Features for Women Readers—The Smiling Face Club

OWING SHOE AFTER THE BRIDE ANCIENT CUSTOM

ROWING a shoe after the bride is the survival of a custom based upon ancient symbolical usages annection with sandals or shoes. in transfering a possession. A lucked off his shoe and gave it to labor, and this was a testimony

eparture for a new home, sym-that the parents gave up all dominion over their daugh-

Anglo-Saxon times the father de-ed the bride's shoe to the bride-m, who touched her on the head it to show his authority. In Turthe bridegroom is chased after griage by the wedding guests and led with slippers.

TOMAN CAN DO NUMEROUS TASKS AT SAME TIME

AN can't do two things at a me. A woman will broil a teak and see that the coffee boil over, and watch that does not steal the remnant of on the kitchen table, and to on the kitchen caste, and see to the toast, and stir meal, and give the orders to the can do it all at half try.

has done wonders since he fore the public. As has naviame before the public. He has navipited the ocean, he has penetrated the
system of the starry heavens, he
mus harnessed the lightning, and made
tilight the great cities of the world.
But he can't find a spool of thread
a his wife's work-basket; h. can't
size over her pocket in a dress hangng in the closet; he cannot hang out
lothes and get them on the line the
ight end up. He cannot hold clothes
ins in his mouth while he is doing it
ther. He cannot be polite to someody he hates. He cannot sew on a
guton. In short, he cannot do a
undred things that women do almost
istinctively.

POLITENESS OF MALE SEX

head experiences a sudden change of temperature, and it is constant heating and cooling of ead which causes the hair to drop

ald early, for they do not raise their nats, but salute. women, too, never go bald so soon as in; that is because their hats are ained on their heads when they are of doors, and are only taken of

other reason why men go bald is use they so often wear their hair ed close to the head.

A PREFERRED PASSENGER By Will Nies



HO was it wrote "A good companion is better than a stage coach"? Whoever it was knew what he was talking about, for a good comrade makes the heart to sing, the feet to step in blithe tune and the weary miles to melt like snow before the sun. There's the same difference in bur-

carry. Apply the truth to sleds and passengers. Which would you prefer as a passenger—joy or sorrow, an enemy or LOVE? There isn't any doubt which SHE prefers. Who is she? Why, bless your heart, she's MISS EVERYGIRL.

FROM OUR SMALL READERS

I PROMISE TO DO MY VERY BEST, TO MAKE THIS SAD WORLD BRIGHTER.

Dear Smilers:

Dear Me! Some of these days are pretty cold, but the sun shines, and it certainly is fine—when you don't stand still too long.

One frosty evening not long ago went out for a walk, and as I saw a light in Peter's house (Peter is a great friend of mine), and as I saw a nice grate fire flickering on the ceiling, and as I thought, perhaps, old Mrs. Sillum might be there, I just went up the steps and went in, and there they were all seated 'round the fire with old Mrs. other chickens. "Honk!" he would Sillum in the middle telling a goodnight story.

"Yes," said she, "Goglim was a very at all."

Goglas, or Goglas the goose, as he was most often called, was ALWAYS

Ques.—What is always behind time?

Ans.—The back of a clock.

Ques.—What is the worst weather for rats and mice? Ans.—When it fine old duck, but Goglas wasn't fine

picking at the other chickens. much gat the other chickens.

"Honk!" he would say, "Don't you know that that bit of bread is mine?"

Then, just as he would be about to swallow it, he would see Chooky starting to eat a blade of grass, "Honk!" he would say, "Don't you know that blade of grass is mine?" and away he would waddle with it as fast as he

could go.
"Selfish, was he not?" asked old Mrs. "My, yes," answered Peter and all the other children in one voice please send me a Smiling Face Button as soon as possible as I want to be a regular old Smiler. I will close with a little verse.

"My, yes," answered Peter, and all

"My, yes," answered Peter, and all the other children in one voice.
"Do you?" asked old Mrs. Sillum, turning to me.
"My, yes." I answered, sitting down by the fire, too, and opening my mouth just like all the other children.
"Well," said old Mrs. Silum, "You see it was this way: Goglas found out something before he grew much older."
One day the mistress came out and

See our S. F. C. pledge.

One day the mistress came out and set a large bowl of steaming cornmeal inside the hen-coop door.

"There is enough there to feed all my chickens, and the neighbors', too, if they were here," said she. Then guess what Goglas did?

All the chickens came galloping up as fast as they could go; it was SUCH a cold day and hot cornmeal—hurrah!

But Goglas was there before anyone else, and, as usual, he spread his wings, and looking 'round on the other poor chickens cried: "Honk! don't you know the motto by heart. My big sister taught me it. She had a S. F. button, but she says. Flease send her one, will you, for a surprise?

From your loving little friend,
Violet Laugher.

32 Louisa street, St. Catharines, Ont. Dear Violet: I am very glad that you have to do is to remember the above, sign this simple line below, send At into C. A. Macphie, Sunday World Office; your name will be printed on this page, then—REMEMBER THAT YOU chickens, cried; "Honk! don't you know this dish of hot cornmeal is all for me?"

Dear Violet: I am very glad that you then—REMEMB are going to be a Smiler, too. Find our MRE A SMILER.

Come. EVERYE

Well!—and then guess what happen- are not sending out buttons now. ed?—That was TOO much for Goglim | Sincerely yours, C.

"Come on," cried he, "IF YOU won't fight, I will," and with a ONE, TWO, THREE, he dashed at Goglas, who turned to fly but turned too quickly, button. I live in Canada. I have some and over he went Splash! into the bowl riddles here: of HOT cornmeal.

My! how all the chickens cackled for

joy while poor Goglas scrambled out of the hot cornmeal a sad but a wiser bird.

"After that he was always willing to take what he could get," said old Mrs. Sillum,
"What happened to Gobline" a wonaris skirt? A.—A little above two feet.

There was a little girl, and she wanted to start to school, and the teacher asked her what her name was, and she said her name was Iona Ford.

Yours very truly,

Send me a little story, letter or poem

Said sensible Miss Lucy, as she creased her double chin, "Whatever did I tell you now? Full skirts are coming in.

I never, never try, my dears, to keep up with the styles;
They're out again before I've learned the half of all their wiles.

styles catch up with me!"

From yours truly, Marjorie McGuire.

Dear C. A. Macphie: I and brother would like to join the S. F. C. I want to be a pillar of the society and if you are ever short of a story tell me and I will try and see if I can write a story for you as I am good at making up stories and poems.

When Duty whispers low, "Thou must smile," the youth replies, "I can, with a S. F. C. button."

I have to go to the dentist, a pro-

I have to go to the dentist, a pro-ceding which always puts me in tears, but I will be encouraged if I see the dear little button. I wrote for one be-fore but perhaps my card went astray. I hope this will reach you and that my button comes soon.

I am, yours truly, Catherine Crawford, 66 Oxford street, Answer: Dear Catherine: Find our little pledge and sign it, then I am sure you will Smile all the time even if you have to go to the dentist's. We are pleased to have stories any time.

at Home without World we have felt that we would world we nave reit that we would very much like to belong to it. The paper is sent every week to a gentle-man that lives with us and we always look forward to it and would like for

> Detroit, Mich., U. S. A. Age 8 and 6 years.

Ques.—Why didn't they play cards in the Ark? A.—Because Noah sat on the deck.—From Terry Flatiff.

a crown.

Why is a horse like the letter O?

A.—Because G makes it GO.

Why does a calf wag his tail? A.— LETTERS, STORIES AND POEMS Because he wants to.
And Oblige,
Clarence McCaul.
201 Sumach street.

Goglas was always picking at the

Suppose, my little lady,
Your doll should break its head,
Could you make it whole by crying
Till you're eyes and nose were red?
Wouldn't it be pleasanter,

To treat it as a joke,
And say you're gald t'was Dolly's
And not your head that's broke?
From Miss Emily Shayler
Erindale P. O., Ont.

Dear C. A. Macphie: I would like to join your club. I get The Sunday World every week. I would like to have a

What is the proper length of a wo-man's skirt? A.—A little above two

Guarding me while I'm asleep, Don't forget the children pray

Soldier, who dost fight and die That no danger may come nigh, Here another Army Stands— The little Army of Joined Hands.

Thank you for your watchful care: Shielding me, remember, too, That my little prayers shield you.

I remain yours truly—a new Smiler, Howard Buck, Erindale, Ont.

Dear Howard: Thanks for the vers-

es. Find our little pledge and sign it, and I am sure you will smile.

Sincerely yours, C. A. M.

For your safety every day.

Flying man, high up in air,

Yours very truly, Leila Smith.

AINTY little blossoms, Hiding in the grass, You are like a charming,

Creeping thru the meadows, All in pink and white, Dewdrops in your eyelids, Drying with the light.

You are very modest, In your sweet moist bed; From the gaze of passers You would hide your head.

Thus the little maiden, Shyly hides her eyes, With her tiny fingers, When someone she spies.

Charming little maiden. Standing in the sun, You are like the blossoms, From Willie Blair

NEW

for rats and mice? Ans.—When it rains cats and dogs.

Ques.—What is it which a man never wishes to have, yet never wishes to lose? Ans.—A baid head.

From Harold Wood.

Dear Harold: See our piedge and answer in your letter.

Yours sincerely,

C. A. M. WHO NEEDS TO SMILE JUST NOW?

EVERYBODY WHO IS EVER ANY BETTER FOR

CRYING?

Dear Smilers: I would like to become a member of your Smiling Face Club. I am only seventeen years of age. I am not too old. am I? And will you NOBODY SO WHY SHOULD WE CRY? Do things with a SMILING Face. Cheer some sad heart with a SMILE. THERE IS NOTHING IN THE WORLD LIKE A KINDLY SUNNY

> Smile awhile And while You smile And soon
> There's miles
> And miles
> Of smiles:
> AND LIFE'S

Come, EVERYBODY, and be

I promise that I shall try my very best to make the world brighter.

Buster Bertram, 59 Chestnut Park. Billy Palm, 103 Roxborough East. Jackie Bascom, 80 Howard St. Gordon Alderman, 96 Russett avenue-Aurelia Bullock, 147 Roncesvalles ave. Humberton, Ont. Ida Beecher, Waldorf Apts., King street

Dear Editor: I am a little boy 12 years old, and I would like to be in your circle, where all the Smilers are. Claude Rodwell Burrage, 1267 Danforth

would you be so kind as to send me a nice big Smiling Face button? I will close with a few riddles for this time. I am sending you three verses to put in your column; it is called a child's prayer:

Sailor, sailor on the deep,
Guarding me while I'm asleep,

Grace Morris, 15 Pine street, Hamilton, Norman Livingston, Guay P.O., Levis, P.Q.
Jack Livingston, Guay. P.O., Levis, P.Q.
Hazel Livingston, Guay P.O., Levis,

Meryle Evans, 45 Ray street north

Hamilton, Ont. Grace Morris, 15 Pine street Hamilton, Ont.
Peggie McCubbin Ben Lomond place,
Mt. Hamilton, Hamilton, Ont.
Issie Richmond, 340 Bathurst street.
Beckie Richmond, 340 Bathurst street,
Morris Richmond, 340 Bathurst street.

Abie Richmond, 340 Bathurst street. Percy Stevenson, 57 First avenue. Howard Leake, 1243 Gerrard street E. Madeline Waller, 858 Palmerston ave.

Diary of a Well-Dressed Girl

By SYLVIA GERARD. How She Managed a Gray Fox for Dress-up Occasions.

Even in a match you should consider the "little things"

the wood, the composition, the strikeability, the

are made of strong, dry pine stems, with a secret per-

fected composition that guarantees "every match a

lighter." Sixty-five years of knowing how—that's the

All EDDY products are dependable—always.

bis such a dear, old weatherane. Only last week he cauloned mother and me to "go his month as he would have a bills to meet. Then he "struck in one of his investments and then have enough money left to pay the furrier. and gave me money to buy a set

My white fox fur has paid so many wisits to the cleaners that it has turned yellow and looks woolly in spots. I'll have to use it for triamming. I like shagey fur better than close-haired pelty—It is much more youthful—and made up my mind that my new set should be gray fox.

Mother is an excellent judge of fur. To we went the rounds of the shops to see where I could get the best e where I could get the best

The really handsome sets—the kind that I wanted—were too high-priced for me to dream of. After having the property of the set of the them on, nothing else looked or becoming. Mother was as disappointed as I and consoled saying that later on she was as the mauve, brocaded satin.

in one of his investments and rated by buying mother a gordiamond and sapphire ring, and a new fur-lined coat for him-

The finished set is far handsomer The finished set is far handsomer than anything we saw in the shops.

I had the scarf made rather broad, and long enough to wrap twice about the neck with an end hanging over one shoulder. It extends well over the ears, and my chin is buried deep in the fluffy gray fur.

For the lining I selected a soft, brocaded satth in mauve coloring.

The little melon or barrel-shaped muffs have never won my fancy, so I

muffs have never won my fancy, so I told the furrier to use the balance of the skins to make me a big, generous looking muff. I was overjoyed when I

He was lovely to us, and spread out whole stack of wonderful skins, tell-me to choose whichever I hap- under a cabbage leaf in it. But Mar got is an artist. She had made a mushroom shape of Burgundy red velvet, much tilted at one side.

derful gray fox gorgeousness I won-dered, like the old woman who fell asleep on the king's highway, if it could "be I."

GIRLS FORSAKE DOMESTIC WORK REPLACING MEN

Consequently London, England, Is Now Facing a Servant Famine.

SEEKING EXCITEMENT

Many of Them Willing to Take Any Occupation For a

Change.

much disappointed as I, and consoled me by saying that later on she could manage to make up the balance need-we were halfway home when she would look together.

I wore the scarf and muff to the milliner's when I went for my hat for I wanted to see how the entire set would look together.

We were halfway home when she brought the hat to me it was so wide-brimmed that I was afraid of appearing like "a toad under a cabbage leaf" in it. But Margot is an artist. She had made a different lines. London are steadily giving up the do-mestic side of life, the sphere of work 92nd year.

Again, numbers of women write for advice and help in obtaining work who admit that they have had no training in any settled occupation, and tho they be accustomed to housework steadily refuse to offer their services in any capacity as domestic workers, the such posts are to be obtained on all sides. It is new work, excitement anything for change—that is wanted, and the demand is rapidly leading to a block in the market and a confu-sion that will be most difficult to re-

The problems of domestic service become more acute every day. Wages are raised, every inducement is offered, but such posts. The dearth of servants is question that requires looking into and one finds that on all sides girls are leaving good homes, where they are well paid, well fed and well housed, to take positions that, the apparently attractive, really entail far harder work and many disadvantages.

Here, for instance, is a typical case Ann is housemaid in a private hotel. eceiving \$3.75 weekly, an average of \$1.25 weekly in tips, food, housing, washing and regular outings. She leaves to accept a post as elevator girl in a large store at \$7.50 weekly, consid
Treatment AT MY EXPENSE. No obligation.

Dr. W. T. Bobo 868 Minty Blk. Battle Creek, Mich.

Then she had taken the gray fox skin and draped it gracefully over the crown. Deep in the fur— at the side front—she buried an American Beauty rose fashioned of taffeta. The hat is charming, and when I saw myself in the mirror with all this wonderful gray for grayeousness I wonderful grayeousness I wonderful gray for grayeousness I wonderful gray for grayeousness I wonderful grayeousness I wonder time she will probably realize that he first situation was far and away more profitable, but just at present she is too full of enthusiasm for her new whenever you have time.

Send me a little story, letter or poem whenever you have time.

Youre with lots of love,

C. A. Macphie. ly women would realize these facts there would be less discontent to deal

ONCE DAIRYMAID TO DUKE OF WELLINGTON

Jan. 1 was the 98th birthday of the lington. This interesting link with the Iron Duke is Mrs. Applin, who for 68 years has lived under the shadow of Stratfieldsaye House, near Reading, the gift of the national line great Duke of Wellington. This interesting link with the gardless, as you see, And know that all the fashion yet I'm simply bound to be, dairymaid of the great Duke of Welthe gift of the nation to the victor of

Mrs. Applin is the only surviving servant of the first duke, whom she often saw. Considering her great age she is remarkably free of infirmity. She still reads her daily newspaper regularly, without the aid of glasses, and chats freely and intelligently of past and eurrent events.

As a dairymaid she served the first

Duke of Wellington for seven years and the second and third dukes for 39 years, being pensioned 22 years ago. One of her neighbors is Mr. Horne, who was coachman to the second, third,





Dear Sir: Since we saw the Smiling you to send us each a button.
Yours truly, Arthur and Evelyn Coleman, 901 Holcomb avenue,

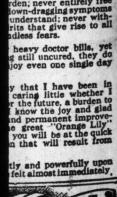
Dear Arthur and Evelyn: I am very glad that you like our chat so much. You will find our little pledge, on this page, which we are using now instead of buttons.





Japan Tea possesses full strength, as well as unequalled delicacy and an aroma which is unexcelled.

YOUR dealer sells it. Ask HIM. 2



Woman! nderstands nd Offers ree!!

with you and take a uniform with you and take ou feel sick. Sleep ten e twenty-four, and ob2. The varicose veins ed, but may be relieved, ring a rubber or elastic the the hands frequent-and rub with corn seed oil. Do not worry or urself. Rest and sleep

poisons from constipa-tonsils, prostrate gland

tarchy, and highly sea-weets, pastries, choco-c gravies. Do not use

sulphur, 1 dram; rose-and glycerine, 1 ounce.

wing to the pimples: hur, ½ dram; simple

milton, Ont.—Q.—Kindly reduce a large bust. bust down uginty with a ond avoid all only, hot with a rohy and highly seasons, pastries, etc. Take ao the open air, and sleet the twenty-four. See in the twenty-four. See in the with two meals a day by any means, break

th. Rather be stout.

Toronto.—Q.—Will you what to do for a greaty with pumples and blacks twill stop me from expensive to a cup the first to a cupful of respective to a cupful of respecti