings account. If you have never tried to save, you have been wrong all along. However, "it's never too late to mend." You can start now. Once make a beginning and the account will grow with surprisingly little effort on your part, and when you have reached a modest competence you will realize that the initial deposit was the best step you ever made.

The man with a hundred dollars to his credit is in an immensely superior position to one who remains dollarless. THINK IT OVER—THEN—act upon what must be the natural conclusion you will arrive at. One dollar starts the ball rolling and it quickly gathers weight.

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