

About the House

DIANA BUYS A HAT.

"You haven't said anything about my new hat," Eve declared. "I was a goose to wear it!"

"You were not a goose!" Diana retorted. "I'd have seen it sooner or later. But you know that I think that your eyebrows are too lovely to hide."

Eve glanced in the glass; there was a shadow of discontent on her pretty face. "You look like such a freak if you don't wear things the way everybody else does. And besides, you can't get anything else!"

"It isn't the hat I object to," said Diana; "it's the angle. As for getting anything else, I had just decided before you came in that I would go on a real adventure to-morrow. It will be a search for an honest woman. You see I know that it is horribly unbecoming to wear my hats on the bridge of my nose. I'm going to see if I can find one woman who will have the courage to tell me so. Do come along!"

At ten o'clock the next day Eve, with the look of one fascinated against her will, stepped into Diana's coupe.

Diana shot a teasing glance at her as she pressed the starter. "Sure you don't want to back out?"

"Certainly not!" Eve replied.

They went to Camille's first. A wonderful young woman swept forward to meet them. Certainly she had the exact thing for mademoiselle—so simple yet so chic! She pressed the marvel slowly down over Diana's lovely hair, forehead, one eye—

"Help!" Diana gasped. "I have to leave my nose out—to breathe with, you know."

The young woman was shocked. "But, mademoiselle, the style—"

"Why should I suffer because other people are willing to?" inquired Diana. "Haven't you anything that stops a trifle above the eyebrows?"

The young woman stiffened. "But certainly not," she replied.

Diana rose cheerfully. "Sorry," she said. "I'll come back when the fashion changes."

Eve was triumphant. "What did I tell you!" she cried.

But Diana only laughed.

Two hours later in Morrow's she glanced round and chose her saleswoman, a girl with steady pleasant eyes. At first the procedure was the same, but at the third trial Diana looked up.

"I want to ask you to do something. Will you please show me where, with due consideration for my eyes and nose and mouth, I ought to wear my hat? Do you dare?"

The girl's eyes brightened. She placed a hat quickly above Diana's clear straight brows. "For you—there," she replied firmly. "But you are the first customer who ever asked me."

Diana turned to Eve. "There's your honest woman," she said.

DOORS.

Recently I visited in a home where the pantry door lacked a knob and, fitting in closely as it did, much time was required to get it open. Yet during my stay the housewife opened that stubborn door several times, requiring at least two minutes each time in tedious pushing and moving about either way in order to persuade it to open.

I gave the lady my recipe for such cases—just a small leather loop, cut from the top of an old shoe and held firmly in place with tacks. Less than five minutes would be required for cutting and nailing in place. Or a spool sawed in half and one part of it fastened on with a screw of proper length would make a handy knob.

Another door in the same house had shrunk away from the frame until it failed to latch; this door, too, was closed a number of times, and each time a bit of cloth was folded, held in place with one hand and the door closed with the other.

I also gave my own remedy, one which I have used many times, for just the same trouble. Cut one, two or three pieces of leather one inch wide, and about three inches long; tack these firmly, one to the door frame and one on the edge of the door at a corresponding height. This gives a noiseless closing and the leather holds the door in place. If shrinkage has been too great, two or more thicknesses of leather must be used.—L. Y.

A RAINY-DAY GAME.

I never have found the following amusement for children to fail in keeping them so interested that they asked for it every time they honored me with a visit:

I gave each child a sheet of typewriter paper marked off in squares of about two inches. I gave them my box of colored crayons, or they brought theirs.

Then I began a story thus: "Once upon a time there was a little fairy." Then I waited while in the first square

they drew and colored their ideas of a fairy. Then I continued, "And the fairy lived in a hole in a tree," and I let them draw and color a tree showing the hole.

"A squirrel came to the tree one day." The squirrel then went into next square.

"He brought the fairy a large walnut." The nut was drawn in the next square. And so on.

I managed to invent the tale so that the last drawing finished the last square. The articles were simple so the children could draw them, and the results surprisingly good. Best of all, the children could tell me the story almost word for word from the pictures.

A POPULAR STYLE FOR SLENDER FIGURES.



4934. The Tunic is this season's most attractive feature. In this style it is shown in blouse effect, with yoke and vest portions. Black satin and embroidery are here combined. Crepe would also be pleasing with the satin. Or the blouse could be of figured or striped silk, with vest and skirt of satin.

The Pattern is cut in 3 Sizes: 16, 18 and 20 years. An 18 year size requires 5 yards of 40-inch plain material and 5/8 yard of contrasting material if made as illustrated. If the concealed part of the skirt is made of lining, 3 3/4 yards of 40-inch material will be required, with 1 1/2 yards of 36-inch lining, and 5/8 yard of contrasting material. The width of the skirt at the foot is 1 1/2 yards.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 20c in silver, by the Wilson Publishing Co., 73 West Adelaide St., Toronto.

Send 15c in silver for our up-to-date Fall and Winter 1924-1925 Book of Fashions.

CANNING SAUSAGE.

In canning sausage in quart jars, turn them upside down to cool after they are sealed, and they keep just as well if only partly full of lard or gravy. To keep backbone, spare rib or tenderloin, bake in the oven, season to taste, pack in crocks, weight and cover with lard. These can have a few pieces taken out as you need. Since it is cooked ready to eat, warm it and it is ready for the table. Then pour the fat back and cover the rest carefully until ready to use again. In cleaning casing for sausage, I do not turn them; I put them in warm water, then take hold of the middle and hold high with the hand and let the contents run out. Then I get a smooth board and dull knife, put the board against the side of the pan like a washboard, lay the casings on it and scrape carefully. Be careful not to cut the casings. Then place them in salt water until ready to use.

I also take the skin off the leaf lard, soften in warm water, stretch out carefully and make a tight roll of sausage to fit inside the skin.

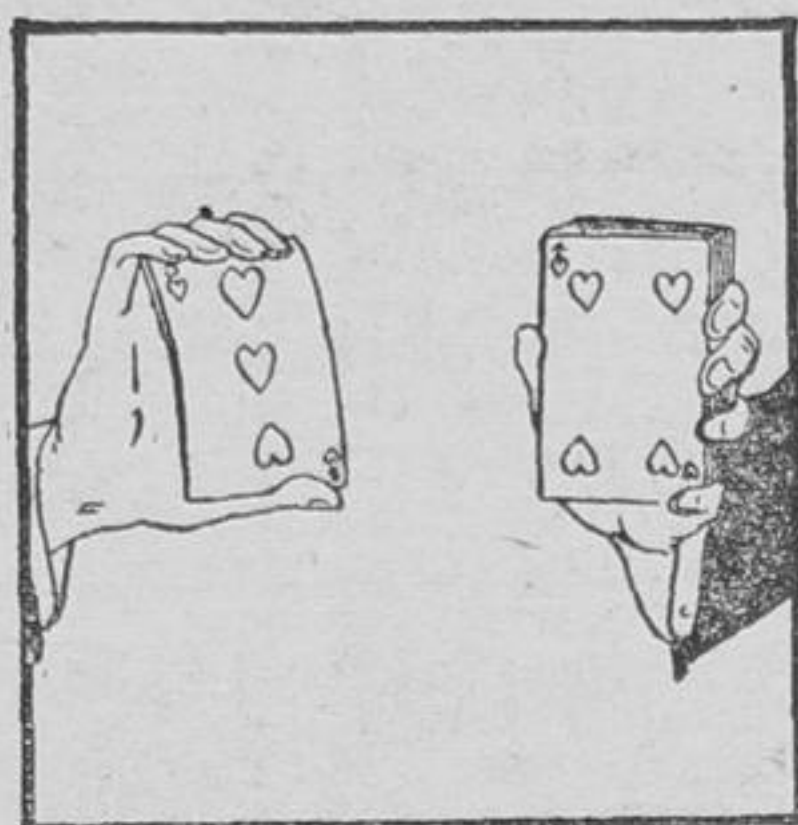
CONSTIPATED CHILDREN

Constipation is one of the most common ailments of childhood and the child suffering from it positively cannot thrive. To keep the little one well the bowels must be kept regular and the stomach sweet. To do this nothing can equal Baby's Own Tablets. They are a mild but thorough laxative; are pleasant to take and can be given to the newborn babe with perfect safety. Thousands of mothers use no other medicine for their little ones but Baby's Own Tablets. They are sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

EASY TRICKS

No. 343

The Paint Brush



This is one of the most puzzling of card tricks which can be performed without skill. Before presenting the trick put the four of hearts face down on the table. On this, face upward, put the two of hearts. On this, face downward, put the five of hearts. On the face of the pack put the three of hearts.

Pick up the three cards with your right hand, holding them as if they were only one card. This can easily be done if you hold the cards with your fingers at one end and your thumb at the other and slightly bend the cards, the convex side toward the spectators. Hold the pack with the other hand, the three of hearts toward the spectators. Show that the three is on the pack and the four in your right hand. Rub the face of the four against the face of the three. The three changes to a two, the heart in the center seemingly joining itself to the four because that card changes to a five.

The trick is that when the reinforced four is placed on the pack, the right hand carries away only the five. Try the trick with the cards in your hands and it will present no difficulties.

(Clip this out and paste it, with other of the series, in a scrapbook.)

An Island Song.

O the grey cliffs of the islands and the hemlocks green above them;
The foam beneath the wild rose bloom,
The star above the shaol
When I am old and weary I'll wake my heart to love them,
For the blue ways of the islands are wound about my soul.

Here in the early even, when the young grey dew is falling,
And the King-heron seeks his mate beyond the loneliest wild,
Still your heart in the twilight and you'll hear the river calling
Through all her outmost islands to seek her last-born child.

—Marjorie L. C. Pickthall.

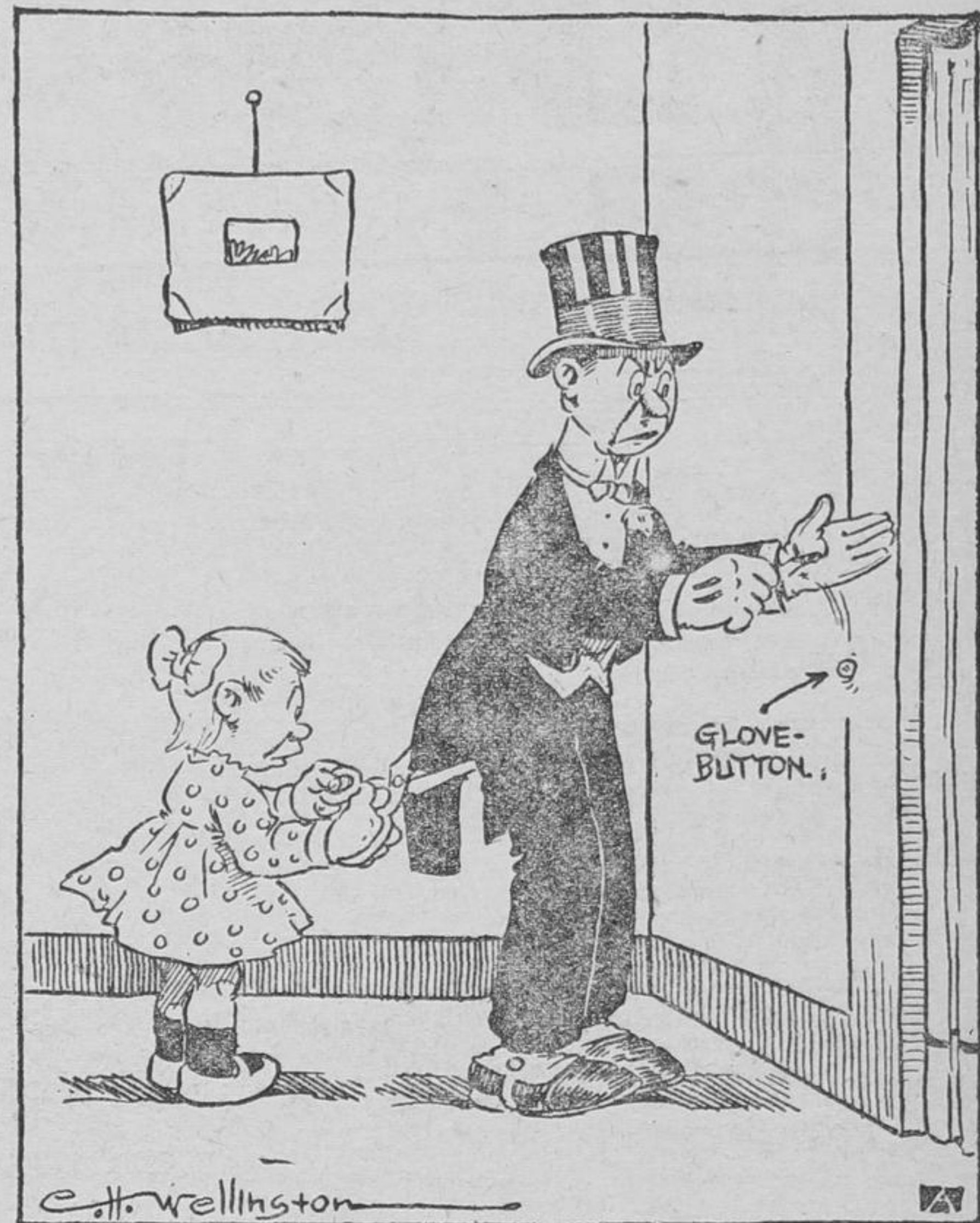
Highest Paid Actress.

The highest salary ever paid to any French actress, recorded in Paris, was received by Sarah Bernhardt, before the war, when she was paid \$10,000, then \$2,000 for each of three performances.

The Work for Lepers.

The British Mission to Lepers society celebrates this month the completion of fifty years of relief work in India, China and other Asiatic countries.

—AND THE WORST IS YET TO COME



Music Plays a Great Part in Life of French-Canadian.

Here is a synopsis of the musical proclivities of the great French Canadian race, as told by one who spent several years studying the customs down in Quebec and the Maritime Provinces:

"In French-Canadian homes," this authority states, "children are rocked with a song from their birth; when they are old enough to attend school, they receive singing or instrumental music from either their school teachers or private teachers. At home, music has its place of honor; and during the day piano, violin, mandolin or accordion is not left idle; but above all singing is the favorite pastime of the French-Canadian, and above all songs the ones he prefers are the old-time melodies which last; old French songs from the XIV., XV. and XVI. centuries, which he inherited from his fore-fathers, are also his favorites. And oft you will hear the farmer, while plowing in his field, or the shepherd boy guarding his flock, sing one of those old songs which they love. During the evenings, after their meal, and while taking a rest in the garden, on the verandah or within their homes, the French-Canadian family, where children are many and happiness abides, sing together some of those old songs of undying sentimentality and tenderness with absolute sincerity. If you are a passer-by you will stop and listen. You will remember home and mother, and you will thank Heaven for giving music to the world."

Big Hunter.

O'Grady had conceived a grudge against O'Connor, and sought for a way to pay him out.

"I say, O'Connor," he said, "you remember you told me you had hunted tigers in West Africa? Well, Captain Smith tells me there are no tigers there."

"Quite right, quite right," said O'Connor, blandly. "I killed them all."

The Oldest Hymn.

A Sumerian hymn, 4,000 years old, believed to be the oldest musical composition in the world, has been translated by a historian in Germany.

Hospital for Sick Children

67 COLLEGE ST., TORONTO

Dear Mr. Editor:—

Your readers have probably had their appetite for statistics satiated during the past few months. Still they will, no doubt, want to know something of the work accomplished by the hospital to which they have so generously contributed in the past. They are shareholders in a Mission of Mercy. Their dividends are not paid in coin of the realm. May I trespass upon your space to outline what those dividends are?

Firstly, the daily average of children occupying cots in the Hospital for Sick Children was 255. The total cared for as in-patients was 6,397. That is equivalent to the population of a good-sized Ontario town.

And secondly, the out-patient department. This is a wing of offices given over to consultation and minor operations. On an average there were 190 young callers a day.

That is where the dividends are earned—in the difference made in the lives of thousands of children through the voluntary contributions which render it possible to maintain an institution where pallid cheeks become rosy and twisted limbs are made straight.

If that were not dividend enough, one might try to estimate the enormous salvage of child-life in Ontario which has taken place since "Sick Kids" doctors and "Sick Kids" nurses have been going out through this province equipped with a knowledge of children's diseases, which they could not get except in some such highly specialized and pre-eminently efficient institution as the Hospital for Sick Children.

On this year's service the Hospital expended \$345,126 and finds itself in the hole to the extent of \$134,284. What comes in around Christmas-time keeps the Hospital going. So long as the word "Christmas" retains its original significance could any charity possibly enlist more of the sympathy of your readers or entitle itself to more of their support?

Faithfully yours,

L. E. ROBERTSON,
Chairman Appeal Committee

A MINUTE OF MERCY COSTS FIFTY CENTS



OLDEST PASSENGER FROM CLYDE THIS YEAR

Mrs. A. Crawford, of Whiteinch, Glasgow, 84 years of age, has the unique distinction of being the oldest passenger to sail from the Clyde this year. She embarked on the Canadian Pacific Liner "Montreal" and, in care of her daughter, is travelling to British Columbia, a distance of 5,000 miles.