

Cynthia Grey and EVERY WOMAN'S PAGE

THE GUSHERS

[By M. E. G.]

To be "à la mode" nowadays, it seems one must enthuse. This is very well, especially if we enthuse over that which is good and wholesome. But the point is, how can one get worked up to the proper degree of enthusiasm over a subject of which one knows or comprehends practically nothing? Yet some people do it and it is counted to them for cleverness. How they manage remains a mystery.

Take, for instance, the field of art. By acquiring a superficial knowledge of famous paintings and a few stock phrases of criticism or commendation, these people can talk as much art, if not more, than the most thorough student of the subject. All they have to do is to enthuse properly! Again, to some of us a concert completely composed of classical music is about as pleasing and easily understood as a lecture in the Chinese tongue. If we are beguiled into attending such a concert I fear we unschooled ones are more occupied in studying the dresses and coiffures of the feminine portion of the audience than in trying to appreciate the performance of the pianist or soloist. Yes, it is regrettable, I know, but why not be frank about it? Yet as one leaves the concert hall, comments of "admirable technique" and "voice of excellent compass" drift to one's ears from people who, one perfectly well knows have neither understood or appreciated the programme. Because it is style, and "their set" favors classical music these dear people will enthuse and gush, although in their inmost hearts they are bored almost to death. It was really quite refreshing in the face of so many platitudes and pretences to hear, as I did the other day, a man candidly admit that "he couldn't understand that classical stuff, and that rag-time was more in his line." However, let us hope that these devotees to the fine arts are really in pursuit of what is elevating and inspiring, and that they may realize their desires in the end.

Cynthia Grey's Correspondence

Going to the Ball.
Dear Miss Grey—Though a man, I read with interest your page, and have received valuable information often, and would like you to answer a question for me. I am presenting flowers to a lady for a ball to which you are going with her, when should they be given?

2. When one's lady friend comes in from an outside town to attend a function with him, should he pay her railway expenses?

Thanking you for past favors and in advance for future ones, I am yours truly,

AVEC SOUCL

A—1. Have the florist send them to her address in the afternoon preceding the ball. Your card should accompany them.

2. No. You should pay her current expenses, such as cab or carfare, etc., but she pays her own way coming and going.

To Dye Dress.

Dear Miss Grey—Please answer the following questions: 1. Can a rayon's wing dress be dyed? 2. If so, what kind of dye should be used? 3. Can velvet be dyed? 4. Whose picture is in your piece "Beauty of the West"? A. V. E.

A—1. Yes, get a package of reliable make at your drug store.

2. No.

3. That is a business secret. I'd tell you if I could.

Going to Theatre.

Dear Miss Grey: I am a young man in moderate circumstances. I have a pleasant and comfortable car. I have a few friends in Toronto and Hamilton. In taking a young lady of the house to the theatre, should I telephone for a cab, or is it good form to use the street cars? When the show

is over, should we go to a restaurant for supper? If this is the correct thing would you kindly tell me what I should order to make up a nice little supper, without wine? Also what is the customary tip to the waiter?

"SMALL-TOWN JACK."
Street cars are largely used, although if the lady is in full dress a cab is preferable.

After-theatre suppers are pleasant, but not an absolute necessity. If the lady is very young a chaperone should be present.

You will have to select your supper from the menu of the restaurant. The waiter will readily suggest the best dishes.

Fifty cents at the most.

Have You This Recipe?

Dear Miss Grey: Would you please give me recipe for old-fashioned sponge cake? H. W.

A—A. I don't know. Can any reader oblige H. W.?

Kerosene for Hair.

Dear Miss Grey: 1. Will you kindly tell me if kerosene will make the hair grow, or if it is in any way harmful to the scalp? I have known of several people who have obtained good results using it, and they have not had very much hair loss. I have heard people say that it is apt to burn the hair and cause it to fall out.

2. Will you also kindly advise some remedy to whiten the throat? I have tried bleaching with peroxide of hydrogen, but have not had very successful results; but perhaps on account of not having continued its use long enough. However, please tell me if it will actually cause a dark circle around the neck caused by wearing dark-colored, high collars, to disappear. A. E. C.

If used in moderate quantities, it will not injure the scalp, but I do not advise its use. This formula is a good hair-grower: One-half ounce white vaseline, mixed with a quarter of an ounce of boracic acid.

2. The peroxide should be efficacious in bleaching, but it is apt to dry the skin too much if used steadily. A skin too much dried contains nothing harmful is the following: Almond meal, 4 ounces; pure honey, 2 ounces; bleaching of soda, 1/2-ounce; almond oil, 1 ounce; alcohol, 1 ounce; boracic acid, 1/2 ounce. Mix all together, and spread over the neck and covered with a piece of cheesecloth. After several hours wash off with olive oil, and then with warm water and a good soap.

Superfluous Hair.

Dear Miss Grey: I have been reading your column for some time past, but have not asked you any questions, although I have profited considerably by your answers to others. I now venture to ask a question, which I hope will not inconvenience you any. Would you kindly tell me what will remove superfluous hair permanently from the face and neck?

A—Electrical treatment by a reliable specialist is the surest way, but it costs a great deal. Almost every beauty doctor advises the use of peroxide of hydrogen. This bleaches the hair, thus making it less noticeable, and its continuous daily use for eight or ten months finally kills the roots, and prevents the disfiguring growth.

Mock Cherry Pie.

One cup of cherries cut in halves (pour water on them to wash out seeds), one-half cup of seedless raisins chopped up, small cup of sugar, one tablespoon of flour, one cup of boiling water. Mix all together, and cook about five minutes, or until flour is brown and mixture is thick, then add one teaspoon only of vanilla, then put in pie.

BABY'S HEALTH IN WINTER

During the winter months the mother finds it very difficult to keep her little ones well. Colds come on quickly and the discomfort to the baby affects the whole household. To keep baby well during the winter he should be warmly clothed, have a daily bath, lots of fresh air, and Baby's Own Tablets should be given him occasionally to keep his little bowels working regularly, as nothing will bring on colds so quickly as a clogged condition of the bowels. Baby's Own Tablets are the best medicine a mother can give her little ones. They break up colds, cure constipation and indigestion, expel worms and make baby bright and happy. The Tablets are sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont.

Persian Kittens Bring Large Income To This Busy Young Woman



MRS. T. B. BLOSSOM.

Here is a fairy story with Persian cats as the good fairies and a substantial pot of gold at the end of the tale. For the woman with time, some business ability and a desire for money the way is open to a comfortable income and a small fortune if everything goes well. At least one woman has found it so.

Mrs. T. B. Blossom, of Minneapolis, Minn., took in \$300 in a single month recently, every penny of it coming from the sale of Persian kittens and from the income of her other cats. Ten years ago Mrs. Blossom wanted an occupation that would not take her away from home, would interest her and be a source of profit. A friend suggested blooded Persian and Angora cats. Mrs. Blossom did not care for cats. However, a little later she bought a Persian kitten with the idea of having an ornament in her home.

But she found that Persian cats must be bred or they die. She had her new pet mated with a high-priced king of catland and when the kittens came they grew up to be beautiful little balls of glistening fur.

When Mrs. Blossom found that Persian kittens cost all the way from \$10 up to \$1,000 she purchased a famous champion from the east and advertised him. Soon a stream of money began coming in from owners of queens who were anxious to secure kittens from so famous a sire.

She bought other cats from the east and read up on cats. She studied their habits, their diseases and the scientific part of breeding. She soon became an authority on the subject, and her help was sought by other cat owners.

She built a scientific cattery in her yard. It was the finest in the northwest and contained runs, breeding pens, a hospital and divisions for kittens. Now that her cattery was in full swing she began to advertise more widely in cat journals and daily papers. Once a visitor called and was allowed to snuggle a kitten, that visitor became a purchaser. Today she has a big business with a good income and expenses small.

The Minneapolis Cat Club, of which she is the organizer, will give a show this month, with entries from all over the United States, including some of the most famous cats in the world.

"To the woman with a small capital this is the best business to undertake, and it is interesting and enjoyable, I advise the raising of cats," Mrs. Blossom says. "The market for them is always good. I have a waiting list of buyers, and I can sell any cat I desire. My stock has never reached a point where I was over supplied. The popular belief that Persian and Angora cats are hard to raise is untrue."

"Cats have few diseases that simple remedies will not cure. I have done wonderfully well and believe any other woman can if she goes at it in the right way and looks upon it as a business proposition and adopts business methods."

The girl had amused herself by watching the small cottages of stiff and starched ritzes scattered throughout the room; she was endeavored to the untraveled by varying degrees of frugality. As it happened, she was wholly wrong in her rough analysis. The Englishman who had wandered over the map is, if anything, more self-contained than his stay-at-home brother. He is a stranger in his own land, and the dozen most reserved men present that evening were probably known by name and deed throughout the widest borders of the empire.

But, though eyes and brain were busy, she could not help noticing Mrs. Devar's taciturn mood. That a born gossip, a retailer of personal reminiscences, confined exclusively to "the best people," should eat stolidly of her own food, and the dozen most reserved men present that evening were probably known by name and deed throughout the widest borders of the empire.

WAYSIDE GLEANINGS

By M. E. G.

London theatregoers who were fortunate enough to see charming Billie Burke in her two appearances here, may be interested to know something of Miss Billie and her work. Miss Burke is an American—typically so, yet she finds it difficult, in fact, next to impossible, to obtain an American play with a role suited to her style. She has appeared as the heroine in four French plays, and those who saw her here in "Suzanne" and "The Runaway" know with that winning charm and grace she acts the part. "Bonnie Billie Burke" is indeed somewhat of a cosmopolitan. She claims America for her native land; until recently she has lived most of her life in England, excepting for brief stays on the continent; and yet her impersonation of French characters is so admirable that it has won her world-wide fame. Miss Burke is very fond of England, and looks forward to the time when she shall live there again and play once more before London audiences. At present Miss Billie resides with her mother and a winsome maiden of 12, whom she adopted a few years ago. The incident throws a pleasing light on the private life of the popular actress. The child's mother, whom the Burkes knew slightly, died, and she left the little girl without a friend or a penny in the world. Miss Billie and her mother took charge of her, and have learned to love their protegee very dearly.

Listen, Fair Ones!

Maidens who are eagerly welcoming Leap Year for the sake of carrying out matrimonial designs, will do well to hesitate before taking the final plunge, and consider if their accomplishments in the mending line are up to the mark. If not, mark ye this parody: I might mention that it was "gleaned" from a man's page:

The socks I darn for thee, dear heart,
Mean quite a pile of work to me;
I count them over, every one apart,
Thy hosiery, thy hosiery.

Each sock a mate; two mates a pair,
To clothe thy feet in storm and cold;
I count each sock unto the end, and find
I've skipped a hole.

Oh, carelessness, this thy reproof,
See how it looms across my sole.
I grind my teeth, and then in very truth
I darn that hole, sweetheart, I darn that hole!

Woman's Suffrage.

People who follow the progress of the various woman suffrage movements will read with interest of the announcement that royal sanction of legislation to enfranchise women has been given in Sweden. For some years the Swedish women have voted in municipal affairs, and it is thought now to be but another step before they have equal rights with men in all elections of the country. One writer in discussing the subject says:

"It is significant that this victory for women in Sweden is not the result of militant methods, but follows logically the general recognition of their fitness for a wider measure of participation in political matters. Thus they have not found it necessary to 'demand' their rights, but to speak of their rights, and to commit acts of lawlessness."

the evening dress garments of the opposite sex. Her correspondence consisted largely of letters to and from her mother, who she had purchased some stamps from the hall porter when she saw Medeham take a telegram from the rack where it had been deposited since the morning. It was, she knew, addressed to "Viscount Medeham." That, and her recollection of a letter, hatched doubt.

"George," she said, with a charming air of having found the one man whom she was longing to meet, "don't say I've grown so old that I have forgotten me!"

He started, rather more violently than might be looked for in a shirt whose nerves had been tested for many a ticklish encounter with other members of the cat tribe. In fact, he had just been disturbed by coming across the unexpected telegram, wherein Simmonds assured his lordship that the rejuvenated car would arrive at the College Green Hotel, Bristol, on Friday morning. At the very moment that he realized the imminence of Cynthia's disappearance into the void it was doubly disconcerting to be hailed by a woman who knew his world so intimately that it would be folly to smile vacantly at her presumed misadventure.

Some hint of annoyance must have leaped to his eyes, for the lively countess glanced around with a mimic fright that he started, rather more violently than might be looked for in a shirt whose nerves had been tested for many a ticklish encounter with other members of the cat tribe. In fact, he had just been disturbed by coming across the unexpected telegram, wherein Simmonds assured his lordship that the rejuvenated car would arrive at the College Green Hotel, Bristol, on Friday morning. At the very moment that he realized the imminence of Cynthia's disappearance into the void it was doubly disconcerting to be hailed by a woman who knew his world so intimately that it would be folly to smile vacantly at her presumed misadventure.

"Oh, hush," she cried, "don't spoil your nice speech by counting years. When did you arrive in England? Are you alone—really? You've grown quite a man in your jumps. Will you join me in the lounge? I want ever so much to have a long talk with you. Mr. Ducrot is there, the financier, you know—but I have him safely anchored alongside Maud Devar—a soft-furred old pussie who is clawing me now behind my back. I am sure, have you ever met her? Wissey Devar she was christened in Monte, because an excited German leaned over her at the time she was christened. And to show you how broad-minded I am, I'll get her to bring me the sweetest and daintiest American ingenue you'll find between here and Chicago, even if you went by way of Paris. Cynthia Vanrensen is her name, daughter of the Vanrensens. He made, not a pile, but a pyramid, out of Milwaukee. She is it—a pukka Gibson girl, quite ducky, with the dearest bit of an accent, and Mamma Devar is gadding around with her in a mo-car. Do come!"

Medeham was able to pick and choose where he listed in answering this hail of words.

"I'm awfully sorry," he said, "but the telegram I have just received affects all my plans. I must hurry away this instant. When will you be in town? Then I shall call, praying meanwhile that there may be no Ducrots or Devars there to blight a glorious gossip. If you bring me up to date as to affairs in Park Lane I'll respond to you as gaily as I can. How or perhaps I ought to say where—is Portchew?"

Portchew? "snapped her ladyship, fully alive to Medeham's polite evasion of her blushments.

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Winter Nose

I have so many letters asking me for suggestions for the cure of red noses. Naturally we all get a little red end on our noses in the sharp, frosty, winter weather, which color clears away when we go indoors. But there seems to be so many women who have a chronic red nose and cannot understand the reason.

An excess of blood generally causes a florid complexion, and there are many things which will bring the blood to the face and nose, greatly to the embarrassment of the unfortunate ones. Alcoholic drinks and coffee are the most dangerous enemies to fight. If you wear your corsets, collars or shoes too tight, you not only will suffer from a flushed face and red nose, but your poor hands will look swollen and red also.

This condition has absolutely nothing to do with the skin or pigment cells. It is caused by defective circulation. When the blood is forced from one part of the body it naturally rushes into another part, and often declares itself in the most undesired places. Often red noses are caused by constipation. In that case outward applications have no effect whatever. Acidity of the stomach causes the nose to redden. A physician's advice should be sought under such circumstances.

Here is an excellent astringent lotion for a red and swollen nose or face, a lotion that has been used for years by German people: Muric acid, one-half dram; glycerine, two ounces, and rosewater, three ounces. Dissolve the ammonia and acid in the glycerine. Then add the water. Saturate a piece of absorbent cotton with the lotion and bind on the nose nightly until a cure is effected.

Remember: It is not the appeal that cures, but the application.

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The above straightforward letter from Mrs. J. Y. Todd, wife of a well-known citizen in Rogersville, is proof sufficient that Dr. Hamilton's Pills are a wonderful woman's medicine. Use no other pill but Dr. Hamilton's, 25c per box. All dealers or the Catarrh-zone Company, Kingston, Ont.

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