

The Ground Floor

THE MAN WHO WAS MISUNDERSTOOD

NOBODY expected Benny Metcalf to set the world on fire, although he impressively signed himself "B.J.F." His employer considered him just an average young chap tied down with a family. As for Benny, well, his wife told him he was "just the cleverest old dear" so why shouldn't he believe it on such good authority. And then came the Big Chance. Benny's employer was stricken with a sudden illness. "He's an old fogey anyway" Benny told the adoring wife, and proceeded to grasp opportunity by the forelock. Benny was the only other person who knew anything about his employer's business, and, plainly speaking, Benny cut loose among modern business methods. He took it upon his young shoulders to insert a screaming advertisement that he was sure would "bring home the bacon." And just as he was riding the crest of his own idea of success, his employer returned — — — (The dashes signify Benny's state of mind when he faced the music). If you really want to know what happened to "B.J.F." you'll find his finish in "The Metcalf Self-Starter," by Edward J. Moore, complete in November.

"I Can't Desert Her Now"



"I CAN'T desert her now" was Jimmy's heart-broken cry when the Doctor told him his lungs had gone back on him. And his only confidant was the old battered typewriter that had helped him "pound out stuff for his paper." But his young wife of only a few weeks found out, as

women will and although Augusta was handicapped with the care of her invalid mother and the support of the whole family, she faced the situation with the high courage that makes "The Hills of Desire," by Richard Aumerle Maher, a serial of unusual merit. Don't fail to start "The Hills of Desire" in this issue. In November Augusta solves the problem of Jimmy's lung trouble with the timely aid of Donahue. You'll love Donahue, he's such a blessing in disguise.

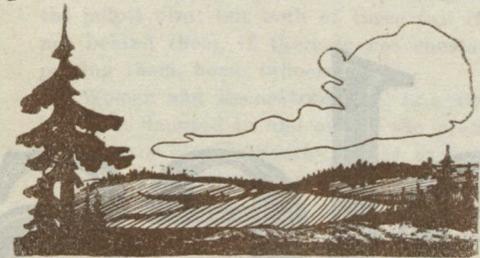
Sauce for the Goose

"SAUCE for the Goose is sauce for the Gander" so runs the old saying. And whether it's a goose or a gander or just a good, substantial roast, you'll find your culinary interest anticipated in the food feature of EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD Household Department.

"Sauces and Gravies" in this issue and similar tasty recipes in the November issue will give you many a new hint on tempting and nourishing sauces and gravies, in addition to four other helpful household pages.

A Priceless Mirror

A MIRROR that is priceless, and a mirror in which every woman dearly loves to view her image is the mirror of fashion. And this year the mirror of fashion reflects a rare riot of colours, a sudden reaction from the smoke grey economy of war. Brocades and velvets, rainbow chiffons, silks and colour and style without stint, reflect feminine fashions for fall. The November issue of EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD will carry five pages of advance fashions and information in addition to the special fashion article of the month by Helen Cornelius and her make-over department.



ALICE HEGAN RICE To The Rescue

The writer of "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch" will offer you Beulah in next month's issue

"BEULAH" was not an ordinary person. In fact, she was quite unique. Witness her description: "Her face and figure resembled a jig-saw puzzle that has been put together by an amateur. A pair of non-committal eyes, of slightly different size and colour stood guard over a nose that was really too small to look after itself, and farther south, on her facial map, lay a mouth that opened only when it had to, and usually



shut in somebody's face. In appearance and action she announced to the world that she was quite prepared to live without it, and she wished the compliment returned."

When "Beulah" was forced into spiritualistic seances, what she thought and what she did is beyond us to express. Look for the story next month and see for yourself. The inimitable Alice Hegan Rice has surpassed herself in this story.

Wanted—A Wife

NOW, of course, Rupert did not advertise it quite that way, but all the neighbours said a wife was just what he wanted. And when he sat beside Alice in her little blue car he knew she was just the wife he needed. And because he wanted her so much he found himself "a mute, inglorious Milton" when it came to actually asking her. And then—well, who'd ever imagine an apple green gardening set and a terrible thunder shower would have any influence with a man who wanted a wife, but then you never can tell—not until you read "The Spring Song," by Margaret Wise, complete in November.



The Girl Who Never Grew Up

IT'S no use asking you to guess who she is because everybody would say at once—"Mary Pickford." And if you've seen her new photo-play "Daddy-Long-Legs" you know that it is because the heart of her has never grown up that "Little Mary" is the idol of the screen.

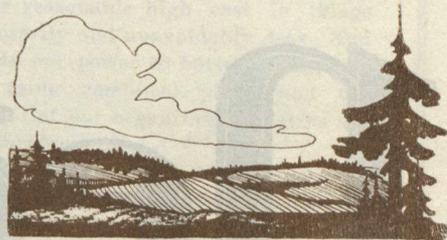
To all her friends, Mary Pickford is giving her facsimile autograph with each copy of the moving picture edition of Daddy-Long-Legs. This offer is only made through EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD.

Full particulars are given on page 56.

French Peas

NO, this is not a Food announcement, but the title of an unusual bit of fiction which will appear in the November issue. It is not a war story. It but touches upon the outer fringe of the great event in so far as it brings together Jules Quentin, a relation-less fighting man and Celia—quaint little Celia, just an ordinary girl to all intents and purposes, in just an ordinary tiresome Government position.

Celia has hoped and planned and built romance around Jules' return from the war, while Jules—oh well, let's not analyze him here. The fact that they had never met, adds zest to the tale. What had French Peas to do with it? A whole lot. You see, Jules liked French Peas and they're just spilled pell mell throughout the story.



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