

Page of Interesting News for Women

Billie Burke Says:

"WE CAN KEEP YOUNG, AND I KNOW HOW."—By Billy Burke.

THE FIRST WORD—The best of women are always young, for kind hearts never lose the sweetness and bloom of adolescence.

I always consider it a great compliment when someone speaks of my youthfulness. There is an irresistible glamour about youth. Sometimes one is slow to realize it, but sooner or later we all come to acknowledge, in our inmost selves at least, that wise people are all replicas of Ponce de Leon, ever in quest of waters which have the magic properties of warding off old age.

But there is youth and youth. Nobody particularly admires the youth that is callow, the youth that is unripe, unless it holds promise of better things. But the youth that wins you and me and all the world is the youth which is born of and not spoiled by experience, and it comes after maturity. It is youth which makes us as gods, knowing good and evil. Youth is not a matter of years nor lack of years, and, alas, it cannot be obtained through the media of scented soaps, face creams, gymnastics, and beauty doctors—it is a thing of the soul.

Youth is not Peter Pan—the boy that never grows up—charming though he is; rather it is he who, having grown up, retains the freshness and wholesomeness of the boy. Youth is the characteristic of the man and woman who continue to think the "long, long thoughts" of fragrant glorious boyhood and girlhood.

We can all keep young—bitingly, perennially young. Our faces may lose their fullness of outline, but nothing need ever destroy the freshness of our outlook on life nor the sweetness of our smile. And never until the verge of eternity is before us need the light die out of our eyes.

It is a fine art—this keeping young, and its not to be had save at great price. We must rid ourselves of petty grudges, small prejudices, little vices, borrowed worries, and untold woes. It means the ruthless and impartial slaughter of the little foxes that destroy the vineyard of our peace. It means confidence in our fellow men and fellow women.

You and I will only be young while our souls are young—and our souls are young only when they are clean and charitable, trusting and sincere.

We all know some few enviable men and women, who, despite the passing years and the racking of labor, retain the freshness and spontaneity, the sweetness and fascination of youth. Their hearts are young. We find balm in their presence, joy in their smiles, inspiration in their touch. To that chosen company it is our duty and right to belong. There is no room in this world for the victims of self-pity, the grumblers, the scandal mongers.

JUST ONE LAST WORD—We can keep young. The recipe is ever at hand, and to her, who will strive valiantly, shall be given this crown of life.

Billie Burke

Suggestions For Halloween

Some Fun-Making Frolics for the Fateful Evening.

In preparing for a Halloween frolic the invitations are the first wrinkle to be thought of, and even the hostess is always ready for some new idea regarding the same. Red or pumpkin yellow paper cut three-cornered shape is the approved color for Halloween invitations. If you are artistic, decorate these with tiny witches and black cats. Or, if not, follow the plan of one bright girl, who bought a large number of Halloween tally cards, clipped out the "witches and things" and pasted them neatly to her invitations.

Word your notes something like this:

"On the eve of All Hallow's,
When moonlight is fit,
The witches will witch,
And the wizards will wizz.
So come to the place
Where the frolic will be
For all have decided
To spend it with me."

On the invitations intended for the girls write a P. S.:

"The dress of a spook
You're required to don
Pillow cases and sheets
You must bring to put on."

Add your signature, address and hour that guests are expected to arrive.
Auction For Partners.

The first feature of the evening is an

auction for partners. Prepare for each man a red mosquito netting bag, containing 25 peanuts to be used when bidding at the auction. The sale should be conducted in a room fixed up as a witches' hall. Clear out one room (preferably the dining-room), lifting the rug, and decorate with corn stalks, maple boughs, and fancy pumpkin-head patterns. Have no lighting here except candles. A portiere, made of rosy red apples strung on fine wire, would be most effective and could be used later in the evening for an apple-biting contest.

The pillow-case-and-sheet girls are mounted one by one on a block (made of a soap box covered with red paper, or cotton) and auctioned off by a man friend of the hostess. When each man has secured his ghost-like partner, announce a hunt for buried treasure. This consists of bright pennies, fifty or more, hidden around in unlikely spots through the house, between leaves of a book, under the edge of the carpet and so on. Blow a horn to start the hunt and again when the treasure is found.

Each couple should still have some left after the auction, and to make the hunt still more amusing stipulate that the words "Yes" and "No" are to be strictly avoided from all conversation. Questions must be answered in some other manner, or a fine of two peanuts paid to the one catching the delinquent.

More Games.

If the house is fairly large, a game of

MISS BILLIE BURKE.

"Follow the Leader" may succeed the hunt for treasure. As this is rather a strenuous game, the guests will probably be glad to rest after it, so place them around in a circle on the floor of the witches' hall and provide each with a strip of paper and pencil. Then after all lights are extinguished, pass around from hand to hand a number of ordinary articles, shears, hair brush, small saucepan, whisk, cup, apple, etc. Then switch on the lights and give ten minutes for each to write a list of them all, and the eerie feeling produced by sitting in the dark and not knowing what is coming next adds to the merriment and is quite in keeping with the spirit of the evening.

The Future's Fate.

The latter part of the programme may be devoted to old-fashioned fortune telling games. Peeling apples and throwing the peel over the left shoulder for the initial of one's future mate, or throwing a handful of paper initials into a tub of water and blindfolding the guests two at a time let them dip from the tub a small ladleful of water. Of course the initial that comes up is "the" fateful one, and if nothing but water is dipped, the lot of old maid or bachelor lies before that guest.

The mysterious fortune cards always make fun. Have ready dainty little cards with an unglazed surface and write on these some little line or verse of fortune. Instead of ordinary ink, use a mixture of 20 parts water to one of sulphuric acid. Do not blot the cards, but let them dry separately. The writing will then be invisible and will require exposure to heat to bring out the letters in black. Have the cards passed in two hollowed pumpkins, one for the girls and one for the men, and let each hold his or her card over a lighted candle. When the "fortune" is revealed, must be read aloud for the benefit of the remaining guests.

An ideal Halloween luncheon consists of sandwiches, coffee, doughnuts, pumpkin pie, and fruit and nuts, passed in a pumpkin basket. Make everybody sit on the floor in the "witch room" to eat the refreshments.

The hostess should be garbed like her girl guests in flowing sheet robes and pillow-case turban.

PLACKET FINISH.

To make the placket finish, take a straight piece of material two inches wider than the length of the opening. Starting at the top of the right side and continuing up the left side, sew the piece to the edge of both gars, with an ordinary seam arranged to come on the right side. Crease the opposite edge of the facing and then fold the strip over the raw edges of the seam so that the creased side of the goods comes on a line with the stitching of the seam. Baste it in this position and make a second row of stitching to hold it in place one-eighth of an inch from the edge.

Problems of the Fair Sex Solved by Cynthia Grey

[Correspondents are requested to make their inquiries as brief as possible, and to write on one side of the paper only. It is impossible to give replies within a stated time, as all letters have to be answered in turn as they are received.]

Editor's Address.

Dear Miss Grey: Will you please answer the following questions for me?

1. What is the address of the inventor, Edison? IDA B.

A.—1. Menlo Park, Newark, N. J.

I am not publishing the remainder of your queries as you request, but would say in reply that you would obtain much better satisfaction if you wrote to the chief librarian of the public library for full information.

A Titled Visitor.

Dear Miss Grey: I am in good taste and good form to wear a veil to church on Sunday morning? I think it is not, but I may be wrong. If it is, is a girl 21 years old too young to wear one to church on Sunday morning?

2. Please tell a very tall and frightfully thin girl how to look short.

3. How is it that Winston Churchill did not inherit the rank and title of his father, Lord Randolph Churchill?

Thanking you,

HONORABLE JANE CHAMPION.

A.—1. You are wrong. It is in perfectly good taste to wear a veil to church.

2. It's beyond me, Jane. But why should you wish it? The little girls all want to be big. Learn to carry yourself gracefully, avoiding awkward gestures and mannerisms. In time you will "fill out" a little more, and probably all the girls will be envying your figure.

3. Lord Randolph Churchill was the younger son of the Duke of Marlborough. "Lord" is a courtesy title given to the younger sons of dukes, but the sons of younger sons drop even the title of "Lord."

Jolly Bunch's Party.

Dear Miss Grey: Having read a great many helpful things in your column, I write to ask if you will be good enough to tell me how to give a masquerade Halloween party to about fifty guests. And please add a few suggestions on the luncheon connected with it.

Hoping to see your reply at an early date and thanking you in advance, we are,

A JOLLY BUNCH.

A.—In your invitations make it clear that the party is to be a masquerade affair. You will gather some ideas from the article on this page today. I think suggested costumes for the occasion are: Priscilla, the Puritan maiden; Jack and Jill, who are dressed like boy and girl; Jack carrying a bright tin pail; Maiden of '67, wearing a corset, old-fashioned bonnet, lace mitts and holding a still "noisy" saffronette, dressed in a mannish style and bearing a banner "votes for women"; Japanese maiden; queen of night, who wears a black robe spangled with stars, a black dress of black adorned with a silver crescent in front, a long cloak, and carries a lighted lantern. Four girls might represent the four seasons of the year. The college girl or man, in mortarboard and gown, requires no preparation; a red sweater, knitted cap, short skirt and leggings, with a pair of snowshoes strapped on her back, makes the "Miss Canada." The Dutch girl is not hard to represent, and the clown, the jockey, or "Weary Willie," would doubtless not be difficult for some of the men guests.

Entertaining Everybody.

Dear Miss Grey: Could you kindly suggest some way of entertaining the people in the house of one of our Halloweeners? We could decorate with candles, apples and pumpkins, have cake, sandwiches and tea, but for games, etc., am at a loss.

Hoping to see this soon, BELLA.

A.—Read the suggestions for a Halloween entertainment on this page today. I think you will find them helpful.

Still Another.

Dear Miss Grey: I intend holding a Halloween party in a hall, and would like you to tell us some simple games and how to play them.

2. Kindly tell us if you think a masquerade party would be suitable and give us some simple costumes.

3. Give us some idea how to decorate the table and some simple Halloween dishes.

4. How should the guests be received at the door?

5. Give us some cute idea regarding the invitations, and oblige.

BRIGHT EYES.

A.—I think all your questions are answered in the Halloween article that appears today on this page, and in my answer to "The Jolly Bunch."

Leaves From

Mother's Cook Book

Raisin Cookies.

1½ cups sugar, 1 cup butter, 1 egg, 2 cups raisins, chopped fine; ¼ cup sour cream or milk, 1 teaspoon soda, a little nutmeg. Just enough flour to roll.

Caramel Pudding.

1 quart milk, scalded; 3 eggs, yolks and whites beaten separately; 1 tablespoon sugar. Beat the yolks of eggs, flour and sugar together and stir into milk. Add the whites of eggs and stir all together, beating with egg beater. Cook in double boiler or pan of water in oven.

Sauce: Melt one cup of granulated sugar in a pan, then add one cup of boiling water, 1 teaspoon of butter, 1 teaspoon vanilla, a little salt, thicken with flour.

What Kind of a Fellow Do Most Girls Like?

This is the question that a masculine reader of the correspondence column asks Miss Grey, and now she is going to give her girl readers a chance to answer the question for "Blue Bill." Read this letter first:

Dear Miss Grey: Please be kind enough to answer the following question for me. I am twenty years old, and am fair-haired, with a good complexion. The thing that worries me is that the girls don't seem to "take" me like they do to other boys. When I am in their company I try to be as agreeable and gentlemanly as possible. Can you tell me what is the reason? What kind of a fellow do most girls like?

BLUE BILL.

Now get out the pen and ink and paper and write to Miss Grey at once, telling the kind of man that YOU like. Sign with your own name, or nom-de-plume, and do not write more than 150 words in your letter.

The letters will appear on this page, and no doubt, "Blue Bill" will receive just the enlightenment he desires. WHAT KIND OF A FELLOW DO YOU LIKE? Scramble, girls, for the writing material and tell us all about it!

BERLIN WOOLS—We have a complete stock of wools of all kinds, at skein....7¢

GRAY'S

AGENTS FOR THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL PATTERNS.

MILLINERY

Autumn's cold, chilly days are now here in earnest. Winter's forerunners are now with us. The time is here when fashion and comfort demand a change in every woman's wardrobe. The question of the Fall Hat is one of the hardest to solve, under some conditions. You will find it one of the easiest if you visit our Millinery Parlors. We have the most complete stock of trimmings, shapes, Ready-to-Wear and Dress Hats. A Stylish, Becoming Hat to suit every woman's purse.



KIDS' HATS

Thursday we will make a special showing of Children's Hats of all kinds. Be sure and see these. The prices are from \$1.00 to \$3.00.

GRAY'S

150 Dundas St.

Drygoods Millinery Ladies' Ready-to-Wear

GRAY'S

Phone 1182

THESE

are Prescription Drug Stores—if long experience and training in the dispensing of prescriptions mean anything.

All that science can do or money can procure could not make the service more perfect for your protection.

May we fill your prescriptions?

PERCIVAL, Richmond Cor. Central Phone 1261. LISTER, Wortley Road, cor. Craig Phone 1920. OMOND, 468 Dundas St. Phone 1429.

THE PROGRESSIVE DRUGGISTS.

The Story of Two Storms

[By Winifred Black.]

(Copyright, 1912.)

The little girl was desperately angry. She started to run upstairs, and at the first step she turned, stamped her foot as hard as she could and shouted in a strange, strained, harsh voice.

"Oh!" she said. "Oh, I wish the lightning would strike the whole world—and kill it all! I wish it would strike the whole world—and kill it all! I wish it would strike the whole world—and kill it all!"

And yet it was worth listening to—that rain—it says so many things. "Hark!" it whispers. "Hark!"—how the whole world is stopping to listen to the rain song.

"Shh!"—tired babies will fall asleep, worn mothers will smile at the sound of the song. Flowers faded in the heat of the too friendly sun will revive, the parching dust in the red road will soften, the moss will begin to grow. See how the lilies hold up their thirsty cups.

Listen; the little stream silent so long begins to murmur, the tall trees bow to the oncoming storm. Hark—there's the thunder; ah, there comes the lightning—it looks as if a tall man walked and swung his lantern—now here's his shadow between the light and the dark.

Now, it's a great pen writing—in fluid fire. What is it that says to us, all the condors writing there on the wall of purple clouds.

Come, children, run into the house—the rain, the real rain has begun. And the little girl lies up stairs in the room under the peaked roof crying. Oh, how bitterly she cries! "I wish," she sobs, "I wish—poor, poor little girl the storm has begun, hasn't it—the storm of life, for you."

How do you intend to weather it, I wonder? Will you, with tears, with dreadful wishing of dire disaster to all who oppose your vagrant fancies? Poor little foolish girl; your eyes are red, your soft hair tumbles about your flushed face, the smile that makes you beautiful is gone.

All the joyous delight in mere living for living's sake, where is that? Gone, too, with the happy smile. Dear, dear, what a tragedy—and all because you could not go out in the very face of the coming storm and play lacy up and down the walk in your mother's old lilac frock that you have taken such freakish fancy for.

Well—what a sorrow to be sure—you'll forget it tomorrow, little girl. In an hour from now you won't remember what it was all about—the wild storm in your little rebel heart—I wish I could make you see what a waste of time it is to cry like that.

WHEN THE REAL STORM COMES. There's something grimly just in the course of nature after all I never knew a heart to fairly rebel over fancied sorrow that some real grief did not come along to make pretence over into sober earnest. Don't cry so hard, little girl; some day you'll shed those tears.

Some one will forget to ask you to her party. The woman next door will have an auto when you have to walk. Your husband will forget to bring you a knot of violets on your anniversary day—oh, terrible things are waiting for you down the road of life, little girl. Why don't you save all that push of tears for them?

What you love to cry—it does you good—you feel better now that the tears are gone! Yes, but—well, I declare, you look better too. Was it just a storm as natural as lightning, as necessary a thing as the rain, perhaps—and yet I ought to scold you, little girl. I ought to punish you some way—and I will.

There, you shall have chocolate ice cream today—not peach as you hoped—and the ribbon in your bonnie brown hair shall be blue—not pink at all. So shall I satisfy the demand for punishment.

You are sorry, you say—your arms are around my neck. How soft they are, the little slender arms! "That foolish little face it is that leans against my tired forehead; how fast the little heart beats that rests so close to mine. Oh, my darling, if I could only hold you so when the real troubles come—if I could only 'punish' you myself instead of letting life—cruel, relentless life—do it."

Look, the clouds are breaking in the sky, the sun shines on a distant valley on the mountain side; how green, how green it is! The air is fresh and sweet, all the flowers nod gayly in the light breeze the storm left when it raged across the hills into the next valley below. The little stream—how loud it sings. "I live," it sings, "I live."

And you, little girl, you are glad the lightning did not strike the whole world—you are sorry you wished that—you—well, well I am sorry, too. Some day, perhaps, you will wish so again, and I may not be there to smile at the fury of your barked intent.

Will you remember then little girl? Will you think of me, and of how we went through the storm together this summer day, and kissed each other and smiled when it was all over?

I wonder.

For All Occasions.

Phone 838 for your outfit, drives, weddings, funerals, New Palace Livery, 619 Dundas street.

NO VOTES FOR WOMEN DECISION IN DEBATE

Thamesville Epworth League Members Had Lengthy Discussion Over Franchise.

[Special to The Advertiser.]

Thamesville, Oct. 15.—The debate held by the Epworth League last evening was a decided success. The subject was "Resolved, That Woman Should Have the Franchise." The affirmative side was taken by four young ladies, with Miss Vera Muxworthy as leader, and the negative was conducted by four young men, with Mr. Edward Henry as leader. Rev. S. W. Muxworthy was chairman, and Mrs. John Coult, Mrs. Frank Murphy and Miss Margaret Sherman were the judges. Both sides were upheld in an able manner. The negative was awarded the decision by the judges.

The 40-hours' devotion closed today with high mass at 9:30. Rev. Father Ford was assisted by Rev. Fathers White, Brennan and Hussy. The local choir was assisted by Miss Regan and Mr. Hogan, both of Bothwell. Miss Regan presided at the organ in the absence of Miss Mabel Trudelle, while Mr. Hogan rendered a number of beautiful solos.

Miss Pearl Gabelle is visiting friends and relatives in Chatham. The canning factory shipped a carload of corn today to make room for apples.

Mrs. Leon Dulong returned to Chatham after visiting friends and relatives here.

Mrs. Leo Dulong, of Raleigh, spent the week-end visiting friends and relatives here.

Wm. Pickard, of Chatham, visited friends here recently.

Roy Trudell has secured a position in Windsor.

Mr. and Mrs. Earl Spennenberg, of Detroit, are holidaying here.

Mrs. McKeehan, of Kent Bridge, is spending a few days the guest of Mrs. Johanna Miller.

The Thames Canning Company is busy canning apples.

Miss L. Everett is seriously ill at her home here.

Miss A. Pender, of Chatham, is the guest of her sister, Mrs. M. Lydon.

Mr. A. E. O'Neal, of Detroit, is the guest of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. E. O'Neal.

Chestnut hunting is in full swing in this vicinity, and large quantities are being secured.

"Mandy, you've simply got to be more careful." "Deed, miss, I ain't got to do nothing," but she—"Judge."

"How old are you, Ethel?" "I'm five, an' mamma says if I'm good an' eats lots o' oatmeal I'll be six next birthday."—Life.

The Birthday Calendar



IF THIS IS YOUR BIRTHDAY

An uneventful year will follow with moderate success and no deep sorrows. The sign Libra rules your life, and an even balance of spiritual and mental qualities will come to you through quiet effort and meditation.

Those born today will be ambitious and will succeed if trained to avoid extremes. An even adjustment of the spiritual, mental and physical qualities will produce a character of the greatest power.

Erly's

THE

"Cocoa"

"Go where you will,
Drink what you will,
You come back to Erly's
And relish it still."