

THE WOMAN'S CORNER

FASHIONABLE FALL HAT



Fall hats are favorites for early autumn wear. They are light in weight, and yet not quite so "summery" in appearance as the straws, nor so heavy and wintry as the felt.

The one in the sketch is made of white pongee and is trimmed with a black satin ribbon around the crown. A full black aigret lends height to the otherwise flat effect.

HAVE YOU EXTENDED THE CUP OF COLD WATER TO PARCHED SOULS?

Lessons For Us All in the Story of "Lost Patience."

BY CYNTHIA GREY.

Few cases coming to public attention in this city have ever aroused more genuine feeling than that presented some little time ago in the letter from "Lost Patience," seeking help and courage to lead a straight life, and much hardship and suffering. Many letters have come from our readers, expressing sympathy and desire to help. Some of these have been printed, others are being forwarded as requested.

One woman offered a temporary home and care until "Lost Patience" could get fresh start in life and health. Another set forth at length the qualities of an honest man she knew, hoping to bring the two together and make both happier. A man sent a practical offer of marriage, with a comfortable home, to which to take this wife of adversity. Another wrote simply on half of friend.

My readers will be interested, I am sure, to know that this particular woman had found the courage to lead a straight life, and the helping hand she needed through her letters to this newspaper.

Let's be thankful for that, but let us not calmly forget this incident. We may all draw a lesson from it—the lesson of helping the unfortunate BEFORE there is a crisis. BEFORE they are forced to write as this woman wrote. Look about you. Isn't there some woman fighting bravely against almost overwhelming odds? Isn't there a woman YOU might save by a little friendship, a little counsel and advice, perhaps a little financial help? Have YOU done all you can for those about you? Have YOU extended the cup of cold water to the parched souls in your neighborhood?

ALL AROUND THE HOME

BY CYNTHIA GREY.

If choicest and small steaks are placed in tin plates and set on top of the broiling grate they can be well cooked, and the tin plates will be much easier cleaned than the broiler grate would.

If eggs are kept in a large stone jar instead of the usual can, they will remain fresh and moist much longer. When they are slightly burnt by cooking, do not disturb while warm, or the

burned flavor will penetrate, but wait till perfectly cold, then remove the burned part with a cheese grater.

Always place citron in a moderately hot oven for a few moments before cutting it up for cakes or puddings.

To get the best results from shredded coconut when it is to be used in cake icing or candy, soak it for half an hour in warm water before adding.

TALES FROM ARABIAN NIGHTS

THE STORY OF THE THIRD BEGGAR.

Prince Agib is my name, and I have always been known as the Travelling Prince. A few years ago my father and I, on a long journey, became separated. As I was trying desperately to find the right road, I came in front of a large copper palace, dazzling in the sunshine. Ten handsome young men came forth, each blind in the right eye, and with them a tall, old man. They welcomed me and invited me to supper in a large hall where stood a basin filled with ashes. They all rubbed their faces and their hair with the ashes, beat their breasts, and cried continually: "This is the fruit of our idleness and curiosity." Such a scene aroused my interest, and I begged to know what it was all about. Seeing that I was determined, they presented me with a large sheepskin and a knife. "Sew yourself in this," they said, "and a large bird called a roc will pick you up and carry you to a distant mountain. In the long hall I was greeted by a charming lady, with whom I soon fell in love. But one day she came to me and said sadly, 'Agib, I must leave you for a while; I must tell you where I am going. I will leave the keys of my palace to you and you may enter any excepting the room that opens with this little gold key; if you love me, I pray you do not try to go into that room, for if you do I may never see you again.' After an affectionate farewell she left me.

I took the keys and began opening the rooms. In the first there was a most wonderful orchard, full of unknown fruits. In the next room I found a great flower garden, and the fragrance was sweeter than the rarest perfume.

The next day in the third room I found a grove filled with every kind of song birds—canaries, and larks, and nightingales. The fourth door was a large court surrounded by forty doors. Back of each was a treasury of precious stones—pearls as large as a



A large bird, called a roc, will carry you to a distant mountain.

pigeon's egg, rubies and emeralds. One was filled with heaps of gold and silver money.

(And, now, tell me, children, wouldn't you want just a peep at the door of the golden key, and do you think the prince will be able to resist such a big temptation? Tomorrow we will see.)

We Women Will "Marry" as Well as "Be Married"

[By Cynthia Grey.]

What will all the girls who "marry" be June say, when they hear that Richard Grant White, a word authority, says that a woman can't "marry," that she can only "be married?"

Well says Mr. White.

The usual mode of making the announcement is: "Married, John Smith to Mary Jones." Some people having been dissatisfied with this form, we have seen: "Married, John

Smith with Mary Jones; or John Smith and Mary Jones. I have no hesitation in saying that all of these forms are incorrect. The woman is married to the man. It is her name that is lost in his, not his in hers; she becomes a member of his family, not he of hers; it is her life that is merged, not his in hers; she follows his fortunes, and takes his station, not he hers. And thus, manifestly, she has been attached to him by a legal bond, not he to her; except, indeed, as all attachment is necessarily mutual. But, nevertheless, we do not speak of tying a ship to a boat, but a boat to a ship.

And so long, at least, as man is the larger, the stronger, the more individually important, as long as woman generally lives in her husband's house and bears his name—still more should she not bear his name—it is the woman who is married to the man.

"In speaking of the ceremony it is proper to say that he married her, and not that she married him, but that she was married to him; and the proper form of announcement is: 'Married, Mary Jones to John Smith.' To marry is to give, or to be given to a husband, man."

You're long on etymology, Mr. White, but short on observation. You haven't noticed that times are changing, and that the woman no longer sinks herself in her husband's self, in the old way.

You ought to be glad that women are conservative enough to keep the old word "marry," though it implies the obsolete idea that the husband owns the wife. We could have coined a new word to fit the changing conditions. We have sentiment enough to keep the dear old word, however. But we have not sentiment enough to use it in the old meaning, now that some of us have tasted the joy of equality with our husbands, and the bliss of freedom. We prefer interdependence of the husband and wife, not the dependence of the wife on the husband. We will continue to "marry," as well as to "be married." We yield to the men to whom we are married, but the men we "marry" also yield to us.

HOME

Where we love is home, Home that our feet may leave But not our hearts, Though of us shines the jasper light of per-light. The chain may lengthen, but it never parts. —Oliver Wendell Holmes.

CYNTHIA GREY'S CORRESPONDENTS

Dear Miss Grey: What will remove mildew spots from a dress? MASHIE.

A.—As you do not state what color or material the dress is I cannot advise you. What will remove mildew from some materials will not do at all to use on others.

Dear Miss Grey: I have an American penny dated 1827 and a Canadian penny of 1882. Can I get any money for them? P. B. G.

A.—The premium is so small on the 1827 penny that it would not pay you to send it or take it to a numismatist. There is no premium on the Canadian penny.

Dear Miss Grey: If a mother and daughter return the first call of a man and his wife, should both leave cards for the husband as well as the wife? PERPLEXED.

A.—Cards are left for the wife only; a man never leaves her card for the husband.

Dear Miss Grey: I wish to give my daughter a surprise birthday party. What would be suitable for decorations, refreshments and lively amusements for an evening occasion? BEADLER.

A.—If possible have the party on the lawn and porch, so you can decorate with lanterns; they always add such a festive appearance. I should have dancing for amusement, with just ice cream and a birthday cake. Of course, a plentiful supply of iced drinks must be provided.

Dear Miss Grey: As you have helped me before I will ask you to answer this as soon as possible. In sending wedding presents shouldn't it be addressed to the bride or her parents? They do not live in the same town where I reside. NELLIE.

A.—A wedding present is always addressed to the bride.

Dear Miss Grey: Will you kindly state what action a young lady of irreproachable character, quiet, refined, and of good conduct on all occasions, may take against certain evil-minded parties who maliciously criticize and impute her to be unchaste, simply because she is self-supporting, alone, and unprotected? A suggestion from you will be appreciated. A. E.

A.—If a girl is truly good, nothing that may be said against her can harm her in the least. Criticisms are always hard to bear. One's life, straight and honorable, will prove all statements false, but it may take time.

Dear Miss Grey: How should an invitation for a house party be written? May a boy have such a party and ask girls? Is it proper to ask for autographs for a collection? How long should a house party last? F. B. H.

A.—Invitations to house parties are informal little notes, naming the day of arrival and departure, generally from "Saturday to Monday." If in a suburb a timetable is enclosed. It is perfectly proper for a boy to have a house party if he has a mother, sister, cousin or aunt living in the house to act as hostess. There is nothing improper in collecting autographs, but it is a horrible bore generally, unless you buy them at auction and book stores.

Miss Elizabeth Murray, member of the British army reserve corps, is now in America learning all about American army hospitals and nurses. To be a member of the corps, one's ancestry must be irreproachable, health perfect, and examination standings perfect. Her associates are the families of the officers.

\$11 00, Atlantic City and Return Via Lehigh Valley Railroad, from Suspension Bridge, Friday, Aug. 26. Tickets good to return within fifteen days, and stop-over at Philadelphia, Particulars, 8 King street east, Toronto, 68m.

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William Tillinghast Eldridge.

Finally I slept, and at last when morning broke and I awoke, found the fever and dizziness had left me, and only a soreness and great weakness remained. From the window of the tower I could look across the lake, and there beyond the sparkling waters lay Zakbar. I climbed the remaining steps to the top of the tower, and from there looked out about the surrounding country.

What had happened to Karl and Barnum? Was Kurimur cooling his heels, or, rather, tramping up and down there in the castle I could see so plainly, asking what had happened to us? Truth to tell, my thoughts were many and perplexing that morning, and my brain too tired to think what was best to do.

It had been plainly agreed between us all, when we planned the thing, that an open attack on the castle would avail nothing. In fact, such an attack, we had been sure, would not result in the princess, but only bring about an open break with Zergald, which we would be quick to turn to our own advantage. So now, even if Karl and Barnum had got clear of their assailants in the garden, they would not hesitate before riding in force to the castle, for if such a course would have availed nothing before, they could not know it was now the only way.

An attack in force was the only way that could be resorted to for surely Heinrich had the princess as before. Her prison quarters had simply been changed and, far less comfortable ones. Thus I turned the matter over as I leaned against the battlement and saw the sun rise on our last day of hope. Thursday it was, and unless rescue came before another day our work would be for naught, as the grand dukes met on Friday.

Already the holiday air of the city, which had been growing the week, would be reaching its climax. All final preparations would be made.

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PATTERN DEPARTMENT, LONDON ADVERTISER.

partitions would be made, and though there was an undercurrent of feeling in some places that something might happen, and a faint hope in others, nothing but the coronation of Prince Joachim would follow unless we could manage some way to get clear of the tower.

What to do? What could be done? My head ached, my arm pained me whenever I moved it. No way to send word to Kurimur, no way to clear away Heinrich from our path. A day before I might have bribed him, but now, after a personal encounter, nothing could be done.

I crept down the stairs and found the princess sleeping like a child. Then I went on down the door to see if the bolts were still in place.

As I stood examining them I heard some one in the outer room. Then Heinrich, who had evidently heard my step on the stairs, spoke.

"Does her Highness enjoy her change of quarters?" For a moment I remained silent, considering whether it would be wise to answer him or not. Then I decided I might possibly gather from his words some hint of his plans, so replied.

"They are certainly preferred." "Well, I'm glad she's pleased, for I'm quite content. Of course, I don't propose to stay here, but if you would open the door a crack I'll let you have a crust."

"Thanks," I answered. "I consider it safer to keep the bolts home." "As you like," he answered with a laugh. "I will be for three days, and then I suppose Zergald will be inclined to be magnanimous with Joachim crowned."

So then, as I had thought, that was his plan. We were to be held prisoners until after the coronation. My attempt at rescue had ended quite dismally.

"Are you alone?" I asked.

"Yes, come the answer." "How much will you make out of the thing if Joachim is crowned?" "All I can get. But if I was liable to lose I would not consider a deal with you. There was anger in his tone, and then suddenly it all vanished and he laughed.

"My heart is as sore as your cursed arm can be, but I've got you now. It's not always the one who has the upper hand at the start that wins out."

I saw there was no chance of making terms with Heinrich now, so turned back up the stairs, sick and heart.

"I've got you on the hip," he called after me, "and I would not take any price for you. With her Highness and you under lock and key, I'm as good as crowned, and when he is I'll run Scandinavia."

And thus confident of his victory, and apparently all enemy gone, he jeered at me for my failure and laughed heartily in his assurance.

Once I was tempted to throw back the bolt and have the thing out again. If I could have swung the heavy door open quickly, and broken in, I could make out my purpose. I think I would have risked it. With him out of the way, I felt sure I could hold out or bribe his men, but such a thing was out of the question, and I put the scheme aside as quickly as I thought of it.

Then finally, Heinrich bade me a hearty good-morning, and went on, as he said to a delightful breakfast, leaving two of his men on guard. I climbed back up the stairs, my heart heavy. A few water-soaked crackers were in my pocket, and my flask was three-quarters full. That was my scant ration for three days, and then what would we get?

At the head of the stairs I met Hilma. She looked radiant. Her cheeks were flushed, and she greeted me she held out a flag, one that I had thrown over her as an extra covering.

"Yes," I questioned.

"My dear," she answered, "Hang it from the tower upside down."

In an instant I caught her idea, and with a spring rushed up the stairs, the flag in hand. In five minutes it was flying, the standard of her royal Highness, the Princess Hilma, over the battlement of the castle.

What they saw in the city must have been a sight to long as Kurimur or Karl, waiting both of them, I hoped, at the princess' castle, saw and understood.

For ten minutes it floated in the light morning breeze, while we leaned against the granite coping, and with strained and eager eyes watched for some answering signal.

A half hour passed, and then out on the morning breeze across the lake broke the standard of her Highness, upside down. Instantly I sprang to the balcony and dipped our flag three times. The answer came back.

"It means rescue!" I cried.

"Yes," Hilma answered, turning her eager, flushed face to mine. "Yes," and then the light went out of her eyes and the color died down in her cheeks. "Yes," it means rescue and—I suppose we must be rescued from ourselves."

CHAPTER XXXII. A Test of Strength.

My elation knew no bounds, for I felt certain Kurimur or Karl, or perhaps both, had read our signal and would answer in force.

The danger of such a course gave way before the necessity, for there seemed no other way of our getting clear of the castle unless Heinrich's forces were driven away.

If Zergald had not seen the princess' flag and become suspicious because of its flying over his castle, certainly Kurimur could muster a force and reach us before any help could come to Heinrich.

From the flag tower I could look down upon the many towers and turrets of the castle. The most run about it and outside of it a high wall. On the side toward the lake the wall was close to the water's edge, then a few feet of ground, then the moat, another few feet of earth and the castle walls.

At the bottom of the moat ran perhaps twenty feet from the castle wall, but the main entrance reached out like an arm until it touched the edge of the moat. There the drawbridge was built, and I saw that it was down.

From the drawbridge twelve feet of ground stretched to the solid wall of masonry. Opposite the drawbridge were the huge gates, and these were closed and barred.

Kurimur would first have to scale the wall, and this done, the necessity of crossing the moat would arise, for certainly Heinrich would raise the drawbridge.

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CARLING London

bridge as soon as attacked. At any point the attacking force would be open to a merciless fire from the castle.

As I surveyed the grounds and figured out the practical impossibility of success, my spirits fell, and though I said nothing to Hilma, I feared that any attempt at rescue would go hard.

The morning wore away and still no sign came of Kurimur or Karl. A half dozen times I travelled to the door and each time I could hear the sound of voices on the other side. Once as I listened Heinrich came into the room where the guard was placed, and after asking one or two questions as to whether had attempted any move went away.

I had seen no messenger leave the castle, so felt reasonably sure Heinrich had sent no word to Zergald of what had transpired.

As the day wore on my wounds began to trouble me again, and the fever which had left me during the night returned. My head grew dizzy, and the princess, noting my flushed face, forced me to lie down on the couch.

Hilma herself seemed to have suffered no shock from her trying night, and was as fresh and natural as if she were in her own home and not in danger of her life.

Her gaiety of manner had, it is true, left her, and though she spoke confidently

of our speedy rescue, her eyes never looked into mine nor did she refer to that which must have been first on her mind. Both of us, I think, felt that matters were cast in a mold and Fate must have its way. The end, be what it might, was only ours to accept when it came, not ours to discuss or try to shape.

(To Be Continued.)

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