

WOMEN and THE HOME

How to Help
Your Husband

Dorothy Dix

Gives
Valuable Tips
to Young
Brides

The Wife Who Always Looks Her Best, Who Cultivates Worth-while People, and, Above All, the Wife Who Believes Firmly in Her Husband's Success, Is Truly a Helpmeet.

A young bride asks me to tell her how to help her husband. The old idea used to be that the way for a woman to help her husband was by being thrifty and industrious, by doing her own housework, and peeling the potatoes a little thinner, and dusting off the mouse that fell in the flour bin, and making over her old hats and frocks, and generally sweating every penny.

To a certain extent, this theory is good; but it can be easily overdone, and the woman who makes of herself nothing but a domestic drudge, and who goes about looking like something that has been fished out of the ragbag is not a help to her husband. She is a hindrance. The world judges us largely by appearances. If we wish to be successful we have got to look successful. And, in this country at least, a man's wife is the show window where he exhibits the measure of his achievements.

Once upon a time I knew a brilliant physician who was married to one of these scrumptious-looking women, a woman who kept her stockings, and cheap shoes, and dowdy gowns, and hats that she trimmed herself. Her husband used to implore her, almost with tears, to buy some good clothes. "You injure my practice by the way you dress," he said, "for people are bound to think one of two things—either that I am so poor a doctor that I have no patients, or else that I am so mean and stingy that I will not give my wife decent clothes."

There is a lot to that view of the subject. While the wife who wishes to help her husband should keep well within her means in her expenditures, it is equally important for her to make as good an appearance as she can. It pays a man for his wife to look prosperous.

It is the popular doctor and dentist that patients flock to, not the ones that nobody else goes to. It is the big shop on the avenue we like to patronize, not the little one on a back street. Nothing succeeds like success is an old saying, and a true one.

Without doubt, a domestic wife is a blessing sent direct from heaven to a man, unless she is too domestic. Then she becomes a curse, especially to a professional man.

Sometimes you will hear a woman say that she never goes anywhere; that she has given up society completely, and that she just stays at home and devotes her entire time to taking care of her husband and children. She accounts this unto herself for righteousness. But instead of being a help to her husband, she is being a handicap. She forgets that the biggest deals are put across over luncheon tables; that we meet at dinners the people who can push our fortunes, and that we are advertised by our loving friends. Say what you like, kissing goes for favor, and nine times out of ten we pick out our lawyers, and our doctors, and our dentists, or go to such-and-such a shop, not because they are superior to others, but because of our personal likings for those we patronize.

The woman who cultivates a circle of worth-while people, who belongs to clubs, who makes herself interesting and agreeable to all with whom she is thrown in contact, and who goes along with everybody is a help to her husband, just as the unsocial woman, the tactless blunderer, the quarrelsome, high-tempered woman, the woman who always makes enemies, is the ruin of the man to whom she is married.

A woman can "make" her husband by believing in him and by making him always feel that she expects great things of him. Before every victory comes a long, hard, discouraging fight, when the heart of even the strongest man faints within him and his courage ebbs, and he is tempted to surrender. Then is the time when a good wife shows her mettle. Then it is that he goes on to success or fails, according to whether his wife bolsters him up with her faith or discourages him with her forebodings of disaster.

There are women who put ambition into men by just their certainty that their husbands are going to achieve great things. They think their husbands are so wise, so gifted, so wonderful, that the men are driven into making every effort of which they are capable to justify their wives' notion.

And there are other women who are wet blankets that chill every enthusiasm, that take every bit of pep out of a man and kill even his belief in himself. They knock everything their husbands do. They oppose everything their husbands attempt. They croak failure until they actually bring it upon him. Many a man fails who had it in him to succeed because his wife is a hoodoo.

Perhaps the best way a woman can help her husband is by making him happy and contented. Not many will think of domestic happiness as a factor in a man's success, but it is, and there is a good reason for it. The man whose mind is at peace and rest has nothing to distract his thoughts from his business, and he can give all his intelligence to that. More than that, the man who has got a wife he loves and a happy home will fight to the last gasp for it.

A woman can help her husband in a thousand ways by looking after his health, by seeing that he is not worried by little things, by sympathy and tenderness, and most of all by loving him and believing in him.

It is a great game and great fun, with great rewards. Try it, ladies. DOROTHY DIX.

CLUB NEWS

RYERSON MOTHERS' CLUB.

Miss Sager of St. Thomas and Miss Lethbridge of the Ryerson school staff, exchange teachers from England, will be the speakers at Thursday night's meeting of the Ryerson mothers' club. The subject will be "English Mothers' Clubs."

TEACHERS' GUILD.

Canadian book week will be marked by the London women teachers' guild when they will entertain at tea at the Alexandra school on Dec. 1.

PARENTS' ASSOCIATION.

The meeting of the parents' association of the South London Collegiate has been called for Friday evening of this week, when Professor G. Dorian of the university of Western Ontario will be the speaker.

EMPRESS AVENUE MOTHERS.

Final arrangements for a bazaar to be held on Nov. 29 were made at last night's meeting of the Empress avenue mothers' club held at the school.

Following conveners were appointed: groceries, Mrs. Bryant, Jun., Mrs. Newman, apocryphs, Mrs. Moir, Mrs. Wright, and Mrs. Geary; home cooking, Mrs. Gray and Mrs. Scott; candy, Mrs. Davis, Mrs. Hutchingson, and Mrs. Gregg; tea room, Mrs. Bernard and Mrs. Lamont.

A very fine program was given. Miss Clara Cotton contributed an instrumental, Miss Mallock, a reading, and Miss Wildgust, a vocal solo. A very fine talk on "Good Citizenship,"

given by Mrs. A. T. Edwards was an important feature of the evening, at the close of which refreshments were served.

WORTLEY ROAD MOTHERS.

Mrs. W. L. Armitage gave a very interesting talk on "Teen age girls at the Wortley road mothers' club meeting held last night at the school. The club is planning a money shower to be held at the home of Mrs. G. McWain, 114 Wharfedale road south tonight. A very fine program included a violin solo by Miss Dorothy Roy, violin duet by Miss N. Yeo and Miss Dorothy Roy, with Miss M. James acting as accompanist; piano selection by Miss M. James, and readings by Miss Loretta Holland.

HALE STREET M. C.

Miss Bertha Smith, supervisor of the child welfare nursing staff, was the speaker at last night's meeting of the Hale street mothers' club. The infant death rate in the city, she said, had been cut in half in the last six years by the clinics held in the schools. The association is now trying to form classes in mothercraft for young girls in the school district. Mrs. Stapleton accompanied Miss Smith to the meeting, and also spoke a few words on behalf of the work.

The bib shower for the day nursery resulted in a fine array of these very necessary articles. They were brought to the meeting, and will be forwarded to the day nursery. Following the meeting a social hour was spent over the tea cups. Mrs. McNiven, the president, occupied the chair.

THE SEA HAWK

By RAFAEL SABATINI

CHAPTER XXX (continued)

She looked out to sea again, and beheld those friendly lights falling farther and farther astern. "We are drawing steadily away," she groaned. "They will never overtake us now."

So feared Sakr-el-Bahr. He more than feared it. He knew that save for some miraculous rising of the wind it must be as she said. And then out of his despair leaped inspiration—a desperate inspiration, true child of that despair of which it was begotten.

"There is a chance," he said to her. "But it is as a throw of the dice with life and death for stakes." "Then seize it," she bade him instantly. "For though it should go against us we shall not be losers."

"You are prepared for anything?" he asked her. "Have I not said that I will go down with you this night? Ah, don't waste time in words!"

"Be it so, then," he replied gravely, and moved away a step, then checked. "You had best come with me," he said.

Obediently she complied and followed him, and some were there who stared at these two who attempted to hinder her movements. Enough and to spare was there already to engage the thoughts of all aboard that vessel.

He thrust a way for her, past the boatswain's mates who stood over the slaves ferociously plying tongues and whips, and so brought her to the waist. Here he took up the lantern which had been muffled, and as its light once more streamed forth, Asad shouted an order for its extinction. But Sakr-el-Bahr took not the least heed of that command. He stepped to the mainmast, about which the powder kegs had been stacked. One of these had been braced against its being needed by the runners on the poop. The unfastened lid rested loosely atop of it. That lid Sakr-el-Bahr moved over; then he pulled one of the horn sides out of the lantern, and held the now half-naked flame immediately above the powder.

A cry of alarm went up from some who had watched him. But above that cry rang his sharp command: "Cease rowing!"

The tomtom fell instantly silent, but the slaves took yet another stroke. "Cease rowing!" he commanded again.

"Asad!" he called. "Bid them pause or I'll blow you all straight into the arms of Shaltan!" And he lowered the lantern until it rested on the very rim of the powder keg.

At once the rowing ceased. Slaves, coxswains, officers, and Asad himself stood paralyzed, all at gaze upon that grim figure illuminated by the lantern, threatening them with doom. It may have crossed the minds of some to throw themselves forthwith upon him; but to arrest them was the dread lest any movement toward him should precipitate the explosion that must blow them all into the next world.

At last Asad addressed him, his voice half-choked with rage. "May Allah strike thee dead! Art thou djinn-possessed?"

Marzak, standing at his father's side, set a quarrel to the bow which he had snatched up. "Why do you all stand and stare?" he cried. "Cut him down one of you!"

And even as he spoke he raised his bow. But his father checked him, perceiving what must be the inevitable result.

"If any man takes a step toward me, the lantern goes straight into the gunpowder," said Sakr-el-Bahr serenely. "And if you shoot me as you intend, Marzak, or if any other shoots, the same will happen of itself. Be warned unless you thirst for the Paradise of the Prophet!"

"Sakr-el-Bahr!" cried Asad, and from his erstwhile anger his voice had now changed to a note of intercession.

He stretched out his arms appealingly to the captain whose doom he had already pronounced in his heart and mind. "Sakr-el-Bahr, I conjure thee by the bread and salt we have eaten together, return to thy senses, my son. 'I am in my sense,' was the answer, 'and being so I have no mind for the reserved my in Algiers—by the memory of that same bread and salt, I have no mind to go back with thee to be hanged or sent to toil at an oar again.'"

"And if I swear to thee that naught of this shall come to pass?"

"Thou'lt be sworn," I would not trust thee now, Asad. For thou art proven a fool, and in all my life I never found good in a fool and never trusted one—save once, and he betrayed me. Yesterday I pleaded with thee, showing thee the wise course, and affording thee thine opportunity. At a slight sacrifice thou mightest have had me and named me at thy leisure. 'Twas my own life I offered thee, and for all that thou knewest it, yet thou knewest not that I knew." He laughed.

"See now what manner of fool art thou? Thy greed hath wrought thy ruin. Thy hands were opened to grasp more than they could hold. See now the consequence. It comes yonder in that slowly but surely approaching gale!"

Every word of it sank into the brain of Asad, thus tardily to enlighten him. He wrung his hands in his blended fury and despair. The crew stood in appalled silence, dreading to make no movement that might precipitate the end of the world. "Name thine own price," cried the Basha at length. "And I swear to thee by the beard of the Prophet it shall be paid thee."

"I named it yesterday, but it was refused. I offered thee my liberty and my life if that were needed to gain the liberty of another."

Had he looked behind him he might have seen the sudden lighting of Rosamund's eyes, the sudden clutch at her bosom, which would have announced to him that his utterances were none so cryptic but that she had understood them.

"I will make thee rich and honored," Sakr-el-Bahr, Asad continued urgently. "Thou shalt be as mine own son. The Bashaik itself shall be thine when I lay it down, and all men shall do thee honor in the meanwhile as to myself."

"I am not to be bought, O mighty Asad. I never was. Already wert thou set upon my death, him of cast command it now, but only upon the condition that thou share the cup with me. What is suggestion is written. We have sunk some tall ships together in our day. Asad! We'll sink together in our turn tonight if that be thy desire."

"May thou burn forevermore in hell, thou blackhearted traitor!" Asad cursed him, his anger bursting all the bonds he had imposed upon it.

And then, of a sudden, upon that admission of defeat from their Basha there arose a great clamor from the crew. Sakr-el-Bahr's sea-hawks called upon him, reminding him of his fidelity and love, and asking could he repay it now by dooming them all thus to destruction.

"Have faith in me," he answered them. "I have never led you into aught but victory. Be very sure that I shall not lead you now into defeat—on this the last occasion that we stand together."

"But the galeon is upon us!" cried Viglietti.

And so, indeed, it was; creeping up slowly, under that faint breeze, her tall bulk loomed now above them, her prow plowing slowly forward at an acute angle to the prow of the galeon. Another moment and she was alongside and with a swing and clank of metal and a yell of victory from the English seamen lining her bulwarks her grappling irons swung down to seize the corsair ship at prow and stern and waist.

Scarcely had they fastened, than a torrent of men in breastplates and morions poured over the side, and alight upon the prow of the galeon, and not even the fear of the lantern held above the powder barrel could now restrain the corsairs from giving these hard-boiled reception the reserves for all infidels. In an instant the fighting platform on the prow was a raging, flaming hell of battle, luridly illuminated by the ruddy glow from lights aboard the Silver Heron. Foremost among those who had leaped down had been Lionel and Sir John Killigrew. Foremost among those to receive them had been Jasper Leigh, who had passed his sword through Lionel's body even as Lionel's feet came to rest upon the deck, and before the battle was joined.

A dozen others went down on either side, before Sakr-el-Bahr's ringing voice could quell the fighting, before his command to them to hear him was obeyed.

"Hold!" he had bellowed to his sea-hawks, using the lingua franca. "Back, and leave this to me. I will rid you of these foes."

Then in English he had summoned his countrymen also to assist. "Sir John Killigrew!" he called in a loud voice. "Hold your hand until you have heard me! Call your men back and let none others come aboard! Hold until you have heard me, I say, then wreak your will!"

Sir John, perceiving him by the mainmast with Rosamund at his side, and leaping at the almost inevitable conclusion that he meant to threaten her life, perhaps to destroy her if they continued their advance, flung himself before his men, to check them.

(To Be Continued.)

Published by arrangement with First National Pictures, Inc. Copyrighted by Houghton Mifflin Company

ELECT MISS GRACE VERSEY MISSIONS SUPERINTENDENT

Miss Grace Versey of this city was appointed provincial superintendent for missions at the Christian Endeavour convention, recently in Toronto. Another Londoner on the council is the Rev. J. H. Versey, Miss Ruth Coulter of St. Thomas has been appointed representative from this district on the provincial board. Alfred Garwood of this city, as district president, is a vice-president of the provincial body.

REDUCE YOUR FAT WITHOUT DIETING

Years ago the formula for fat reduction was "diet," "exercise." Today it is "Take Marmola Prescription Tablets." Friends tell friends—these tablets tell others. They eat substantial food, live as they like and still reduce steadily and easily without going through long sieges of tiresome exercise and starvation diet. Marmola Prescription Tablets are sold by all druggists the world over at one dollar for a box, or if you prefer you can order direct from the Marmola Co., General Motors Bldg., Detroit, Mich.—Advt.

Facts About Optometry

NO. FIVE. How may a person learn beyond question if he has an error of vision or not?

The Optometrist could in a few minutes give him the facts regarding his eyes.

Would this information be valuable? Yes. If he has an error of vision its correction would improve the patient's mental and physical vigor.

What is the greatest handicap Optometrists have to overcome? The lack of knowledge on the part of the public as to the value of Optometry.

To be continued next Saturday.

London Optical Co.
Richmond Street
Dominion Savings Building
A. M. DAMIRA, Optometrist

W.C.T.U. PLANS WARD BRANCHES

Reorganization of Local Union To Give It Wider Scope, Is Under Way.

The W. C. T. U. of this city is taking a radical step in the proposed plan to organize a branch union in every ward of the city, at the same time retaining the central union as it exists today. The matter was brought before the regular meeting of the union yesterday afternoon by Mrs. H. W. Paddell. Approval was expressed by Mrs. J. W. Jones and Mrs. Gordon Wright, while the suggestion was endorsed by the members.

The following members were appointed to deal with the situation: Mrs. R. E. Gregory, ward one; Mrs. H. W. Paddell, ward two; Mrs. John Jones, ward three; Mrs. J. J. Goodman, ward four; Mrs. A. J. Chapman, the central group. Mrs. A. J. Chapman presided over yesterday's meeting.

It was announced that the county executive would meet in the W. C. T. U. rooms at 2 o'clock today.

Rev. Bruce Hunter was the speaker of the afternoon. His talk dealt chiefly with Armistice Day. He pointed out how during the last one hundred days of the war, the feeling throughout the allied armies was very serious, and when at last the armistice was signed, the boys just lifted their hats and said "Thank God." "There was no great outburst of cheering over there," he said.

The speaker urged the women to remember that there were men still suffering as a result of the war. They should never be forgotten.

Mr. Hunter also referred to the recent O. T. A. victory. He spoke warmly of the promises made by Premier Ferguson both before and after the vote—that the O. T. A. would be more strongly enforced should that be the will of the people.

Following Mr. Hunter's address, a resolution of thanks from the union to Mr. Ferguson for his attitude was suggested, and is now being drawn up. It was pointed out that the ultimate goal of the temperance workers should be total prohibition for the whole of Canada, with Dominion-wide legislation.

Mrs. W. Dods was appointed fee superintendent at the meeting, her seeing being to take charge of fees for regular members. Mrs. James Fitzgerald is fee superintendent for honorary members. Superintendents from the different churches are yet to be chosen. Mrs. H. Templin was introduced as a new member.

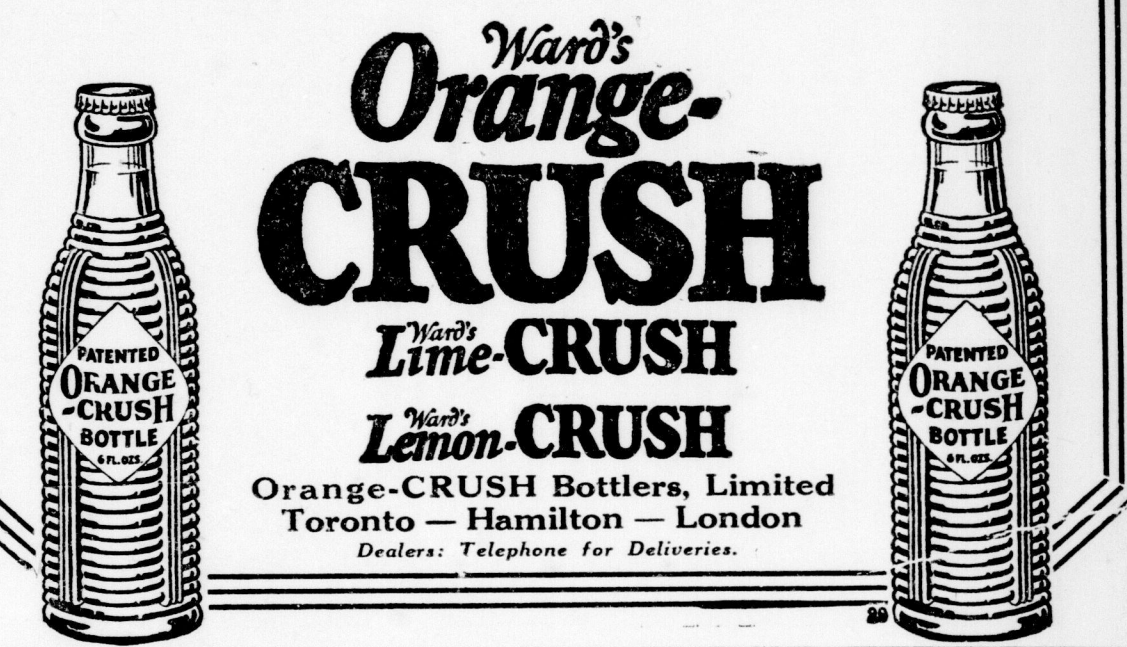
The program included a Bible reading by Miss Cannell, and a vocal solo, "Let Us Forget," by Mrs. W. Pearson. Mrs. S. R. White gave a very interesting report of the work among the soldiers.

Order By the Case From Your Nearest Dealer

Your nearest dealer will deliver a case of 24 bottles of your favorite CRUSH—Orange, Lime or Lemon—right to your door. Telephone him. Then you'll have it on hand just when you want it—for your guests, for your family, for any occasion whatever.

Be sure you get it in the *Krinkly bottle* with the name Orange Crush blown right into the glass. No other contains the genuine Orange-CRUSH goodness you know and expect to get. Orange-CRUSH is sold wherever drinks are sold. You can get it right near your home at confectionery stores, drug stores, fruit stores and grocery stores. Get a case to-day. Served at meal time it will prove a real treat to the whole family.

Genuine only in the *Krinkly Bottle* with the name Orange-CRUSH blown right into the glass.



PLEASE ACCEPT a packet FREE to try. Simply use the coupon

New Lingerie Free

If these soap flakes run or injure yours

That's what the guarantee back of Princess Flakes—made by the makers of Palmolive Soap—means to you. Why, then, take chances? Why risk spoiling precious frocks or lingerie? Be safe in this way!

Dear Madam:

You may have heard that this, that, or another flake "will not run colors or injure finest fabrics."

Some do, some do not. But Princess Flakes are guaranteed not to by The Palmolive Company. You take no chances when you use them.

They are guaranteed absolutely, when used according to directions, not to run color or injure fabric which clear water alone will not injure.

If they do, we will replace the garment.

Does the work for which you now buy three different kinds

We offer you a packet free to try. You will want to know the scores of advantages this all-purpose flake offers.

We made Princess Flakes to meet the requirements of all women. A flake that does all jobs as well or better than the single-purpose flakes.

OUR GUARANTEE

We Guarantee to replace any washable garment, which by reason of its having been washed with Princess Soap Flakes has been damaged in texture or its color made to run, provided such garment has been washed in accordance with our instructions.



OUR CHALLENGE

We challenge anyone to produce a soap flake, soap chip, soap powder or any sort of laundry soap product, which is better than

Princess Soap Flakes

—for any laundry, general household or scrubbing purpose.

—for laundering washable dainty garments, lingerie, laces, curtains, etc., made of cotton, linen, silk or wool.

—for the family wash or for use in the washing machine.

—for washing dishes, cleaning woodwork, washing windows, and general kitchen scrubbing.

We challenge anyone to produce a soap preparation (other than a toilet soap) which will leave your hands in as perfect condition as PRINCESS Soap Flakes.

THE PALMOLIVE COMPANY OF CANADA, LIMITED
Toronto, Ontario

TEST PACKET FREE

2627 Clip, fill in and mail to Dept. C63
THE PALMOLIVE CO.
OF CANADA, Ltd., Toronto, Ontario,
for generous test packet of Palmolive Princess Soap Flakes—FREE.

Name.....
Address.....
City..... Province.....

RED ROSE
For
COFFEE particular people—
Roasted and packed same
day in airtight cans