

Five Trains of Coinage.

For the five years from 1917 to 1921, coinage at the Philadelphia mint of nickels and one-cent pieces amounted to more than 214,000,000 tray ounces, or so much metal that it would require five trains of 56 cars each, holding 50,000 pounds a car, to transport it.

The "Old-Fashioned Girl" Myth

Dorothy Dix

Overcomes "Bachelor's" Alibi—Extols Modern Girl

The Modern Girl Is Every Bit as Qualified to Make a Good Wife as Her Mother Was. She Dresses More Sensibly, Knows Value of Money and Understands Men Through Meeting Them in the Business World.

I asked an eligible bachelor the other day why he had never married.

"Oh," he replied, "I am still hunting for a girl like my mother."

If I could find a woman like my mother I would grab her and rush with her to the altar before she had a chance to say "no."

"Meaning, I suppose," I said, "that your feminine ideal is a girl who is loving and true, who is willing to begin humbly and work up with her husband who is domestic and who dresses modestly and quietly."

"Just so," he responded, "just like mother. And it's because we can't find wives like our mothers that a lot of us, who would like to be established in homes of our own with our kiddies about our knees, are bachelors."

"Well," I returned, "you need remain in single blessedness no longer, for I can point you out a dozen girls that come up to those specifications in any city block or in any Main street in the land. They are sitting quietly at home with mother and father, embroidering towels for a hope chest that they will never have occasion to use; or they are going out with other girls like themselves to the movies; or father is taking them to a party where they will wear the nicest of their dresses, beautiful, partnerless, as overlooked by men as if they were invisible to the naked eye."

"It is lovely for you to idealize your mother, but the cold truth remains that the virtues that you admire so much in mother are not the qualities that you demand in a girl today. You will have nothing to do with a girl unless she is smartly dressed, unless she is full of pep, unless she is a superlative dancer, unless she is up to the minute in every respect. And then, when the new thing has broken her neck trying to please you, you don't want to marry her because she is what you have made her instead of being like your mother!"

"As a matter of fact, the 'old-fashioned-girl' myth hasn't a whit more foundation to it than has the 'good-old-times' tradition. The girls in mother's day were not a bit more modest, a bit more sensible, a bit more efficient or a bit better qualified to make good wives and mothers than are the girls of today."

"Begin with modesty, which as has been aptly said, is merely a matter of geography, and is certainly a matter of custom, the same being proper or improper, according to the time and place. Mother was scandalized to show more than the tip of her toe and men gaped and leered if she exposed so much as her ankle when she lifted her skirt. Mother spoke of the limbs of a piano. A woman's legs in these days are no more taboo or objects of prurient observation than her hands or her arms, which is a distinct gain in modesty for both women and men."

"Do you consider the nude in art immoral?" a woman once asked Dr. Johnson. "No," replied the great lexicographer, "but the question is."

"When you look at the modern girl's costume you sigh to think how much more sensibly mother dressed. What a joke."

"Get up any old fashion book and look at the pictures of mother trailing along the streets with microbe-sweeping skirts, twelve yards around the bottom; with a bustle the size of a camel's hump on her back; with sleeves that she could scarcely get through a door. Is that more sensible than the short-skirted, short-sleeved, chemise frock of today? Isn't it better for women to park their coiffures than to lace themselves down to an eighteen-inch waist measure?"

"Baseless also is the old theory that mother was more efficient than the modern girl, and that when mother got married she was a crackjack housekeeper and trained manager. All nonsense. Mother learned housekeeping at the expense of father's stomach, and she learned to sew making her first baby clothes just as the average girl does now."

"In fact, most modern girls have had a smattering of domestic science in the schools, and really begin their married life knowing more about cooking and sewing than their mothers did."

"And as for handling money, the average girl can get more out of a dollar than her mother can right now. She has been brought up in the hard school of high prices, where she has to be a shrewd trader to keep herself dressed well. That has made her a bargain-savvy sleuth, and has given her an unquenchable knowledge of the buying power of money."

"Moreover, the great majority of girls in these days have earned their own living, and that has taught them a knowledge of men and given them a discipline that it takes twenty years of matrimony to give a woman."

"As for the real fundamental things, the ability to love unselfishly, the loyalty that makes a woman a man through thick and thin, the tenderness, the sympathy—the girl of today gives these to her man as her mother did to hers. The one thing that never changes is the human heart. As women loved and sacrificed yesterday, so they do today, and will forever."

"And this leaves you, Mr. Bachelor, without an alibi. You can and just as good a woman as your mother any time you look for her."

DOROTHY DIX.

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MANY GUIDES REGISTER FOR TRAINING COURSE

Registrations are being rapidly made for the Girl Guide officers' training courses to be held in Kingston and Brantford this spring under the direction of Miss Joyce Wolton, Red Cross Diploma Guide from England. The first course at Kingston will be held from March 17 to March 25, and the second course at Brantford from April 1 to 7. Miss Wolton will also be present at the annual meeting of the provincial council, which is being held in London on March 28.

Registrations to date for the Western Ontario course at Brantford are: Miss A. Purvis, Penetang; Miss Elsie G. Henderson, Miss Elizabeth Laidlaw, and Miss Estelle Hodgins, Toronto; Miss Velma Rands and Miss H. Hopkins, Hanover; Miss L. Willard, Sutton West; Miss K. Rutter, Miss I. Symons, Miss Mary Crossley, Miss Gilpin-Brown, Miss D. Rogers, Miss L. Tredwell, Miss M. A. Hardy, Miss D. MacGregor, Miss R. Tuck, Miss M. Tuck, Miss E. Long, Miss V. Crossley, Miss M. R. Wood and Miss Pepler, all of Toronto.

For the Eastern Ontario course, in Kingston, the following have registered: Miss Ella G. Minter, Ottawa; Miss G. H. Pepler, Toronto; Miss M. Stafford, Miss F. A. Monk, Miss I. M. MacCormick, Miss L. Horridge, Miss M. M. Diver, Miss F. D. Crawford, W. H. Penwarden, Miss E. Ailard, Miss A. Powell, Miss K. Healey, Miss V. M. Saunders, Miss V. B. Van Lauen, and Miss M. A. Light, all of Kingston; Miss J. L. Miller, Penetang; Miss Pearl Goldfield, Ottawa; Miss D. M. Yette, Ottawa; Miss Audrey Brown, Port Hope; Miss Grace Jackson, Belleville, and Miss Melchor, Belleville.

Don't Squeeze Blackheads—Dissolve Them.
Squeezing and pinching out blackheads makes the pores large and causes irritation. Blackheads are caused by accumulations of dust and dirt and secretions from the skin, and there is only one safe and sure way and one that never fails to get rid of them—a simple way, too—that is to dissolve them. Just get from any drug store two ounces of peroxide powder and mix it with a little water. Rub over the blackheads briskly for a few seconds—wash off, and you'll be surprised to see that every blackhead has disappeared, and the skin will be left soft and the pores in their natural condition.—Adv.

WOMEN and THE HOME



FOUR CHIEFS OF EDINBURGH CASTLE CAMP. Scottish feast at the De Luxe Cafe they will be marking their fifth anniversary as a society. Their chiefs are shown above, in the order of their accession to office: Mrs. James Hendry, Mrs. Fred Tillett and Mrs. May Haldane (extreme right).

Juvenile Fiction Ranks As Second In 1923 List

Miss Louise Gahan Gives Attractive Address on Good Reading Before Ryerson Mothers' Club.

"How to Train the Tastes of Our Children. In the Reading of Good Literature," was the subject of an interesting address given last evening by Miss Louise Gahan, of the Normal School, at the regular meeting of Ryerson Mothers' Club.

Miss Gahan pointed out that it rested with the public to create the demand and control the supply of books. "A large proportion of the books are considered bad and silly, so we see the necessity of learning the right choice," she stated, "so that these undesirable books will find no place on the market. The same may be said of theatre offerings," she continued. "The taste for good drama should be cultivated as well as a taste for good literature."

In referring to juvenile fiction, Miss Gahan stated that in 1914 the juvenile fiction ranked seventh in the twelve classes of literature, whereas in 1923 it came second in the list. "If a child is carefully guided up to the age of ten," she continued, "he will naturally choose that which is best from the time on, and will not be satisfied with funny papers and such fiction." She told of a statement made by an old country teacher, who stated that what a child reads out of school has more influence on him, than what he studies during school hours.

She also discussed picture books, and exhibited illustrated books to the club. She explained that the greatest artists were giving their time to the illustration of children's stories. As an illustration of a wholesome character of a young girl, Miss Gahan referred to Betty, and compared the perfectly normal and natural Betty in the story to the impossible character of the Elsie books, and suggested that the children's stories of normal children, also to give to them the best that art can offer.

Following Miss Gahan's address an interesting discussion took place. Several items of business were discussed during the business session, and it was decided that a committee

CLUB NEWS

WOMEN'S INSTITUTE EXHIBIT.

Mrs. George Edwards, president of the Women's Institutes of Ontario, has recently returned from Toronto, where she attended a board meeting of the Canadian National Exhibition, also directors' meeting of the Royal Winter Fair. Plans were made at the former meeting for a Dominion exhibit at the National Exhibition this fall, when the women's institutes will arrange an exhibit in which all the provinces will be represented. A display of the special industry carried on in each province will be shown.

BENEFIT BASKETBALL.

The basketball game between the London Shamrocks and the National Tamps of Warren, Ohio, on April 12, has been chosen as the benefit game in aid of the funds of the Campbell Becher and Princess Patricia Chapters, L.O.D.E., under whose auspices the game will be played, in the armories. The chapter members are already actively engaged in ticket selling for this event.

LUCKY TWELVE CLUB.

Mrs. Charles Brown entertained the Lucky Twelve Euchre Club this week at her pretty home, 19 Regina street. The first prize was won by Mrs. J. Davidson, and the consolation prize went to Mrs. Spencer. Dainty refreshments were served, and the hostess was assisted by Mrs. A. E. Bailey. Mrs. Roy Blair will be the hostess of the next meeting of the club, Wednesday afternoon.

BROUGHDALE MOTHERS' CLUB.

At the meeting of the Broughdale Mothers' Club, held last evening at the home of Mrs. Fred Dickerson, Richmond street, Mrs. E. Pellow gave an interesting paper on the life of Robert Burns. Plans were made to hold a series of teas, which will be given fortnightly. Mrs. Charles Ward will be the hostess of the first one. Solos and an instrumental number by Miss Beatrice Knight was greatly enjoyed. A dainty supper was served late by the hostess, assisted by her daughter. Tea was poured by Mrs. C. S. Webber.

CHESLEY AVENUE CLUB.

An attractive program has been arranged for the next meeting of the Chesley Avenue Mothers' Club Tuesday of next week, which will take the form of a St. Patrick's party. The fathers have been invited as special guests, and the program will include an illustrated lecture by Principal E. E. Gibbs, solos by Miss Warren and Mrs. Percy King, violin numbers by Miss Little, readings by Miss Bendle, and Miss Patton, and orchestra selections.

be appointed to assist the other clubs with relief work if the need arose. Mrs. W. A. Tanner and Mrs. R. W. Williams was appointed of this committee. An egg shower to be held in aid of a charitable institution was planned for April. Arrangements were also made for a tea to be held at the school Friday of next week, when the teachers will be entertained. In the report of the child welfare work it was stated that a layette had been completed. A letter was read from the president of the Union Club, Mrs. W. A. Tanner, in which she urged the mothers to uphold the original standards and ideals of their club. Mr. Fred McAllister gave a short talk on the welfare campaign, urging the support and co-operation of the club. Solos by Mrs. Ernest Tremere were enjoyed, also recitations by Francis Williams. Refreshments were served following the meeting, which was presided over by Mrs. Arthur Kennedy. Mrs. Ray Little and Mrs. W. Green were supper hostesses.

WILL PRESENT SHIELD TO BEST CADET CORPS

Campbell Becher Chapter Makes Interesting Plans at Yesterday's Meeting.

The Western Ontario Cadet Corps showing the best standing at the annual camp to be held in London this summer will carry away with it a handsome shield to be offered by the Campbell Becher Chapter. I. O. D. E. Plans for the giving of such a shield were made at yesterday afternoon's meeting of the chapter, held at the home of Mrs. B. B. Hookway, Waterloo street. Mrs. F. J. Greenaway, the regent was in the chair.

Plans were also made for a bridge to be held shortly after Easter. Mrs. B. B. Hookway, Mrs. W. A. McWilliams, Mrs. C. L. Cunningham and Mrs. Gordon Keenleyside to act as conveners. A vote of sympathy to the family of the late William Lowthian, who had been visited by members of the chapter at the Byron Sanatorium, was passed. The late Mr. Lowthian some years ago designed and built a model ship for the chapter. Mrs. F. W. Kirkpatrick and Mrs. C. A. Harris assisted the hostess at the tea hour.

DENNY BROOKS

A STORY OF COURAGE
By ELENORE MEHERIN.

CHAPTER CXXXVII.
His Answer.

As Petra spoke, the fine black brows met, but still the tears wet her lashes. She lowered her head quickly against him, whispering, "Diddle, dearest—oh how could you do this thing? Didn't you know what I meant to Peter and to both of us? The home we were to have? Everything—but you didn't think of this? You'll give me the papers? Oh, quick, Diddle darling!"

He had been cold, but now a pulsing heat drove the blood thickly to his head. He stepped away from her, saying hoarsely, "Petra, don't! Why, I can't give you those papers. Why, they don't belong to me. Why, you don't know what you're asking!"

"Yes—oh Diddle, I'm only asking—only asking you to do this little thing—just the papers. And it means everything to me. Oh, Diddle, if you saw Peter when he read that paper. And the things he said. And you took the job to betray him. And you could have gone to him first. He would have fixed everything right. Diddle—but you didn't! You did this terrible thing to us. But he'll be right, even now. Just give me the papers, and it will be all right."

"Petra—did your father send you to say these things to me? Did he? She dropped her eyes quickly, a flush running to her forehead. "Diddle—oh can't you see it's just to make us happy? Peter wants it fixed. He can arrange it. Every thing will be wonderful again and Peter will get you another job somewhere right in the city."

Even through this shock, there stirred a breathless amazement. She thought he would take another job from Peter!

But she was looking up to him, smile on the lips and in the dimples. "So you see, Diddle, that's why I want them. Because I love you. And you'll give them to me!"

She put out her hands to his. He gripped them. "Petra, do you know what you're asking? You're asking me to stand in with a murderer!"

"Oh, no. Don't say that, Diddle." "But you know what Murray Anson said about Martin Loon and the blowing of the dam? The words were now peeling with an angry passion through his teeth. "Murray Anson made me out a murderer and a fool. Petra! You know that! And you're asking me to destroy evidence belonging to the state. You want me to make a criminal of myself—to turn around and be a dog for Anson! Petra, is this what you want of me? It was tragic to him that she should have like this—that she should add more shame to the feeling that had once so swept him—that she should flaunt in his tormented eyes all his own cowardice, this utter poverty of spirit. His fingers drove against the slender wrists. She flung her head back, her cheeks stained and her eyes darting. "Petra, that's what you ask!"

breaking my heart. Give them to me—please."

He walked to the window, stood leaning against its frame. And he knew that as he went from her thus sharply, an anger flashed and stiffened through her, he knew that. The silence between them was a wire charged with a suppressed, incredulous fury.

He heard her step, then her voice, low, astonished, "Diddle, you don't mean this?"

"Yes, I mean it, Petra."

"Diddle, you can't mean it! You're ruining both our lives." "I have to do this, Petra."

He wasn't looking at her now. She stood at his desk, crumpling a piece of paper in her hands. Suddenly she went up and touched his arm, her voice shaking. "Diddle, doing what you have to do? You have to crush me, do you? You have to put everything before me? Why, we're to be married soon, and I come here asking a little thing like this and you won't even do this for me!"

"If you cared for me, Petra, you wouldn't ask me for those papers! You'd despise me if I gave them to you."

"Despise you! Oh Diddle, despise you if you were a little kind! If you thought of me first just once? Why, tears trembled in her eyes. Her slim hands worked with the button of his coat. He wanted to push her hands from him, to realize what you've done to my father? And to our family? You came to our home and then do a thing like this! And now, you're turning from me!"

But he wasn't looking at her. He was looking at the floor. "Oh, Lord!"

Her voice came now like a searing breath near his face—a torment that stifled him.

"But you won't do that, Diddle! Oh, you can't. Not after this year, Diddle. And I gave up everyone for you. You know how I care—you made me care so much. You won't take my life and ruin it!"

"Why, the home we were to have, and you right here in the city, and everything just as I want it to be. Peter would give all that to both of us. Diddle, you're throwing all that away!"

"You don't mean to do, you Diddle? You won't refuse me this little thing? You won't belittle me before everyone. Diddle, you love me—oh, you love me enough to do this!"

Her face raised—her hand crept upward. "Give them to me!"

He looked at her coldly and put her hand down. "I'm not going to give you the papers, Petra. I haven't them to give. They aren't mine now. And Murray Anson is not going to get them!"

She drew back sharply, shook her head with a violence from him, stood there quivering and staring. "You do this to me, Diddle! You dare to speak like this?" "I told you, Petra. You wouldn't understand."

"No—but do you understand what you're doing? Do you realize that my father's fortune and mine is at stake?"

"The fortune of a hundred men—even their lives—have been ruined by Murray Anson. Do you realize that, Petra? I think you do."

"You put them ahead of me? You put them before my father? You mean to say you choose those wretched farmers before me, and after all they did to you?"

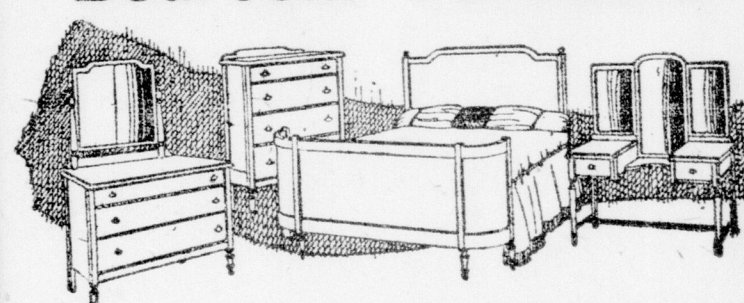
Practical Use for Cornstalks.

Large quantities of cornstalks must be disposed of each year and it sometimes is a problem to get rid of them. A process has been developed for treating corn straw so as to make paper and other valuable by-products out of it.

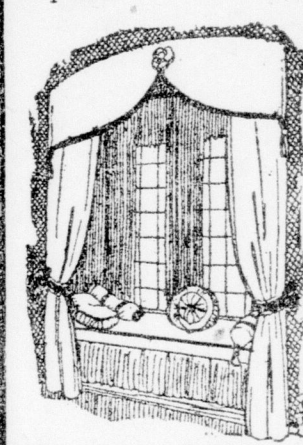
dying and perhaps she had even said things like this to Katy? Oh, God! And he had kissed her—this radiant thing—thought she was the sweetest and loveliest—buried his face a thousand times in the soft, golden hair. He heard her voice rising—going back again, now pleading, now shaming and taunting him—and then her lips parting, her head flung back. She was moving to the door. And suddenly she pressed her face against it, sobbing.

her hand reaching out to him. "Oh, Diddle, you won't do this to me? Oh, after all this year—oh, you're going to give them to me?" He stood motionless, waiting an eternity—hearing her voice trailing in a cry, then the door opening and a frantic "You'll let me go, Diddle—no—come—!" He made no move. (Copyright, 1922, The Call Publishing Company.)

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