SIDE TALKS.

By Ruth Cameron.

ON THE GRACEFUL VISITOR.

The open season on visiting has officially closed. With the opening of school and the closing of the summer home, the three months when more people go a-visiting than during the remaining nine months, leaving many a hostess feeling as if she were about ready for a summer vacation herself.

Which sounds cynical. But visiting and being visited is a delicate and intricate relationship to maintain without weariness or ennui on either side, and perhaps the following list of suggestions for guests may not come amiss.

Define Your Stay.

If your hostess asks you for a few days, in your letter of response define your stay, saying that you will come at such and such a time and leave at such and such a time, if convenient for her. We all know the embarrassment of having a guest who does not say just when she is going. All our plans are held up by our inability to ask her when she means to leave us.

If you are coming on a train that arrives near meal time, state whether you will have had your meal or not. And if you are later than your hostess' usual meal hour, see that you have had it.

Never under any circumstances stay longer than you are invited (even if you are a close relative) unless you are asked to do so with unmistakable sincerity.

Don't ask your hostess to make you one of the family. She may not care to do so.

If there are no maids, of course you will place yourself at the hostess' service to assist her in her duties in whatever way will help most.

Men Don't Visit So Much.

If there is a maid, don't conclude that that relieves you of all responsibility. You mean more work, and you should try to make some small contribution to the household labor, again in the way your hostess prefers. At least make your own bed. (There last two rules apply to women, but it is they who do most of the visiting.)

Be pleasant to the maid. A courteous word or two in praise of her cooking is a help to your hostess, since it puts the maid in a good temper. Company does mean extra work, there is no getting around it, and the household will run more smoothly if a guest does not take everything for granted. Some small tip or some small gift to the maid is another bit of oil for the domestic machinery.

Never, even if you are a relative, give an order for special service to a maid, except through the hostess.

Don't be late for meals. If you must do anything that will make you late, have your meal outside.

Neither Ignore or Gush.

Don't take everything your hostess does for granted, but don't overpraise everything. Gushing is bad taste and the constant response required is tiresome.

Don't follow your hostess around when she is busy and keep asking her what she is doing now.

Think of the guests you enjoy the most when they come to your house, analyze what it is you like, and imitate them.

In other words apply the best rule for conduct ever promulgated by any philosopher. You know what that is, don't you?

Walter Page's Retort.

"Dr. Page edited the 'World's Work' for some years, and he was a great encourager of literary aspirants. Of course, he had to reject many contributions, but (like the present editor of Punch) he never sent back a manuscript in which he discerned any signs of potential literary capacity without a kindly and stimulating note. Once he returned a worthless story submitted by a lady, and received a sharp complaint from the aspiring authoress. She wrote:

"'Sir,—You sent back last week a story of mine. I know you did not read the story, for as a test I pasted together pages 18, 19 and 20, and the manuscript came back with these pages still pasted. So I know that you are a fraud and turn down stories without reading them.'

"Though the politest of men, Dr. Page rejoined with a crushing answer. He wrote:

"'Madame,—At breakfast, when I open an egg, I don't have to eat the whole egg to discover it bad."

For that empty 'tween-meals feeling, try a Banana Royal at the Blue Puttee. This is the dish which Americans refer to as "New England Boiled Dinner." It is both delicious and satisfying. Try it after the show tonight.—sept21,tf

See Who is at The Star To-Night!

EVERYONE REMEMBERS THE STAR OF MANSLAUGHTER

THOMAS MEIGHAN

SEE HIM TO-NIGHT IN

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A PARAMOUNT SPECIAL IN EIGHT PARTS.

A Story of the old adage—Marry in Haste, Repent at Leisure.

THE INIMITABLE

HAROLD LLOYD

In a Rip-Roaring Comedy.

MR. TESORI Sings:

(A) "Mother Machree." (B) "I Want to See Mamma Every Night."

COMING:—FRANK MAYO in a Universal Super-Special "CAUGHT BLUFFING"; and MISS FAWNETTE (who will arrive on Thursday) The High Flying Dancer from Texas.

Connecticut Merchant Left Valuable Violins.

Norwich, Conn., Sept. 18. (A.P.)—Four specially valuable violins are in the collection of the late Archibald Mitchell, dry goods merchant, whose death occurred here recently.

They are the "Bott" Stradivari (1723), the "Earl" Stradivari (1722), the "Jarnowick" (1741), and the "Healy" Stradivari (1711). The "Bott" is regarded as one of the most widely known instruments in the United States. It was at one time owned by the Duke of Cambridge, and afterwards by Louis Spohr, passing later into the hands of the late Prof. John Bott who, as a young man, had been a pupil of Spohr.

The "Earl" is of exceptional size and weight, which distinguishes it from any previous or later work of Stradivari. It was purchased about 1820 by the founder of the London Royal Academy of Music, the Earl of Westmoreland, while he was ambassador at Vienna.

The "Jarnowick" is a splendid specimen of the last type of the master. It is contemporary with the "Paganini" Guerneri (1743), now preserved in the Municipal Palace at Genoa, which, in the hands of the great Maestro, delighted so many thousands in Europe.

The "Healy" is one of the very few perfect Stradivari violins in existence. Mr. Mitchell was one of the founders of a dry goods concern here which has stores in Portland, Me., and in Grand Rapids, Mich., and which at one time operated stores in Fort Wayne, Ind., Detroit and Saginaw, Mich., and Middletown, Conn.

FORGETTING IT.

WALT MASON

"It is a foolish thing, my lad," the wise man said, with kindly tact, "to send good money after bad; when you are stung, forget the fact." 'Twas long ago he told me this; the wise old man has looped the loops, and in the shining realms of bliss he capers with the saintly troops. I treasured up his golden words, and they have helped me, day by day; they soothe me when the gold brick birds have cinched me in the good old way. I've wasted every brand of coin, I come along, my roll in hand, when fakirs cry, "Oh, come and join our get-rich-in-a-hurry husband." But when I find I have been tung, and I am asked to dig again, I make reply, "I'll see you hung before I send more iron men." The faking gents may sting me once, and make my ardent spirit sad; but only an unsalted dunce will send good money after bad. And it is vain to weep and brood because we've fallen for some snare, to sit in gloomy solitude and bite large pieces from a chair. Forget the grief of yesterday, forget the faker and his wiles, lift up your chin and go your way all wreathed in nice assorted smiles. Don't let your neighbors see you blue, as you go steaming through the grad; bear this in mind, whate'er you do: Don't send good money after bad.

Superior to all others, that's Three Flowers face Powder. A finely prepared toilet necessity combining all the most exacting requirements and magnificently perfumed. You will surely love Three Flowers.—sept23,1i

Rough on Reynard.

IN THE HIGHLANDS THEY HAVE NO USE FOR FOXES, HENCE THE FOX-DRIVE.

To shoot a fox is, in the eyes of some people, a crime. But when the nearest pack of hounds is eighty miles away, what is one to do?

The Highland shepherd hates the hill-fox. It kills his lambs. The keeper regards the creature with equal loathing, knowing the toll it takes of young grouse and leverets.

There is a great crag up among the mountains in the heart of Inverness-shire, which for generations has been a headquarters of the hill-foxes, and this is the scene of the annual fox drive.

A day is chosen, and all the keepers for miles around meet early in the morning at a big lodge at the head of a wild glen, some thirty miles from Inverness. The road stops there; beyond is merely a footpath.

Three or four men are selected to go straight to the crag, eight miles away; the rest swing out in a great circle and surround it. Then they walk up towards it, and, with their dogs, hard-bitten, wiry terriers of the real old Scottish breed, working through the heather, drive the foxes inwards.

Cunning to the End.

The distances are enormous, the drive is necessarily slow, and hours elapse before the quarry come slipping in towards their great earths deep in the rocks.

Shots ring out, sometimes only two or three, sometimes a regular volley. But these keepers do not waste cartridges, and it is rare for any fox that has shown itself for even a moment to gain its earth. If such a chance does occur, in goes a terrier, and, as a rule, out comes the fox.

The bag may be only one or two, it may be as high as six or seven, but, unless the mist comes down, the day is seldom, if ever, a blank.

Cunning beasts are these mountain-foxes, and very hard to kill. At one of these drives a wounded fox doubled and broke through the ring. A terrier followed. A little later her master found her tearing at the body of a dead hind. Angrily he called her away, but she would not come. As he strode up, he caught sight of a red something projecting from a hole in the carcass.

It was the brush of the fox. Inside, in a cavity which had been eaten out, the wounded animal had hidden itself. It was already dead.

A Specialist's Advice.

In matters of investment you should always seek the advice of one whose knowledge and experience qualify him to advise you. Your income from savings properly invested should be as large as is consistent with safety. I specialize in safe investments yielding from 7 per cent to 10 per cent. If you have funds invested at lower yield, it will pay you to consult me. RICHARD C. POWER, Investment Specialist, Bishop Building, St. John's.—sept21,tf

"Handsome is—"

How many times have we turned round in the street to remark: "There goes my idea of beauty!" And how often have we discussed the many different ideas of it! For to each man and to each nation beauty means a different thing.

The other day in Oxford Street there passed Lu Chang with his lady, Wi See. Her eyes, like polished enamel, were set at a wrong angle, and her plucked eyebrows looked strange to the Westerner. Yet Lu Chang thinks that in her eyes and slender brows lies the true secret of her loveliness.

Then the Hindu girl—you may see her, too, in London. Her liquid dark eyes and amber complexion may seem not unattractive, but most of us would balk at nose bangles, nostril studs, and hair twisted in a roll over one eye. But to the Hindu these things represent beauty.

There is the Greek ideal—Venus Aphrodite. Her long down-cast nose with its straight line from brow to tip is Beauty herself. But some fur-booted Arctic hunter would prefer the ample nose, broad cheeks and bird-like eyes of an Eskimo belle.

Now look at the girl from Assam. Her beauty lies in bright animal-like eyes, and she wears a tube and large circles of gold in her ears, and two flat discs in her nose. To us she has no beauty, but when a man of her tribe looks into her small, bright eyes and sees the flashing ornaments in her ears and nose, he is completely dazzled.

Then there is the Persian girl. Her eyes are large and languid, and her heavy black brows are drawn across until they meet over the nose. Most of us would run if we saw that single eyebrow on any British girl. But the Persian poet dips his reed pen in the inkpot and writes odes to his lady's eyebrow as fervently as did any Elizabethan gallant.

Comes the tiny Japanese, with her lacquered rolls of charcoal black hair, her nose without any bridge, her small pink mouth and tilted, tightened eyes. We agree that her hands are lovely and perhaps her hair, but we draw the line at slanting eyes and broad cheeks. Without these, however, her lover would never give her all those flower-blossom names.

Finally, look at a picture of a Samoan girl. She is the colour of dark honey and bobbed, as any British girl may be. But we, who like the latter, would think the Samoan girl too dark, her nose too blunt, her hair too coarse, and her lips too thick. Still, the man of her own kind who strings his ukulele and begs for the hibiscus in her hair compares her with the golden moon and the calm sea for beauty.

What, then, is beauty? Is there any standard on which all may agree? Yes; wherever you see a mother bending lovingly over her sleeping child. There you have beauty—a beauty which knows no distinction of nationality or race.

Ocean-Current Investigations.

In connection with its studies of the distribution and movements of larval fishes and other pelagic marine organisms, the U. S. Bureau of Fisheries has undertaken investigations of ocean currents of the north Altantic coast and for that purpose has deposited about 1500 drift bottles. These have been dropped on three lines, running respectively, for a distance about 75 miles off Cape Elizabeth, 150 miles seaward from Chatham, Mass., and 150 miles seaward from Sandy Hook. The stations are at intervals of about one-half mile, two bottles being dropped at each, with drags at different depths, float with but a small part of the neck the bottles being weighted so as to exposed. Each bottle contains a card offering a reward of 25 cents if sent to the Bureau of Fisheries with information concerning the date and location at which it was found. Upwards of 200 of these cards have been received already.

As trimming for suits squirrel, natural and dyed, seems to be a favorite.

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