

## Crucifixion Cross Made of Aspen?

Cypress was said by some to have been the wood the Cross was made from, while many refer to the material as cedar, and other writers assert it was hewn from oak. Aspen is more generally accepted.

## WOMAN'S POWER IN WORLD IS BY NO MEANS A NEW ONE

History Shows That Every Great Statesman, Writer or Ruler Has Always Had Some Woman With Whom He Discussed Important Questions.

WORLD SIMPLY RECOGNIZING IT TODAY

By JULIA HOYT.

Most women have become infected with the desire to do something, to have some interest in life outside of the home. This is particularly so since the war—it is almost impossible after leading a life of activity to return to one of inaction and frivillous. The trouble is that many women do not know what they want to do or else they have not been fitted for anything. I feel sure that the day is coming when girls will be brought up with the idea of a job or career exactly as are men.

Women have a unique ability to do things that men cannot do. They have a certain way of thinking, a certain way of feeling, a certain way of acting, which is not a matter of sex, it seems to me that the sooner men and women realize their equality and their value each to the other, the sooner marriage and life will become simplified.

I worked and spoke for suffrage, I am a founder of the National Woman's Party, and yet I am not a feminist in the far-fetched sense. I agree with some who say we are losing something by acquiring an equal footing with men. (In fact, I agree with some who say we are losing something by acquiring an equal footing with men.) But I believe we are gaining greater things than we are losing. I was very interested at a tea the National Woman's Party gave to me when I was playing in Washington, to see the many women most prominent and forceful in the party who were living happily in great companionship with their husbands.

Woman's Power.

As a matter of fact, women's power and value in the world (in fact, to bearing children) is not a new one. It is simply that it is now becoming recognized and she can use that power for herself and her children and not be forced to use it through

her unrecognized influence on a male. History shows that every great statesman, writer, or ruler has always had some woman with whom he has discussed questions of importance and who has had a strong influence on his actions. All that has happened now is that that woman may continue to influence a man if she so desires, but she may also use her brains and ability toward making a life or career of interest for herself.

It seems unnecessary to say that the argument that things have been a certain way for many years, and consequently should not be changed, is a poor one. Why then should we use telephones or automobiles or any other modern contrivance? Even if we reject this analogy as having no bearing on marriage and the conduct of life, we must remember that in the old days there were no kitchenette apartments, that the average woman thought of cooking as an art, made all her underclothes and many of her dresses herself, and at least kept herself occupied in her home. Changes in costumes and mode of living have been a big influence in woman's life and have been important factors in impelling the woman of energy and intelligence to seek an interest and occupation outside the home.

Seek Outside Jobs.

That the most intelligent women are seeking outside occupations cannot be denied, and they are proving every day that a woman can be a good wife and mother and still take care of a job in the business world, and yet at the same time proving the practicability of this way of living that it is my firm belief that the world will soon have to acknowledge.

One of the main things to remember for the mothers who are in sympathy with this movement is to change their point of view (in fact, tradition) in the education of their daughters. Rich or poor, the girl should be given the same opportunity and encouragement to develop from her family with regard to making good in a career as the boy. She should be taught a knowledge of money and its handling and from the beginning should be encouraged to decide on and take up a serious occupation or interest. Whether it happens one great handicap will be removed.

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## Mr. Egret Tells a Story About Meeting Awful Two-Legged Creatures

By THORSTON W. BURGESS.

Looking at Egret, the snowy white cousin of Longlegs the Heron, it was hard for Danny Meadow Mouse to believe that any one could possibly seek to harm him. But as Egret went on with his dreadful story Danny began to understand that, strange as it may seem, there is such a thing as being too beautiful.

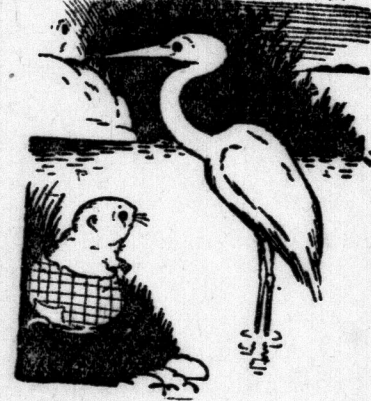
"When I was young and got my first lovely plumage I was very proud of it," said Egret. "Yes, sir, I was very proud of it. But now nothing would make me so happy as to have the plainest, homeliest of coats like I envy some of my cousins who have plain, brown coats. Yes, sir, I envy them. They used to envy me, but they don't any more."

"I remember the joy with which Mrs. Egret and I built our first nest. It was in a swamp, and all about us were the nests of our relatives. Every one of them had just such beautiful plumage as we had, for it is only during the nesting season that these plumes are worn. We were a happy colony. Yes, sir, we were a happy colony. Then the eggs hatched, and we were a busy colony. Our babies began to grow. And such a lot of food as they did need!"

"Then one day two of those dreadful creatures came and began to talk to us. They were awful! Yes, sir, they were awful! I don't believe there ever was anything more awful. Mrs. Egret and I saw our nests shot all about us. At first we couldn't understand it at all. Then we saw those hunters taking the plumes from the birds they had shot, and we knew it was for those that they had come to that swamp. All day those dreadful guns banged and banged, and all day long hungry babies in the nests cried for food, which they would never get because their fathers and mothers had been killed."

"So it went on day after day until at last Mrs. Egret and I were the only ones left. How we escaped I do not know, but we did. But our babies and all the other babies starved to death. We did our best to feed them, but those terrible guns drove us away every time. That swamp had been the nesting place of Egrets for years and years and years, and we had expected always to nest there. But we have never been back since. And for this and nothing else nearly all the Egrets in the beautiful Sunny Swamp were killed, and their babies starved to death."

"It is the most awful thing I've ever heard of," said Danny. "It seems too awful to be true," he said. "It is the most awful thing I've ever heard of," said Danny. "It seems too awful to be true," he said.



"It is the most awful thing I've ever heard of," said Danny.

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"The next story: 'Danny Sees a Queer Fisherman.'"

## MERRY TIME EXPECTED AT RONALD GRAY HOME

Mrs. Roy Gray Will Fill Stockings Tonight—Christmas Tree Tomorrow.

The children of the Ronald-Roy Gray Memorial Home are having perhaps the most wonderful Christmas of any children in the city. All last week they have been feted, and when Christmas Day comes they will have their own special Christmas tree, loaded down with gifts from kind friends all over the district.

But the most exciting time of all will be tonight, when the small boys and girls will hang up their stockings, and before morning Santa Claus will make a visit to the home, owing to the kindness of Mrs. Roy Gray, who will see that every stocking is filled. In fact the very stockings themselves, warm and cosy, have been provided by her.

On Monday last the Sunshine Club of Christ Church visited the home with a treat; on Tuesday there was the most wonderful Christmas tree given by the Misses True Kindred; on Thursday some of the children were guests at the Salvation Army tree in South London, and others went to the Christmas tree in the public squares; on Friday the Lions' Club paid a visit with their float, and on Saturday morning they went to the big Christmas party in the Winter Gardens, given for the Loveliet Child in Westminster.

## GIRLS OF RESCUE HOME ROYALLY ENTERTAINED

The "I Serve Club" and Campbell Becher Chapter Visit Home With Gifts.

The girls of the Salvation Army Rescue Home are due to have a happy Christmas Eve. For tonight the members of the "I Serve Club," under the direction of Miss Hilda Keene, will visit the home with Santa Claus and a huge pack of presents. Miss Mary Granger, in the guise of Santa Claus, will distribute the gifts to the girls, and in addition there will be a great large mouthed Christmas stocking filled with candy and fruit.

But this is not by any means all that the "I Serve Club" expects to do. There will be a wonderful Christmas dinner with a candy course, and a gift for every girl. The table will be attractively decorated and loaded with everything that the club could think of to make the event a happier one. The party is being convened by Miss Dorothy Gleason.

The Campbell Becher Chapter, I. O. O. F., will also visit the Rescue Home today and leave a gift for every girl. The chapter will be represented by Mrs. F. J. Greenaway, the regent, Mrs. J. Stevenson and Mrs. O. I. Cunningham, the convener.

## EXPECT HAPPY HOLIDAY AT CHILDREN'S SHELTER

Forty Boys and Girls Waiting Anxiously For Stripping of Tree Tomorrow.

Many gifts are coming in for the children of the Thomas Alway Hall Home in South London, so that when it comes to hanging up their stockings tonight the boys' and girls' Santa Claus will be realized. There are forty children now in the home, and the task of fulfilling their desire on Christmas Day will be no small one.

A wonderful Christmas dinner will be held at noon, to be followed at 3 o'clock in the afternoon with a Christmas tree, when Miss Jackson, the superintendent, and members of the Shelter board will be in charge. Shelter on Christmas eve will be at A. E. Barbour, president of the house, John I. Hunt and members of the house committee, including Mrs. Frank Hardie, Mrs. H. E. Gates and Mrs. John Weid.

## Radio Programs

TUESDAY, DEC. 25.  
KDKA—East Pittsburgh, Pa., 920 Kilocycles, Frequency—326 Metres—Wave Length.

11:30 a.m.—Program—Christmas observance, Pittsburgh Commandery, No. 1, Knights Templar.  
8:00 p.m.—Christmas afternoon concert.  
7:45 p.m.—"Why the Chimes Rang"—The Christmas Period.  
8:00 p.m.—"What is the Best Christmas Gift," by Dr. John Ray Ewers.  
8:30 p.m.—Concert.

9:55 p.m.—Arlington time signals. Weather reports. Boston and Springfield market reports.  
7:00 p.m.—World market survey.  
7:30 p.m.—Twilight tales for the kiddies. "What Education and Training can be for Better Homes," last lecture in the Household Management Course.  
8:00 p.m.—Christmas program.  
9:00 p.m.—Bedtime story for the grown-ups.  
9:55 p.m.—Arlington time signals.

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

Central Standard Time.  
9:30 a.m.—Late news and financial comment. (This service is broadcast every half hour during the twenty-four hours.)  
11:35 a.m.—Table talk.  
6:50 p.m.—Children's bedtime story.  
8:00 to 8:58 p.m.—Musical program.

KYW will broadcast the latest news of the world every half hour, day and night.  
WGY—Schenectady, N.Y.—790 Kilocycles—360 Metres.  
Eastern Standard Time.  
11:00 a.m.—Services of St. Peter's Episcopal Church, Albany, N.Y.  
7:45 p.m.—Radio drama, "The Fool," by WGY players.  
Instrumental selection, "Christmas Strains" WGY Orchestra.

## RYERSON STREET SCHOOL HOLDS CLOSING CONCERT

On Friday evening the pupils and parents of Ryerson School enjoyed a concert given under the direction of Miss Constance. For fifteen minutes a sing-song was enjoyed, when many Christmas carols were sung, also other songs. After the sing-song Miss Stevens and Miss Brown rendered solos. Miss Helen Nash gave a reading. A butterfly dance was given by Peggy Crouch delighted the children by telling two stories. Mrs. Andrews favored the audience with several readings. The entertainment closed by singing the National Anthem.



MRS. LYDIA HOYT.

Mrs. Hoyt believes that every woman, whether she be beautiful, ugly or plain, may be interesting if she will study herself and make the most of her natural advantages.

## MISS ROSA MURTAGH WINS SILVER CUP FOR SHOOTING

Makes a Score of 49 Out of 50 in Shoot-Off at Y.M.C.A. Range, Saturday.

PRIZES ARE PRESENTED Girls' Rifle Corps Unit Wins Its Pro-Marksmanship With an Average 498 Out of 500.

Miss Rosa Murtagh is the winner of the silver cup, for which the girls' unit 1224, of the Junior Rifle Corps, shot at the Y. M. C. A. ranges on Saturday night. In the first round Rosa Murtagh and Gerlie Johnston made a score of 49 out of 50, Rosa Murtagh winning in the shoot off by two points. The cup is the gift of Major Johnston, Wellington street, and was presented to the winner on Saturday night by Mrs. A. Markham, Mr. Markham recording the shots. The shooting was conducted under the direction of E. E. Murtagh, instructor.

The second prize, a fine rifle, was won by Gerlie Johnston; the third, a half dozen silver spoons, by Clara Clark; the fourth, three silver spoons, by Emma Shawcross; the fifth, two silver spoons, by Meropie Hooper, and the sixth, one silver spoon, by Helen Rouselle.

This girls' unit has now won its pro-marksmanship, having been successful in ten matches out of twelve. The units competing were all American units, with the exception of one in Magog, Que. The decisions are made at headquarters of the Junior Rifle Corps, all the targets being forwarded there. The London unit had an average of 498 points out of 500, and all the contestants were girls under 15 years of age.

For the pro-marksmanship contest were also awarded last night. Some of the girls had chosen flashlights and some embroidery scissors, and all were officially presented by Mrs. Markham.

Miss Evelyn Hayman is entertaining at the tea hour on Friday.

Mr. James Moffatt of Vievland is a guest with S. J. Belton, Hyman street.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Ambrose are spending the Christmas holidays in Hamilton.

Dr. William Burgess of Ottawa is a holiday guest with his mother, Mrs. Burgess, Stanley street.

Mrs. and Mrs. Joseph Watson, Trafalgar street, are spending the Christmas season in Chicago.

Miss Margaret Smith, Maitland street, is spending the Christmas holidays at Providence, R. I.

Mrs. Petlick and daughters, Shirley and Dolly, are spending the holiday with friends in Toronto.

Mr. Albert E. Plastow is spending the holidays with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Plastow, Charles street.

Mr. William Hayhurst of Hamilton will spend Christmas with Mr. and Mrs. James Gray, Hellmuth avenue.

## Basket of Fruit For London Home

"I Serve Club" Delivers 75 Christmas Presents to Victoria Home.

The members of the "I Serve Club" will take 75 baskets of candy and fruit to the patients of the Victoria Home for Incubables today, thus brightening the Christmas season for the former's patients, Mr. and Mrs. Hugh McPherson, Wharfedale road north.

Col. Frank Reid, of Northwood, England, accompanied by his son, Jack Reid, arrived in town yesterday, and is spending the holiday season with his mother, Mrs. W. J. Reid, Queen's avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank E. Fallon of Kingston, accompanied by their daughters, Margaret and Rowena, and their mother, Mrs. Fallon, are spending Christmas in London with Mrs. Fallon's parents, Mr. and Mrs. R. M. Burns.

Major T. J. Murphy and Mrs. Murphy, Hyman street, have as their guests for Christmas their son, Cyril Murphy of Detroit, and their daughter, Miss Leone Murphy, who is studying with Professor Faxon at the Toronto Conservatory of Music.

Dr. and Mrs. W. A. Thomson, Richmond street, have as their guests for the holidays their son, Warren Thomson of Osoyoos, B. C., and their daughter, Margaret, Toronto, who is attending Macdonald Hall, Guelph, and another daughter, Mrs. W. Riley and Mr. J. A. Thomson.

The annual family reunion of the Nettleton clan will be celebrated Christmas at the home of Mrs. McNettleton, 103 Beaconsfield avenue.

Among the guests at the party will be Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Chalmers of Windsor, Mr. and Mrs. Charles A. McLeish of Walkerville, Mr. and Mrs. A. McLeish of Windsor, Mr. and Mrs. William Nettleton, Mrs. Mable Nettleton, Mr. J. C. Thomson and Mr. William Nettleton, Jr., all of Stratford, and Mr. J. A. Thomson, Kono and family of Peterboro, and Mr. Dean Swift of Edinburgh, Pa.

WESTMINSTER NOMINATIONS. A meeting of the electors of the Township of Westminster will be held in the Cheerio Hall, Lambeth, today at 12 o'clock noon, for the nomination of candidates for the offices of reeve, deputy reeve and councillors for the Township of Westminster.

Miss Leaelen McEln, 19 McKinnon street, is spending the holidays in Hamilton, the guest of her aunt, Mrs. H. E. Wilton.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas McKim have as their guest for Christmas their daughter, Mrs. Gordon Mills, and Mr. Mills, 103 Beaconsfield avenue.

Mr. T. Wilson Cowley of Detroit, Mich., is spending Christmas with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Albert E. Cowley, Thornton avenue.

Dr. and Mrs. Nesbitt of Detroit are spending Christmas in London, guests with Mr. and Mrs. Charles Wilson, Central avenue.

Mrs. N. Sutherland, Horton street, is spending Christmas in Kitchener, the guest of her daughter, Mrs. (Dr.) Campbell, in Kitchener.

Chicago, to visit the latter's brother, Mr. William Mann, for over the holidays.

Mr. and Mrs. Douglas H. Ewen, of Detroit, and their small son, will spend the Christmas holidays with Mrs. George L. Pearson, 132 Central avenue.

Dr. D. M. Campbell of the staff of Harper's Hospital, Detroit, is spending Christmas with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. S. D. Campbell, Thornton avenue.

Mrs. Brown, Mr. and Mrs. Steele and Mr. Harry Hartley, 541 Grey street, are spending Christmas in Hamilton with Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Shuttler.

Mr. and Mrs. H. S. Laughton and daughter, Dorothy, are spending Christmas in Toronto, the guests of Inspector and Mrs. William Wallace, 217 Fern avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Brown and family of Tillsonburg will be Christmas visitors with Mrs. Brown's sister, Mrs. W. C. Falls and Mr. Falls, Grosvener street.

Mrs. Blair Russell of Montreal is expected in town this week and will be the guest of her sister, Mrs. Marshall Graydon and Magistrate Graydon, William street.

Dr. M. D. Campbell on the staff of Harper's Hospital, Detroit, will spend Christmas with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. S. D. Campbell, Thornton avenue.

Mr. Harold M. Forsyth of New York, who has been studying the violin in that city, is spending Christmas with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. David Forsyth of Beaconsfield avenue.

Mr. Laurence Langford has returned from Toronto and is spending Christmas with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. Langford, Waterloo street.

Mr. and Mrs. H. S. Graves and their little son, Bob of Hudson, Mich., are visiting Mrs. Graves' parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Keene, Dufferin avenue.

Miss Isabel Ivey, who is attending Simmons University, Boston, will be a Christmas visitor in town with her brother, Mr. C. H. Ivey, and Mrs. Ivey, St. James street.

Mr. and Mrs. Harold S. McPherson and daughter, Jane, of Toronto, are spending the Christmas holidays with the former's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Hugh McPherson, Wharfedale road north.

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Miss Florence Sprattin, of Toronto, is spending the Christmas holidays in the city with her aunt, Mrs. E. E. Johns of Pall Mall street.

Mr. C. J. Warren of Detroit will spend the Christmas holidays with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Wilson, Central avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Ewen and their small son of Detroit will spend Christmas in London with Mrs. George L. Pearson, 132 Central avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Watson, Trafalgar street, are leaving tonight for

## Figures Carved From Drift Wood.

Tourists in Paris are buying grotesque figures turned out from the studio of Mrs. G. DeBurgaz, a French sculptor, who has conceived the idea of gathering up pieces of wood from the seashore as her working material.

## On Catching an Old Bird. Dorothy Dix Says Old Bachelors Are Hardest Game to Snare

There Are Only Two Ways to Catch a Wary Old Bachelor: Play Up the Home Stuff with a Loud Pedal or Go Away. He Will Then Discover That Your Society Is a Habit, and Will Marry You Rather Than Break It.

A woman writes me that she is in love with an old bachelor and she wants to know how to inveigle him into the matrimonial fold.



Alas, I fear that I can offer the lady no pointers worth considering on the difficult task she has undertaken. When a woman captures an old bachelor and leads him to the altar, it is a matter of luck, and not of skill. If it be true that matches are made in heaven, it is because her guardian angel has been working overtime and not because of the adroitness with which she has laid her traps.

It is an easy thing to capture a boy. Any woman with a pretty face, a nimble foot and palaver tongue in her head can do the trick. In fact, in most cases the boy comes up and runs his head, of his own accord, into the matrimonial noose. He is overstocked with sentiment that he must unload on some one. He is in love with love, and all that any girl has to do is to inveigle him into the moonlight and let him cast the robe of his romance over her. Even his grandmother could make him believe that she was IT, and that life would be a barren waste without her.

A widower is still easier to catch. He is hell-bent on matrimony, anyway, and he will snatch up any woman who plants herself in his way, so that he can't help stumbling over her, and rush with her off to the person. A widower is like a dog without a master; like a prisoner turned out of jail, who doesn't know what to do with his liberty; like a schoolboy who finds all the pep taken out of playing hooky, because it is vacation time, and nobody notices or cares what he does.

There is something about domesticity that unfits a man who has once been housebroken for any other kind of life. A man who has been accustomed to punching the home time-clock on the dot every evening and sitting down to the sort of dinner he likes without having to order it, and tip the waiter and to having his buttons put in his shirt, and to having somebody to blame for everything that goes wrong simply can't get used to it. He is bored to death in clubs, restaurant cooking upsets his stomach, and he finds life flavorless without a sparring partner.

So any woman who will say a few kind words to the widower and pat him on the head, and feed him on angel's food, can have him for the taking.

But an old bachelor! That is something different yet again, Maurus.

To begin with, a man is generally an old bachelor because that is the station in life to which he has called himself, and which, by the grace of God, he has achieved. He is celibate by instinct, and the attractions of the feminine sex are feeble for him, compared to his passion for personal liberty.

Furthermore, he is wary. He is experienced. In vain are the snares of the Fowler laid before him, for he has seen them, and sidestepped them a thousand times. There is not a feminine art or artifice with which he is not familiar; not a feminine approach that he does not know by heart; not a tactic of a managing mama, or a bobbed-haired flapper, that he hasn't checkedmate with consummate generalship a hundred times.

He is no mooning youth, ready to see the inexpressible She in every fluttering petticoat, and diagnosing every throb of the pulse as a fatal attack of heart disease. He is no lonesome widower ready to eat out of any soft, white hand that will feed him. He is a man who loves himself, loves his own ways, his own pocketbook and latchkey, and who is ready to die defending them.

There are practically but two ways in which a woman can break through the defenses of an old bachelor. One of these is by playing up home stuff as her big Bertha. And even this is only effective on the old bachelor whose bachelorhood was, so to speak, thrust upon him.

There are some men who never marry, who would have liked to have married, but were prevented from doing so by circumstances. Sometimes a mere boy has the support of his family thrust upon him, and he has to put all thoughts of marriage from him during the sentimental years while he is taking care of his mother, and educating his younger brothers and sisters, and starting them in the world. Sometimes there is a shadowy romance, a love lost through death, or treachery, in the background of a man's life that explains why he has never married.

These are not really bona fide old bachelors. They are potential husbands, and as they get around toward sixty the primitive instincts begin to rouse in them again, and they commence thinking that old age will be dreary with nobody but a club steward, or a boarding-house keeper to look after them, and listen to their symptoms, or to remind them to put on their winter flannels.

Then it is that the woman who dangles the idea of a home before them, and who knows how to make them comfy when they call, and who manifests a sympathetic attitude toward their little peculiarities, can bring them to the proposing point if she plays her cards well, and secures for herself the privilege of nursing their gout for the balance of her life.

But the case-hardened old bachelor, who is born a bachelor, is a harder proposition. The weak spot in his Achilles' heel is that he becomes the slave of habit. He eats the same thing every day; he walks the same number of blocks; he arrives and departs from his office on the stroke of the clock. He keeps his brushes at exactly the same angle on his chiffonier. He visits the same friends.

This type of man will go to see a woman for years and years without ever popping the question, without ever realizing that he enjoys her society, or is fond of her, and her only chance is to wake him up by going away. Then he finds out that she has become a habit, and he will marry her rather than break it.

But old bachelors are wary old birds, and hard to catch, at that!

DOROTHY DIX.  
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## GREECE MAY DECIDE ON COALITION REGIME

Associated Press Despatch. Athens, Dec. 24.—In the event that Premier Venizelos returns a negative reply to the invitation of the council of ministers that he return to Greece, the Republicans suggest that a coalition government be formed to be composed of the four leading parties—the Republicans, Liberals, the Republican-Liberals, and the refugee group headed by Dr. Doxiades, Labor leader. The feeling at present is that the Republicans are sure to be quickly discredited, and that the people will be obliged to call the Liberals to power. The week-end was devoted to conferences at which the political party chieftains endeavored to determine their future line of action.

For the first time in four weeks, Sunday passed without noisy meetings.

## The People's Choice For Over 70 Years

For digestive disorders has been Beecham's Pills. You can have confidence in this remedy