

THE HOME  
THE WORLD

## NEWS OF SPECIAL INTEREST

THE MOVIES  
THE PLAYERSHere are Related Facts and Fancies Concerning the  
Activities of Individuals and Organizations, the  
Home, Fashions and Other Matters.HOW TO TEACH YOUR CHILD TO  
COOK.

Cooking can usually be made attractive to little girls. To prevent the discouragement of failures the child cook must be given the simplest of directions and the smallest possible quantity of materials, making the process seem like play, rather than work.

One mother has taught her little daughter almost all there is to know of chicken cookery by a series of lessons with squabs. This she called a "doll sized chicken," just fit for little girls to cook. A split squab was broiled in the chafing dish in a delicious method of cooking the bird which applies equally well to a small chicken.

Trussing, stuffing and roasting a squab in a small oven is another method of teaching the cooking of other and larger fowl. A single chop, a bit of steak, a slice of fish, or a few smelts are all excellent for illustrating methods of preparation and cooking on a small scale.

Miniature cooking is also a good way of teaching the mixing of various sauces in constant use in reheating leftovers of meat, fish and vegetables. Once the mixing of an ordinary sauce has been mastered the little cook has the basis for making cream soups, creamed entrees and even croquettes, as proportions can be better learned from practice than in any other way. It is also a good idea to have a child memorize rules for thickening what are most easily described as cream sauces one, two, and three meaning thin, medium and thick sauces.

Proportions and rules for batters and doughs can be learned in similar fashion both by practical illustration and by memorizing the four general rules governing the relation of liquid to flour, a cupful of each resulting in the batter, one cupful of liquid to two of flour resulting in cake or muffin mixture, while a kneading dough calls for three times as much flour as liquid and pastry, and cooking requires about four cups of flour to each cup of liquid. The stirring of batters and the kneading of doughs can be explained and practiced like a game and the motion of egg beating acquired with an accompaniment to some amusing rhyme without necessitating the use of materials until the mechanical part is fairly well acquired.

The measuring of dry ingredients by the spoonful can be practiced with salt or even with sand, and the average little girl will soon learn how to divide half spoonfuls by the length of the spoon and quarter spoonfuls by another dividing line at right angles, but a little nearer the handle than the tip, allowing for the tapering of the spoon. Measurements can also be taught, and with a little encouragement the youthful cook will enjoy proving that three level teaspoonfuls make the level tablespoonful, also that two cupfuls of milk just fill a pint bottle and four cupfuls make a quart.

The simple rules for vegetable cooking can be easily impressed upon a child by explaining that delicate little peas and string beans must not be drowned in a lot of water, but cooked in barely enough to cover them. Sturdy vegetables, like potatoes, onions and turnips, should have plenty of water, while rice should be gently sprinkled into water boiling at a gallop until the grains jump and hop around in the saucepan.

For the little girl who longs to make an apple pie, there is a delicious kind without lower crust, the fruit being slightly cooked and sweetened before filling into the pie plate of the tea saucer size. The upper crust is cut and fitted as usual giving the same practice in handling without the trouble of the lower crust or the chance of its being undercooked and disappointing. A simple dessert like cottage pudding teaches the principles of cake making plus the mixing of a sauce.

There is much in cookery to stimulate a child's imagination and powers of observation, and this side of the subject should be cultivated by arousing interest in the attractive appearance of even simple dishes, whether the result of garnishing or arrangement in serving. A luncheon with mother during a Saturday shopping trip will often prove more of an incentive than anything else and will usually



The above cut shows one of the numerous smart designs now being shown in the city millinery stores.

be a highly prized reward for good work done at home.

The Blind Fund appeal for St. Dunstan's Hospital, London, closes on October first. Kindly date and return collecting cards to room 44, C. P. R. building. Subscriptions will be gratefully received up to October first. The fund amounts to almost \$1,500 up to date.

A Much Admired Picture at the Exhibition.

A picture that has attracted a great deal of attention is "The Victoria Cross," by Mrs. Dorothy E. McAvity Digby. The young wife has just swooned after opening a letter containing the news of her husband's death. A Victoria Cross has fallen out of the letter to the floor.—Halifax Echo.

## To Make Good Jelly.

After the fruit has been boiled and the texture broken down it should be poured into a jelly bag and permitted to drain for a considerable time. Forcing the juice from the pulp will cause cloudy jelly. When the juice has been collected, place two teaspoonfuls of cold unsweetened fruit juice in two teaspoonfuls of grain alcohol and mix by shaking gently. Allow it to settle for one-half hour, preferably in a glass tumbler. If a jellylike substance collects in the bottom of the mixture it is evidence that pectin is present and the juice is suitable for jelly making. When the test shows absence of pectin, the white portion of orange peel, apples or green citron mellow may be added to the juice to supply the necessary pectin. Twelve ounces of sugar added to a pint of juice will make a jelly of the proper firmness and texture. Jelly is ready to be poured into the glasses when two rows of drops form on the end of a paddle or on the edge of a spoon held sideways.

## Guest Room Comforts.

All of us have guests at some season and whether these week ends be times of pleasure depends largely on the thoughtfulness of the hostess in advance, of her guest's comfort. The best way to tell a woman what should be in her guest room is to ask her to pretend she is a guest for a day and a night. Has she sufficient stretchers for her clothes? A brush to clean them with? A pair of two of shoe forms on the closet floor?

Oh, a button is off; a safety pin is needed, and just a needle of thread to mend the lace on the white petticoat. The guest has forgotten her powder; of face cloths she may have none, and one can never have too many hairpins.

It is such a warm night. Where is the fan? She will not want to trouble you for a pitcher and glass from downstairs, so such a set may well be a permanent fixture of the guest room fittings.

Perhaps she has the latest magazine, but even then she might like to read a few snatches from the poets, or pick up a good romance antedating the period of the best seller. Paper? Of course she will want to write a letter, or at least send a postal card saying she has arrived safely, so why not some envelopes, paper, cards and a few stamps, so that she need not ask and feel she is bothering you for them?

It's as simple as the Rule of Three. If we make light of our work by using it for our own ends, our work will make light of us, and, as we are the weaker, we shall suffer.—Rudyard Kipling.

Hunter's green broadcloth features this smart suit. The coat fits snugly at the waistline, has buttons and darker green velvet for trimming and an upstanding collar. The hat is velvet with the same shade velvet bow.

ELKINGTON, THE MAN  
WHO CAME BACK

London, Sunday, Sept. 24.—All England is ringing with the story of Lieutenant Colonel John Ford Elkington—one of the strangest romances of this strange world. It is the ever appealing, human story of another man who "came back."

Dismissed by court martial from the army he had served for nearly thirty years just as his regiment was going into action in France in the closing months of 1914, this English officer, disgraced at a time of life when the chances of fate weigh heavily against a man fighting for suddenly lost honor, found refuge in that queerest of all military organizations, the Foreign Legion of France.

Lost in the mazes of the western battle fields, a mere legionnaire in the ranks, Colonel Elkington, late of the Royal Warwickshires, was all but forgotten. None of his old friends, his old fellow officers, none of the men who had seen him win the Queen's Medal for valor in South Africa—none of these knew that Elkington was out there "somewhere in France" recklessly winning his way back.

But now Elkington is back in England. Pinned on his breast are two of the coveted honors of France—the Military Medal and the Military Cross—but most valued possession of all is a bit of paper which obliterated the errors of the past—a proclamation from the official London Gazette announcing that the King has "graciously" approved the reinstatement of John Ford Elkington in the rank of Lieutenant Colonel, with his previous seniority, in consequence of his gallant conduct while serving in the ranks of the Foreign Legion of the French army.

Not only has Colonel Elkington been restored to the army, but he has been reappointed in his old regiment, the Royal Warwickshires, in which his father served before him.

In this same London Gazette, at the end of October, 1914, had appeared the crushing announcement that Elkington had been cashiered by sentence of general court martial. What his error was did not appear at the time, and has not been alluded to in his returned hour of honor. It was a court martial at the front at a time when the first rush of war was engulfing Europe and little time could be wasted upon an incident of that sort. The charge, it is now stated, did not reflect in any way upon the officer's personal courage.

But with fallen fortunes he passed quietly out of the army and enlisted in the Legion—that corps where thousands of brave but broken men have found a shelter, and now and then an opportunity to make themselves whole again.

Colonel Elkington did not pass unscathed through fire. His fighting days were ended. His knees are shattered and he walks heavily upon his sticks.

"They are just fragments from France," he said of those wounded knees, and smiled in happy reminiscence of all they meant.

"It is wonderful to feel," said Colonel Elkington, "that once again I have the confidence of my king and my country. I am afraid my career in the field is ended, but I must not complain."

Colonel Elkington made no attempt to cloak his name or his former army service when he entered the ranks of the Legion.

"Why shouldn't I be a private?" he asked. "It is an honor for any man to serve in the ranks of that famous corps. Like many of the other boys, I had a debt to pay. Now it is paid."

Uncle Dick's  
Corner.

## TODAY'S LITTLE JOKE.

## Could Feel It Tick.

"Do you know," said a Sunday-school teacher addressing a new pupil in the infant class, "that you have a soul?"

"Course I do," replied the little fellow, placing his hand over his heart; "I can feel it tick."

## BIRTHDAY GREETINGS.

Uncle Dick wishes many happy returns to the following members who are celebrating their birthdays today: Hausta McCullough, Summerside, P. E. I. Greta Crawthorn, Millstream.

## THE COMPETITION.

"I say, what a splendid idea!" Maxwell spoke with very real enthusiasm, and Nicholas, who was standing just behind him, echoed it. The other fellows collected round the school notice-board, showed interest, too, if not excitement; but there was one important exception, Saxby.

Saxby was tall and thin and very earnest-looking, and when he commenced elbowing the others in the ribs it was a sure sign that he had something weighty to say. Saxby began to say it in a voice which suggested more sorrow than anger.

"You call it a splendid idea, Maxwell?" he exclaimed. "You think it right that an Eastcliff master should offer a prize to encourage the inclination of suffering upon the lower creature. Think of it, Maxwell!"

"Oh, rubbish," retorted Maxwell. "Fish have no—no nerve centres, so they don't feel pain—"

"How do you know that?"

Maxwell lapsed into silence. He couldn't say how he knew anything about the nerve centres of fish, but he was certain he had read something about them somewhere; and, anyway, angling was a recognized sport and a fine one at that.

Saxby faced the little crowd. He was a frightful crank in most things, but somehow his crankiness always had a decent foundation, so one had to listen to him even if one couldn't help laughing a little.

"I strongly advise you fellows to have nothing to do with this cruel competition," he said earnestly. "Mr. Beaumont has acted without thinking. He offers this prize of a guinea for the heaviest fish caught in the river tomorrow between two o'clock and eight, and, no doubt, his motive is a generous and kindly one."

"Rather, and a sporting one, too," "Yes, sporting from the point of view of you fellows, Maxwell," went on Saxby, "because you will have all hours of amusement and excitement. But Mr. Beaumont has not stopped to think of the suffering of the fish. I don't for a moment suppose any of you will listen to me, but I tell you it's a cruel and useless pastime."

Maxwell, Nicholas, and the rest grinned a little, so Saxby shrugged his shoulders and walked away. The others saw his point of view—Saxby couldn't help being a crank, for he was the son of a father who wrote indignant books against shooting, hunting, and all kindred sports, but Maxwell & Co. could hardly be expected to agree with all his fads and fancies.

Mr. Beaumont, an enthusiastic angler himself, had offered a splendid prize in an angling competition, and, well, there was that famous old trout everybody had seen and no one had succeeded in catching yet, to go after. Saxby and his views were all very fine, but the thing was to get one's fishing tackle ship-shape and look up text books dealing with the all-important subject of bait.

Maxwell and Nicholas, chums in all things but fishing, and deadly rivals in that, retired at once to their respective studies and were not seen again until supper time, while other fellows, who were not really very keen on the rod and line developed a sudden passion for the sport.

(Continued tomorrow.)

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Who's Who and What's What in the Picture World  
and on the Stage—Favorites and What They  
Say and Do.

Winifred Greenwood has been cast for the role of an astrologer in The Voice of Love, a five-act feature production now in work at the American Film Co., Inc., studios at Santa Barbara. The Voice of Love, written by R. M. Straus and staged by Bert Blythe, will be released as a Mutual Masterpicture. Edward G. Robinson, George Field and Harvey Clark have the principal roles in her large supporting company.

Rube Miller, Paddy McGuire, Gypsy Abbott, Ben Turpin, Margaret Templeton, Arthur Moon and Jack Dillon are furnishing the fun in the Vogue comedies now being released through the Mutual. This aggregation of laughmakers has won a wide following wherever these popular comedies are shown. All are finished comedians and were selected as Vogue players by the Vogue management only after a close scrutiny of the present day talent.

Florence Turner, who is featured in a number of forthcoming Mutual Star productions, has become a British war nurse. She is at present assigned to a hospital station at one of the big London hospitals.

William Welferforce had a sister who was a hustler. She hustled for William at the hustings and succeeded in getting him elected to Parliament. On one occasion when she had concluded her stump speech some enthusiasts in the crowd shouted, "Miss Welferforce forever!" The lady stepped forward. "Gentlemen, I thank you," she said, "but believe me, I do not wish to be Miss Welferforce forever."—Boston Transcript.

George Walsh's New Photoplay Proves That Even a Dog Can Have Horse-Sense.

Meet "Statio," the dog who indorsed a check for \$1.50 and started a bank account. Last Thursday was this particular dog's day.

Statio belongs to George Walsh, the noted William Fox photoplayer. Walsh has always boasted of the canine's uncanny intelligence to his colleagues, but his stories of the dog's acumen were considered so Munchausen-like, the actor never could hold an audience long with any tale about Statio.

The manner in which the animal got his Abraham Nights name is unfathomable, but Walsh has proved that even a dog can show horse sense on occasion.

This is how it happened. Walsh is working in a new picture under the direction of Otto Turner, who is making his initial production for the Fox Films. Mr. Turner took his company to a small town near Fresno, California, for location work.

In the scene which has made Statio famous, Walsh asks the dog if he'll have a drink of water. Statio, being a temperate animal, signifies that he will. Whereupon, his master breaks the chain on the cup in the railroad station at which the film is ground off, and lets Statio drink long and deep.

The station agent is enraged at such procedure, and he takes a boot swipe at the offending Statio. Then Walsh starts a pugilistic exhibition of his own, winding up with a swift right to the jaw which sends the man down for the count.

Everything went according to schedule until this part of the programme was reached. Then Statio rose to real heights. When he descended he nailed all his molars in the agent's coat tails, while the camera man wound gleefully. The scene was re-taken three times, and on each occasion Statio repeated his performance.

"Goes through his act just as though he was getting paid for it," said the admiring Walsh.

"Good idea, George," said Turner, and he sat down and wrote out a check to Statio's order, "in payment of services rendered to date."

When the company returned to the Hollywood studio, Statio trotted over to the auditor with the pink slip between his teeth, to have the check cashed. But the auditor was obdurate. The check was not signed. How could he pay out \$1.50 without obtaining a receipt to file away? Thus he argued with Mr. Walsh while Statio stood at attention.

Two days or two later, the Fox star let a bottle of ink remain open after he had written a letter. He re-entered the room just in time to see Statio put his forefoot in a little pool of ink he had spilled upon the floor, and then press that forefoot down upon the check.

This done, the dog hid for the auditor's office.

The money was paid, and the receipt hangs in the office for all to see.

Wheel of Justice" were working in the Rolfe studio at the same time recently. While Miss Stevens was trying to look especially soulful to have some "still" pictures taken in her Fanny Davenport costume as "La Tosca," Miss Tallafiero, in her character of a girl of the Maine coast, was playing an old-fashioned accordion. As the discordant strains continued to assail Miss Stevens' ears she assumed the angelic expression appropriate and said, "Really if it weren't for that I couldn't go on."

## A Move To Incorporate.

(From London Opinion.)

She: "I shall have to be a little firm with you."

He: "Fine! Let us make it a partnership!"

Harry Lauder will shortly be seen in a review in London. Options have been obtained on two West End Theatres, but I do not know which as yet. Mr. Herman Darewski (composer of Razzle Dazzle and Joyland) has been engaged to provide the Lauder Review Music.—Dramatic Mirror.

## Sothen to Tour.

E. H. Sothen has reconsidered his decision to retire permanently from the stage. Owing to the war he and Mrs. Sothen (Julia Marlowe) will not take up their residence in England until another twelve-month. In the meantime Mr. Sothen will appear on tour in Justin Huntly McCarthy's drama, "If I Were King." All the large cities will be visited except New York, where he has already made his farewell appearances.

Mr. Sothen will receive no profit whatever from this tour. Instead he will donate his share of 25 per cent. of the gross receipts of each performance to the Red Cross without any deductions, defraying entirely his own personal expense on the long tour. The amount of the receipts and that portion which will go to the Red Cross will be made public from night to night. Justin Huntly McCarthy has agreed to reduce his royalties to the minimum.

Lee Shubert, who has been in charge of the tours of Mr. Sothen and Miss Marlowe in the last ten years, has assumed all the risk of the enterprise. If there is a surplus at the end of the tour, Mr. Shubert announces that twenty-five per cent. of it will be donated to the British Red Cross.

## CURTAIN FLASHES.

William Fox is building a new theatre in New York City. It will seat 5,000.

In Toledo, Ohio, at the showing of "My Lady's Slipper," (says Motography) a pair of beautiful slippers was given to the Cinderella who could wear size I.A.A.

Theda Bara is vamping again.

A feature for the week will be the Lady production of "Anton the Terrible," in which Theodore Roberts, the celebrated character actor, and Anita King, will be starred. During the past two years Mr. Roberts has 2-Theatre

## "WHEN DREAMS COME TRUE" BRIGHT MUSICAL COMEDY NEXT WEEK

## Opera House Management has Secured a Delightful Attraction for First Part of Next Week.

"When Dreams Come True," which has attained much popularity since it was first presented in New York and Chicago, where it ran for an entire season, will be presented at the Opera House next Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday.

"When Dreams Come True" is aptly described as a dainty musical comedy of youth, full of tuneful music and catchy songs, many of which will have no doubt already reached you on the wings of popularity. This is one of the best of its type of plays produced during recent seasons. It possesses that rarest of musical comedy virtues—a plot, with sustained interest, and a plenitude of wit and humor of a clean sort. It leaves one with a satisfied, pleased impression and a head full of new tunes.

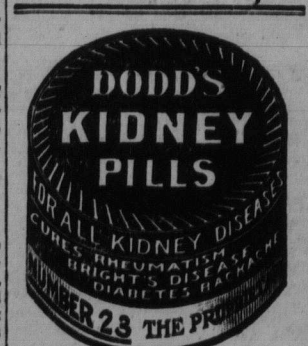
A large and clever company of principals and a chorus of beautiful singing and dancing girls lend the proper air of youth to the performance.

## MARRIAGES.

## Dingee-Weyman.

A very pretty wedding took place Saturday afternoon at three o'clock in the Main street Baptist church, in the presence of about 150 invited friends of the bride and groom, when the pastor, Rev. Dr. Hutchinson, united in marriage Sarah Jessie Weyman of Sussex and Frederick Seelye Dingee of this city.

The wedding march was played by the church organist, Harry Dunlop, as the couple left the church. They left immediately after the ceremony for an automobile trip and on their return will reside in the city.



**OPERA HOUSE**

**TODAY—AFTERNOON 2.15-3.45** **EVENING 7.15-8.45**

**ANN PENNINGTON**  
(Late of Ziegfeld Follies)  
In a Famous Players' drama of stage and village life.

**SUSIE SNOWFLAKE**  
The tear and the smile follow the story in quick succession. It is a Paramount picture and a good one.

**English Topical Weekly**  
with all the 1st events in the old country and in France.

**Dorsey Expedition No. 2**  
—"The Rough Riders of India."  
Thrilling, educational and novel.

**IMPERIAL**—Kendall Weston Players in  
"THE OPEN GATE"

Another Big "FATHERS OF MEN" Six Parts  
Featuring Robert Edeson, Naomi Childers and Wonderful Little Bobby Connelley.

**PATHE BRITISH GAZETTE** **SEE AMERICA FIRST**  
And Allied War News. The Delaware Water Gap.

Final Episode "PEG O' THE RING" Matinee Only one show

**WED.—The Adorable Mabel Tallafiero in "Snowbird"**

**BRAYLEY'S FLAVORING EXTRACTS**  
Carefully prepared from the purest ingredients only

**THE BRAYLEY DRUG CO., LTD.**  
ST. JOHN, N. B.

**G. B. CHOCOLATES**  
A Few Favorites—Cereals, Almondines, Almond Crispettes, Nougatines, Burt Almonds, Maple Walnuts, Caramels, Cream Drops, Milk Chocolate, Creams, Fruit Creams, etc.

Display Cards With Goods.

**EMERY BROS.** 82 Germain Street  
Selling Agents for Ganong Bros. Ltd.

**The Table Salt without a fault**

**REGAL**  
FREE RUNNING  
Table Salt  
Pleasurably Free From  
Pacifiers and Shakers

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