Water

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Company none Adel. 2180

request of dozens of ther notable comedy Fortune Hunter." Fortune Hunt delight of the most delight at have been produ and when first produ s a starring vehicle reatest light comedy e has ever appearel. B good fortune Mr. Rolle to engage Miss Fran ho has just closed a adway, to play Josie.

YONGE ST. THEATRE. ture musical comedy ure attraction this & Co. in a new coll vill be a sure cure for r acts of equal impo

Kent in an original id lard Bros., strong men, I ekface comedian, He edy eccentric dancer, Be atest and greatest pho

OO" AT MADISON, TO

dian actor, Farnum Barton mpany, will stage for the his evening at the Mad re, Bloor and Bathur celebrated Irving play by Sir Arthur Com by Sir Arthur will be the Madison's in ction of a straight dra g as a portion of the reg e bill and it will be pre ery detail exactly as gi ess Theatre during Eas Toronto newspaper critice hailed Mr. Barton as a illiant attainments and he has a vehicle in which talents are seen 1 vantage.

ONNIE BRIER BUSH." lips-Shaw Company W ate J. H. Stoddart's gree "The Bonnie Brier Opera House next we

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DAILY MAGAZINE PAGE FOR EVERYBODY

"Save the Kiddies" --- Said the Rich Man By WINIFRED BLACK

HEN the Lusitania went down with nearly all on board, the other day, a rich man stood at the rail and saw the deck beneath him sinking into the waves. He called his valet and gave his last instructions: "Here," said the rich man, taking off the

ife belt he had fastened about his waist, "here, let's save the kiddies." and they did. They saved the kiddies—the rich man and is valet-and they went down into the sea

Alfred Gwynne Vanderbilt, your name has meant nothing to most of us who've heard it up

till now, nothing but money. The very syllables of it seemed to taste of gold, and in the pronunciation we seemed to sense the rustle of rich silk, the sparkle of precious gems, the perfume of delicate wines and everything

that stands for what great wealth will buy. But now, and from this forward, the name of Vanderbilt will thing to us Americans besides money.

Just as the name of Astor has had a different sound since the sinking of of the rushing sea. We sneer, and sometimes with reason, at the foibles and ollies of the American aristocracy, but it is on record now that neither the

poor man, the greater man nor the thief has it in him to die more nobly than the rich man who, we like to make ourselves believe, is something a little less than a human being. "A man's a man for a' that,

And a' that, and a' that." The rank is but the guinea stamp-The gold's the gold, for a' that.

Gold, pure gold, Alfred Gwynne Vanderbilt! The best of all the metals, John Jacob Astor! You proved it, as the humblest citizen may, at the call of the Great Leveller.

The Most Important Thing.

I'm glad you bore an American name and came from old American stock "Save the kiddies!" What a lesson it was you taught us, Alfred Vanderbilt, standing there at the rail of the sinking ship!

"Save the kiddies!" That's the important thing country to do today-save the children. We've had our chance, we who have grown to manhood and to woman's

heritage. We took it and made the best of it, or we let it pass and lost it. See the man who walks there at your elbow. He's rich, very rich, they

say. What gives him the eyes of a hunted animal? The woman in the crowd ahead of you, how pale she is, how agonized with remorse over something which, perhaps, she really could not help. You, yourself, are you satisfied with what you have done with your life and your

If you had it to live over again, if you could begin at the beginningwhat's the use, you can't! The story is told, almost to the last word, but see, up there on top of the

hill! Here they come, joyous and laughing and light of heart, the childrenthe hope of the race! Quick, there's a bridge down there at the foot of the hill! That's where you stumbled and got the limp you'll carry with you to your grave! Quick

More Ways Than One.

Hark! What is that in the dark forest back there? Is it the roar of a wild and savage beast?

See! They are running toward it and laughing, the little children, who follow us so gayly down the winding road of life. Quick, let's warn them, quick, before it is too late! They are young and full of courage. They can cope with all the wild

beasts in the jungle, if we only tell them in time. "Save the kiddles!" They are more unselfish than we, perhaps, broader minded, bigger souled. They may make an expedition into the dark forest and risk their own lives, for the benefit of those who will come behind them.

Let's tell them about it and give them a chance. "Save the kiddies!"

My boy shall never make the mistakes that I made, not if I can help it My girl shall have a better chance than I had—if there is such a thing as chance. And the others-the children of my neighbor-shall they not have their chance, too?

My neighbor and I can get along the rest of the way as we started. We'll find the road through the bog and around the quicksands and over the shaky bridges as best we can. But, oh, there is one thing we can do-one thing we of this generation must set out earnestly and thoroughly to do-let's "save the kiddies" if we have to throw away our own life preservers and go down into the wild sea to death, alone, to do it.

Diary of a Well-Dressed Girl

How She Made an Organdie Frock to Wear Over Any Slip.



Smart All-White Organdie Frock-When the invitations came asking made it appear very illusive and cool.

every guest to wear white we knew that I wonder how I could have forgotten she had some clever scheme "up her the charm of white organdie for three

packet effect, as I find this type of bodice unusually becoming to me. It hangs in slightly flaring lines from the shoulders, and the short, wide sleeves are cut-in-one with the bodice. I pointed the neck line over the shoulders as well as at the front and back, and used the fluted frills to trim the sleeves, decolletage and the lower edge Mrs. Tilden is noted for her originality. There's no end to the trouble she takes to make her entertainments a success.

Sieeves, decolletage and the lower edge of the bodice.

When I slipped the frock on over the silk foundation the bands of apple-green gave just a faint touch of color which made it appears very librative and color.

Recause he always here.

This I attached to a wide girdle of

apple-green taffeta which extends well up under the bodice.

The latter I made to produce a loose jacket effect, as I find this type of bodice.

We were all "lie-a-beds" this morning, having been up until the cold, gray dawn at the Tilden's lawn for had been erected, and the orothestra was stationed behind a clump of shrubbery. As we danced about, colored lights were thrown on us, and left for their summer homes by the end of next week.

Nor were we disappointed, for right in the centre of the lawn a dancing from the abominable mess I was in that I didn't so much as make a sound. I started out with a plate of fish for my neighbor's next door. Then I took some fish to my mother-in-law, and some to mother and Dad. Mary worked in grim slience, her nose turned heavenward and her cheeks scarlet.

to wear white.

Mother, Cicely and I had quite a time deciding what to wear—not one of us had an absolutely all-white frock—but after finding that almost all the other guests would have some touch of color about their gowns, mother chose her white net, which has a blue girdle, and Cicely her embroidered mull trimmed with pale pink.

Since none of my frocks seemed appro-Since none of my frocks seemed appropriate, mother insisted that I should make an overdress of white organdie for fishing luck as this again."

make an overdress of white organics for my white silk slip, with the bands of Just Like a Man.

I haven't had a white organdie frock "So do I," I thought, but I didn't say A man who is so affectionate during business hours "when the manager is out," and so distant and snobbish when I haven't had a white organdle Iroca ince my graduation, and as I had been it.

"And it's just like a man, any way,"

"And it's just like a man, any way," since my graduation, and as I had been particularly fond of its dainty sheerness, it did not take me long to get the necessary materials together to make the plate of fish, "to get into such a muddle in the kitchen that he doesn't know in the kno First of all I cut and hemmed yards and yards of narrow strips of organdie, which I sent to have made into full, box-

pleated ruffles.
With these I edged the two sections you went?"
"I don't know," I admitted. of the wide skirt. The underskirt fits rather snugly about the hips, but flares full about the feet. The top section I gathered softly at the waist, but it is cut in such a manner that it hangs in full folds at the hem.

This I attached to a mide status of the status

"Well," said Mary with satisfaction, WHY and WHEN

At what time of day was Adam A little before Eve.

When does a cow become real estate? When she is turned into a field.

. . . Why is the camel the most irascible Because he always has his back up.

the young man whom you love loves you well enough to wish you to be his Why is a man who kicks out right and wife and if he has asked you to become sleeve," and were prepared for a glori-this year and make up for lost time.

FEMININE FOIBLES & By Annette Bradshaw



DEAR ANNIE LAURIE:

I work in an office in the country. There is a young man comes in on business about five times a week. He

is awfully nice to me, but tries to hug me when the manager is not in.

When I see him out at parties he

hardly ever looks at me. Please advise me whether I should smile and speak to him.

CLARA. LARA: It seems to me that if I

were you I would not pay any more attention to him than he paid to

me, and I would never permit him to

so? Of course you should smile and

bow to him when you meet him, but there is no reason why you should be

any more friendly than your business

I am a young girl, and I have been keeping company with a young

man for some time now. My girl friend has also been friendly with a

My friend's young man and I are very much in love with each other, but as both the boys are the closest

friends, and also we girls, I do not know what it would be best for me

Do you think it would be right for Do you think it would me to take my friend's sweetheart away from her? If not, what shall A. G. M.

A. It is just possible that your friend may have precisely the

Don't you think it would be the very

best thing to have a frank and honest

talk with her shout it all? That is if

same confession to make to you.

act in the way he does.

relations seem to demand.

DEAR ANNIE LAURIE:

problem. Don't you think it is much better to tell your friend now just how you feel about it all than to go on as

I am writing to you to ask your help with this problem: I have a boy friend whom I think a great deal of, and he has told me

that he loves me. But there is just one thing I do not understand. He is a boy whose father has a large

income and could give him most everything he wished for. But he is inclined to be selfish and jealous.

I have another boy-friend who cer-

tainly would give me a good time. He has also told me that he cares for me, but I do not like him nearly

as well as the first one. Annie Laurie, do you advise me to stay with the first one with the hope that

he will change, or what shall I do? "MADEMOISELLE."

ADEMOISELLE: Why can't you

you have been, deceiving her?

DEAR ANNIE LAURIE:

Advice to Girls 3

Secrets of Health and Happiness

Why the Wounded Cry For a Drink of Water

By DR. LEONARD KEENE HIRSHBERG

A. B., M. A., M. D. (Johns Hopkins University)

HERE is no doubt, judging from the accounts, which agree on all sides, that one of the most serious problems which confronts the Red Cross departments of the French, English, Italian, German, Serbian and Russian armies is to satisfy the thirst of those wounded and left to suffer on the fields of battle.

Testimony is received almost daily from these battlefields that, despite all of the preparations, extensive and liberal supplies and multitudes of nurses, doctors, orderlies and medical military measures; in spite of those wonderful dogs which seek out the wounded with little barrels of water attached to their collars, the most heartrending agony of those shot and injured in battle is caused by their consuming thirst.

Yet this very thirst, so burning and terrifying to those bayoneted, sabred, shot and otherwise wounded victims of war is the very thing which has always reduced the numbers of those who die in battle. Not only does this rankling thirst usually irritate the brain in such your blood takes over a minute or two

By Annie Laurie

Please advise me whether I should give him up or not. ANXIOUS.

reduced the numbers of those who die in battle. Not only does this rankling thirst usually irritate the brain in such a wise that consciousness is prevented from lapsing, but when unconsciousness does supervene, causes a series of groans and automatic vocal noises, which usually leads to the rescue of the victim of the thirst. Moreover, it prevents the mangled and mutilated sufferers of battle from bleeding to death.

Too Much Water Dangerous.

The very agencies which cause wounds and hemorrhages instigate a flery thirst. With the loss of blood there arises an increase of the closing principles in the scarlet current in the veins and in the arteries. The blood and lymph channels shrink spontaneously, and at the same time their surfaces stick together

might add salt to butter, and lo! the blood now clots more quickly.

When the saliva dries up it is a sign of such blood hunger, and the adrenal glands get busy. They not only put the screws on the loose and frivolous blood, but they cause the skin, flesh and little capillaries, veins and arteries to close up. Thus bleeding is stopped and the saliva imprisoned. Thirst, of course, results, but this thirst is a beneficent visitation, which saves the poor fellow's life.

Nothing could well be more wonderful than this indirect first aid of nature. So spontaneous and so certain is it, that

A—Eat fatty and greasy foods, sweets, pastries, candies, starches, spices, ham, pork, gravies and oils. Drink plenty of milk, distilled water, cream and olive oil. Eat an extra meal or two a day, exercise slightly. Get more fresh air, sunlight rest, and eight to ten hours' sleep in every 24 in a well ventilated room.

give him up or not. ANXIOUS.

My dear Anxious: Why don't you ask your mother to tell you just why she objects to him? Perhaps there is something real upon which she has for individual cases. Where the subject founded her dislike. A good heart to heart talk will clear it all away, no doubt, and so your mother's love and your love, too, will solve your problem happily.

Dr. Hirshberg will answer questions for readers of this paper on medical, hydienic and scatistion subjects that are of general interest. He cannot always undertake to prescribe or offer advice for individual cases. Where the subject is not of general interest letters will be answered personally, if a stamped and addressed envelope is enclosed. Address all inquiries to Dr. L. K. Hirshberg, care this office.

WHENEVER the little Indian children see a rainbow they call it, "The

There was once a lovely Indian maiden who lived with her mother near She was always wandering about through the forest and along the bank of the lake gathering flowers, and for this reason her mother called her "Flower-One day while she was picking purple lilies she saw a young man sleeping under a tree. As she watched him a cold wind suddenly blew across the lake

under a tree. As she watched him a cold wind suddenly blew across the lake and the trees moaned from the cold.

"I had better awaken the young man or he will become chilled and ill from this cold wind," thought the Flower-Maiden.

She spoke to him, but he seemed not to hear. Then she dropped some of the lilles upon his face and jumped behind a tree so he would not see her.

The young man opened his eyes and walked straight to the maiden and said: "Thank you for awakening me. I am the Southwind-god and I am here to keep the Northwind from returning before it is time. I have been working so hard, lately, bringing the flowers and the fruit, that I felt tired and went to sleep. The Northwind wind blew in and I would have been frozen very soon if you had not been kind enough to have awakened me. Maiden, you have saved my life. Will you marry me and come to the home of the flowers?"

The maiden gladly consented to wed the Southwind-god and they went to say good-by to her mother.

"Now we will go," said the Southwind-god.

"Now we will go," said the Southwind-god.
"But not in this rain," said the flower maiden's mother.
Then the Southwind-god took his bow from his shoulder and to the arrow he

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have both boys for your very good friends? Why worry about them now when neither one seems so desperately interested in you? Don't make the choice of either an immediate problem. Just be friendly with both. Don't you think that is ever so much the better

DEAR ANNIE LAURIE: DEAR ANNIE LAURIE:

I am a Scotch girl, 18 years old,
and I have been going with a very
nice young fellow who is 22. I like
him very much indeed, and I am
sure he loves me.

A week ago he asked me to go
away with him and be married. I
would willingly do so, but my mother
does not like him, and says he is not
good enough for me. She will not let

good enough for me. She will not let him come to our house, and it is somewhat inconvenient for me. Now. myself, I cannot see through her dis-like for him, because he is a foreman in a large factory, and is always sure of a steady position. He is a proper gentleman in manners. He does not drink, but smokes.

engaged to him. Frank, fearless, tender honesty is the only solution for your

Then the Southwine-god took his bow from his shoulder and to the arrow he tied a bouquet of flowers, which the maiden had gathered.

He drew the bow and shot the arrow up into the clouds and behind it trailed a great bow of all the prismatic colors. The sun smiled through it and all the rain-drops glistened and soon stopped falling.

And the Southwind-god took his bride by the hand and they walked across