

## Oldest Dolls Not Very Old.

The oldest dolls only go back as far as Queen Anne, and there are no records of them at an earlier period. This means that medieval children played with natural objects.

## Dorothy Dix's Letter Box

**Will the Young Flapper Who Has Reformed in Order to Catch a Husband Revert to Her Old Self After Marriage? Recreation a Necessity for the Home Woman—Shall She Allow the Sick Boy Whom She Pities to Kiss Her?**

Dear Dorothy Dix—A friend of mine is about thirty. He is falling in love with a girl about twenty-one. He is serious-minded, intelligent, has never been out much with girls; is well to do and wants to marry. The girl is opposite. She is a frivolous, mischievous, inefficient at her work. Her desk is always untidy. The man knew all these things and ridiculed them before he fell in love with her.

The girl knows that this man is a good match, and she is trying to please him. She has stopped her light talk and apparently become serious-minded, and industrious, and orderly, all of the qualities he admires.

Now, is it possible for this girl really to change her nature? Will she not revert back to her original type as soon as she is married? I fear for my friend. FRANK.

Answer:

When you go a-fishing, Frank, you use the kind of bait that the poor fish you are angling for is most likely to rise to; live bait for some, flies for others. Same way with women. When they are out to catch a man they try to be what they think he wants them to be.

Why, I have seen beautiful morons sit up and listen by the hour, with an entranced expression on their faces, while a learned college professor discoursed to them upon the wonder and the beauty of the fourth dimension. I have seen girls who were stone deaf pretend to a musician that they were crazy about grand opera. I have seen girls who loathed exercise tramp, footsore and weary, over golf links, and I have seen girls who were bored to tears by books piously plod through ponderous volumes of which they did not understand a single word because they had a high-browed beau who lent them volumes of heavy literature.

Because a girl goes in violently and suddenly for sports, or domesticity, or religion does not in the least indicate that she is of an athletic, or domestic, or pious nature. It merely means that she has fallen in love with a tennis player, or a golf fiend, or a man who loves to eat, or a young preacher. Why, girls even change the way they dress and they bob or keep their hair long to please some man.

So it is nothing against the young woman that she has adopted the time-honored tactics of her sex in order to win the man she desires. As to whether her reformation will be permanent, no one can say, because marriage does work miracles in women.

All of us have known too many extravagant girls who became stingy as soon as it was their own money, instead of papa's, that they were spending; too many butterfly girls who became domestic grubs; too many lazy girls who made industrious wives, to dare to prophesy.

The only thing that marriage doesn't change about a woman is the amount of gray matter that she has. If she is dull and stupid before marriage, she will still be dull and stupid afterward. But if she has intelligence, all things are possible to her. DOROTHY DIX.

Dear Dorothy Dix—Should a mother be confined to the home without any recreation; without mingling with friends or meeting other people? After a while, would not home duties become irksome to her and would not everybody in the home become a bore to her and her home itself distasteful to her? DEVOTED READER.

Answer:

Most emphatically yes to all your questions. It is absolutely necessary for all of us to have change, to meet new people and have some diversion, if we are to keep sane, to say nothing of being healthy and happy.

And no other person on earth needs change and diversion quite so much as the woman whose work is done in her own home and which consists necessarily of a monotonous repetition of the same task day in and day out.

The men and women who work outside of the home have at least the excitement of going and coming to their labor; they have social contact with many people and the interest of continually seeing new faces and hearing new things.

The housewife has none of this, and as she works alone her mind, as well as her body, goes round and round the same treadmill.

This is why the asylums are filled with domestic women who have had nervous breakdowns. They had no strain to bear greater than other women, but they had nothing to break it, nothing to take their thoughts off themselves, nothing to interest and amuse them, nothing to look forward to. And so at last the monotony of it all got them.

The reason that women get to be slack housekeepers, who do not care whether things are tidy or whether the dinner is good or not, is because they have swept the floors so often and cooked so many meals that they are completely tired and bored with it all. They do not care whether they do things well or badly. They have lost their pep.

But a week's visit or a little trip anywhere would bring them home keen to be back and make a model home.

The reason that mothers fret at their children and are cross with them is because they have answered the call of "mo-o-o-o-ther" so often that it has frazzled their nerves beyond endurance.

If they could only be separated from their children for a few days they would be once more the patient, loving, tender mothers they should be and the cry of "mo-o-o-o-ther" would be music to their ears.

The reason why wives nag is because they have seen so much of their husbands that they have come to the place where they can see only their faults.

A little separation would turn them into the heroes of their girlish dreams once more.

If men only realized how much more agreeable an interested, entertained, amused woman is to live with than is an overworked household drudge, every husband would see to it that his wife got away from home for an hour or so every day and met as many agreeable people as she could. DOROTHY DIX.

Dear Miss Dix—A boy lives near me who is afflicted with tuberculosis, and he is always wanting to kiss me. The physicians have all pronounced this case hopeless and say he has not long to live. Do you think there is anything wrong in letting him kiss me under these circumstances? SYMPATHETIC BETTY.

Answer:

I don't think it would injure your morals, but it would certainly do awful things to your lungs. It is little short of murder for a person with tuberculosis to kiss anyone. It is all right to have a heart, Betty, but it is equally necessary to have a head. If you have got one, try to use it a little. DOROTHY DIX.

## HUMAN SOCIETY MAKES AWARDS

Big Poster Contest Ended Yesterday With Announcement of Winners.

The judging of the posters submitted by the school children of the city in the contest arranged by the Humane Society took place yesterday, and the following children were awarded the prizes: Grade 6, Tommie Hall of Lorne Avenue School; Grade 7, Sam Lackey of Simcoe School; Grade 8, Charlotte Kipp of Empress Avenue School; second in Grade 8, James B. Southcott of Simcoe School. Mr. Bland, Mr. Glenn and Mr. Thompson acted as judges. Through an error, a number of the schools were not notified of the contest, and in consequence the entries were not as large as expected.

The contest was held to create interest in the work of this society, as the subjects of the pictures were of a humane nature. The school children will take an active part in the tag day being held on Saturday in aid of the society.

## PERSONALS

Miss Beatrice Brown spent the week-end visiting friends in Sarnia.

Mrs. Bailey of Detroit is a guest with Miss Amelia Christie, Waterloo Street.

The Misses Masoret, Wellington Street, entertained at mah jong this afternoon.

Miss Minnie Aiken of Vancouver is a guest with Mrs. Otto Hilbert, Chesley Avenue.

Mr. Frank Steers of Ottawa is coming to town today and will spend the summer here.

Mrs. Harold Thomson of Elmview Apartments left yesterday for Hamilton on an extended visit.

Miss Helen Gibson of Toronto is visiting in town, a guest with Mrs. P. W. Raymond, Ridout Street South.

Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Sanford and family have gone to England, where they will spend a three months' vacation.

Mrs. J. E. Smallman, Elmwood Avenue, entertained at a dinner Saturday evening. Covers were laid for eight.

Mrs. Denny Bright and small son, Jerome Denny, are guests with Mr. and Mrs. Sydney Martin, Dufferin Avenue.

Mrs. Harold Smith, accompanied by her baby daughter, Marion, has gone to Hamilton, where she will reside in future.

Mrs. R. G. Ivey was the hostess Saturday evening of a dinner party at her home, Waterloo Street. Covers were laid for eight.

Miss Edith Naindy of Havergal College, Toronto, is spending a few days in town, the guest of Miss K. A. Elliott, Dufferin Avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. Howard White of Chicago, who have been visiting in town for the past three weeks, are returning home Thursday.

Miss Emma Christie, Waterloo Street, who spent the winter in San Diego, has returned home, accompanied by her nephew, Mr. Frank Higgins.

Rev. J. D. Rogers of the General Board of Religious Education, Toronto, is a guest with Rev. Dr. C. C. Waller and Mrs. Waller at Huron College during the synod.

Mrs. John Taylor of Montreal is expected in town at the end of the month and will be a guest for part of the summer with Mrs. C. B. Hunt, "Merivale," South London.

The many friends of Mr. H. H. Ferguson of Elmview Apartments will be glad to know that he is progressing nicely, after having undergone an operation for appendicitis yesterday.

Mrs. H. H. Young, Dufferin Avenue, entertained at two tables of bridge this afternoon in honor of Miss Margaret McMurry of Bowmanville, who is a guest with Col. and Mrs. Anderson, Elmview Apartments.

Very Rev. Warren L. Rogers of Detroit, Dean of Michigan, who preached the synod sermon at the opening of the Synod of Huron yesterday, was a guest with Bishop Williams and Mrs. Williams at Bishopstowe.

Miss Beatrice Bolton was the hostess last evening of a linen shower at her home in Perry Street in honor of Miss Evella Brownlee, a popular bride-elect. Twenty-five guests were present and the rooms were tastefully arranged with golden daffodils and narcissi.

Major Albert Murphy and Mrs. Murphy, formerly Miss Marguerite of Montreal, N.J., who are spending their honeymoon motoring through the Berkshires and the Adirondacks, are expected in London the latter part of the week. They will take up their residence in Huron Street.

An enjoyable birthday party was held recently at the home of Mrs. M. Cunningham, Piccadilly Street, in honor of her seventieth birthday. The guests included Mr. and Mrs. C. Cunningham and family of Frances Street, Mrs. Jack Cunningham and little daughter Ellen of Windsor, Mrs. E. J. Coleman and Master Jack Coleman of Detroit.

Mrs. Walter Gunn was appointed captain of the ladies' golf committee of the Highland Golf Club and Mrs. A. McPherson vice-captain at a meeting of the committee held yesterday afternoon at the clubhouse. Arrangements were made for the opening contest, which will be held May 24 at 2 o'clock, when golf and putting and approaching competitions will be held. The prizes are being donated by Miss Emery.

The Musical Art Society Choir is bringing its season to a pleasant close with a party and dance at the Institute of Musical Art on Wednesday evening. Hostesses for the affair are: Mrs. A. D. Jordan, Mrs. E. G. Shannon, Mrs. T. H. Yull, Mrs. H. B. Hunter, Mrs. George Copeland, Mrs. H. W. Gibson, Mrs. G. Quintin Warner, Mrs. E. B. Cottle, Mrs. R. T.



MISS M. H. SKINNER.

of Toronto, one of the five Canadian women who will attend the third conference of the International Federation of Women's University Clubs in Christiania, Norway.

Brynmor, Mrs. Russell Luney, Mrs. James Gillem, Mrs. Schram, Mrs. L. M. Bidwell, and Mrs. Manning.

A happy affair of last evening was the surprise party given by the members of the Ladies' Aid of Colborne Street Methodist Church at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Webster.

The presentation was made by Mrs. Knott and Mrs. J. A. Dickinson, president of the Ladies' Aid, read a charming address. A delightful solo was given by Mr. Webster, who was formerly soloist of the church. Refreshments were served later.

Paris, May 12.—Rose petals are more than a mere figure of speech at present. Through a chemical process, rose petals for use in petting parties may be had by the box. They are fastened to the lips in lieu of a dash of lip stick, and, if cleverly done, are rather attractive than otherwise.

Imitations Prevail.

Paris, May 12.—The dominant idea today seems to be that of imitation. Cloth is made to simulate leather, leather to simulate silk. And now a fan composed of one enormous ostrich feather is so painted as to simulate a peacock's tail.

Mauve and Cherry.

London, May 12.—Mauve and cherry is a color combination now being used which is very striking and picturesque. It is exactly the right shades of mauve and cherry, and is chosen by the shades well chosen, was seen in Claridge's the other evening.

The Flannel Coat.

New York, May 12.—Quite as popular as any much worn as a well-known will be the flannel coat when weather comes. The flannel coat, in every imaginable shade, is without exception and forms a light, warm, well-tailored garment for the woman. This does not look her best in the more clinging sweater.

With Flower Motifs.

New York, May 12.—Crepe de chine frocks with flower motifs are a welcome relief at present from the frocks in one tone. These come in sports as well as afternoon models.

Shoes Are Piped.

New York, May 12.—A smart pump for street wear shown here today is in black patent leather with a Spanish heel. The vamp is piped with a narrow line of white leather. This same narrow white line outlines the high "tongue" and crosses it in three bands, in imitation of a buckle.

Young Chuck Offers Fight to the Boy Who Saved Him From Death

By THORNTON W. BURGESS.

It wasn't until he was almost to shore that the young Chuck that Farmer Brown's Boy was towing on an old log behind his boat understood at all what was happening. He had been so frightened when he was towed along over the flooded Green Meadows that he hadn't noticed that his boat was drawing nearer and nearer to the shore.

The boat gently grounded on the shore. Farmer Brown's Boy took hold of the rope attached to the log on which the young Chuck was riding and began to draw it toward him. It was then that the young Chuck suddenly was taken to his surroundings. You remember that he didn't know Farmer Brown's Boy. Now as he saw himself being drawn in toward this two-legged giant he was sure that it was for no good purpose. It was only a few feet to shore. The young Chuck plunged into the water and began to swim. My, my, how he did make his little feet go! He paddled for all he was worth.

Farmer Brown's Boy chuckled. He hopped out on shore, and when the young Chuck reached land there was Farmer Brown's Boy waiting for him. The young Chuck couldn't turn back because there was no place for him to go. He had to come ashore. A moment before he had been filled with hope. Now all that hope was gone. But the young Chuck was no coward. No, sir, he was no coward. Dribbling about on that old log out on the water he had felt wholly helpless. But when he felt land beneath his feet he didn't feel so helpless. If he could have he would have made all his hair stand on end. But his hair wouldn't stand because it was wet. However, he did manage to make himself look quite fierce, and he ground his teeth together and made the ugliest sounds. He did his best to make this two-legged giant think that he wasn't afraid. It really was very brave of him.

Farmer Brown's Boy just chuckled. He chuckled and chuckled. "You ungrateful little rascal," said he. "Here I have saved your life, and you are offering to fight me. You're offering to

fight your best friend. But, of course, you don't know it. Run along now, and see if you can keep out of trouble."

He stepped aside and let the young Chuck pass. The young Chuck made his black heels fairly fly. He was in a strange place, and he didn't know where he was going. But he intended to get out of sight as soon as possible. Presently he came to a hole under some roots. He crept in there, and for the first time since the water had driven him out of his home he felt safe.

Then the young Chuck began to do some thinking. He began to wonder why that two-legged giant hadn't harmed him. As he thought it all over, from the time Farmer Brown's Boy had found him drifting to a hole under some roots, when Farmer Brown's Boy had stepped aside, he began to see the truth.

"Why," he said to himself in a tone of great surprise, "why, I guess that Farmer Brown's Boy was his friend and always would be his friend. It is a splendid thing to gain faith."

then the young Chuck gained faith. Somehow he knew, he just knew, that Farmer Brown's Boy was his friend and always would be his friend. It is a splendid thing to gain faith.

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The next story: "Homeless Folk."

## THE FLORENTINE DAGGER

By BEN HECHT.

## INSTANT II.

The Leading Characters:

VICTOR BALLAU, wealthy, suave and debonair lover of all beautiful things and a close friend of JULIEN DE MEDICI, playwright and general man about town, who is in love with

FLORENCE BALLAU, daughter of Victor Ballau, a talented actress. De Medici tells her of his love and also obtains parental consent to an early marriage. Ballau plans to hold a party at which he will announce his daughter's engagement, while Julien promises to call for Florence after the evening performance.

"I am not afraid before death," he thought was saying. "It arouses something in me. . . . Murder."

"I now calm before murder," he went on thinking swiftly. "Something grows calm inside me."

His fingers reached slowly toward the dagger hilt.

"De Medici . . . De Medici," he murmured half aloud, and sprang to his feet. His face had become white. His eyes burned as if with fever.

Florence and Jane, the housekeeper, were standing dumbly in the doorway. De Medici started at them. "Who did it?" he asked. "The police will be here in a minute," he continued. "What happened?"

She answered still in tears, her eyes centered.

"The guests will be here around 11," Ballau had answered. "Go walk around till then and don't get run over or fall down any manholes."

Entering the theatre, De Medici looked around the back stage quickly for a glimpse of Florence.

"Where's Miss Ballau?" he inquired. "Miss Ballau had to leave," said Cort, the stage manager.

"Leave? What do you mean?" he asked, looking softly at Cort.

"We've had a time of it for the last 15 minutes. Miss Ballau got a telephone call at the end of the second act. It knocked her out. Refused to go on with the show. Said it was impossible. And we've gotten Fedya Gatin, the understudy, to finish the last act."

De Medici listened in amazement. "A telephone call," he repeated. "Where did she go?"

"I don't know," growled Cort. "All I know is she left us in the devil of a mess . . . and lit out of here like a streak, make-up on and everything. We didn't stop to change or listen to reason."

"What did she say on the telephone?"

"Nothing," answered Cort. "I couldn't get what it was about. She said, 'Yes, yes. Oh, God!' hung up and was out of here before anybody knew what had happened."

De Medici hurried from the theatre. He sat thinking as a cab hurried him to the Ballau apartment.

"She was crying this morning at our ride," he was saying to himself. "There was something curious about Ballau . . . he wanted to get rid of me. . . ."

A sense of relief came when the cab drew up before the ornate apartment building in Park Avenue. Entering the building, he nodded to the man at the door and walked quickly to the elevator at the rear of the vestibule. As he approached, the filigreed door of the self-operating elevator cage clicked and was thrown open.

Florence Ballau, her eyes wide with horror, staggered out. She stood looking wildly at him, her eyes entangled in his. De Medici, she stumbled toward him with a shriek.

"Father . . . father," her voice filled the marble interior. "Murder!"

"What?" he asked, his arms held out. But a curious caution had entered his thought. Half carrying her, he entered the elevator and turned the automatic starter to floor five.

The white enameled door of the Ballau apartment was open. De Medici supported Florence across the threshold.

Florence pointed toward the library and watched him walk to the door. He turned the iron knob and stood looking into the room he had quitted a few hours before. Chairs had been overturned, books scattered and ripped in half, vases smashed, pic-

tures torn from the wall and destroyed.

Now, facing the gruesome scene, his eyes lost their furtiveness. He moved with soft, quick steps to the body of Victor Ballau. Stretched on the floor in his black trousers, patent leather pumps and dress shirt lay his friend. The face was staring at the ceiling. A red stain circled the shirt front and from the center of the stain protruded the ornamental hilt of a dagger. A large, black crucifix had been placed above the wound.

De Medici shuddered. "I am not afraid before death," he thought was saying. "It arouses something in me. . . . Murder."

"I now calm before murder," he went on thinking swiftly. "Something grows calm inside me."

His fingers reached slowly toward the dagger hilt.

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