PAGE OF INTEREST TO WOMEN

Jimmy Coon and His Friends

The Adventures of the Little People of the Great Forest.

THE BEAVERS' NICE LUNCH.

Well, it was a pretty sight to see all the children and Father Beaver sitting on that mossy bank, close to the singing brook, surrounding Mother Beaver, waiting for their lunch. A snap shot picture was taken of the Family Party! It was taken in the glassy water of the Brook by the Photographer, Mr. Sun.

Now, you ask, "Where did Mother Beaver get all this food for her big family, 'way off in the Great Wood?" Well, Mother Beaver kept her eyes open when she traveled. And she kept watching for food, and for the best place to eat lunch.

And at noon, when all the rest of the family were diving and having lots of water sports, Mother Beaver got out on the bank and set the table, and prepared all the food for a nice lunch, and then called the family to eat their noonday meal.

None of the Beavers were backward in coming forward. You ask me, "What did the Beavers have for lunch, and where did Mother Beaver get all this nice food?" Well, Mother Beaver found a big bunch of Willows growing on the bank, close to the Pond; and she cut down lots and lots of the tender Willows, until she had a big bundle of the Willow twigs for lunch.

And all the family sat around on the bank, eating the bark from the Willow twigs. They all smacked their lips, and said it was the tenderest and sweetest Willow they had ever tasted in their lives.

And after the course of Willow, Tom Beaver asked, "Mother, what are we going to have for dessert?" And Mother Beaver took the whole family around a little point of land, and showed them a little bay in the Pond, where the pretty yellow pond lilies were growing. And these yellow flowers floated on the smooth water, like floating goblets of cup-custards.

And Mother Beaver said, "There is our dessert. Now, help yourselves." And it was indeed funny to see each Beaver take a sudden dive to find their nice dessert, at the lower end of those green ribbons. And 'way down at the bottom of the Pond, each Beaver found some big and fat roots of the yellow pond lilies.

And they dug up those roots, and came to the surface of the water, and got out on the grassy bank and sat down, each holding a big root in his or her little hands, and smacked their lips as they ate the big, delicious roots, just as boys and girls eat sweet cookies.

The bottom of the Ponds are the candy stores for the Beavers. And the Beavers' candy is much better for their teeth than our candy. The Beavers never have to go to a dentist.

Just as boys and girls eat sweet cookies.

Tomorrow: The Fire in Beaver Dam Village.

Necessity the Mother of Invention

Taxing our brains for methods to promote thrift and conservation, we are apt to flatter ourselves that our ideas are discoveries, forgetting the old saying that "there is nothing new under the sun." Many of these thrift measures are but repetitions of those in practice in the days of our grandmothers, when, hemmed in as they were, by virgin forests, oftentimes makeshifts had to be resorted to in order to eke out their scanty supplies, when rice water was used as starch, dandelions and other wild weeds as greens, potato eyes for planting, and when a drop of cold tea left over from a meal was carefully reheated, and added to a tiny portion of fresh at its infusion and again served. In those days one article there was found in every home that had not soared beyond reach—white cotton—a web of which was a necessity, and in extremity might be put to various uses.

I have heard one dear old lady tell of a time when money was simply unobtainable, and she had reached the last resource in replenishing the wardrobe of her growing girls. When in deep despair an idea presented itself. Into a kettle of some sort she put walnut shells, of which Nature had provided a generous supply. This became a rich, brown dye, into which she popped yards of factory cotton, from which she later fashioned attractive and serviceable dresses, suitable even for church services, in those days of hardships and simple wants.

Since "necessity is the mother of invention," as the need increases, serious-minded people of today will doubtless find themselves resorting to measures that our ancestors adopted cheerfully.

Regulating Day Nurseries

One of the undesirable things which has come about through the dilution of labor is that mothers of young children have forsaken their homes in order to enter factories doing war work. The children have, in many cases, been intrusted to inexperienced or unsympathetic caretakers. A wretched kind of day nursery has sprung up in some cities where the only idea seems to be to keep the children together regardless of hygenic and sanitary regulations. The women of Cleveland, Ohio, have made a thorough investigation of this social evil and the result is that the city council has been petitioned to pass a day nursery ordnance patterned after that in New York and Chicago.

The basic idea is conservation of infant life by discouraging the mother from going into industrial life. It makes the establishment of day nurseries by factories very difficult because of the strict requirements in medical supervision, adequate buildings and attending nurses. The small home nursery against which this campaign is waged will be entirely eliminated. Instead of working a hardship to the mother who is compelled to work in factories the new law will befriend her by taking even better care of her child than she could do unaided. These day nurseries, properly conducted, should prove most effective centres for teaching sanitary and hygenic living.

The New York Centre of Day Nursery Association has prepared a list of "essential standards of a day nursery." Few places have put day nurseries under municipal inspection or regulation but this is a step in the right direction if abuses are to be stamped out. Municipal lodging houses are held to strict compliance with the latest standards of living. If tramps and outcasts are so guarded and befriended why not the innocent child for whom everyone in the community is responsible?

The "Essential Standards" referred to are as follows, and might be adopted in Canada, should day nurseries be established here:

(1) Hygienic plumbing.
(2) Walls, ceiling, floor finished to be washable.
(3) Examination of child before entrance by a physician.
(4) Examination of child, stripped if possible, by a physician once a month.
(5) Investigation of case before entrance.
(6) Thorough investigation of exceptional cases.
(7) Two meals a day to each child.
(8) Nursery aprons for all children; nursery clothes for infants when possible.
(9) Use of dietary recommended by the federation.
(10) Separate towels, spoons, etc., for each child obligatory.
(11) Eight infants or sixteen roundabouters only for each attendant. Every kindergarten teacher should have an assistant for more than 30 children.
(12) Keeping a simple record for each child. Printing of annual report following suggestions of federation.

The question of day nurseries in Canada will assume vastly more importance in the coming era of reconstruction, and it is not too soon to begin a thorough study of what may be an immense help to society or just the reverse.

Advertiser Patterns

A PRETTY COSTUME.

Waist—2640. Skirt—2616.

This model comprises Ladies' Waist Pattern 2640, and Ladies' Skirt 2616. The waist is one of the popular tie-on models, and the skirt has a smart plait trimming at each side. Chiffon taffeta in a new shade of green, with matching crepe and self-colored buttons, would be nice for this model. The Waist Pattern is cut in six sizes—34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. The Skirt Pattern is cut in six sizes—22, 24, 26 28, 30 and 32 inches waist measure. It will require about 6¼ yards of 40-inch material for the entire dress for a 38-inch size. Width at lower edge of skirt is about two yards, with plaits drawn out.

This illustration calls for TWO separate patterns, which will be mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents FOR EACH pattern, in silver or stamps.

Name .....

Town .....

Province .....

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

Measurement: Bust..... Waist.....

Caution: Be careful to inclose the above illustration, and send size of pattern wanted. When the pattern is bust measure, you need only mark 33, 34, or whatever it may be. When in waist measure, 22, 24, 25, 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 application.

RED CROSS AND C. W. C. A. COLUMN

ARE THEY HERE IN LONDON?

"War laid bugle to his lips,
Blew a blast, and then—
The sea answered him with ships,
The earth with men.

"Down the steps of Paradise
Hastened Angels three:
Pity and Self-sacrifice,
And Charity."

War has hung his bugle in the halls of peace; once more our ships speed unafraid over the tranquil ocean. The men who leaped to the sound of clashing arms will soon be marching home. But the work of the three still goes on. Their tender hands were never more filled than in these first wonderful days of peace.

For that terrible blast blown by the God Mars has left thousands of sick and maimed and helpless men to their care, and the three will not fail those who lost health and strength fighting, that just virtues might not perish from the earth. They are in our midst today, and they march under a banner that displays the symbol that followed the soldier out onto the battlefield and still waves over him—the symbol of the Red Cross.

We people of London are to be asked next week if we are ready to help hold up that Red Crossed banner. Is there pity enough in our hearts for those who come home to us broken in the strife; is there self-sacrifice enough, and charity—the love that "suffereth long and is kind"—is there enough of each of these virtues in the hearts of London to bring the response that the three will make next week?

Another will stand by them in the campaign to raise money for our returned wounded soldiers. Her name is Justice. When we make it possible for the Red Cross Society to treat these men to all the comforts that a perfectly equipped hospital can provide, let us remember that even then we have done but bare justice to those who have done so much for us. We ought to be lavish in our answer to the Red Cross appeal next week. We ought to go so far beyond the $75,000 the society is asking that these poor, weak and helpless fellows coming to our hospitals will realize that we really are grateful for all they have given us, and are trying to show that gratitude in a liberal way.

So let us give in a royal way next Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, good measure, pressed down and running over.

Keep the Banner Floating.

The war is over, but the work of the Red Cross goes on. It will go on, too, until the last wounded soldier leaves our hospitals. And that will be many a long month hence. The many-crossed banner of Britain has been kept floating because men were willing to give their lives to keep it aloft. It is a very little thing that we should be asked to give our money that the Red Cross banner of this great institution should be kept waving protectingly over these, our returned heroes.

"When the red wrath perisheth,
When the dull swords fail,
These Three who have walked with Death,
These shall prevail."

And these three, led by Justice, will walk the streets of London on January 7, 8 and 9. Shall we be ready to give them a warm welcome?

MARIAN KEITH,
Press Secretary.

Patriotic Western Ontario

Address All News for This Column to the Editor of the Women's Page.

WROXETER.—The Wroxeter Red Cross Society shipped the following to headquarters at Montreal this week: Four quilts, 6 flannel shirts, 19 towels, 2 wash cloths, 1 knitted underskirt, 1 dressing sack, 3 pairs women's hose, 15 children's petticoats, 55 babies' bonnets.

Daily Bible Question Club

SUGGESTIVE QUESTIONS FOR THE UNIFORM LESSON FOR SUNDAY JANUARY 5, 1919.

ONE GOLDEN TEXT SUGGESTION
(By Rev. T. S. Linscott, D.D.)

Pharaoh Oppresses Israel.—Exodus, i., 1-14; ii., 1-25.

QUESTIONS FOR TODAY.

11. Verses 5-6.—Would you say, and why, that Pharaoh's daughter's sympathy for the child was purely natural, or that she was directly influenced by God? What makes the latter theory probable?

12. Verses 7-10.—Is it an actual fact, or not, and why, that all the details of a good man's life are planned and guided by God?

13. Verses 11-12.—Seeing Moses had been raised in the court of Pharaoh, how did he come to have such a patriotic spirit for his own race?

Golden Text: He will save the children of the needy, and will break in pieces the oppressor.—Psalm lxxii., 4.

TO OPPRESS THE PEOPLE IS TO FIGHT GOD.

When Pharaoh oppressed Israel, exacting from them that which was impossible to produce and binding upon them burdens which could not be borne, he was really oppressing God. God is the father of the people, and makes common cause with them; what are their interests are God's interests, and their enemies are God's enemies. All that are oppressing the poor by the same act are oppressing God. All those who are trying to deceive the public, to get something for nothing; all that are unkind to those beneath them, who have no sympathy for the poor and needy, are trying to deceive God, and they hurt God in proportion as they hurt their fellow-men. You may read a striking example of this in the wonderful words of Christ in Matt., xxv., 31-46.

CYNTHIA GREY'S MAIL-BOX

Wounded Soldiers' Needs.

Miss Grey,—For the fund to supply needs for which a call was made some time ago.

A FRIEND.

Ans.—The inclosure is most gratefully acknowledged, and has been handed over to the special committee in charge of the work.

Round Table Doily.

Dear Miss Grey,—I wonder if any of the readers could send me a crocheted lace pattern for a round table doily? Hoping I am not too bothersome, and that I may be of some help some other time. Will sign myself

TIRED OF DARNING.

Ans.—Would be very pleased to receive a design from any reader and to forward it to Tired of Darning. What a rather pathetic suggestion is implied in her signature, and doubtless countless of our pageites can echo it from the heart.

"Twenty-One" Please Note!

Dear Miss Grey,—Once again I am coming to beg a wee corner in your Mail-Box. My! how the time does fly! I am desirous of wishing you and all the pageites a Happy New Year.

Could any of the readers tell me a satisfactory way of washing a rose-colored crepe de chene waist with a white silk collar? Also could you or someone suggest a nice way of making up a raw silk blouse for school?—a girlish pattern, please.

In looking over the list of returned men in last week's paper I noticed a name, which I think, may be "Twenty-One," who used to write to the page. I wonder if it is or has he a brother of the same initials? I received his name and address from you a long time ago, and have received interesting letters until a short time ago. I hope he will write the Mail-Box and tell us some of his experiences, and also that I may hear from him again. I'll leave my address with Miss Grey, Twenty-One.

Well, I will close for this time. I am sending a copy of the song, "Don't Send My Boy to Prison," which I copied some time ago and which someone was wanting to receive. Wishing you all success in the coming year,

"MUGGINS."

Ans.—Your kind wishes reciprocated. I also noted the name of "T.-O" among the returned men, and hope he will remember the Mail-Box with an occasional line. Try washing the blouse either in gasoline (be sure to avoid fire or flame during the process) or in a lux and water solution. Either method should cleanse your blouse nicely.

For the raw silk, might I suggest a design appearing in issue of December 9, No. 2229, pattern illustration? Look up your back papers and see if you do not like it.

Some Yuletide Spice.

Dear Cynthia and Mail-Box Friends,—Although we are entering the "peace on earth" season, I notice of late that the Mail-Box pot is commencing to simmer. Watch out, oh, ye stirrers of the fire, lest it may boil clean over. Poor, unsuspecting "Country Woman" had no idea when she penned her few last lines about western conditions, that she would stir up and cause the "R" in Victory Bond to become so wrathy. I often wonder why it is that some people think it such a terrible thing to have any reflection cast on the merits of the "Golden West." People who come from there are so reluctant in admitting that the crops are ever a failure or the weather conditions anything but ideal. Some of these same people I notice, are always glad to come back to the "Inferior (?) East," at the first approach of winter, and play star boarder among their old friends and acquaintances. The whole sum and substance of their talk is of what a pile of money they have made, and of what glorious opportunities there are out west.

We all admit that financially the western provinces have advantages over the eastern, but just the same, those who have made their pile out there have in the making endured many hardships, and, in a good many instances, heartaches, from sheer loneliness, as well. "A Soldier's Mother" takes a whack at "Two Patriots" and "Peace or Victory," for daring to reflect on the attitude of our beloved (?) Union Government. Disunion would be a more appropriate name, for there certainly is a discord among the members, and, of course, "a house divided against itself cannot stand." "A Soldier's Mother" gives all honor to the Government for "winding up the war in such a short time." What did they do to wind it up, except waste a lot of Canada's money over exemption tangles? By forcing a lot of men into uniform as a reserve force no doubt helped out a little, but, using "Soldier's Mother's" own words, "honor should be given where it belongs," and to whom should it belong but to the brave men who faced the foe, 'midst shot and shell, and to the great Gen. Foch, who made the winning moves on the checker-board of the worst war the world has ever witnessed?

So "Ura Kidd" is a poetess, as well as a camouflager. Her dress and bobbed off hair were deceptive, all right, but her face, never! No one could ever mistake it for that of a 10-year-old. Surely she did not cut off her hair and spoil it just for a lark. If so, she ought to be taken across mamma's knee and spanked, like all other naughty kids.

No doubt you will all think me very inconsistent, advocating peace at the outset, and warning others to keep away from the fire, and here am I making common cause with them; what are they interests are God's interests, and their enemies are God's enemies. All that are oppressing the poor by the same act are oppressing God. All those who are trying to deceive the public, to get something for nothing; all that are unkind to those beneath them, who have no sympathy for the poor and needy, are trying to deceive God, and they hurt God in proportion as they hurt their fellow-men. You may read a striking example of this in the wonderful words of Christ in Matt., xxv., 31-46.

I wonder what has ever become of our popular picture-man, Cliff Smith. Is he off on his honeymoon tour? I wish he would come back and tell us if "Paw Perkins" has annihilated that gawky goose yet. If so, I would like to know by what means it went off the stage, whether by rope, bullet or knife.

Before I leave I will pass along an invaluable remedy for rheumatism. Mix a quantity of red pepper with kerosene, and when heated rub well into affected parts. This has been found to be very effective where many other lotions had failed.

I am an old writer, with a new name. I wonder if Miss Grey or any of the old writers can identify me. Wishing you all a joyous Yuletide season, I am,

A THIRD COUSIN TO OLD ST. NICHOLAS.

Ans.—C. G. certainly had no trouble identifying you, but then she has an advantage over other folks, as your writing and "notepaper" are peculiar unto themselves. That is to say, they are different—see? As to being inconsistent, life would get mighty humdrum sometimes, would it not, if we were all to think alike, and if we ourselves were always to be the same?

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Hair stops coming out and every particle of dandruff disappears.

Try as you will, after an application of Danderine, you can not find a single trace of dandruff or falling hair and your scalp will not itch, but what will please you most, will be after a few weeks' use, when you see new hair, fine and downy at first—yes—but really new hair—growing all over the scalp.

A little Danderine immediately doubles the beauty of your hair. No difference how dull, faded, brittle and scraggy, just moisten a cloth with Danderine and carefully draw it through your hair, taking one small strand at a time. The effect is immediate and amazing—your hair will be light, fluffy and wavy, and have an appearance of abundance; an incomparable lustre, softness and luxuriance, the beauty and shimmer of true hair health.

Get a small bottle of Knowlton's Danderine from any drug store or toilet counter for a few cents and prove that your hair is as pretty and soft as any—that it has been neglected or injured by careless treatment—that's all.

Danderine is to the hair what fresh showers of rain and sunshine are to vegetation. It goes right to the roots, invigorates and strengthens them. Its exhilarating, stimulating and life-producing properties cause the hair to grow long, strong and beautiful.

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Little Miss Muffet
Sits on a tuffet
Washing her hands and brow,
The soap, there beside her,
Her mother supplied her.
It's "Infants-Delight," I trow.

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You've probably heard of this well-known plan of making cough syrup at home. But have you ever used it? When you do, you will understand why thousands of families, the world over, feel that they could hardly keep house without it. It's simple and cheap, but the way it takes hold of a cough will quickly earn it a permanent place in your home.

Into a 16-oz. bottle, pour 2½ ounces of Pinex (50 cents worth); then add plain granulated sugar syrup to fill the bottle. Or, if desired, use clarified molasses, honey, or corn syrup, instead of sugar syrup. Either way, it tastes good, never spoils, and gives you 16 ounces of better cough remedy than you could buy ready-made for five times its cost.

It is really wonderful how quickly this home-made remedy conquers a cough—usually in 24 hours or less. It seems to penetrate through every air passage, loosens a dry, hoarse or tight cough, lifts the phlegm, heals the membranes, and gives almost immediate relief. Splendid for throat tickle, hoarseness, croup, bronchitis and bronchial asthma.

Pinex is a highly concentrated compound of genuine Norway pine extract, and has been used for generations for throat and chest ailments.

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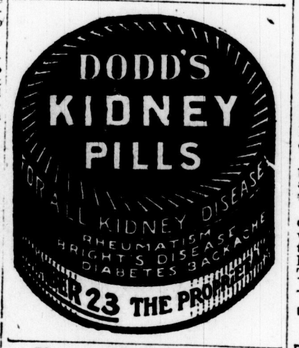

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The DIET During and After INFLUENZA

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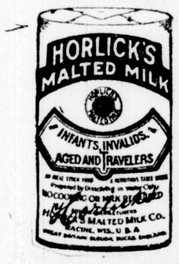

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