

# Features for Women Readers—The Smiling Face Club

## THROWING SHOE AFTER THE BRIDE ANCIENT CUSTOM

THROWING a shoe after the bride is the survival of a custom based upon ancient symbolical usages in connection with sandals or shoes. Delivery of a shoe was used as a testimony of a bride's consent to marry. A man plucked off his shoe and gave it to his neighbor, and this was a testimony to his neighbor.

Throwing a shoe on property was a symbol of new ownership.

From these ancient practices came the old English and Scottish customs of throwing an old shoe after a bride on her departure for a new home, symbolizing that the parents gave up all right of dominion over their daughter.

In Anglo-Saxon times the father delivered the bride's shoe to the bridegroom, who touched her on the head with it to show his authority. In Turkey the bridegroom is chased after marriage by the wedding guests and pelted with slippers.

## WOMAN CAN DO NUMEROUS TASKS AT SAME TIME

A MAN can't do two things at a time. A woman will broil a steak and see that the coffee is hot, and see to the toast, and stir the oatmeal, and give the orders to the maid, and she can do it all at once, and not half try.

Man has done wonders since he came before the public. He has navigated the ocean, he has penetrated the mysteries of the lightning, and made it light the great cities of the world. But he can't find a spoon of thread in his wife's work-basket; he can't discover her pocket in a dress hanging in the closet; he cannot hang out clothes and get them on the line the right and up. He cannot hold clothes in his mouth while he is doing it either. He cannot be polite to somebody he hates. He cannot sew on a button. In short, he cannot do a hundred things that women do almost instinctively.

## BALDNESS DUE TO POLITENESS OF MALE SEX

EACH time a man lifts his hat he experiences a sudden change of temperature, and it is this constant heating and cooling of his head which causes the hair to drop out in the long run.

It is very seldom that soldiers go bald early for they do not raise their hats, but salute.

Women, too, never go bald so soon as men, that is because their hats are raised on their heads when they are in doors, and are only taken off when indoors.

Another reason why men go bald is that they are so often worried by their hair that they lose it.

## Diary of a Well-Dressed Girl

By SYLVIA GERARD

### How She Managed a Gray Fox for Dress-up Occasions.

It is such a dear, old weathered fox, and I love her so much that I have named her "Gray Fox." I have named her "Gray Fox" because she is so old and so much loved.

Only last week he cautioned me to be careful of my fox, and I was so careful that I named her "Gray Fox." I have named her "Gray Fox" because she is so old and so much loved.

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## LITTLE THINGS COUNT

Even in a match you should consider the "little things"—the wood, the composition, the strikeability, the flame.

## EDDY'S MATCHES

are made of strong, dry pine stems, with a secret perfected composition that guarantees "every match a lighter." Sixty-five years of knowing how—that's the reason.

ALL EDDY products are dependable—always.

## A PREFERRED PASSENGER By Will Nies



WHO was it who 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-

dena. It isn't how much you carry, but WHAT you 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, SEE prefer. Why, bless your heart, she's MISS EVERYBODY.

## 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.

As these months of war time pass, says a London, England, writer, one cannot fail to notice how women are steadily giving up the domestic side of life, the sphere of work to which they are particularly well suited, and in ever increasing numbers are seeking employment along totally different lines.

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 the they may be accustomed to housework steadily refuse to offer their services in any capacity as domestic workers, as 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 block in the market on all sides girls are leaving good homes, where they are well paid, well fed and well housed, to take positions that, though apparently attractive, really entail a harder work and many disadvantages.

Here, for instance, is a typical case. Ann is housemaid in a private hotel, receiving \$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-

## LETTERS, STORIES AND POEMS FROM OUR SMALL READERS

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

Signed .....

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 I 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. Sillum in the middle telling a good-night story.

"Yes," said she, "Goglim was a very fine old duck, but Goglim wasn't fine at all."

Goglim, or Goglim the goose, as he was most often called, was ALWAYS picking at the other chickens. "Honk!" he would say, "Don't you know that bit of bread is mine?" Then, just as he would be about to swallow it, he would see Chucky 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. Sillum.

"My yes," answered Peter and all the other children in one voice.

"Well! I don't think you want to hear anymore for tonight," said old Mrs. Sillum.

"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. Sillum, "You see it was this way: Goglim found out something before he grew much older."

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 she saw Goglim's head peering in.

All the chickens came galloping up as fast as they could go; it was SUCH a cold day and hot cornmeal—hurray! But Goglim 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 this dish of hot cornmeal is all for me?"

Well—and then guess what happened?—That was TOO much for Goglim (the duck).

"Come on," cried he, "if you won't fight, I will," and with a ONE, TWO, THREE, he dashed at Goglim, who turned to fly but turned too quickly, and over he went! Splash! into the bowl of HOT cornmeal.

My! how all the chickens cackled for joy while poor Goglim 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 Goglim?" asked Peter—but just then someone opened the door and said: "Scamper! Scamper! Time for bed."

So I said "Good-night," and here I am sending a little story, letter or poem whenever you have time.

Yours with lots of love,  
C. A. Macphie.

Her Way.  
Said sensible Miss Lucy, as she creased her double chin, "What ever did I tell you now? Full skirts are coming in. I never, never try, my dears, to keep up with the styles; they'll be the half of all their wiles. I just go on my own sweet way, regardless, as you see, and I know that all the fashion yet I'm simply bound to be.

For sure as fate, if I but wait, the styles catch up to 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 proceeding which always puts me in tears, but I will be encouraged if I see the dear little button—I wrote for one before 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,  
Hamilton, Ont.

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.

Sincerely yours,  
C. A. M.

Dear Sir: Since we saw the Smiling Face Club in The Toronto Sunday World we have felt that we would very much like to belong to it. The paper is sent every week to a gentleman that lives with us and we always look forward to it and would like for you to send us each a button.

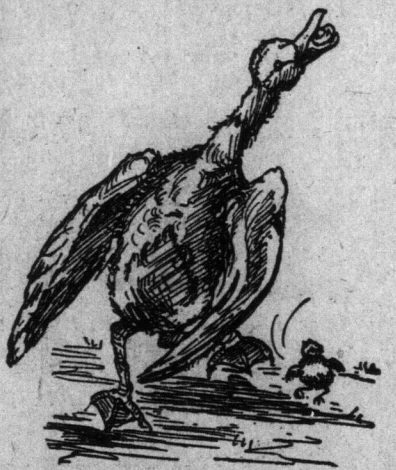
Yours truly,  
Arthur and Evelyn Coleman,  
601 Huron street,  
Detroit, Mich., U. S. A.

Age 8 and 6 years.

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

Sincerely yours,  
C. A. M.

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



Goglim was always picking at the other chickens. "Honk!" he would say, "Don't you know that bit of bread is mine?"

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 rains cats and dogs.

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

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

Yours sincerely,  
C. A. M.

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 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.

Suppose my little lady,  
Your doll should break its head,  
Could you make it whole by crying  
"Fill your eyes and nose were red?"  
Wouldn't it be pleasant,  
To treat it as a joke,  
And say you're glad 'twas Dolly's  
And not your head that's broke?

From Miss Emily Shaver,  
Brindale P. O., Ont.

See our S. F. C. pledge.

Dear Smiler: I am a little girl seven years old. I would like you to send me a Smiling Face button. I know the motto by heart. My big sister taught me it. She had a S. F. button, but she lost it. Now she has to smile without it, which is hard, she says. Please send her one, will you, for a surprise?

From your loving little friend,  
Violet Lauder,  
22 Louisa street, St. Catharines, Ont.

Dear Violet: I am very glad that you are going to be a Smiler, too. Find our little pledge and sign it, my dear, as we are not sending out buttons now.

Sincerely yours,  
C. A. M.

Dear C. A. Macphie: I would like to join your club. I get The Sunday World every week. I would like to have a button. I live in Canada. I have some friends who are Smilers.

What is the proper length of a woman's 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,  
Lella Smith,  
Humberton, Ont.

Dear Editor: I am a little boy 12 years old, and I would like to be in your circle, where all the Smilers are. I am always wanting to smile, and 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,  
Don't forget the children pray  
For your safety every day.

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

Flying man, high up in air,  
Thank you for your watchful care:  
Shielding me, remember, too,  
That my little prayers shield you.

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

Dear Howard: Thanks for the verses. Find our little pledge and sign it, and I am sure you will smile.

Sincerely yours,  
C. A. M.

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