

The Ground Floor

Wherein We Take The Reader Into Our Confidence



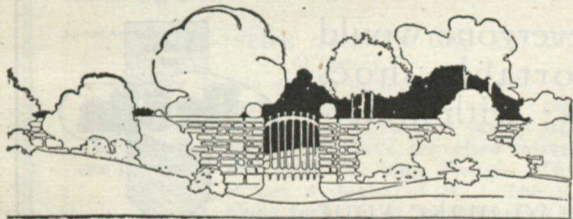
They Nailed Him To A Cross!

"WHO is he?" was the burning question asked by every soldier. They called him "The One Who Comes Alone," for nobody knew who he was or whence he came, this brave and simple soldier of the Allied Cause. With eyes that seemed to look ever beyond, he moved among his comrades, ever present under fire, helping, healing, soothing and serving. Mystery and fame of him spread abroad, even among the gray-green Huns. The Imperial Command at Berlin placed a princely ransom on his head. His capture brought him into the presence of His Satanic Majesty, the Kaiser—and when his comrades found him—they wrote his revenge in letters of fire and blood.

Who he was and what he was is the startling and amazing narrative of this realistic and vivid story "The One Who Comes Alone," by Edith J. Craine. It appears complete in the October issue.

Suppose Your Mother Wandered Away!

AND one day, after many weeks of weary searching, she was found in a public institution? That's what happened to Augusta. Then a cold-hearted official told her that she would not be allowed to take her mother home unless she (Augusta) were married. Now, Augusta had been brought up to believe people married for love, and when Jimmy, a reporter who boarded with them, suggested that she marry him, Augusta was in despair, because she did not love Jimmy. Besides, she was a Catholic, and he was not. But the law said she must be married to secure her mother's release. Of course, it did not matter that Jimmy could barely support himself—law is law, you know. Now, Augusta loved her mother more than anything else in the world, and so the law gave Augusta back her mother, and Life gave her all the care and support of the poor, mentally deranged mother and a husband with one lung. And although the gates of life seemed forever shut to anything but care and sorrow and anxiety for Augusta, she kept her vision high above her troubles until Love opened wide the gates, and Augusta and Jimmy and Donohue set forth along the happy, out-of-door trail that led them both to the "Hills of Desire." Start this delightful serial by Richard Maher in October.



She Was Horrified When—

WELL, when her dearest friend told her she was plainly growing old. Now, growing old is largely a matter of health, and sensible folks who desire to avoid "the handwriting on the wall" will do well to heed the timely warning contained in the article on beauty culture, coming in October, and entitled "New Exercises for Health and Beauty."

Did He Go Away and Forget Her?

TWENTY years he had searched for his ideal woman, and in one hour of his soldier's leave in Paris he found her,—only to lose her as suddenly as he had met her. Did he go away and forget? Well, he was a Canadian officer, and she was a charming maid of Paris. In this number of "A Paris Incident" Frederick Hawes proves conclusively that it was love at first sight, and to find love and then lose it—well, the October number will tell whether or not he went away and forgot her. The ending is a bit unusual, but very satisfying. This don't-miss-it two-part serial is concluded with the October issue.

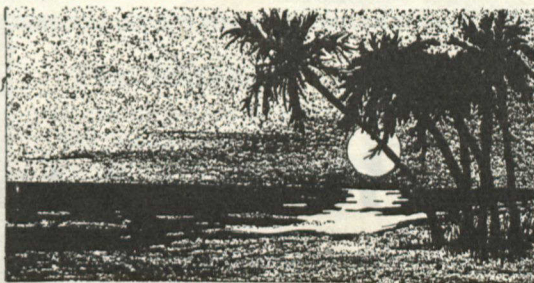
What Good is a Buttonhole Without a Button?

LIKEWISE what good is a laid-aside or cast-off garment without ways and means for making it serviceable and of use again?

The efficient make-over department of Everywoman's World will always "button-up" with your needs and requirements for making over and changing the style of any garment or hat.

Why Did She Lie To Him?

WAS it the witching spell of a Hawaiian beach bathed in magic moonlight, or was it an airy adventure along the highways of romance, that intrigued the chivalry of a conventionally correct young Englishman and caused him to fall blindly in love with slim, flower-crowned Kealoha, a half-cast Hawaiian maid? Drifting side by side through a velvety sea, conversing in halting, pidgin English of the island, was it strange that romance and reality should merge into one? Many a lad has laughed



lightly at love and whispered consolingly to himself, "I'll never see her again," and Lewis yielded gaily to his moment of moon-madness, saying likewise, "I'll never see her again." But he did, and most unexpectedly, too, for when a man finds both romance and the maid confronting him from a socially-correct tea-party—well, naturally, he—

No one could conceive a more thrilling answer to such a fascinating tale than Fanny Heaslip Lea in "The Moon of Nanakuli," complete in October.

Mary Pickford to You

A CHARMING message, over her own signature, is Mary Pickford's gift to you. With every copy of "Little Mary's" latest photo-play, "Daddy Long Legs," you may secure the facsimile autograph of the world's most famous moving picture artist. Mary Pickford's autograph in the moving picture edition of "Daddy Long Legs" is a possession worth having. Full particulars are given on page 45, telling you how you may secure both the book and autograph.

Stop Forgetting

THIS is not a memory advertisement. It is just a reminder. Everyone knows a good memory is a valuable possession, but not everyone possesses a good memory. Hence the reminder to use the renewal coupon below. It is here for your personal use.

Paris and Return

IF it had been meant for the human race to confine themselves to the deadly dull and drab of the old Puritan belief, a wise Nature would have provided us all with a permanent fur coat or feathers. But Nature left us to our own resources, to fashion our own clothes. Just as we have architects to design our homes, so must we have artists to design our gowns. And ever and always the eyes of the world turn to Paris, the super-city of fashion creations. Every woman may develop the latent charm of her own colours and lines through the fashion service of Everywoman's World, presenting the famous Pictorial Review Fashions. The latest fashion whisper in Paris is the first to be heard and offered to our readers through the "Paris and Return" fashion service of Everywoman's World.



Come Out of the Kitchen

AND spend more time in play—in just doing the things you want to do. Don't spend long, hot hours over a steaming stove, or worrying over what to eat three times a day, or wondering what on earth you will serve for unexpected guests, that will fill the bill and still be easy to prepare. Our Food Editor has five pages monthly that meet just such emergencies. Menus for each meal of the week, with simple rules for preparing; a marketing guide that reduces the problem of buying meat to a simple chart; household economies, labour-saving short cuts, and almost any household problem will be answered in advance for you. Come out of the kitchen, and just make friends with the Household Department of Everywoman's World.



That Was The Life!

THAT was the life when great-grandmother put the family baking for a whole week into the deep throat of the old-time brick oven. A close-up of the ultra modern electric kitchen, with all its labour-saving conveniences, would have convinced great-grandmother that she was "seeing things." No labour strikes troubled the old spinning wheel of great-grandmother's day, with its lazy whirr and hum, and the toil of securing a dozen or so yards of thread, so easily replaced by the giant spinning frames that reel off millions of yards in our mills to-day.

That was the life—drawing water from the old-fashioned well-sweep, carrying it up the old worn path, making a dozen or more trips a day, little dreaming of pipe lines that would bring water with a mere turn of the wrist. Now, young 1920 might not consider that treading the stately measure of the minuet could compare with tripping the light and fantastic toe through the mazes of the latest fox-trot to canned music. Yet that was the life as it was lived less than 100 years ago.

This vitally interesting topic will be presented as a Pictorial feature in October, under the heading, "The Good Old Times and Now." It is a feature you'll not want to miss.

Secretary of Everywoman's Book and Music Club,
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See page 55 for this month's List.

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Vol. XI. MARY M. MURPHY, Editor-in-Chief
No. 3 Associate Editors: JEAN BLEWETT, KATHERINE M. CALDWELL, HELEN CORNELIUS

Entered as second-class matter, at the post office, Toronto, Ont. Entered as second-class matter, Sept. 23, 1915, at the post office, Buffalo, N.Y., under the Act of Congress of March 3, 1879.



Trade Mark Registered 1913, Department of Agriculture, at Ottawa, by Continental Publishing Co., Limited, Toronto, Ontario, Magazine and Book Publishers.

MEMBER AUDIT BUREAU OF CIRCULATIONS
Published the First of Each Month by
Continental Publishing Company, Limited, Toronto, Canada
Publishers also of "Everywoman's Storekeeper" and "Everywoman's Needlecraft Companion"

Sept. 1919

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