

## LITERATURE HAS GREAT INFLUENCE

Dean Gordon Laing, Chicago, Would Have People Make Hobby of Reading.

Dean Gordon Laing of the university of Chicago would have a larger proportion of the community interested in good literature. And to achieve this end he urges that more men and women devote their leisure hours to the study of literature.

His ideas along this line were brought out in a striking address on "Literature and Leisure" delivered before the Women's Canadian club in a whimsically humorous fashion at the central collegiate institute yesterday afternoon.

The best literary productions of all time could have a marked influence on the progress of a nation if the ideals which permeated them were let loose into the community through a reading public, he contended.

Moreover for a large number of people great pleasure may be obtained through the devoting of leisure hours to literature.

"My best wish for you today is that you should begin the study of some author or some period of literature, so that you will have opened to you a castle of enchantment," he declared.

### Others Contribute, Too.

"We must acknowledge, however, that there are certain people to whom books make no appeal whatever. And that they, too, are making their contribution to society, but in a different way.

"But for those who have a flair for literature, and there are many, an opportunity should be given to develop it. The best way to inculcate a love for literature is to begin in the public schools and carry the work on into the high school.

"Too often it is the failure of the teachers in these institutions to appreciate the subject which they are given to teach, that leads to an utter distaste for it in the minds of their pupils," said the speaker.

He instanced his own schoolhood days. He had a classic teacher which gave him a love for good literature. In contrast to this, he had a French teacher who came from a Middlesex farm, and a mathematics teacher, who knew less about the practical use of geometry than a bricklayer. The result was that he lost the study of classics and is a professor of classics to this day.

### Score Educational System.

The speaker here boldly suggested that his French teacher should not have been an Anglo-Saxon when a French-speaking province, producing many cultured Frenchmen, was so near at hand. He also hinted that geometry might be taught in the schools in such a way that the students would know at once the practical applications to which the deductions of Euclid might be put.

There were many things in modern life which prevented people from devoting their leisure time to good literature, he said. In this connection he scored what he termed as "the clean weekly and monthly magazine." Too many people were turning to that type of literature today. This was partly because it was of such a type that the reader did not require to use his brains in following it. And partly because there was abroad in society the dread of being called a highbrow. Such a dread even invaded the college halls and was shared by both student and professor in many instances.

### Theatres Attacked.

The speaker further attacked the modern theatrical production, the chief aim of which seemed to be a demonstration of the legal minimum in clothing. The vaudeville performance, musical comedy and moving picture also came in for their share of censure, as taking up too much of the leisure time of the people which might be devoted to reading with greater profit, individually and nationally.

"There are many people who have a real flair for writing," he said, "who through lack of proper guidance have never been able to find themselves. I venture to say that the number of people who could write and don't is equal to the number who can't write and do."

"Reading good literature develops the imagination and keeps the soul alive. Imagination is often spoken of slightly by educators. That is a mistake. Imagination is the greatest asset of the mind—that is to say constructive imagination. It is through imagination that great fortunes are made."

Letter From Mrs. Ayars Tells How Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Helped Her

Spring Valley, Sask.—"I took the Vegetable Compound before my last confinement, when I got to feeling so badly that I could not sleep nights my back ached so across my hips, and I could hardly do my work during the day. I never had such an easy confinement and this is my sixth baby. I read about Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound in the 'Farmer's Telegram' and wrote you for one of your books. We have no druggists in our town, but I saw your medicine in T. Eaton's catalogue. I am a farmer's wife, so have all kinds of work to do inside and outside the house. My baby is a nice healthy girl, who weighed nine pounds at birth. I am feeling fine after putting in a large garden since baby came. (She is as good as can be.) Yours is the best medicine for women, and I have told about it and even written to my friends about it."—Mrs. ANNIE E. AYARS, Spring Valley, Sask.

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times have been amassed, that great scientific discoveries have been made. And the greatest men of the age are known as 'dreamers'.

In concluding, the speaker urged everyone to adopt a hobby. The study of good literature lay nearest his heart, but he acknowledged that there were some people who would find greater delight in some other line of recreative study. The most successful and happiest men and women were those who had hobbies. It was hobbies which kept the soul alive.

## CLUB NEWS

### VICTORIA MOTHERS' CLUB.

The Victoria mothers' club are holding a meeting on Tuesday evening in Victoria school, when Mayor Menzies will speak on "Civic Problems." Refreshments will be served under the convensership of Mrs. Besand.

### PALESTINE SHRINE.

On Thursday, Nov. 20, the members of Bethany shrine, No. 8, of St. Thomas, will be the guests of the Palestine shrine in London, when the officers will exemplify the degree.

### LOCH LOMOND CHAPTER.

The members of Loch Lomond chapter are arranging a Scotch concert for the men of Westminster hospital to be given on Oct. 24, Mrs. Rocket and Mrs. James Hendry acting as conveners. This will be the first of a series of concerts which are to be given during the coming season by the chapter for the men, both at Byron and Westminster.

## Dorothy Dix's Letter Box

Should a Working Girl Pay Board at Home or Is Her Pay Envelope All Hers?—Does a Fickle Girl Ever Make a Good Wife?—Should Husband or Wife Start the Fire Every Morning?

Dear Miss Dix—Will you please write something on the following subject? It will be of special interest to many girls, for I hear so many of them discussing it. My dad is a workingman. I am seventeen years old and earning \$7.50 weekly, and I think I should have all of my own wages to spend on myself for clothes, amusements and carfare. My dad insists that I should give a certain amount toward my keep—

"Whatever I can spare"—but I refuse, and we have dreadful quarrels.

Also I am attending night school, studying bookkeeping, and I can't see where I can give anything. Please tell me if I am doing right. I will abide by what you say.

A. B. H.

### Answer:

As long as you are getting the very small wage that you do at present, A. B. H., I do not see how you could contribute much to the family purse, because you must keep yourself neatly dressed. That is part of your equipment and is just as much a factor in your success as your ability to do good work. Nobody wants a slovenly, shabby, down-at-the-heels girl in an office or a shop, and it costs money to dress nowadays.

But when you finish that bookkeeping course you will be able to command a better salary, and then it is nothing but fair and square that you should pay your board at home.

When a poor father and mother have worked and denied themselves for the sake of the children and have educated them and had them taught some way to make a living, they have done their full duty, and if the children have any sense of decency in them they will no longer be parasites on their parents.

Many girls are so selfish that they never think of any one but themselves. They want all the money they make to put on their backs and for indulgences. So they spend their salaries buying pretty frocks and silk stockings, and going to places of amusement, regardless of the fact that father hasn't had a new suit in three years, and mother has made over her old dress until it is threadbare, because it takes everything that father can earn to pay the rent and feed the family from which he gets no help.

Now, in these days, when a clever girl can earn just as much money as her brother can, it is just as shameful a thing for a girl to be dependent as it is for a boy to be. There is no reason why a poor old father should continue to support an able-bodied, husky daughter after she is grown, and she is an unfeeling and heartless creature if she even asks it of him.

It is her turn to help him and to take upon her strong, young shoulders some of the load he has borne so long. The very least she can do is to chip in her quota toward paying the household expenses, and thus relieve father of the dread spectre of butcher bills and grocery bills, which has haunted him ever since the children began to come and there were hungry young mouths to feed.

Every working girl should pay a definite board at home if the family is in straitened circumstances, but her parents have no right to take her pay envelope away from her and dole her out a few cents out of her own earnings. Those who make the money have the right to handle it. It gives a girl a sense of independence to have her own pocketbook. It teaches her how to spend money wisely. It kills all her ambition and desire to make more if her mother takes what she does earn away from her and makes her feel she is a slave working for others.

DOROTHY DIX.

Dear Miss Dix—I am in love with a girl who first blows hot and then blows cold. One day I think she loves me, and the next day I doubt it. Will you please tell me if a fickle girl ever becomes a good wife? Is there any cure for fickleness?

PATIENT FIANCE.

### Answer:

Fickleness is merely indecision. A fickle girl is one who has not found herself and does not know what she wants. She is young, and she finds the world full of such a number of desirable things that she cannot decide between them. She is like a child in a toy shop, attracted first by this glittering trinket and then dropping that to clutch at something with even more glittering paint upon it.

So here's your fickle girl who finds one man adorable because he is so good, and another fascinating because he is so wicked; who is attracted to one man because he is all soul, and to another because he is the village cutup; who thinks she is in love with some man because of the cut of his clothes, and the way he dances one minute, and is certain some long-haired poet is her soulmate the next; who is soft and tender, and sentimental just because it is a moonlight night, and the air is soft and warm, and then faces about and is as hard as nails just because the weather has changed and she is hungry.

This varying about like a weathercock is no fundamental weakness of character. It is just a girl of brains and sensibilities reaching out blindly in the dark for that which belongs to her in life. And when she finds it she makes the best sort of a wife and her fickleness is permanently cured.

So my advice to you, Patient Fiance, is to just sit by and wait. Don't hurry her. Let her take her time and make all her experiments, and if she really loves you she will come to you at last. And if she doesn't love you, if you are not her man, you don't want her.

DOROTHY DIX.

Dear Miss Dix—My prospective husband and myself have entered into an argument that we cannot settle and we put it up to you to decide it.

Who shall arise first in the morning and build the fire? It is a simple game fire.

PERPLEXED.

### Answer:

The man, of course. Small gallantry must a lover possess who even contemplates forcing his bride to arise of a cold morning and make the fire by which he shall dress in warmth and comfort? Surely it is the man's part to keep the home fire burning, literally as well as figuratively.

As I have said many a time and oft, I do not believe that a man should be forced to help with the housework. I do not think that, after he comes home from a hard day's work, he should be made to wash the dishes and scrub up the kitchen floor, and it is a lazy and a trifling wife who makes her husband help out with her work.

But, starting the fire in the morning is a different proposition. That's a man's job, and it seems to me that any man who cared for his wife would hop to it.

DOROTHY DIX.

# WOMEN and THE HOME

## THE SEA HAWK

By RAFAEL SABATINI.

### CHAPTER XX (continued)

He stood waiting for his visitor to speak and disclose herself. She on her side continued immovable until all his footsteps had faded in the distance. Then, with a boldness entirely characteristic, with the recklessness that betrayed her European origin intolerant of the Moslem restraint imposed upon her sex, she did what no true-believing woman would have done. She tossed back that long, black veil and disclosed the pale countenance and languorous eyes of Fenzleleh.

For all that it was no more than he had expected, yet upon beholding her—her countenance thus bared to his regard—he recoiled a step. "Fenzleleh!" he cried. "What madness is this?"

Having announced herself in that dramatic fashion, she composedly readjusted her veil so that her countenance should once more be decently concealed.

"To come here, to my house, and

thus!" he protested. "Should this reach the ears of thy lord, how will it fare with thee and with me? Away, woman, and at once!" he bade her.

"No need to fear his knowing of this unless, thyself, thou tell him," she answered. "For this I need no excuse if thou'll but remember that like myself I was not born a Moslem."

"But Algiers is not thy native Sicily, and whatever thou was born of, thou wilt remember what thou art become."

He went on at length to tell her of the precise degree of her folly, but she cut in, stemming his protestations in full flow.

"These are idle words that but delay me."

"To thy purpose then, in Allah's name, that thus thou mayest depart the sooner."

She came to it straight enough on that uncompromising summons. She pointed to Rosamund.

"It concerns that slave," she said. "I sent my wazir to the sok today with orders to purchase her for me."

"But it seems that she caught thy fancy, and the fool suffered himself to be outbidden."

"Well?"

"Thou'lt relinquish her to me at the price she cost thee?" A faint note of anxiety trembled in her voice.

"I am anguished to deny thee, O Fenzleleh. She is mine for sale."

"Ah, wait," she cried. "The price paid was high—many times higher than I have ever heard tell was given for a slave."

"Yes, I covet her. 'Tis a whim of mine, and I can not suffer to be thwarted in my whims. To gratify this one I will pay three thousand philips."

He looked at her and wondered what devilities might be stirring in her mind, what evil purpose she desired to serve.

"Thou'lt pay three thousand philips?" he said slowly. Then bluntly asked her:

"Why?"

"To gratify a whim, to please a fancy."

"What is the nature of this costly whim?" he insisted.

"The desire to possess her for my own," she answered decisively.

"And this desire to possess her, whence is it sprung?" he returned, as patient as he was relentless.

"You ask too many questions," she exclaimed with a flash of anger.

He shrugged and smiled.

"You answer too few."

"In a word, Oliver-Reis," said she, "wilt sell her for three thousand philips?"

"In a word—no," he answered her.

"Thou'lt not? Not for three thousand philips?" Her voice was charged with surprise and the wonder was it real or assumed.

"Not for thirty thousand," answered he. "She is mine, and I'll not relinquish her. So since I have proclaimed my mind, and since to carry here is fraught with peril for us both, I beg thee to depart."

There fell a little pause, and neither of them noticed the alert interest stamped upon the white face of Rosamund. Neither of them suspected her knowledge of French which enabled her to follow most of what was said in the lingua franca they employed.

Fenzleleh drew close to him.

"Thou'lt not relinquish her, eh?" she asked, and he was sure she sneered. "Be not so confident. Thou'lt be forced to, my friend—if not to me, why, then, to Asad. He is coming for her, himself, in person."

"Asad?" he cried, startled now.

"Asad-ed-Din," she answered, and upon that resumed her pleading.

"Come, then! It were surely better to make a good bargain with me than a bad one with the Basha."

He shook his head and planted his feet squarely.

"I intend to make no bargain with either of you. This slave is not for sale."

"Shalt thou dare resist Asad? I tell thee he will take her whether she be for sale or not."

"I see," he said, his eyes narrowing. "And the fear of this, then, is the source of thy whim to acquire her for thyself. Thou art not subtle, O Fenzleleh. The consciousness that thou own charms are fading sets thee trembling lest so much loveliness should entirely cast thee from thy lord's regard."

If he could not see her face, and study there the effect of that thrust of his, at least he observed the quiver that ran through her muffled figure, he caught the note of anger that throbbled in her reply—

"And if that were so, what is't to thee?"

"It may be much or little," he replied.

"Indeed, it should be much," she answered quickly, breathlessly. "Have I not ever been thy friend? Have I not ever urged thy valor on my lord's notice and wrought like a true friend for thine advancement, Sakr-el-Bahr?"

He laughed outright.

"Laugh as thou wilt, but it is true," she insisted. "Lose me and thy most valuable ally is lost. For look, Sakr-el-Bahr, it is what would befall if another came to fill my place, another who might poison Asad's mind with lies against thee—for surely she cannot love thee, this Frankish girl whom thou hast torn from her home."

"Be not concerned for that," he answered lightly. "This slave of mine shall never usurp thy place beside Asad."

"O fool, Asad will take her whether she be for sale or not."

"If he can take her from me, the more easily can he take her from thee. No doubt thou hast considered that, and in some dark Sicilian way considered too how to provide against it."

But the cost—bapt thou counted that? What will Asad say to thee when he learns how thou hast thwarted him?"

"What do I care for that?" she cried in sudden fury, her gestures becoming a little wild. "She will be at the bottom of the harbor by then with a stone about her neck. He may have me whipped. No doubt he will. But twill end there. He will require me to console him for his loss, and so all will be well again."

At last he had drawn her, pumped her dry as he imagined. Indeed, indeed, he thought, he had been right

to say she was not subtle. He had been a fool to have permitted himself to be intrigued by so shallow, so obvious a purpose.

"Depart in peace, O Fenzleleh," he said. "I yield her to none."

His tone was final, and her answer seemed to accept at last his determination. Yet she was very quick with that answer, so quick that he might have suspected it to be preconceived.

"Then it is surely thine intent to wed her?" No voice could have been more innocent and guileless than was hers now.

"If so," she went on, "it were best done quickly, for marriage is the only barrier Asad will not overthrow. He is devout, and out of his deep reverence for the Prophet's law he would be sure to respect such a bond as that. But be very sure that he will respect nothing short of it."

"And thy purpose would be equally well served, eh?" he questioned her, sly in his turn.

"Equally," she admitted.

"Say 'better,' Fenzleleh," he rejoined. "I said thou art not subtle. By the Koran, I lied. Thou art subtle as the serpent. Yet I see whither thou art gliding. Were I to be guided by thine advice a two-fold purpose would be served. First, I should place her beyond Asad's reach, and secondly, I should be embroiled with him for having done so. What could more completely satisfy thy wishes?"

"To be continued."

### PALESTINE SHRINE.

The Palestine shrine, No. 3, W. S. O. J., held their meeting Thursday night, when arrangements were made to have a social evening on Thursday, Nov. 6, which will take the form of an apron tea, under the convensership of Sojourner Arthur Bridle, with the men of his shrine on the committee. Every guest is to wear an apron, and there are two prizes to be offered, one to the person wearing the funniest and secondly, other to the person wearing the prettiest apron. The evening is to be held in December, when the men will be initiated into the art of needlework. At the close of the meeting the men will serve refreshments.

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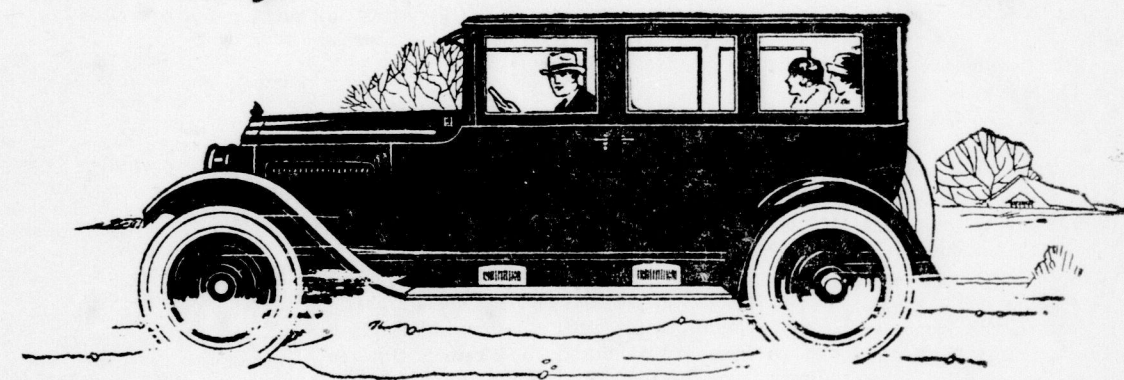
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