

THE WOMAN'S CORNER

Cynthia Grey's After-Supper Talks

OUR FOLLIES SARTORIAL.

Thirty—or was it forty?—years ago that women hobbled at the wasp waist and expanded rapidly to a circumference at the feet that took up an ordinary-sized ballroom, and this was eminently correct. Now the idea has been reversed.

One of the worst of our many follies is the sartorial. Men, all angles and awkwardness, wear precisely the kind of clothing which emphasizes ugliness. If you don't believe that, look at a bunch of graduates in caps and gowns, the priest in church robes, the pictures of Sir Walter Raleigh in a sweeping cloak, or Roman senators in their togas. Can modern men in modern attire compare for dignity with any of these? Not at all. Whereas, a woman, all curves and grace, is tied up in habiliments that are nothing more than a series of some evolution of the gunnysack. A skirt hampers her in every detail of housework she does, it sweeps the floor from the highways, not one time in a thousand is it worn properly. The time it sags in front, bobs up in the back, or flaps everywhere in a ridiculous fashion. The woman who really looks well in ordinary modern thing does so in spite, not because of what she wears.

Shouldn't we put men in skirts and women in trousers? No. But suitability, not sex, should be the criterion. The working woman should be as free and comfortable in her clothing as is the working man in his. In the hours of evening ease, wouldn't it be refreshing to see both wear the flowing line garments, the lace and frills to make each scene a picture? The average woman wears a tailored suit with an evening slipper and a Charlotte Corday bonnet, or a smart turban with a lingerie frock. If we had a national sense of humor, the ordinary street crowd would be fatal—we'd laugh ourselves to death over the sheer absurdity of the male and female incongruous get-up.

HOW TO MAKE YOUR CLOTHES LAST LONGER

Forethought, in caring for your clothes, will save you many a dollar. Do you examine them on taking them off—see that they are properly brushed before being put away, or hang them properly?

There is a right and a wrong way to fasten your waist. Fasten base of collar first and then hook waist. Don't put your collar. If you must have it tight work an eyelet in the upper corner of each edge and use a pin through it. This makes them last twice as long. If you have a pretty waist with a lace yoke, don't suspend it from a hanger. Lay it flat on a towel, stuff the sleeves and shoulders with tissue paper, and hook the collar and waist. Hanging it stretches the yoke out of shape, and weakens the thread of the lace so that it will tear easily.

Broken collar bones should be ripped out immediately and renewed. Clean your net collars or yokes by scrubbing with a soft brush and benzine. As benzine is highly inflammable, don't use it near fire or light.

In putting your skirt away, hang it by the loops, running them through hangers. Never hang your coat by the tape sewed on the back of the neck. It gives it an unsightly shape. Hang it evenly balanced on coat hanger.

For your best suit, make a bag of an old sheet, hemming the top and drawing string through it. An old nightdress may do. Keeping dust away from clothes is one of the greatest preservatives known. They will not look brown or rusty.

Watch the lining of your coat. It is sure to slip its stitches at the armholes or shoulder from the constant strain of taking it off and putting it on.

Fine white lingerie blouses or underwear require special handling in cleaning, or they soon wear out. Do not boil them. Steep them first in cold water, and wash in lukewarm soapsuds. If laying has yellowed them, place them in a muslin bag, to prevent rust spots, and boil.

CYNTHIA GREY'S CORRESPONDENTS

Dear Miss Grey: Please give a recipe for pickling small white onions. A READER.

A.—After peeling onions cover with hot brine, using one and one-half cups salt to two quarts of boiling water. Let stand two days. Drain and cover again with brine. Let stand two days. Drain. Make fresh brine, put onions in and boil five minutes. Remove from brine, put in jars with peppercorns, cloves, bits of mace and bay leaves and tiny red peppers. Fill jars with vinegar scalded with sugar—one cup sugar to one gallon vinegar. Seal.

Dear Miss Grey: (1) I am fourteen and have curly golden hair. How shall I arrange it? (2) I have choice of a gift from my father, a watch or a locket. Which shall I accept? (3) What kind of shoes will be worn this winter?

BLUE EYES. A.—(1) Part, roll back at sides and tie with large bow of ribbon at nape of neck, letting the hair hang loosely. (2) A watch would be more useful. (3) Dull kid, high button shoes.

Dear Miss Grey: (1) I have been keeping company with a young man two years. I like him, but he is so jealous, sensitive and suspicious! Is it wise to have such friends? (2) What trimming shall I use for an olive colored mull? (3) I am a brunet. Will that color be becoming?

BRIGHT EYES. A.—(1) Wise? Perhaps not, from a selfish standpoint. Why not try to help him overcome these unfortunate traits? Don't marry him unless you are sure he has conquered, for one of his disposition can bring about much misery in the home. (2) Rose colored and black pipings. (3) Yes.

Dear Miss Grey: "Is it all right to present a boy friend whom I have known for several years, with a Christmas gift? We are not engaged. If all right, please suggest something other than a book or satchel bag." (2) How should boiled eggs be eaten? (3) What do you think of a man who has corresponded regularly with a girl for a long time, then suddenly stops for two months and gives later as his excuse that he "didn't feel like writing a kind, encouraging letter, so remained silent?"

A.—(1) Not unless it's merely a card of greeting or a pretty calendar. (2) If soft, from egg-cups with a spoon. If hard, from one's plate with a fork. (3) That he is tired of the correspondence.

The old, old story, told times without number, and repeated over and over again for the last 35 years, but it is always a welcome story to those in search of health—There is nothing in the world that cures coughs and colds as quickly as Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. Sold by all dealers. 5

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used for over THIRTY YEARS MILLIONS OF MOTHERS for their CHILDREN WHILE TEething, with PERFECT SUCCESS. IT SOOTHES THE GUMS, ALL PAINS, CURES COLIC, AND IS THE BEST REMEDY FOR DIARRHOEA. Sold over the world.

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CAUTION.—Be careful to inclose above illustration and send size of pattern wanted. When the pattern is sent, please send only mark it 22, 34 or whatever it may be. When in waist measure, 22, 34, 36 or whatever it may be. If a skirt, give waist and length measure. When misses' or child's pattern, write only the necessary to write "inches" or "yards." 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.

Perhaps

you have determined to try Red Rose Tea sometime; but have not remembered it when ordering because from force of habit you have thought of the old brand. Next time, just remember



NEVER SOLD IN BULK Your Grocer Will Recommend It 50

A SON OF THE IMMORTALS

BY LOUIS TRACY.

Author of "The Stowaway," "The Message," "The Wings of the Morning," Etc.

Joan buried her face in her hands. The thought came unbidden that in some inexpressible way she should be the famous Seventh Regiment a large measure of responsibility for Alec's dangerous situation. "Mademoiselle is ill. Why trouble her with your silly chatter?" demanded Pauline, angrily. "What the deuce? My name isn't Balaam," retorted Felix. "Nor am I a donkey, monsieur. If it wasn't for you, I might now be happy in my little apartment in the Rue de la Bonne. I keep my ears open, me!"

"I said nothing about your ears, Madame Pauline," retorted Felix. The Frenchwoman's homely features reddened, and a vitriolic reply was only half averted by the ringing of the carriage through a gateway. Joan looked out, and her eyes were moist. "Two guesses two guesses in Delgratz, and I hope they will not quarrel on my account," she said, with a piteous smile that silenced the woman. Pauline's mouth twisted.

"We are not quarrelling, ma belle," he cried. "Pauline thinks I brought you here, whereas your presence is clearly an act of Providence. Being a modest person, I naturally refused to go." If Joan was not utterly bewildered by the whirlwind of events, and more than that, she was not unprepared for the prospect of meeting Prince and Princess Delgratz in the perhaps unwelcome guise of their wife and affianced daughter. Though it is probable that no girl of Joan's candid nature would ever guess the suspicion widely maturing in the palace, she believed in the Pole's acute brain.

For Captain Drakovich, the officer who led the body of men to the ride to the King's aid, had told him that a waiter, John Sobieski by name, had arrived breathless at the palace, and that he had many minutes before the actual alarm was given. Sobieski had sobbed out some incoherent words about the King and the Seventh Regiment; but Prince Michael, who was in the courtyard, snapped up the man immediately, bidding him hold his tongue, and hurrying him inside the building. Once there, Sobieski became more confused than ever. Prince Michael obviously regarded him as a crazy rumor-monger until Nesimir appeared. The latter, by reason of his local knowledge, instantly appreciated the true significance of an attack on the King in a crowded thoroughfare by a gang whom Sobieski was sure he had identified correctly.

Nevertheless, precious time had been consumed by the elder Delgratz's interference. The President acted with promptitude, but the outcome was clear. If it had not been for Bosko, the King must have fallen. "God!" vowed Drakovich, in his emphatic story to Felix, "there were we jumping about smoking cigarettes, while his Majesty was in danger! To be in pieces! A nice state of affairs! If you weren't here, the King would have been taken back to you."

"Better not mention it in public," was Pauline's advice. "The fact of the matter is, the resultant disaster would make Prince Michael seriously ill. Moreover, such things grow in the telling, and the story will be traced back to you."

The other had agreed, and Felix followed his own counsel by withholding from Joan all knowledge of the unpleasant mishap that had nearly cost the lives of the King and his companions in the besieged hotel. But his thoughts were busy, and when he found Sobieski detained in the entrance hall, he considered Joan and her maid to the care of a servant, briefly explaining that they were to be taken to the Princess Delgratz, and forthwith questioned his fellow-countryman.

Sobieski was quaking with fear. The scornful disbelief expressed by Prince Michael had disconcerted him at the beginning, and now he was practically under arrest until his confession to the outrage was investigated officially. One of Stampo's messengers had already announced the King's safety, and the time Sobieski must have become the unattractive Prince Michael took him to be that then, my hat then, they did not credit your tale, I hear," said Felix gently, and the sound of his voice drove away the misery from the waiter's pallid cheeks.

"It was my fault, monsieur. I ran so fast that I lost my breath, and the gentleman could not understand me."

"Ah, is that it? Did you speak English?"

"No, no, monsieur. I always speak Serbian here."

"And what did you say?"

"Just what you told me to say—that the King was in danger and that the President was to send troops instantly to the Prince Michael's aid. Then the old gentleman, he whom they call Prince Michael, came up and said he did not believe a word of it."

"Mon Dieu! He understood you, it appears."

"Perhaps not, monsieur. I made a hash of it, especially when I told him Monsieur Poluski sent me."

"Sure you mentioned that?"

"Quite sure, monsieur. It was then he ordered me inside the house. The mention of your name seemed to annoy him. For a little while he could say nothing but 'Poluski! Poluski! Is he in?' I swore you had nothing to do with the plot, monsieur, but had acted throughout as the King's friend, then he stormed at me again, and called me a blockhead for coming to the palace with such a mad story. He asked me what I thought would have been the consequence if the Princess heard me, and I said I knew nothing about any Princess. I was only quite sure the King would be slain if someone did not hasten to his rescue."

"But someone had more sense, someone listened?" said Felix dryly. "Ah, yes," then the President came down, the stairs Prince Michael went to meet him, laughing all the time at my romancing, as he called it. But I shouted out, being quite desperate, that Monsieur Nesimir heard me. Of course by that time I was in such a state that my knees shook. I was certain the King would be found dead, and perhaps you, monsieur, and then would there be no one to prove that I was not mixed up in the affair, so people would think I ran to the palace in order to tell my own story, nearly dropped with fear, feeling that so many minutes were being lost, and that mine was more serious than ever when I was answering Monsieur Nesimir's questions."

Sobieski's own face exhibited no more emotion than if he was a graven image, but his voice was sympathetic. "At any rate, everything has ended happily, friend," said the King, smiling. "You did your duty, and you will find him not ungrateful of your services. By whose order are you detained here?"

The excited waiter began to stammer. "I don't know, monsieur, I intended for me and have me set at liberty, or I shall lose my situation if it gets about that I have been arrested. My patron will have nothing to do with politics. He says his business is to sell beer and coffee and all parties are equally fond of his goods."

Felix, who was already being eyed askance by the presidential hangers-on in the entrance hall, returned to the courtyard and appealed to the officer in charge of the escort. A brief conversation with the official elicited the fact that Sobieski awaited Prince Michael's commands.

Then bring Prince Michael here," said Poluski.

"Monsieur!" An astounded flunky could say no more; but this impudent hunchback was long in coming. Felix?

"Exactly, Monsieur Felix Poluski wishes to see his Excellency at once. Tell him it will be his own fault if he is late. The lackey was forced to yield, and, much to his surprise, Prince Michael did not object. He was actually waiting for imperative summons. An expression of annoyance flitted across his florid features when he learned the fact that Sobieski awaited Prince Michael's commands."

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DENY STORY Germans Say British Dreadnoughts Will Not Change Their Plans.

London, Oct. 30.—The Berlin newspapers ignore a story published in England that the German dreadnoughts have been retarded by the discovery of the intention of the British admiralty to mount a new 13.5-inch gun, which weighs 86 tons and discharges a projectile of 1,200 pounds on her last six Dreadnoughts provided for in her naval programme of 1909-10 and on all the five ships of the programme of 1910-11.

In well informed circles in Berlin, says a dispatch, the story is denied. No definite information on this point is obtainable, and it is unlikely that any statement for publication will be made, as such matters are invariably treated with the strictest secrecy, and any attempt to unveil this secrecy constitutes treason.

WORLD'S CHAMPION TYPEWRITER.

New York, Oct. 29.—The world's championship speed typewriting contest, which was held in Madison Square Gardens last night was won by H. O. Blaisdell. All previous records were broken, Blaisdell averaging 109 words a minute for an hour, copying from unfamiliar matter. Miss Rose L. Fritz, for years champion, did not enter the contest.

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ALL DRUGGISTS Try Vapo-Cresolene Anti-cough Syrup. It cures you. It is the best remedy for the irritated throat, whooping cough, croup, asthma, and all other respiratory troubles. It is a powerful expectorant and relieves cough at once. It is a boon to the sufferer from asthma. The air rendered strongly antiseptic, soothes every breath, makes breathing easy, soothes the sore throat and stops the cough, ensuring restful sleep. It is invaluable to mothers with young children. Send postal for descriptive booklet. 200

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Makers of the famous "2 in 1" Shoe Polish.

THE POSTMASTER SICK FOR YEARS

BUT HE FOUND PERMANENT RELIEF IN DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS.

Mr. John Nolan Had Backache, Nervousness and Rheumatism, But Cured Them So They Didn't Come Back.

Point La Nix, Restigouche Co., N. B., Oct. 31 (Special).—That as a renewer of youth Dodd's Kidney Pills has no equal is the experience of John Nolan, the veteran postmaster of this place. Sixty years of age but still strong and healthy, Mr. Nolan declares he owes his health to the great Canadian Kidney Remedy, Dodd's Kidney Pills.

"For ten years I was a sufferer with Backache, Nervousness and Rheumatism," says the postmaster. "I was so bad at times that I was confined to my bed. I felt heavy and sleepy after meals, had flashes of light before my eyes and had difficulty in collecting my thoughts. After using several medicines without benefit I began to take Dodd's Kidney Pills, taking in all fifteen boxes. That was four years ago, and though I stopped taking the pills two years ago, I have had no return of my trouble."

Backache, Nervousness and Rheumatism are all caused by diseased Kidneys. To cure them to stay cured you must cure the Kidneys with Dodd's Kidney Pills.

KEEP YOUR KIDNEYS CLEAN

HYGIENICALLY

NO CAUSTIC OR ACIDS IN

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See full directions and many uses on large Sifter-Can 10¢

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TOOTH AND TOILET PREPARATIONS fifteen in the family, all good

AFTER SUFFERING TEN YEARS

Cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

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I suffered for ten years with serious female troubles, inflammation, ulceration, indigestion, nervousness, and could not sleep. Doctors gave me up, as they said my troubles were chronic. I was in despair, and did not care whether I lived or died, when I read about Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound; so I began to take it, and am well again and relieved of all my suffering. —MRS. GEORGE JORDY, Box 40, Marlton, N.J.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from native roots and herbs, contains no narcotics or harmful drugs, and to-day holds the record for the largest number of actual cures of female diseases we know of, and thousands of voluntary testimonials are on file in the Pinkham laboratory at Lynn, Mass., from women who have been cured from almost every form of female complaint, inflammation, ulceration, displacements, fibroid tumors, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, indigestion and nervous prostration. Every suffering woman owes it to herself to give Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a trial.

If you would like special advice about your case write a confidential letter to Mrs. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass. Her advice is free, and always helpful.

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For making soap, softening water, removing old paint, disinfecting sinks, closets, drains and for many other purposes. A can equals 20 lbs. SAL SODA.

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