THE WOMAN'S CORNER

Christmas Gifts for Little Folks to Make

Simple Little Presents That Boys and Girls May Give.

[By Cynthia Grey.]

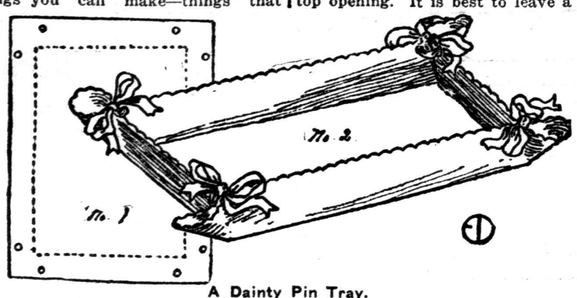
Christmas is coming, boys and girls!

Coming real soon, too—much sooner than you think.

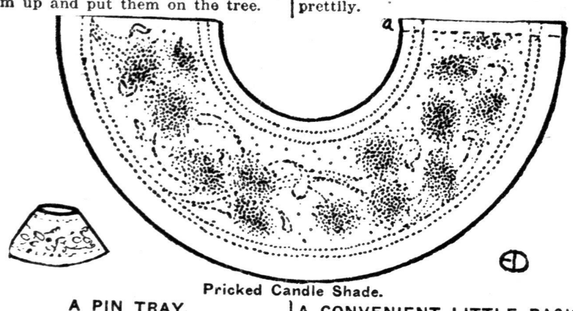
When it's here you'll want some nice presents to give mamma or aunty and all those grown-ups who do so much for you.

So here are a few suggestions of things you can make—things that will be very welcome presents, indeed. You'll enjoy your own Christmas a great deal more if you help others to be happy, too, and there's no better way of showing your love than to really make a little gift for the loved one with your own hands.

You'll find all these things easy to make, but you must be careful and take pains, for you want them neat and tidy and pretty when you wrap them up and put them on the tree.



A Dainty Pin Tray.



Pricked Candle Shade.

A PIN TRAY.

This pin tray is nicest when made of heavy linen, but it can be made of stiff paper.

Have the piece of cloth some longer than it is broad (No. 1), and fold it sharply along the dotted line. The portion outside of the line will be the rim. To make the rim stand up, punch two holes on either side of each corner and run baby ribbon through them, tying a little bow on top of each corner.

An embroidered scallop on the linen will add very greatly to the beauty of this pin tray, and some people prefer to sew little snaps on the corners to hold them in place, instead of using the ribbon. This would be a suitable gift for a traveller.

A PRICKED CANDLE SHADE.

Cut a half-circle of very heavy paper or light cardboard, taking a smaller circle out of the centre of it for the top opening. It is best to leave a little more than the true half-circle at one edge, so that there may be something to paste over as a lap (Line A-A).

Find some decoration that you would like to use, and laying it on the shade, prick out the pattern with a large needle or pin. The light will shine through these little holes and show your design very prettily.

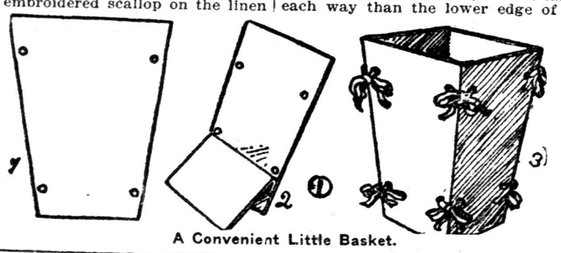
A CONVENIENT LITTLE BASKET.

This may be a little scrap basket for a sewing table or a dresser, or a big one for the floor; it all depends on the size it is made.

Cardboard or stiff paper is suitable for the small ones. Cut four pieces shaped like Fig. 1. Make two holes on each of the sides, through which narrow ribbon is tied to hold the sides upright. Cut a square piece of paper for the bottom, a little larger each way than the lower edge of the sides. The tapering shape of the basket will hold it in shape.

A more secure way of fastening in the bottom is to cut it enough wider on one edge to allow for it being glued to one of the side pieces and bent over into shape.

Large baskets may be made after this pattern by the older members of the family by cutting the pieces out of heavy cardboard and covering them with cretonne or tapestry. When made of cloth the sides would be better sewed together than tied with ribbon.



A Convenient Little Basket.

A WAX MOLD.

This is a little mold of wax to go in somebody's work basket. Any girl or boy can make one by melting some beeswax over a fire and then pouring it into a thimble to harden. However, the thimble must first have been greased on the inside so that the wax will not stick to it.

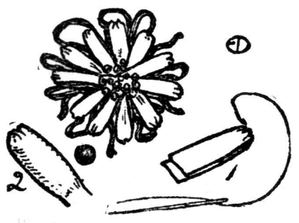
Wax Mold.

Take a little piece of baby ribbon and dip the two ends of it into the melted wax after it has been poured into the thimble. When the wax hardens, the little ribbon will be held fast, and will make a handle to hold the mold up by.

A FLOWER SACHET.

Two colors of ribbon are required to make a flower sachet; some flower color and green.

Fold the ribbon back and forth to make the petals of the flower, fastening it each time with a few stitches at the crossing in the middle. The easiest way to do this is to sew it over a circle on a piece of paper, tearing the paper away when the loops are all made. Put some knots of yellow silk in the centre to cover your stitches, and imitate the center of a flower. Then take a few stitches in the end of each petal-loop (Fig. 1) to make it look rounded on the edge. Sew some loops and ends of green ribbon behind it to suggest leaves. Make a sachet of one of the petals by sewing it up on both sides and filling it with sachet powder (Fig 2.)



Flower Sachet.

ADVERTISER PATTERNS

BEAUTY PATTERN COMPANY.

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8786—A STYLISH LITTLE TOP GARMENT—GIRL'S COAT.

In velvet, plush, caracul or cloth this model will be very effective. The model is box-shaped and has plaited extensions at the side back. The sleeve may be made in bishop style or as a one-piece coat sleeve. A notched collar that may be of velvet finishes the neck edge. The pattern is cut in five sizes, 4, 6, 8, 10, 12 years. It requires four yards of 36-inch material for the 12-year size. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10c in silver or stamps.

PATTERN DEPARTMENT OF THE ADVERTISER.

Please send above mentioned pattern, as per directions given below, to

Name .....

Street Address.....

Town .....

Province .....

Measurement—Bust..... Waist.....

Age (if child's or misses' pattern).....

CAUTION.—Be careful to inclose above illustration and send size of pattern wanted. When the pattern is bust measure, you need only mark it 32, 34 or whatever it may be. When in waist measure, 22, 24, 26 or whatever it may be. If a skirt, give waist and length measure. When misses' or child's pattern, write only the figure representing the age. It is not necessary to write "inches" or "years." Patterns cannot reach you in less than one week from the date of order. The price of each pattern is 10 cents in cash or in postage stamps.

PATTERN DEPARTMENT,
LONDON ADVERTISER.

CYNTHIA GREY'S CORRESPONDENTS

Dear Miss Grey: 1. Please tell me how to dress my hair without switches or puffs. I am 22 and married. 2. Are announcement cards sent to friends who already know of the wedding? 3. Should foods be conveyed to the mouth from the end or the side of the fork? A READER.

A.—1. The centre part and the low pompadour are both fashionable. Use the one most becoming. Then coil the hair very loosely in the back on a line with the top of the head. 2. They are employed only when the wedding has been private, and sent on the day of the wedding to the friends and relatives of the bride and groom. 3. Preferably the end.

Dear Miss Grey: Please give me recipes for marble cake, fruit salad and cabbage salad. THE COOK

A.—Marble Cake.—For the white part cream one-half cup butter and one cup sugar; add one-half cup sweet milk and two and one-half cups flour sifted with two teaspoons baking powder, the white of four eggs beaten stiff and one teaspoon vanilla. Dark part. Stir until smooth one-half cup butter and one cup brown sugar. Add to this the well-beaten yolks of four eggs, one-half cup molasses and one-half cup sour milk. Sift with one and one-half cups flour, one teaspoon each cloves, cinnamon, mace and grated nutmeg. Stir in part of this mixture and add one teaspoon soda dissolved in a little sour milk and the rest of the flour. Butter cake pan and drop in a spoonful of each kind alternately.

Fruit Salad.—Arrange on beds of cress alternate layers of shredded pineapple, sliced bananas and sliced oranges, sprinkling each layer with powdered sugar.

Cabbage Salad.—Chop cabbage fine, season with salt, cayenne pepper and sugar, add celery seed, a little olive oil, cream and vinegar to taste.

Dear Miss Grey: Is it permissible to use stationery with return address printed thereon in social correspondence? O. G.

A.—No.

Dear Miss Grey: 1. My hair is very thick, but is short. How can I make it grow? 2. What will remove India ink stain from a white shirt? 3. Is Mary Baker Eddy living? 4. Should a black and white serge suit be trimmed with black or white?

COLLEGE GIRL.

A.—1. Massage with finger tips dipped in cold water and brush frequently. Don't use patent tonics—let well enough alone. Few women have thick hair and you are fortunate. 2. Oxalic acid dissolved in water. Rinse well in clear water. Use precautions, as this acid is poisonous. 3. Yes. 4. Black.

DAILY MENU

BREAKFAST.
Grapes.
Steamed Hominy and Cream.
Codfish Fried in Batter.
Creamed Potatoes. Sliced Cucumbers.
Raised Muffins. Coffee.

LUNCHEON.
Lobster Salad in Lettuce Nests.
Rolled Bread and Butter.
Plum Conserve. Sponge Jumbles.
Tea.

DINNER.
Clam Broth.
Oyster and Clam Pie with Vegetables.
Sliced Tomatoes.
Celery. Parker House Rolls.
Peach Dumplings, Steamed.
Hard Sauce.
Coffee.

FASHIONS

One of the latest novelties in the shadow veilings has the fine, filmy mesh in a large delicate leaf pattern, and shows one-quarter-inch velvet dots at intervals of two inches. The addition of a velvet or chenille dot will do much to make this type of veiling more becoming, as the intense black helps bring out the clear colors of the complexion and dispels the greyness which a close fine mesh often causes.

A new veil of the cobweb variety is about two yards long and has an attractive floral border at the lower edge. Apparently hanging from the upper edge are tendrils or fine stems with tiny leaves of a heavier silk thread, the same in which the border is worked out.

Large wings are in demand for tailored and semi-dress hats.

Shaded or omber plumes, willow in style, are favored for large dressy hats. ?

The frills about the throat called clown collars are popular for young girls.

Children's boots are worn high and are more fashionable in button than in lace.

The popular suit of today is the one built on mannish lines and strictly tailored

Skirts are tight, but they are not banded in so closely about the feet. Coats also are tight and close, but they have reached a normal length and are no longer all collar, cuffs and revers.

Velvets will be the rage this winter, and more frequently than not the suit, dress or wrap is trimmed with fur.

The tailored two-piece suit with short hip jacket and narrow skirt is an established mode for the winter.

The cut of the skirt is still very narrow, though the banding in at the hem has been given up.

The full-length wraps preserve the straight figure line and are very narrow in cut. At the bottom edge they are no wider than the hip measurement. Many of them lap far over at the left side and are fastened almost their entire length.

ALL AROUND THE HOME

[CYNTHIA GREY.]

If ice cream is accidentally spilled on a silk waist try using alcohol to remove the grease blemish.

Much labor may be saved if pastry is mixed several hours before it is required. Always keep it in a cool place.

If a kettle burns dry take it from the stove and place immediately in cold water. This will save the food from tasting burned.

A good cover for a food chopper is made by taking a round piece of cloth, hemming it and running an elastic band through hem. If kept over top of chopper it will shield it from the dust.

A SON OF THE IMMORTALS

BY LOUIS TRACY.

Author of "The Stowaway," "The Message," "The Wings of the Morning," Etc.

Alec, hastily examining his prize, found that three chambers were loaded. He was about to search for a crack in the door through which he could fire at least one telling shot, when his ear caught the prancing of horses on the paving-stones.

Joan, thoroughly enlightened now as to their common peril, had behaved with admirable coolness sice Alec implored her not to stir from the corner between door and window. She was sure they would all be killed, and her lips moved in fervent prayer that death might be merciful in its haste; but she was not afraid; that storm of tears had been succeeded by a spiritual exaltation that rescued her from any ignoble panic. Yet her senses were strained to a tension far more exhausting than the display of emotion natural to one plunged without warning into the most horrible of the many horrors of civil war, and she had heard, long before the others, the onrush of cavalry and the stampede of the mob.

So, when her eyes met Alec's, and she saw that questioning look in his face, she smiled at him with a radiant confidence that was astounding at such a moment.

"Heaven has been good to us, dear," she said. "Your soldiers are here. Your enemies are running away. Listen! they are fighting now on the stairs. The unhappy men who raved for our lives will lose their own. Can nothing be done to save them?"

He ran to the window. Those leaden blasts that had swept the room from the first floors of the opposite houses had ceased, and not one pot-valiant marksman of them all was to be seen; but the street was full of hussars, and directly beneath, mounted on an excited horse, Stampoff was giving furious orders which evidently demanded an energetic storming of the hotel entrance.

Alec threw open the window and leaned out. "Just in time, old friend!" he cried.

Stampoff heard him and looked up. "God's bones!" he roared. "Here is the King safe and sound. At them, my children! Dig them out with your sabres! Don't leave a man alive!"

"Stop!" shouted Alec. "No more slaughter! I forbid it!"

Stampoff wheeled round on his charger and addressed the press of soldiers who had been unable to take any part in the street clearing, since the mob broke and fled when the first rank of plumed caps and flashing swords became visible.

"You hear, my children," he vociferated. "Don't harm anybody who does not resist. The King's command must be obeyed!"

Joan, of course, could only guess what was being said; but she could not fail to recognize the sounds of conflict on the stairs. Men are strangely akin to tigers when they see red, and the tiger's roar when he pounces on a victim differs greatly from his own death scream. Alec, powerless to move Stampoff, who believed, rightly, as it transpired, that the ringleaders were foremost in the attack, turned to Beaumanoir.

"Release that fellow," he said. "If I am able to make my voice heard through the racket, I can put an end to this butchery."

Beaumanoir let go the arm, and a body fell on the other side of the door.

"You are too late, I hope," he said quietly. "My prisoner took the knock just before you spoke. I felt it run through him. He shook like a pony under the spur. And you're wrong, you know. This gang must be cleared out." He peered through the broken panel. "It's all over," he added. "No flowers, by request."

Felix was peering up at them with his bright, crafty eyes. "Queer thing!" he growled. "In my first honest fight I have been on the side of tyranny. If you young gentlemen will be good enough to remove the barricade and give orders to have the passage cleared, I can go back to the cup of coffee I left in the restaurant. Meanwhile, Joan must be taken to her room. She is going to faint, and the Lord only knows what has become of her maid!"

Alec was at Joan's side before Felix had made an end. "You will not break down now, sweetheart," he cried. "All danger is over, and, with God's help, you will never witness such a scene in Delgratz again."

"I feel tired," she sighed. "I know quite well I am safe, Alec. Somehow, I hardly thought you and I should die today. We have things to do in the world, you and I; but those horrid men frightened me by their shrieks. It must be awful to pass into the unknown—like that!"

She sighed again. To her strained vision Alec suddenly assumed the aspect of Henri Quatre's gilded statue on the Pont Neuf. It did not seem to be in the least remarkable that the statue should leap from his horse and take her in his arms. She was absolutely safe and content. She felt she could rest there a while in safety.

So, when the door was opened, the King experienced no difficulty in carrying Joan through a scene of bloodshed that would certainly never have been blotted from her mind had she remained conscious. Stampoff's commands had been obeyed, and the place reeked of the shambles; but the girl was happily as heedless of its nightmare horrors as the thirty-one men who lay there dead or dying.

Alec bore her out into the street. The sight of him was greeted by a sustained cheer from the troops and the loyal citizens who were now threatening a riot of curiosity and alarm, since the news had gone round that the King was being done to death by rebellious soldiery in the Furst Michaelstrasse, and Delgratz was hurrying to the rescue.

Joan, revived a little by the fresh air and bewildered by the shouting throng that pressed around the King, opened her eyes. "Where am I?" she whispered, delightedly ignorant of the fact that she was nestling in Alec's arms under the gaze of many hundreds of his subjects.

"I am sending you to my mother, dear," he replied. "Felix and your maid will be here in a moment, and they will take you to her in a carriage. You cannot remain at the hotel, and you will be well cared for in Monsieur Nesimir's house.

"Are you coming, Alec?" she asked, scanning his face like a timid child.

"Soon, quite soon."

"Then I am content," she said, and the cloud descended again for a brief space.

Pauline, unfortunately happened to be in the kitchen when the fray began. She was nearly incoherent with fright; but Felix managed to reassure her, and piloted her skillfully out of the hotel by an exit that concealed the grewsome staircase.

The glittering escort of soldiers surrounding the carriage pressed into the King's service served to complete the illusion insisted on by Poluski, and Pauline rejoined her mistress, firm in the conviction that the tumult was an outlandish Serbian method of merrymaking.

Alec, having seen the carriage started on its short journey, approached Stampoff and wrung his hand. "It was a near thing, general," he said. "Five minutes later and we should have been in another world."

He spoke in French, and Beaumanoir heard him.

"Not a bit of it," said he. "That anarchist johnny carries about with him the finest assortment of bombs. By the way, where is the bally thing? I'll swear I put it in my pocket when I grabbed that joker through the door."

His hurried search was not rewarded, and Alec, scarcely understanding him, asked Stampoff who had given the alarm.

"Bosko, of course. He came tearing up to the war office like a madman. Had any other brought the same message I really should not have believed it."

"Then you heard nothing of a waiter from this hotel, a waiter named Sobieski?"

"Nothing, your Majesty. Bosko was undoubtedly the first to arrive with the news, and all was quiet at the President's as I rode past. I noted that especially. By the way, Prince Michael is here—came this morning, I am told. The Princess accompanied him. Does your Majesty intend going to them at once? I have already sent to orderly to announce your safety."

Alec looked at his watch. "Five minutes past four," he said. "No, general, I am due at the university. I like to be punctual; but this slight delay was unavoidable. I shall see you at dinner tonight, and I suppose you will clear the city of these idiots of the Seventh Regiment before sunset. By the way, a word before we part. You saw the lady whom I brought from the hotel and placed in the carriage?"

"Saw her, your Majesty? Judas! Thirty years ago I should have striven to rescue her myself."

"It was she who rescued me, general, she and the little humpbacked man. Exactly how they managed it I do not know as yet; but tonight you shall hear the whole story. At present it is enough that would should be told the one really important fact. She is my promised wife."

With a smile and a farewell hand-wave Alec mounted a troop horse and rode away with Beaumanoir in the direction of the university.

Sampoff looked after him with an expression of the utmost dismay on his weather-beaten face. "Gods!" he muttered. "A wife, and a pretty foreigner, too, that is a bird of another color. What will Prince and Princess Delgrado say now, I wonder? What will Kosnovia say, when it is in every man's mind that you should marry a Serb? And what mad prank of fortune sent her here today? By thunder! I thought things were quieting down in Delgratz, but I was wrong—they are just beginning to wake up!"

CHAPTER IX.

Mutterings of Storm.

Before Joan's carriage had travelled a hundred yards it was halted by a loud command. An officer, galloping at the head of a detachment of cavalry, sought news of the King, and an escorted vehicle coming from the upper end of the Furst Michaelstrasse promised developments. Joan was startled back into consciousness by the sudden stoppage. The excited babble going on without was incomprehensible and therefore alarming, nor did the polite assurances of the officer, as he bent in the saddle and peered in at the window while he aired his best French, serve to still this fresh tumult in her veins.

"What is he saying?" she asked Felix, turning her frightened eyes from the urbane personage on horseback to Paluski's intent face.

"He was sent to rescue the King," was the explanation. "He says the bodyguard received warning less than two minutes ago."

"Tell him the King is safe now."

"Oh, he knows that already. What puzzled him is the fact that the troops at the war ministry, which lies beyond the President's house, should have reached there before him."

"What does it matter, since help came in time? Please bid the coachman go on. I—I would like to be the first to let Princess Delgrado know that her son has escaped from those horrid men. Who were they? Why should they want to kill Alec?"

Felix did not obey her behest instantly. He exchanged some hasty words with the strange officer, who chanced to be Drakovitch, and answered Joan's questions only when the cab resumed its journey. "Have you forgotten the part played by the Seventh Regiment in the recent history of Delgratz?" he asked.

"I remember something about them. Alec disbanded them. Oh—they were the soldiers who revolted and murdered the late King and Queen."

"Exactly. Do women ever read the newspapers intelligently, I wonder? You state a most remarkable fact, considering that this is Delgratz and your future capital, as coolly as if it had happened in Kamschatka."

"But still I do not understand why they should turn against Alec. I have at least sufficient intelligence to recall the avowed object of their crime—the restoration of the Delgrado line."

To be Continued.

Great Annual Mill End Sale Starts Thursday, Nov. 3rd

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SEE WEDNESDAY'S PAPERS for detailed price list. Watch our window displays and come Thursday morning early with your shopping list.

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