WOMEN and THE HOME

Sets Cost at Normal—Neither High Nor Low | **Dorothy Dix** | *The Price of a Wedding Ring*

Those Who Have the Best Chance for Marital Happiness Are the Young Couples Who Are Not Rich Enough To Be Separated by Society and Not Poor Enough to Have All the Romance Rubbed Off by Endless Drudgery.

A young man asks me how much money it takes to marry on.

That is a question that it is impossible to answer definitely because it all depends upon the tastes, the habits and the previous condition of those who are marrying. What is riches to one couple would seem poverty to another. What one man and woman would think luxury another would esteem grinding hardships.

Generally speaking, however, the amount of money it takes to finance the matrimonial venture properly is enough greenbacks to provide bread and butter, and an umbrella for a rainy day, but not enough to furnish a limousine and gorge a couple on cake.

Curiously enough, love does not seem able to survive either extreme penury or riches. Wife desertion is just as common at one end of the scale as divorce is at the other, because, in the one case, the attraction that a man and woman had for each other is blotted out by the misery they bring upon each other, and in the other case it is smothered by a multitude of other interests.

A young couple with too much money have not a great chance for domestic happiness because the world steps in to separate them. They are never thrown absolutely on each other for companionship. They are never entirely necessary to each other. They never do for each other the little personal things that weld two people into being one.

The man who has never toiled and sweated to earn the money that fed and clothed the woman he loved has never just the same feeling toward his wife as has the man who has made his body a living bulwark to protect her from suffering. The woman who has never worked, who has never cooked and sewed for her man, and nursed him with her own hands when he was sick, can never feel that she is as necessary to him as does the woman who knows that her husband's comfort and well-being is in her hands.

Therefore, millionaire husbands and wives never have that closeness, that oneness, that poorer husbands and wives so often come to have. Also the rich are more prone to jealousy, and with better cause, than the poor.

Morality is not a matter of finance, but the indulgence in it is. It takes time and money to philander, and there is no other such safeguard aaginst temptation as being busy and lacking the price.

Life without some excitement is unendurable, so it is inevitable that the wealthy, who have had only to write a check to gratify every other desire, are, at last, thrown back upon their own emotions for new thrills. Domestic life soon becomes commonplace to all. Husbands and wives cease to palpitate at each other's approach. The home stockade becomes dull, and then the rich jump the bars and begin hunting sizzling sensations in greener fields and pastures new.

Undoubtedly, the rich have many more temptations than the poor. Every man with money must be a Joseph if he remains faithful to his wife, for he is pursued by young and beautiful women, who use every art and wile to win him away from his lawfully wedded spouse. Indeed, in such danger from the gold-diggers is the rich man that much of women's extravagance is based on the knowledge that about the only way that a wife can keep a husband is to keep him poor.

On the other hand, it is a cold fact that love itself is not sufficient capital upon which to marry, and those who start out with no other resources soon find themselves bankrupt in sentiment as well as in purse.

No man is in a proper frame of mind to be a lover when he is under-nourished, and the affection that has to stand the wear and tear of shabby clothes and the harassment of unpaid bills is pretty apt soon to show signs of wearing out and frazzling around the edges.

We are all slaves to our tastes and habits, and the men and women who have been accustomed to living in beautiful surroundings, to dressing well, to dainty food, to cultivated society, to going to the theatre and having books and papers, are miserable when their marriage plunges them into ugliness and sordidness, and a perpetual struggle for the bare necessities of existence.

Love dies because all the illusions it fed on have been swept away.

Many a man drags a woman down to poverty and then turns from the hard-worked drudge he has made of her to some lovely creature in shimmering silks and filmy laces, who answers the dream of softness and beauty that is every man's ideal of the eternal feminine. Many a woman who has left a good home to be cook, housemaid, laundress, seamstress and nurse for a man has looked at her husband and wondered where the fool-killer was on the day she went with him to the altar.

The very happiest and most congenial marriages in the world—those with the best chance of success—are where young people with moderate means marry and work up together. They are bound by a common interest and a common ambition; they toil shoulder to shoulder; they have every hope and plan together; they have a comradeship that the rich never know, and a peace and freedom from worry that the very poor never enjoy.

Every young couple getting married may well pray with the Psalmist, "Give me neither riches nor poverty," for therein lies happiness.

DOROTHY DIX.

LARGEST OCCUPATIONAL STAFF AT WESTMINSTER

Westminster hospital, this city, has the largest occupational therapy staff on the continent. This fact was reported at the annual meeting of the occupational therapy societies of America, held in Buffalo recently, when Miss Lillian Perry of the Westminster hospital staff was present.

The members of the local branch of the occupational therapy society of Ontario received this interesting piece of news at a recent meeting held at the home of Miss C. Farncombe, Huron street. Miss Edith Farncombe, the president, was in the chair. Miss Florence Fraser was named delegate to attend the provincial meeting.

JOYCE—BOWMAN.

Special to The Advertiser.

Bothwell, Oct. 19.—A quiet but pretty wedding was solemnized at the Methodist parsonage when Rev. Herbert united in marriage Miss Edith Blanche Bowman and Charles Joyce, both of Euphemia township. The bride was attended by her sister, Miss Rheta Bowman, and the groom by Frank Beaul.

Why Suffer From Headaches?

Many ladies suffer with constantly recurring headaches and in a vast majority of cases these headaches are the result of eyestrain. If you suffer from headaches why not let Mr. Steele examine your eyes, and see if they are caused from eyestrain or not.

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WINDSOR TIE IS FLAPPER'S JOY

Whole Army of Regimental Colors Adorn Her Tie Rack.

By AILEEN LAMONT.
Special to The Advertiser.
Copyright.

New York, Oct. 20.—Some are "neckers," some wear knickers and some just get a laugh. That in brief describes the costumes of the younger set at the moment. Those in the first class do not fail to draw attention to their specialty. Whatever else they may wear, they wear scarfs and Windsor ties of all the hues of the rainbow. The majority of these ties are copied from club colors. The British regimental colors have been specially in favor since the Prince of Wales has been in America.

In the old days, a fair lady was accustomed to give her colors to a knight to wear on his helmet. Today she wears his colors for a night and if the contents of her tie rack be any criterion, she has not fewer than an army corps fighting for or about her.

Next to having an English polo player wrapped up in one, the best thing in flapper circles is to be all wrapped up in an English Burberry coat of waterproof tweed with a plaid pattern. These promise quite to eclipse the raccoon coats which have been the fall standby of the college boy and girl for the last two or three years

Ensemble Suit Popular.

Of course, things in the flapper years seldom are what they seem, and this extends to dress as well as ideas. For example, the ensemble suit is extremely popular. It consists of a suit and a topcoat, which practically covers it. Nowadays, however, the topcoats are adorned with an extension or ruffle at the bottom which stimulates the skirt of the suit supposed to be beneath. With such a coat, a suit is a superfluity, and goodness only knows what would be revealed if a wearer was suddenly forced to unbutton her coat.

Likewise, the tunic blouses have grown so long and the shirts under them so short that the latter might easily be discarded, provided an additional ruffle, ribbon or flounce of lace were tacked on to the petticoat.

Voluminous Cuffs.

With the late topcoats, gloves or even a manicure may be dispensed with. Most of them are adorned with fur cuffs so largs and voluminous as to answer every purpose served by a fur cuffs so large and voluminous as fold her hands within the sleeves in Chinese mandarin fashion to conceal her digital shortcomings. However, most feminine palms are extended so continuously in the "gimme" gesture when with male companions that this expedient is almost entirely ignored.

Few of these economical expedients, however, are available to the unfortunate stout. Rubber now is quoted at 20½ cents a pound. The modern corset consists of about one-quarter of a pound of rubber and six ribbon strips. Yet the modern corset—call it girdle if you will—costs from $29 up, whereas the oldtime stay composed of nearly the whole contents of a whale's lower jaw and enough steel to build a bicycle, retailed at $4.50. No wonder the New Bedford whaling industry has become extinct.

MISS MARION SHARPE,
daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. B Sharp, Fullarton street, who left Saturday for Toronto, where she will continue her study of the violin with Ferdinand Fillion of the Toronto conservatory of music.

Butterfly roses and lillies of the valley. Palms and autumn flowers made an attractive setting for the wedding. During the signing of the register Miss Edna Skinner sang "Until" very effectively, accompanied by Miss Lydia Arnold, sister of the bride.

After the ceremony a wedding breakfast was served in the dining-room, which was decorated with ferns and yellow chrysanthemums. Later Dr. and Mrs. Quinn left on a motor trip, the bride travelling in a suit of navy poiret twill with black hat and shoes and stone marten fur.

THOMSON—MacCALLUM.

A very quiet wedding was solemnized at London on Saturday morning, Oct. 18, by the Rev. James McKay, pastor of New St. James' Presbyterian church, when Ethyle, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John A. MacCallum, of Iona Station, was united in marriage to Mr. Archibald Bruce Thomson, also of Iona Station.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomson left on a trip to eastern points, the bride travelling in a smart suit of navy blue poiret twill with hat to match.

The Misses Tena and Marguerite Thomson were present at the ceremony.

MISS DORIS BOYLAN WINS SCHOLARSHIP

Former Piano Pupil of Miss Irene Burns Honored by Eastman School of Music.

Miss Doris Boylan, a former Londoner, has won this year's scholarship in piano at the Eastman school of music in Rochester, New York. Miss Boylan is a former pupil of Miss Irene Burns, and won the same scholarship a year ago, when she left this city to take up her work in Rochester.

Miss Boylan's brilliant piano work will be remembered by many Londoners who have heard her in recitals given at the institute of musical art and at the old conservatory of music. Miss Burns was preparing to present her in recital as an artist pupil when she left with her parents for Rochester.

WEDDINGS

QUINN—ARNOLD.

A quiet house wedding took place at the home of Mr. and Mrs. William Arnold, when their daughter, Lillian Blanche, was united in marriage to William Richard Quinn, B.A., M.D., only son of Mrs. Janet Quinn of London. The ceremony was performed by Rev. A. E. M. Thompson of Centennial Methodist church. Miss Florence Quinn, sister of the groom, played the wedding music.

The bride, who was given away by her father, wore a beaded frock of coral georgette crepe and carried

GOLDE NLINK CLUB.

The members of the Golden link club met at the home of Mrs. D. A. Gray, Cambridge apartments, 236 Rectory street, last Thursday. Progressive eucher was played, with Mrs. R. Collins carrying off the first prize, and the second prize going to Mrs. J. Steel. Mrs. E. Shildrich assisted the hostess at the tea hour. Mrs. C. Perrin, 252 Adelaide street, is entertaining the club at its next meeting on Thursday afternoon of this week.

Hooty the Owl Decides To Get Even With the Green Forest Folks

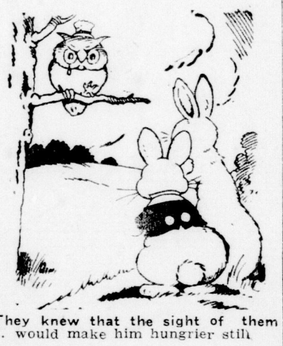
By THORNTON W. BURGESS.

Hooty the Owl had a sore foot. It was a very sore foot. And it was all because he had made the mistake of not really seeing what he was striking at. He had thought that he was striking at Whitefoot the Wood Mouse. He had seen something move in the Black Shadows, and being sure that it was Whitefoot had struck quickly and hard. Instead of grasping Whitefoot he had grasped the tail of Prickly Porky the Porcupine. He had let go in a hurry. He had let go in even more of a hurry than he had struck. In one foot were half a dozen of Prickly Porky's little spears. All but one he had succeeded in pulling out. That one had broken off, leaving part of it in his foot. It was this which made that foot so sore.

Now many of the feathered people can get along nicely with the use of only one foot. Those that live on seeds and insects can still get their food without much trouble, even though they may be able to use but one foot. But Hooty the Owl needs his feet to catch his food. You know his toes have great, cruel claws, and it is with these that he seizes his food. Without the use of those claws Hooty would soon starve to death.

To be sure, he had the use of one foot now. But he soon found that he couldn't do much with one foot. He strikes with both feet at the same time. He couldn't do this now. He couldn't strike at all with that sore foot. So Hooty went hungry most of the time. Had not Mrs. Hooty hunted for both he would have starved.

Of course it wasn't long before the other little people of the Green Forest discovered that Hooty was in trouble and quite helpless. When Mrs. Hooty wasn't around, Blacky the Crow and Sammy Jay delighted to hunt out Hooty and tease him. They tormented him by screaming at him when he wanted to sleep, and actually daring to pull out some of his feathers sometimes. Other little people would sit down in plain sight and stare at him, knowing that he could not catch them. And with it all that sore foot pained Hooty a great deal.



They knew that the sight of them .. would make him hungrier still

Even Peter Rabbit and his big cousin, Jumper the Hare, both of whom Hooty had hunted many times, went over to stare at him and boldly sit in plain sight. They knew he was hungry. They knew that the sight of them would make him hungrier still. It did. But he was helpless. He needed both feet to catch either of them.

So Hooty the Owl had a sorry time. But he had learned a lesson he would never forget.

"I'll never be in too great a hurry again. No, sir, I'll never be in too great a hurry again," said he over and over to himself. "I'll know what is what before it is too late. Oh, dear, how that foot does ache! I don't see why Old Mother Nature ever gave Prickly Porky those dreadful little spears. He might have let me know he was there. Oh, dear! Was ever an Owl in such trouble before? When this foot gets well I'll get even with some of these people, who seem so glad to see me in trouble now. Yes, sir, I will so." He snapped his bill in a way most unpleasant to hear.

(Copyright, 1924, by T. W. Burgess.)

The next story: "Hooty Does Get Even."

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THE SEA HAWK

By RAFAEL SABATINI.

CHAPTER XX (continued)

"Thou dost me wrong," she protested. "I am thy friend. I would that—"

She broke off suddenly to listen. The stillness of the night was broken by cries from the direction of the Bab-el-Oueb. She ran swiftly to the parapet whence the gate was to be seen and leaned far out.

"Look, look!" she cried, and there was a tremor of fear in her voice. "It is he—Asad-ed-Din."

Sakr-el-Bahr crossed to her side and in a glare of torches saw a body of men coming forth from the black archway of the gate.

"It seems as if, departing from thy custom, thou hast spoken truth, O Fenzileh."

She faced him, and he suspected the venomous glance darted at him through her veil. Yet her voice was cold.

"In a moment thou'lt have no single doubt of it. But what of me? He must not find me here. He would kill me, I think."

"I am sure he would," Sakr-el-Bahr agreed. "Yet muffled thus, who should recognize thee? Away, then, ere he comes. Dids't thou come alone?"

"Should I trust any one with the knowledge that I had visited thee?" she asked.

She moved quickly to the door, to pause again on the threshold.

"Thou'lt not relinquish her? Thou'lt not—"

"Be at ease," he answered her on so resolved a note that she departed satisfied.

CHAPTER XXI.
In the Sight of Allah.

Sakr-el-Bahr stood lost in thought after she had gone. Again he weighed her every word and considered precisely how he should meet Asad, and how refuse him, if the Basha's were indeed on such an errand as Fenzileh had heralded.

Thus in silence he remained waiting for Ali or another to summon him to the presence of the Basha. Instead, however, when Ali entered it was actually to announce Asad-ed-Din, who followed immediately upon his heels, having insisted in his impatience upon being conducted straight to the presence of Sakr-el-Bahr.

"The peace of the Prophet upon thee, my son," was the Basha's greeting.

"And upon thee, my lord." Sakr-el-Bahr salaamed. "My house is honored."

With a gesture he dismissed Ali.

"I come to thee a suppliant," said Asad, advancing.

"A suppliant, thou? No need, my lord. I have no will that is not the echo of thine own."

The Basha's questing eyes went beyond him and glowed as they rested upon Rosamund.

"I come in haste," he said, "like any callow lover, guided by my very instinct to the persence of her I seek—this Frankish pearl, this peri-faced captive of thy latest raid. I was away from the Kasbah when that pig Tsamanni returned thither from the sok; but when at last I learned that he had failed to purchase her as I commanded I could have wept for very grief. I feared at first that some merchant from the Sus might have bought her and departed; but when I heard—blessed be Allah—that thou wert the buyer I was comforted again. For thou'lt yield her up to me, my son."

He spoke with such confidence that Oliver had a difficulty in choosing the words that were to disillusion him. Therefore he stood in hesitancy a moment.

"I will make good thy loss," Asad ran on. "Thou shalt have the sixteen hundred philips paid and another five hundred to console thee. Say that will content thee; for I boil with impatience.

Sakr-el-Bahr smiled grimly.

"It is an impatience well known to me, my lord, where she is concerned," he answered slowly. I boiled with it myself for five interminable years. To make an end of it I went a distant perilous voyage to England in a captured Frankish vessel. Thou didst not know, O Asad, else thou wouldst—"

"Bah!" broke in the Basha. "Thou'rt a huckster born. There is none like thee, Sakr-el-Bahr, in any game of wits. Well, well, name thine own price, strike thine own profits out of my impatience and let us have done."

"My lord," he said quietly, "it is not the profit that is in question. She is not for sale."

Asad blinked at him, speechless, and slowly a faint color crept into his sallow cheeks.

"Not—not for sale?" he echoed, faltering in his amazement.

"Not if thou offered me thy Bashalik as the price of her," was his solemn answer.

"Ask anything else that is mine," he continued, "and gladly will I lay it at thy feet in earnest of my loyalty and love for thee."

"But I want nothing else." Asad's tone was impatient, petulant almost. "I want this slave."

"Then," replied Oliver, "I cast myself upon thy mercy and beseech thee to turn thine eyes elsewhere."

Asad scowled upon him.

"Dost thou deny me?" he demanded, throwing back his head.

"Alas!" said Sakr-el-Bahr.

There fell a pause. Darker and darker grew the countenance of Asad, fiercer glowed the eyes he bent upon his lieutenant.

"I see," he said at last, with a calm so oddly at variance with his looks as to be sinister. "I see. It seems that there is more truth in Fenzileh than I suspected. So!"

He considered the corsair a moment with his sunken smoldering eye.

Then he addressed him in a tone that vibrated with his suppressed anger.

"Bethink thee, Sakr-el-Bahr, of what thou art, of what I have made thee. Bethink thee of all the bounty these lands have lavished on thee. Thou art my own lieutenant, and mayest one day be more. In Algiers there is none above thee save myself. Art, then, so thankless as to deny me the first thing I ask of thee? Truly, is it written 'Ungrateful is man.'"

"Didst thou know," began Sakr-el-Bahr, "all that is involved for me in this—"

"I neither know or care," Asad cut in. "Whatever it may be it should be as naught when set against my will."

Then he discarded anger for cajolery. He set a hand upon Sakr-el-Bahr's stalwart shoulder.

"Come, my son. I will deal generously with thee out of my love, and I will put thy refusal from my mind."

"Be generous, my lord, to the point of forgetting that ever thou didst ask me for her."

"Dost still refuse?" The voice, honeyed an instant ago, rang harsh again. "Take care how far thou strain my patience. Even as I have raised thee from the dirt, so at a word can I cast thee down again. Even as I broke the shackles that chained thee to the rower's bench, so can I rivet them on thee anew."

"All this canst thou do," Sakr-el-Bahr agreed. "And since, knowing it, I will hold to what is doubly mine—by right of capture and of purchase—thou mayest conceive how mighty are my reasons. Be merciful then, Asad—"

"Must I take her by force in spite of thee?" roared the Basha.

Sakr-el-Bahr stiffened. He threw back his head and looked the Basha squarely in the eyes.

"Whilst I live not even that mayest thou do," he answered.

"Disloyal, mutinous dog! Wilt thou resist me—me?"

"It is my prayer that thou'lt not be so ungenerous and unjust as to compel thy servant to a course so hateful."

Asad sneered.

"Is that thy last word?" he demanded.

"Save only that in all things else I am thy slave, O Asad."

A moment the Basha stood regarding him, his glance baleful. Then deliberately, as one who has taken his resolve, he strode to the door. On the threshold he paused and turned again.

"Wait!" he said, and on that threatening word departed.

Sakr-el-Bahr remained a moment where he had stood during the interview, then with a shrug he turned. He met Rosamund's eyes fixed intently upon him, and invested with a look he could not read. He found himself unable to meet it, and he turned away. It was inevitable that in such a moment the earlier stab of remorse should be repeated. He had overreached himself indeed. Despair settled down upon him, a full consciousness of the horrible thing he had done, which seemed now so irrevocable. In his silent anguish he almost conceived that he had mistaken his feelings for Rosamund; that far from hating her as he had supposed, his love for her had not yet been slain, else surely he should not be tortured now by the thought of her becoming Asad's prey. If he hated her, indeed, as he had supposed, he would have surrendered her and gloated.

(To Be Continued).

ENGAGEMENTS

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