

THE WOMAN'S CORNER

DOROTHY'S CALENDAR



When Dorothy smiles, 'tis sweetest
June;
Lark and linnet are all attune;
Bee in clover, and daisy white,
Whisper her name in fond delight.



When Dorothy frowns, the skies are
grey;
'Tis chill November instead of May;
Shadows lie over vale and hill,
And whippoorwill cry, "Poor Will,
poor Will."



When Dorothy frowns and smiles to-
gether,
Then I know it is April weather;
But I care naught what the weather
is,
If she frowns on the world, but smiles
on me.

DAILY MENU

BREAKFAST.
Grapes.
Fried Smelts. Baked Potatoes.
Oatmeal Muffins.
Coffee.

LUNCHEON.
Salmon Croquettes. Rolls.
Dressed Lettuce.
Peaches and Cream.
Tea.

DINNER.
Bean Soup.
Broiled Steak. Potatoes en Surprise.
Brussels Sprouts.
Swiss Pudding. Cafe Noir.

MEN MONOPOLIZE COMBS IN CEYLON.



The native men of Ceylon, where the tea comes from, wear combs in their coiffures. They adopted combs along with other civilized attributes, regardless of original use as to sex. But because the Cingalese men have taken this woman's privilege to themselves doesn't mean that they have handed over any of their privileges to the women in return. Not yet!

CYNTHIA GREY'S CORRESPONDENTS

Dear Miss Grey: I am only 17, and although my general health seems good, there are dark circles under my eyes. How can these be removed?

JUNIOR.
A.—Improve your intestinal digestion. Eat less fatty, sweet, rich and meat foods. Eat plain bread and potatoes, with fresh fruits and vegetables, stewed vegetables, and one egg daily. Bathe the eyes in alternate hot and cold water once or twice a day.

Dear Miss Grey: In sending a souvenir postcard to a recent acquaintance, what salutation is proper? Should a girl sign her given name? Where should the address go? R. E. A.—"Greetings from" on first line, your full name just below at right, and the address on next line below at left.

Dear Miss Grey: I am only 12, am tall and thin, and wear No. 7 shoe. What kind of shoe will my feet look smallest in? I have a green felt hat. In what colors shall I trim it for fall?

THANKFUL.
A.—1. Since you are slender your feet are probably narrow, and you should wear narrow shoes, with rather low and broad heels. Don't trim it about the size of your feet—they look better larger than if they were too small. There's an old saying, "Large feet, keen wit. Small feet, little brain." Let that comfort you. 2. Trim it in wide satin ribbon, with very large bow. The ribbon should be but a shade darker than the hat.

Dear Miss Grey: 1. What will kill cutworms? 2. What is the first marriage anniversary? A READER.
A.—Wherever vegetation is killed, light up worms and kill with hoe all you can find. Then mix par green with middlings, using just enough of the par green to slightly color the later. Add a very little water to it and scatter about the infested places. 2. Cotton.

CHURCH PROPERTY IN NEW YORK.

In New York Episcopal places of worship are worth \$25,830,000; Presbyterian, \$14,400,000; Methodist, \$10,600,000; Baptist, \$9,400,000; Reformed, \$7,900,000; Lutheran, \$6,300,000, and Congregational, \$4,260,000. The value of church property in New York is \$183,953,740, exclusive of parsonages, hospitals and asylums. The debts in New York are \$19,062,419, or about 12.3 per cent. Boston has invested in churches \$27,000,000, with debts of 7 per cent of their value. Chicago has the same sum invested, with 15 1/2 per cent debts; Baltimore, \$14,000,000, with debts of 10 1/2 per cent; Philadelphia, \$6,000,000, with 9 per cent debts; and Washington, \$10,000,000, with 10 1/2 per cent debts.—The Christian Herald.

Beaver cloth toques and turbans, either self or velvet trimmed, will be extensively seen this fall and winter.

"I'll Tell Papa!" Said Sonny

What Grandmother Did Then Was Sufficiency—A Little Talk on Boy Management by Cynthia Grey.

Father was a commercial traveller and seldom at home. Consequently his eight-year-old son was to him the most marvellous boy he'd ever seen. He couldn't understand how HE, with all his shortcomings, ever had the luck to be "father" to a boy like his.

When mother saw fit to chide this prodigy, father was horrified. Of course, MOTHER knew just how vexatious sonny could be occasionally during the days that father was away, but father only knew him at his best. Mother had a sneaking belief that she wasn't firm enough with her small boy, but it was easier to drift—and so it went on.

To sonny, father was a never-failing source of interest. What wonderful tales of the big world he could tell! And then, too, father appreciated HIM! So sonny WAS an "angel child" while he was being so delightfully entertained. What child wouldn't be?

Well, sonny soon discovered that father didn't approve when mother scolded, and he was cunning enough to make the best of it—for he DID hate to be corrected! So he laid for mother, and the next time she rebuked him he astounded her by whispering, "I'll tell papa on you!" Mother immediately surrendered and smothered the youngster with caresses, saying to herself, "Maybe I AM too severe with the child."

This trump card he used more and more, often with telling effect on mother, but his day of reckoning came. After grandmother, papa's mother, had overheard it a time or two, she was so disgusted that she calmly laid the youngster over her knee one day and administered a thorough and complete spanking.

"There!" she exclaimed. "Tell your pa that his mother gave you just what you deserved!" To mother she said, for her blood was up: "You are really to blame, daughter, for you should have settled him the very first time he threatened to tattletale. Boys are really naturally chivalrous, and that trait is a good foundation to work on. Children are so easily spoiled. If you would just make sonny feel that he is your protector—that he is the man of the house while father is away—it would be the making of him. Appeal to his latent sense of responsibility, talk with him, reason with him, and I'll wager he'll not threaten you again. On the contrary, he'll soon be telling the children what a dandy chum mother is and how he is taking care of her."

And wasn't grandmother right? I'm sure of it. The sooner the facility for doing things and the accompanying sense of responsibility for the doing are taught children, the more firmly will a love of the duties become a part of their characters.

Wise mothers will begin at the cradle to adopt this theory to the mental, moral and physical uplift of their little ones. Every child is born with a wonderful instinct for good in its heart, and the mother's power to stimulate this natural desire is almost immeasurable.

Look Out For The Advertiser's New Story

The opening chapter will appear on this page Saturday, Oct. 1.

The title of the new story is "THE SON OF THE IMMORTALS." The author of the new story is Louis Tracy, who wrote "The Wings of the Morning," "The King of Diamonds" and other popular stories. A new Tracy story is an event in the publishing world, and the newspaper that gets it is fortunate.

Watch for the first instalment in The Advertiser on Saturday.

FASHIONS

The drum-shaped muff, much larger, though, than the shape our grandmothers carried, will be one of the fashions of the coming season.

Girdles and belts of satin are again fashionable for dresses of crepe or marquisette. They are fastened at the left side in front and finished with only one long streamer caught at hem of skirt.

Because of the popularity of all shades of grey, there is again the return to fashion of cup steel. Many of the designs are copies of those worn in the eighteenth century. Pendants, buttons, buckles, bag charms and slides to wear on velvet throatelets are among the novelties.

Street shoes of calfskin and even of patent leather will be severely tailored with plain-stitched seams, and with only the smallest of eyelet holes. The evening slippers and pumps will be as elaborate as the individual taste and purse will warrant. They will be made of velvet, satin, kid and suede, and will be decorated with fancy rosettes of ribbon, tulle or flowers.

Girdles of satin, taffeta and moire ribbons are seen on street and fancy gowns that have just arrived from Paris. The favorite arrangement is in pleated form, with long ends reaching almost to the knee and laid in fine pleats. These are caught together several inches above the ends with a covered buckle or passementerie ornament, or at the very end, in which case a tassel or padded pendant ornament is attached. Frequently the pleated ribbon is knotted near the end.

Narrow black velvet ribbons are used in several rows as edge trimmings on afternoon gowns, while velvet ribbon, from one to two inches wide, in light colors, is used for the same purpose on evening gowns of satin or chiffon.

When a Man Marries

By Mary Roberts Rinehart.

Copyrighted, 1910, Bobbs-Merrill Co. Mr. Harbison went out, muttering something about a storm coming up, and seeing that the tent was secure. Betty Mercer went with him. She had been at his heels all evening, and called him "son" on every possible occasion. Indeed, she made no secret of it. She said that she was mad about him, and that she would love to live in South America and have an Indian squaw for a lady's maid, and sit out on the verandah in the shooting across the sky, and eat tropical fruit from the quaint Indian pottery. She was not even daunted when Dal told her the Southern Cross did not shoot, and that the food was probably canned corn on tin dishes.

So Betty went with him. She wore a pale yellow dinner gown, with just a sophisticated touch of black here and there, and cut modestly square in the neck. Her shoulders are scrawny. And Mr. Harbison and she—Aunt Selma announced that the next day was Monday, after they were gone—not her shoulders, clothing with her, and that no policeman who ever swung a mace should wash her. She paused a moment, but nobody offered to do it. Anne was reading De Maupassant under cover of a table, and the rest pretended not to hear. After a pause Aunt Selma got up heavily and went upstairs, coming down soon after with a bundle covered with a green shawl, and with a white brilliantine stocking training for an opening in it. She paused at the library door, surveyed the inmates, caught my unlucky eye and beckoned to me with a relentless forefinger.

"We can put them to soak tonight," she confided to me, "and tomorrow they will be quite simple to wear. After a lace to speak of—Dal raised his eyebrows and very little measure. "Aunt Selma and I went to the laundry. It never occurred to anyone that Bella should have gone; she had stepped into all my privileges—such as they were—and assumed none of my obligations. Aunt Selma and I went to the laundry to develop from little ones. In this case it was a bar of soap. And if Flannigan had used as much soap as he should have instead of washing up the kitchen floor with

cold dishwater, it would have developed sooner. The two most unexpected events of the whole quarantine occurred that night at the same time, one on the roof and one in the cellar. The cellar one, although curious, was not so serious as the other, so it comes first. I met Betty in the laundry and proceeded to dress her like a vegetable. She threw in a handful of salt, some kerosene oil and a bit of ammonia. The result was villainous, but after she tasted it—she sniffed it—she said it needed a bar of soap cut up to give it strength—or flavor—and I went into the storeroom.

The laundry soap was in a box. I took in silver fork, for I hated to touch the stuff, and subbed a brush successfully in the semi-darkness. Then I carried it to the storeroom and dropped it on the table. Aunt Selma had been at the work with disgust; then we both looked at the soap. It was covered with round holes that curved around on each other like a coiled snake.

"Is Mr. Harbison there?" she asked breathlessly. "I left him on the roof and he hasn't come down. He had disappeared. He—he doesn't seem to be in the house." She tried to laugh, but her voice was shaky. "He couldn't have got down without passing me, anyhow," she supplemented. "I suppose I'm silly, but so many queer things have happened, Kit."

"He wouldn't worry, Betty," I soothed her. "He is big enough to take care of himself. And with the best intentions in the world, you can't have him all the time, you know."

She was too much startled to be indignant. She followed me into the library. I was so excited, and then every-where the necktie had been and marmoset, and Max examined all the bars of soap.

Mr. Harbison did not appear. Max commented on the fact caustically, but he had up. And so, Anne hugged her pearls, and Aunt Selma having put a final seasoning of washing powder on the tub, we all went upstairs to bed. It had been a long day, and the morning would at least bring bright.

I was almost ready for bed when Jim tapped at my door. I had been very cool to him since the night in the library when I was publicly asked and married, and he was almost cringing when I opened my door.

"What is it now?" I asked, cruelly. "Has Bella tired of it already, or has somebody else a rash?" "Don't be a shrew, Kit," he said. "I don't want you to do anything. I only—when did you see Harbison last?" "If you haven't seen the last of him yet," I said. "Then I saw him last night."

"Why? Is he missing?" "He isn't anywhere in the house. Dal and I have been over every inch of it." "Max had come up, in a dressing-gown, and was watching me insolently," he said. "I'm sorry, Kit, to nip the little romance in the bud. The fellow was crazy about you—there's no doubt of it. But I've been watching him from the beginning, and I think I'm upheld. Whether he went down the back stairs or across a board to the next house—"

"I—I dislike him intensely," I said angrily, but you would not dare to say that to his face. He could strangle you with one hand."

"Max laughed disagreeably. "Well, I only hope he is gone," he threw at me over his shoulder. "I wouldn't want to be responsible to your father if he had stayed." I was speechless with wrath.

They went away then, and I could hear them going over the house. At one o'clock Jim went up to bed, the last, and Mr. Harbison had not been found. I did not see how they could go to bed at all. If he had escaped, then Max was right and the whole thing was heart-breaking. And if he had not, then he might be lying—"

I got up and dressed. The odd part of the night had been cloudy, but when I got to the roof it was clear starlight. The wind blew through the electric wires strung across and set them singing. The occasional beat of a belated automobile on the drive below came up to me raucously. The tent gleamed, a starlit ghost of itself, and

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the boxwoods bent in the breeze. I went over to the parapet and leaned my elbows on it. I had done the same thing so often before, I had carried all my times of stress so infallibly to that particular place that instinctively my feet turned there.

And there in the starlight I went over the whole serio-comedy, and I loathed my part in it. He had been perfectly right to be angry with me and with all of us. And I had been a hypocrite and a Pharisee, and had thanked God that I was not as other people, when the fact was that I was worse than the worst. And although it wasn't denied to think of him going down the drain pipe, still—no one could blame him for wanting to get away from us, as he was quite muscular enough to do it.

I was in the depths of self-abasement when I heard a sound behind me. It was a long breath, quite audible, that ended in a groan. I gripped the parapet and listened, while my heart pounded, and in a minute it came again.

I was terribly frightened. Then—I don't know how I did it, but I was across the roof, kneeling beside the tent, where it stood against the chimney. And there, lying prone among the flowers, I was almost entirely hidden, was the man we had been looking for.

His head was toward me, and I reached out shakingly and touched his face. It was cold, and my hand, when I drew it back, was covered with blood.

CHAPTER XXII

It Was Delirium.

I was sure he was dead. He did not move, and when I caught his hands and called him frantically he did not hear me. So, with the horror over me, I half fell down the stairs and roused Jim in the studio.

They all came with lights and blankets, and they carried him into the tent and put him on the couch and tried to put whiskey in his mouth. But he could not swallow. And the silence became more and more ominous until finally Anne got hysterical and cried, "He is dead! dead!" and collapsed on the roof.

But he was not. Just as the lights, in the tent began to have red strings around them and Jim's voice came from away across the river, somebody said, "There, he swallowed that," and soon after he opened his eyes. He muttered something that sounded like "Andean pinnacles" and lapsed into unconsciousness again. But he was not dead! He was not dead!

When the doctor came they made a stretcher out of one of Jim's six-foot canvases—it had a picture on it, and Jim was angry enough the next day—and took him down to the studio. We made it as much like a sick-room as we could, and we tried to make him comfortable. But he lay without opening his eyes, and at last the doctor brought a consultant and a trained nurse.

The nurse was an offensively capable person. She put us all out, and scolded Anne for lighting Japanese incense in the room—although Anne explained that it is very reviving. And she said that it was unnecessary to have a dozen people breathing up all the oxygen and asphyxiating the patient. She was good-looking, too. I disliked her at once. Anyone could see by the way she took his pulse—just letting his poor hand hang, without any support—that she was a purely mechanical creature, without heart.

Well, as I said before, she put us all out and shut the door, and asked us not to whisper outside. Then, too, she refused to allow any flowers in the room, although Betty had got a florist out of bed

to order some.

The consultant came, stayed an hour, and left. Aunt Selma, who proved herself a trump in that trying time, way-

laid him in the hall, and he said it might be a fractured skull, although it was probably only concussion.

To Be Continued.

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