

This Page May Contain
Some Ideas That Will
Prove Helpful to You

THE WOMAN OF TODAY

Read What Katherine
Leslie Has to Say Each
Day--It's Worth While

QUEER CUSTOMS OF THE WORLD'S QUEER PEOPLE. THE ESKIMO MOTHER CARRIES A NICE WARM NEST FOR HER BABY.



An Eskimo mother of Greenland, her children and her home. Notice the baby's face in the fur pouch back of her left shoulder.

The Eskimos who live on the frigid tip of the world far north of us, are rather careless of the sex relationship, but the children that are born to them are treated as tenderly as are the children in pleasant, warm homes in our sunny land.

From the cradle to the grave the Eskimo has to fight for his existence, yet everything it is possible to do is done for the children. The youngsters are docile and contented, and rarely know the meaning of harshness or unkindness. Orphans are readily adopted, even when foster parents have a number of children to provide for; and it seldom happens that these newcomers are not treated with just the same kindness and consideration that are shown to the parents' own offspring.

In south Greenland, the Eskimo women wear a jacket made of bird skin and differs from men's garments in that it has no hood. Instead of the hood there is a high collar made of black dog-skin, outside of which a highly colored broad necklace of beads

is worn. In the cases of both men and women the wrists and the bird-skin garments are decorated with black dog-skin, the women's cotton vests being the brightest colors that can be obtained.

In spite of her apparently hopeless environment, the Eskimo woman possesses an astonishing amount of vanity, and, in addition to donning as much color as she can, she uses brightly colored leather to embroider her trousers or mottled sealskin or the skin of the reindeer.

The most striking of the Eskimo's garments, however, is the amant, which is used by women who are nursing children. The amant has at the back a sort of pouch into which the child is put.

This pouch is lined with sealskin or reindeer skin and forms a cosy and warm and safe retreat for the child; and it enables the mother to carry the infant about with her constantly without interfering in any way with her duties and her work.

Brave Little Boy Saved Many Lives Just by Himself



Must it not be wonderful to think that by some act of yours you have been able to save the lives of many people?

It seems still more wonderful and brave when a SMALL BOY thinks of a way to do this.

Peter Czchar, the 8-year-old son of a railroad watchman in Hungary, saved a whole trainload of passengers during the recent floods.

A short time ago there were some terrible floods in that part of the country. The water washed out a long bridge over which little Peter knew that the trains must travel. On the particular day of which we speak Peter's father was sick and could not turn in the road in time.

get about very fast, although he went down to the railroad crossing. Just before a heavy-loaded train was due the watchman got word about the bridge.

How was he going to save the lives of all those passengers?

"Oh, Peter," said the father. "We must save that train. The bridge is washed out. How can we get it to the other side?"

"Let me run, father. I can do it," said the brave little boy. He picked up the signal stick, which you see him holding in this picture, and started off.

Just at this minute Mrs. Jenkins moves excitedly, "I forgot," she exclaims, "I left my husband in the vestibule, and I must match some ribbon. Well, if they aren't closing up, if that isn't the most provoking thing. These store clerks are such disliking creatures. I never have any satisfaction in shopping, and I promised to be only five minutes. Oh, no, Albert, my mind, I'm sure, you see, Mrs. Shaw, I have him trained properly. He is all in the way you train them. I really must go. Yes, Mrs. Smith, it was faced with pink satin, and draped on the left side, and caught with a bunch of tiny roses. The folds of the chemise were caught up in the back with pink satin, and was all I could see, Mrs. Smith, for I was only in there six minutes. Do come over soon, Mrs. Shaw, and we will have such a jolly old-fashioned tea. What! about the old club? No, I don't like that new bunch, they're such a gossip bunch, and gossip is something I abhor! Good-bye!"

We will now take a peep at Mr. Jenkins. He has counted the ticks in something very busy. Mrs. Smith, and has found that there are just five minutes to pass the time, and he has smoked three cigars, and scanned the newspaper.

Mrs. Jenkins pushes frantically through the crowd, picks out her husband, and elbows her way through the congestion of the six o'clock assembly. As she approaches, Mr. Jenkins is seen slipping his watch cautiously into his pocket, as if he were afraid of being seen looking at a perfectly innocent time-piece.

"Your not so very tired, dear, are you? No, I wasn't very long, but the clerks are such trying creatures. I'm completely fagged out. Shopping is so trying on my nervous system. Here's the ice cream parlor. I really must have some hot Bovril. I feel exhausted. What you don't want any? Well, I might have known as much, you men are so inconsiderate. Perhaps if you had to race around to buy things, you'd be a little more thoughtful of your wife's comfort. One hot Bovril, please," she orders. "Now, have it hot. If there is anything I dislike it is sloppy Bovril. Albert, have you fifteen cents in change? I don't want to break this tin dollar bill!"

Mr. Jenkins, like the model husband, demurs not, but produces the amount. As I said before, Mr. Jenkins has been well trained, and then, too, Mrs. Jenkins is a splendid manager, and oh, well, what's the use, anyway? Mr. Jenkins meekly swallows his wrath.

Loss of Appetite
Which is so common in the spring or upon the return of warm weather, is loss of vitality, vigor or tone, and is often a forerunner of prostrating diseases.

It is serious and especially so to people that must keep up and doing or get behindhand. The best medicine to take for it is the great constitutional remedy.

Good's Sarsaparilla
Which purifies and enriches the blood and builds up the whole system. Get it today. Sold by all druggists everywhere. 100 Doses \$1.

ENTERTAINMENTS

For a church bazar, where a number of the younger girls desire to do something to help, they will no doubt enjoy preparations for a "museum" and are sure to reap a neat sum of money from it. For a "museum" is best to set aside a small room where the "collections" may be exhibited, and charge a small fee of 5 or 10 cents for admission.

Following is a list of "curiosities" to have in the museum. It will be seen that little expense is attached to their preparation, and a great deal of amusement will be afforded. Each article should be numbered and labelled plainly, and the explanation given on typewritten slips tacked here and there around the room. You will easily see what objects are necessary from this list.

Deperited days, a last year's calendar; scene in Bermuda, large onion; the reigning favorite, an umbrella; home of Burns, a flatiron; a heavenly body, a dipper; the little peacemaker, a chopping knife; spring offering, a glass of water; bound to rise, yeast cake; family jars, two fruit sealers; scene in a baseball game, pitcher; a rejected bean, an old ribbon bow; our colored waiter, a black tray; sweet 16, sixteen lumps of sugar; a drive through the wood, block of wood with nail driven through; place for reflection, a hand-mirror; ends in smoke, cigars; a mute choir, a quire of paper; the black friar, a black frying pan; the four seasons, mustard, vinegar, salt and pepper; a morning caller, an alarm clock; assorted liquors, a whip, switch and slipper; an absorbing subject, a blotting pad; the skipper's home, a piece of cheese; bound to shine, a bottle of shoe polish; a sofa, a smoothholder; nothing but leaves, pad of blank writing paper; a line from home, clothing; it talks, little pile of money; Siamese twins, pair of scissors.

THE POET'S CORNER

THE CLOUD.

I bring fresh showers for the thirsting flowers,
From the seas and the streams;
I bear light shade for the leaves when
In their noonday dreams.

From my wings are shaken the dews that waken
The sweet birds every one,
When raised to rest on their mother's
breast.

As she dances about in the sun,
I wield the fall of the lushing hail,
And when the green plains under
And then again I dissolve it in rain;
And laugh as I pass in thunder,

That orbed maiden with white fire laden,
Whom mortals call the moon,
Glides glimmering o'er my fleece-like
floor.

By the midnight breezes strewn;
And wherever the beat of her unseen feet,
Which only the angels hear,
May have broken the roof of my tent's
roof.

The stars peep behind her and peer;
And I laugh to see them whirl and flee,
Like a swarm of golden bees,
When I widen the rent in my wind-built
tent.

Till the calm rivers, lakes and seas,
Like strips of the sky fallen from me,
Are each paved with the moon and
these.

—Shelley.

LORD PETER

BY AUNT GERTIE.

Chapter II.

The third day the cat came to Peter with an ELK.

Peter took this third present to the king and when the king saw this great big elk he was so happy he didn't know which foot to stand upon. Giving Peter many more dollars—at least a hundred—he announced that once and for all, he must know the whereabouts of this kind Lord Peter.

"Indeed, I dare not tell you," said Peter.

"Well, ask the good Lord Peter to come and see me," said the king as he bid farewell to Peter.

"I'm a pretty kettle of fish you have me in now," said Peter when he saw him at the next day.

"Here the king insists on seeing Lord Peter and wants to go to his house. What am I to do?"

"Do not bother yourself, Peter," said the cat consolingly. "In three days you shall have a coach and horses and fine clothes, too. Only remember that when you go to the king's palace you must be sure to say that you have everything better than he has."

"All right," said Peter, "I will do that."

So when the three days were over the cat came with coach and horses and fine clothes. Peter set out at once for the palace.

The king met him and treated him very graciously, showing him all over his beautiful home. Whenever Peter admired anything he followed it up by saying, "But it is not nearly so fine as I have in my palace."

"Well, well," at last said the king. "I will go home with you and see if what you say is really so. But if you are telling me a pack of lies instead of the truth, heaven help you."

"Aha, now what am I going to do?" asked Peter, looking anxiously at the cat.

"Oh, don't worry," said the cat, reassuredly.

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People to use
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Table Salt

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Kingsmill's
200 NEW SUITS
AND
WINTER COATS
AT
\$12, \$15 and \$20

Come in and look them over, and if you don't think they are the most stylish, exclusive high-grade tailored garments you ever saw at these prices, we will be mistaken. All sizes. All styles. All fabrics.

BULGARIAN SILKS
We have just received the very newest. New designs. New colorings. A big assortment, at yard **\$1.75, \$2.50**

SILK PLUSHES
In tan, alic blue, Copenhagen, old rose, navy, purple, royal, greens and black. They are very scarce and hard to get. Yard **\$2.25**

Dress Goods Sale

About 30 odd pieces of Dress Goods will be cleared out this week at cost price or less.

1 piece Red Cashmere, regular 50c, for **39c**
Alma Cord—Brown, tan, green and black. Regular 75c for **55c**

Armures—Gray, navy and Copenhagen. Regular 90c, for **73c**
\$2 yard Bearcloth for **\$1.75**

Coatings—New Boucle Cloth and Diagonal Coatings in all colors. Reg. \$2.00, for yard **\$1.75**

\$1.00 Suitings, in stripes, browns, purple, navy and Copenhagen, for **75c**
Worsted, in grays and fawn. Reg. 90c, for **73c**

\$1.00 Serges, 54 inches wide, in navy, brown and tan, for **75c**
Tweeds in new two-tone and plain effects, 54-inch, at per yard **75c**

New Velvets—Plain, corded or shot effects. Yard **50c to \$1.50**

Kingsmill's

Surprisingly, "only do you drive after me as I run before."

Or they went. First the cat, then Peter and then the king with all his court. Pretty soon the cat reached a flock of sheep. She went up to the herder and whispered, "If you will say this herd belongs to Lord Peter when the king asks to whom it belongs, I will give you a silver spoon."

"Surely I will," said the herder. And he did.

A little later the cat saw a herd of fine brindled kine. She whispered the same thing to this herder, promising him a silver ladle. He agreed also.

So they went on a little farther and came to a great herd of horses.

The cat reached them first, offered a gift to the man in charge if he would say the herd belonged to Lord Peter when the king inquired.

(To Be Continued.)

The Best Way
To remove the stain of perspiration, apply a strong solution of soda, rinsing this out with clear water.

To diffuse a fragrant odor, drop a little oil of sandalwood on a hot shovel to secure a most agreeable balsamic perfume throughout the room.

To get the best service from brooms, wet them in boiling suds once a week. They will become very tough, will not cut a carpet, last much longer and always sweep like a new broom.

To glaze linen, add a teaspoonful of salt and one of finely-scrubbed soap to each pint of starch in which it is dipped.

To soften brown sugar when it has become lumpy, stand it over a vessel filled with boiling water.

To prevent custard dishes or cups from cracking when pouring boiled custard into them, place the dish or cup on a damp cloth.

To get rid of dampness in a cupboard put a quantity of quicklime in it for a few days and this will absorb the moisture.

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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. No letters can be answered privately.]

Some Cleaning Hints.

Dear Miss Gray: Would you please inform me at your earliest opportunity how to renovate a felt hat and how to clean white corsets and white feathers (not ostrich feathers)?

A SUBSCRIBER.

A-1. If the hat is white, rubbing with powdered starch or magnesia is about the best mode of cleaning. But if the headgear is of dark-colored felt perhaps a good sponging of the following liquid compound will help: One drachm alcohol, 1/2 drachm chloroform, 1/2 drachm sulphuric ether, 1 pint deodorized benzine; mix and add enough cologne to give a pleasant odor. This is excellent for all cleaning purposes. 2. Spread them on a kitchen table and scrub with a hard brush dipped frequently into warm lather. Rinse well in the same manner and dry quickly.

3. I presume you mean feathers used in hat trimming? I should think, but could wash them either in gasoline or lukewarm soapy water. If the latter is preferred rinse them well afterwards and dry over a steady current of heat.

Games for School.

Dear Miss Gray: Here comes some more bothering people with questions to ask:

1. Would you please tell us some good games to play outside in the public school grounds? We would like to know how to play them.

2. What do you think of my writing? We remain, SEVEN CHUMS.

A-1. Well, Chums, I suppose you do get tired of the old games all the time. I hope you are watching the entertainment column which I am following. This page has started. I am sure there have been several new games printed there that you could play outdoors. How would it be if you made a scrapbook of them from day to day and kept it at school? Then you would always have some new suggestions on hand.

2. It is fairly good, I think perhaps you use a little too fine a pen.

He Wants To Be Invited.

Dear Miss Gray: I have received great help from your wonderful column. I would like you to answer the following questions for me, please:

1. Is a girl 14 years old too young to be escorted home from an afternoon meeting by a friend some years her senior, if mother approves?

2. If a young gentleman asks you to get him an invitation to a party how may you do it?

Hoping I have not troubled you too much, and thanking you in advance, I remain, ANXIOUS INQUIRER.

A-1. It would be much better for her to have friends escort her than to go home alone.

2. I cannot think of any strategic method, unfortunately. If she wishes him to go I do not see any way out of it but to give the hostess a hint. This is certainly a delicate matter, but if you know the lady giving the party fairly well, you might brave it out.

When Mrs. Jenkins Shops

By "Olive."

The scene is laid in the vestibule of a large departmental store. The time is five o'clock in the afternoon.

The characters are Mr. and Mrs. Albert Jenkins, the former a mere meek man, and the latter, well we will just let you judge for yourself. Needless to say, Mrs. Jenkins is a born ruler, and for aggressiveness, might put Mrs. Emmaline Pankhurst into obscurity.

Mr. Jenkins is loitering about the front of the store. He scans the passing crowds, as if searching for someone. Then Mrs. Jenkins makes her dignified, breathless-from-hurrying, she greets her husband affectionately thus: "Well, dear, have I kept you waiting long? I missed the very and it was such a bore waiting in the cold. Now I won't be but five minutes, I've only to match some ribbon, and we'll go right home. Now don't go away, but wait for me here."

She detaches herself from her better half, and enters the store, while Mr. Jenkins, who has had previous experience in the duration of what Mrs.

Jenkins terms five minutes, produces a cigar and prepares to make himself comfortable. We will now leave Mr. Jenkins gazing critically and meditatively upon the lady feminine apparel displayed in the window, and we will follow Mrs. Jenkins in her search for ribbon.

She is about to make her way to the desired counter, when she spies two friends, namely, Mrs. Smith, a select dressmaker, who is deaf, and who haunts the notion counter, and devours all procurable fashion hints, and her friends, Mrs. Shaw, the gossip.

The following conversation ensues, in which Mrs. Jenkins allows the small matter of ribbon matching to slip into an obscure corner of her memory: "Well, Mrs. Shaw, I'm delighted to meet you, and you, too, Mrs. Smith, yes, I just came from Mrs. Bryant's reception. She was so charming, and makes an admirable hostess. Did you go? No? What's that, Mrs. Smith?"

Mrs. Jenkins raises her voice to the necessary pitch to penetrate her friend's brain. "Oh, yes, Mrs. Bryant's gown, it was a pale pink chemise, draped with silk voile, and caught up with bands of cream net."

Mrs. Jenkins turns to Mrs. Shaw. "Yes, this was her first reception since her marriage. Oh, yes, Mrs. Shaw, she was married two months ago, last August, or to be exact, the 30th day of July. I'm sure of the date, for Albert went to the coast on business the day before. Did I know Mr. Bryant?" (She turns to Mrs. Shaw, knowingly.) "I should say I did, I remember when his mother took him in washing, but her lunch was delightful, I mean Mrs. Bryant, junior. The two ladies indulge in a hearty laugh, in which Mrs. Smith, who does not see or hear the joke, joins just to be sociable.

"Her lunch was delightful, really, Mrs. Shaw, it was served perfectly," coos Mrs. Jenkins. "Such salad, and her laces were dreams." She rolls her eyes ecstatically, and is about to describe the merits of the lunch, but is interrupted by Mrs. Smith, who as usual, harps on her hobby of fashions. "How was the bodice trimmed? I think there were two rows of tucks, then Irish crochet lace faced with pink satin, and finished with a band of the pink chemise. I almost forgot how the neck was finished. I really forget. It seems to me it was finished with tulle, or no, I've got Mrs. Grant's gown mixed."

Mrs. Smith subsides into silence, to muse upon the description of the dress, and Mrs. Jenkins turns once more to Mrs. Shaw. "Of course you are coming to the literary meeting next Wednesday? You are? I certainly did enjoy the last paper, it was decidedly interesting. I can't remember what the topic was, but it was either on George Washington or King Alfred the Great, anyway, it was one of the poets. Which ever it was, I really enjoyed it immensely. I do dole on poets."

Mrs. Smith breaks into the conversation at this phase, and Mrs. Jenkins answers her somewhat impatiently. "Yes, my suit is being made that way, just a mere suggestion of a suit on one side. I'm having the coat cut-away, and three buttons, and a satin collar." Mrs. Jenkins mentally wishes Mrs. Smith would swallow a fashion book, but hesitates to mention the subject to that particular body.

"No, I don't," she returns to Mrs. Shaw. "Where Mrs. Bryant can afford to put on such style, her husband is only a book-keeper, and Mrs. Greene told me for a fact that her sister-in-law had married a man named Mr. Gibson, who is in the same store, that Mr. Bryant makes only twenty-five a week, so I don't think she needs to hold her head so high in the air. Oh, yes, Mrs. Smith, I said two tucks, and then a frill of Irish crochet lace."

She almost turns her back on poor little Mrs. Smith, who is a trifle disconcerted. Mrs. Jenkins proceeds once more. "Have you seen Mrs. Reid's new hat? says it came direct from Paris, but between you and me, I don't believe it, for Mrs. Greene and I examined it one day at the card club, and up in the crown was a band with my milliner's name on it. I'm pretty smart, even Albert acknowledges that, and they can't fool me easily, and Mrs. Reid pretends to be such a Christian."

Remembers Poor Albert.
Just at this minute Mrs. Jenkins moves excitedly, "I forgot," she exclaims, "I left my husband in the vestibule, and I must match some ribbon. Well, if they aren't closing up, if that isn't the most provoking thing. These store clerks are such disliking creatures. I never have any satisfaction in shopping, and I promised to be only five minutes. Oh, no, Albert, my mind, I'm sure, you see, Mrs. Shaw, I have him trained properly. He is all in the way you train them. I really must go. Yes, Mrs. Smith, it was faced with pink satin, and draped on the left side, and caught with a bunch of tiny roses. The folds of the chemise were caught up in the back with pink satin, and was all I could see, Mrs. Smith, for I was only in there six minutes. Do come over soon, Mrs. Shaw, and we will have such a jolly old-fashioned tea. What! about the old club? No, I don't like that new bunch, they're such a gossip bunch, and gossip is something I abhor! Good-bye!"

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