

## 141,000,000 Gallons of Wine.

The past year's wine crop for the four largest wine-producing departments of Southern France amounted to 141,848,805 gallons, against 146,762,650 gallons for the preceding year.

Y.W.C.A. BOARD  
ELECTS OFFICERS

Arranges For Visit of National Field Secretary on March 6.

Re-election of practically the entire 1923 executive featured yesterday afternoon's meeting of the Y. W. C. A. board, held at "Lenmore," King street. The passing of the budget for 1924 to be presented to the United Welfare Fund Committee, was an other important piece of business. Announcement was made of the gift of \$500 towards the building fund, made in memory of Miss Ina McBride.

Arrangements were made for the visit to London of Mrs. Percival Foster, of Toronto, national field secretary, who comes to London on March 6 and 7. On Thursday, March 6, Mrs. Donald McLean, president of the local association, is entertaining the members of the executive at her home, in order to give them an opportunity of meeting Mrs. Foster. Mrs. Foster comes to London from a tour of the eastern provinces and Quebec, where she has been inspecting the work of associations in many places.

Regret was expressed at the resignation of Mrs. J. H. Cameron, the recording secretary, after five years' splendid service. This office has not yet been filled. Other officers are: President, Mrs. Allan McLean; vice-presidents, Mrs. Frank White, Miss Helen Gibbons, Mrs. Gordon Phillips and Mrs. McDermid; corresponding secretary, Mrs. Angus Graham; treasurer, Mrs. N. W. Bruce. The names of Mrs. S. L. Taylor and Mrs. C. B. King also appear on the executive.

Conveners of standing committees reappointed yesterday are: Finance, Mrs. E. B. Reid; membership, Mrs. C. B. King; physical education, Mrs. Gordon Phillips; correspondence, Mrs. S. L. Taylor; Wellington street residence, Mrs. A. E. Miller; travellers' aid, Mrs. Thos. Rowe; religious education, Miss Moore; girls' work, Miss Bessie McGinnis.

A vote of appreciation of the work of the United Welfare Fund Committee was passed by the meeting. Mrs. E. R. Dennis, Mrs. Thos. Rowe and Miss Morton were appointed delegates to attend the luncheon which is being tendered Miss Carrie Carmichael, president of the National Council of Women at the Tecumseh House on Tuesday next.

Radio  
Programs

FRIDAY, FEB. 22.

KDKA—East Pittsburgh, Pa., 920 Kilocycles—Frequency—326 Metres—Wave Length.

Eastern Standard Time.

9:45 a.m.—Union Live Stock Market Reports.

11:55 a.m.—Arlington time signals.

12:00 noon.—Weather forecast.

Market reports.

6:15 p.m.—Organ Recital.

7:15 p.m.—Radio Boy Scout meeting.

7:45 p.m.—The Children's Period.

8:00 p.m.—Market Reports.

8:15 p.m.—The Long Struggle With Idolatry, The Sunday School Lesson for Feb. 24.

8:30 p.m.—Concert by the Pittsburgh Male Sextet.

9:55 p.m.—Arlington time signals.

Weather forecast.

WBZ—890 Kilocycles, Frequency—337 Metres—Wave Length.

Eastern Standard Time.

11:55 a.m.—Arlington time signals.

12:00 noon.—Weather forecast.

6:00 p.m.—Dinner Concert.

7:00 p.m.—"Just Plain Joy Riders."

7:30 p.m.—Bedtime story for the Kiddies.

Current Book Review, Story for Grown-ups.

9:55 p.m.—Arlington time signals.

11:00 p.m.—Program of Chamber Music.

KYW—Chicago, Illinois—560 Kilocycles, Frequency—536 Metres—Wave Length.

Central Standard Time.

9:30 a.m.—Late news and financial comment. (This service is broadcast.)

## WOMEN and THE HOME

## Dorothy Dix's Letter Box

Why Is She More Attractive to Married Men Than to Boys?—The Young Wife Who Wants a Divorce But Has No Grounds—Can a Girl Love a Man Who Is Not Her Ideal in Every Way?

Dear Miss Dix—I am seventeen and am considered very pretty and sweet, but I want to ask you a question that I cannot answer myself—why am I more attractive to married men than I am to boys? The married men tell me I am so sweet that they would do anything in the world for me. One man told me that if he wasn't married, he would ask me to be his wife. All the married men seem to fall for me, as the slang goes.

I am a poor girl, and have to work for my living. I have no mother to go to for advice, and I will be very grateful to you if you will answer my question.

SWEETNESS.

Answer: The reason that you do not attract young men is because you are having little affairs with married men, and nothing disposes a young man like that. He enjoys a friendly society with a chap of his own age, but he declines with thanks, to enter the lists against grandpa. If that is the kind of taste—and principles—a girl has he wants none of her.

If you will look around, you will see that the women who carried on flirtations in their youth with married men are all mostly old maids, for the married man obviously could not marry them, and the single men did not want to marry some married man's leavings.

You think it shows that you are a regular bona fide, blown-in-the-glass camp because married men make love to you and flatter you and cajole you and tell you that they would marry you if they were free. What it really shows, my dear, is that they think you are a little fool, and that they have no respect for you.

Just stop and think what a cheap, contemptible thing a married man's love-making is. He is trying to win your heart, to make you love him, knowing that he does not have to pay for it, and that he has nothing to give you. A single man has to make good on his vows with a wedding ring, but the married man plays absolutely safe. There's no comeback for him.

You think it shows how attractive you are that you can take a married man away from his wife. Is there anything to be proud of in breaking a discord into a family, in breaking up a home, in orphaning little children, in torturing a wife, whose only fault is that she has grown middle-aged and fat? It seems to me that it is about the most dastardly deed that any woman can do.

And what do you get out of your love affairs with married men? A little hectic romance under the rose, stolen meetings, a few lunches and dinners and theatres. Perhaps a broken heart if you care for the man, and certainly a smirched reputation, because nobody ever believes anything but the worst of the girl who runs around with a married man.

Don't be betrayed into this folly, my dear. Don't listen when married men try to make love to you. It bodes you no good, as the fortune tellers say. And don't forget that it is the unmarried men who are eligible.

DOROTHY DIX.

Dear Miss Dix—I am only twenty years old and I have been married almost five years. My husband is twenty-four years of age. He is a good worker, a splendid man in every way, and very kind to me. We own our own home, and I should hate to break it up. But a man I used to know before I met my husband has come back, and I find that I love him instead of my husband. I do not feel it is right to live with one man while I love another. It isn't fair play. So how can I get a divorce? I have not one thing to get a divorce on, no grounds at all.

I have a baby ten months old. My husband adores the baby and me, and it will hurt him cruelly to lose us, but I do not feel that I can stay in this rut any longer.

Answer:

I should think, Mrs. E. L., that the thing for you to do is to put this unlawful love out of your life, and to brace up, and do your duty and conduct yourself as a woman of honor and principle should. Quit seeing this man who is trying to steal you away from your husband, and who is tempting you to do a mean and disloyal thing.

You should be ashamed of yourself for even thinking of leaving a man who is so good and kind, and faithful to you that you cannot even think of a charge that you can trump up against him in order to get a divorce. He has kept his part of the bargain, and if you are an honest woman you will keep yours.

If you bought an automobile, and saw another one whose color you liked better, you wouldn't expect to swap the one you had for it. If you had bought a house and got tired of it, you wouldn't expect to throw it back on the previous owner's hands. Marriage is just as binding a contract as any other you can make and nothing but bad faith on the part of the other party justifies you in breaking it.

You have no right to break up your husband's home, and rob him of his child, just because you have become bored with him and another man has taken your fancy.

And reflect on this: You probably wouldn't like the other man any better than the one you have got if you were married to him. And he certainly wouldn't make you as good a husband.

DOROTHY DIX.

Dear Miss Dix—Is it possible to fall deeply in love with a man who is not your ideal?

Answer:

Not only possible but virtually everybody does it. The slogan or real love is, "With all thy faults, I love thee still." Our ideal man and woman is something that we create to amuse ourselves and to play with. We never meet them in real life, and if we did they would never attract us. There is nothing in icy perfection to call forth our affections. The man or woman we fall in love with is a poor, weak, faltering human being that we can forgive, and pity, and cherish.

None of us measure up to the ideal standard of a man or woman ourselves. What would we do with a model husband or wife?

DOROTHY DIX.

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## CLUB NEWS

## HODLS SOCIAL.

Ten tables of euchre were arranged at the social given last evening by the Pride of London Circle. The first prizes were won by Mrs. Billings and Mr. Fred Horner and the consolation prizes went to Mr. Green and Mrs. William Scott. The social was in charge of the men and Mr. Emigh, was convener of the supper.

## WOMEN'S LABOR PARTY.

Several suggestions for resolutions to be forwarded from the local branch of the Women's Labor party to the big Labor convention, which is to be held in Hamilton next month, were made at last night's meeting of the party, held at the Labor Temple. But these resolutions were tabled, to be brought before the next meeting for selection. Mrs. Alex. Gilmore, 7 Guelph street, was entertaining the members of the Women's Labor party at her home on Tuesday evening.

## DENNY BROOKS

A STORY OF COURAGE  
By ELENORE MEHERIN.

## CHAPTER CII.

## The Blow.

Denny rested his arm on the counter leaning on it. He felt as though the heart was shaking coldly out of him.

"Weren't you notified?" the clerk asked.

"No. When was my account attached?"

"Last Friday."

He nodded. Stood there quivering, unable to speak, his eyes helpless sense of isolation closing about him.

"They should have served the summons," he said simply. And he went out and walked down the block in a feverish, heaving dizziness that lapped at his feet, that rose and overwhelmed him.

His account was attached. They were bringing suit for damages in the death of Martin Loop.

He was conscious of no anger; of nothing whatever but his own effort to walk carelessly; to keep himself from stopping abruptly with the numb shock of it.

Before a window displaying all manner of sport equipment he stopped, examined carefully fishing tackle, a tennis outfit. Then he came a warm upward rush, then a faintness. He walked on. "They're holding me for Martin's death."

Another store showing army goods attracted him. "They'll have to wait," he said here. It was like a knife turning within him. His eyes burned.

Half an hour later Denny was sitting in the office of Jerome Cummings, a lawyer, who had been in his class at college.

"You couldn't possibly get it settled up in a month, Den. First of all, if those fellows are all prejudiced against you, we'll want a change of venue. No chance at all to win down there. We may have to fight for this."

"I'll tie up everything I've got. I need that money like the devil."

Cummings was a tall, spare fellow with brown curly hair and penetrating gray eyes. He had a deep, rolicky laugh. "Most of us do need it, but you get a bond? That'll release it."

"They've attached everything I own—everything. Why can't you push it through in a hurry?"

"Well at the best, it will be two or three months. I can't make any prediction on the time."

Each time Cummings said "two or three months," Denny's heart beat. "Gee, I'll have to tell Katy she'll have to wait longer."

He was suddenly confronted with the gayety in Katy's clear blue eyes. "I'm sorry, Denny. I'll be so very careful, Denny. And remember now, I want little buckles for my shoes."

He wanted to put out his fists and strike or to duck his head and run, and he kept saying to himself through shut teeth, "Good Lord, this is a hell of a note!"

Katy had been singing and dreaming and living on the glory of this hope for nearly two years. He had never dared to think what her fate might be if this were taken from her. What would she say now? The damage suit might drag on for a year—for two years.

Then he remembered he was to take Katy to the Exposition in the afternoon. She had not seen it yet. "I'll wait," he thought. "I won't tell her for a day or so—wait awhile. He was young enough to hope vaguely that the world might come to an end or there might be another great fire or some such kind of supernatural calamity visit the earth and relieve him of his tragic individual troubles."

Katy was ready—her hat very smartly pulled over her eye. She wished to appear dazzling to Denny. He might be proud of her. "He'll be a person freed when he doesn't have to carry me any more," she thought as he lifted her to the taxi.

But she said wistfully, "I've been thinking, Denny."

"As per usual, Socrates, something that's never been thought of before."

"About love and it's this. Those who demand most of us are most beloved by us. Now, take me, for instance, when I'm as independent as a centipede and won't need your blessed feet any more, perhaps I'll love you more as I am. Think so?"

"Better make up your mind pretty quick, Stupe, before you forfeit my feet and feelin'."

No—he'd not tell Katy today—nor tomorrow, either. Never can tell what may turn up.

When they reached the fair grounds Katy would have poked her head from the window, but he leaned quickly in front of her. "Don't look till you get inside—get it all at once."

It was that summer year that came sauntering with a buoyant joy through the Golden Gate and tossed its scarlet waves of sunlight and warmth on the Jeweled Tower, laid its perfumed sandals in tulip beds and daffodils and fluttered through every sculptured court and fountain, the careless, happy breath of Holiday.

Katy had read the papers and knew the names of every court and frieze and mural, but she forgot all her glib facts now to drink with a shock of delight the stately harmonies of line, the mellow richness of color.

"Noble, Denny—it's noble."

It always made him laugh, for Katy used this word like a prayer, her eyes filled with an awed joy.

When he brought up the motor chair and sat beside her, spinning off gaily past the palms and the flowers, she was beside herself with the thrill of it. She seemed as much a little kid as when she had ridden behind him on the coaster, clinging for dear life and shrieking as they bumped madly down the hills.

He forgot the grimness of the morning. Might all blow over—never can tell.

For Katy wanted to see everything—to know everything—to go through all the buildings—to learn the where and the why of every little mob scene around the counters. She wanted to sample the coffee and the jelly and the hot scones and the new brand of hot-cakes Aunt Jimma was making.

And the chair they were riding in was a source of recurrent delight.

"I wish I owned it, Denny."

"But soon you won't need it."

"Isn't it odd that I always keep forgetting how soon it's going to be?"

He didn't answer. They sat in the quiet temple about the lagoon and watched the day drift past in manors of lavender, leaving a dream on the waters. The wistful sense of uncompleteness that is the soul of twilight that is waiting for the stars—

"I'm like this, Denny."

"Like what?"

"The water and the hush and the kneeling figure."

"All beautiful, and holy, I suppose."

She laughed. "No—all waiting for a miracle."

He grew afraid to meet her disappointment.

A few days later he went to Jerome Cummings. Cummings said: "They're going to fight any transfer of the case. They won't agree to it. You're in for a seque."

"It may take months to clear it up," Denny asked.

"All of that?"

Katy had made her plans as though she were going on some wonderful journey. She had set everything in boxes and labeled them, drawing sprays of flowers on the white cards or funny little girls in pinks.

Late that afternoon Denny came in. Her packing was finished. But as she heard his step she thrust a packet of letters under the pillow of her bed and glanced up, eyes vivid in the crimson tide of color running to her hair.

"How is old Andy?"

"Oh!" Relief in Katy's tone. She had not been reading letters from Andy. Those entreating, passionate letters every one of them, Katy loved and treasured and tucked away in the little dolls' trunk she had once offered Denny to bury Prince Jerry.

"Andy's fine, Denny." Katy volunteered glibly. "And Katy's ready and the grand march may begin."

He went over to the bureau and pretended to scrutinize his face, picked up her comb and ran it through his hair. She laughed.

"You're afraid, Mr. Denny. Now that the gong sounds you'd like to run away, wouldn't you?"

"Would you like to wait Katy? We could see the fair—we could go often."

She glanced up with swift question, a sudden throbbing faintness rushing over her. "No, Denny, I don't want to wait. I want to go soon—soon. Oh, I'm in the greatest kind of a hurry."

A shadow that was gray and cold passed from his lips to his heart.

"What is it, Denny?"

As he spoke he saw her lips draw down, tremble. "Oh, don't feel like this, Katy-kid! It'll be all right soon. Don't feel like this." He stood there shaking.

She reached out her hand. "No—no I don't. Even as she tried to toss the tears back her head dropped like a white flower against her shoulder.

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HAY STATIONERY STAFF HOLDS MERRY SLEIGHRIDE

Blizzard and eastern winds held no fear for the Hay Stationery staff for the plans made for their annual bus party.

Last night the jolly crowd toured the snow drifts of the city streets raising their voices high in the air with popular and old-time songs.

About 10:30, the members of the party arrived at the home of Mrs. Ivan Craig, 830 Queen's avenue where refreshments were served.

Comedian Neil Coughlin entertained the party with slight-of-hand, while Frank Warner gave several selections on his violin. Dancing brought the happy event to a close about midnight.

## Where Our Toys Originated.

Kites came from Japan, pogo sticks from Borneo, chess from Egypt and drums and rattles from everywhere. In ancient Greece girls played with dolls almost from birth, and dedicated them to Venus on their marriage.

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A teaspoonful of "California Fig Syrup" now will quickly start liver and bowel action and in a few hours you have a well, playful child again. Mothers can rest easy after giving "California Fig Syrup" because it never fails to work the sour bile and constipation poison right out of the little stomach and

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