

Great Antiquity of Glass.

Specimens of glass have been found in the Egyptian tombs that are more than 4,000 years old, and glass bottles are represented on tombs at least 1,500 years earlier.

LIKENS THE TEACHER
TO A MASTER MASON

T. A. Willis Addresses Wortley Road Mothers' Club.

"The Public School as a Nation Builder" was the subject of an interesting address given by T. A. Willis at the meeting of the Wortley Road Mothers' Club held last evening at the school. Mr. Willis compared the teacher to a master mason, with the privilege of molding and shaping the wonderful structure of a child's life. One by one he mentioned each subject taught, showing how the child may apply it to his everyday needs. "The child's mind brightens, his wits become sharpened, and his character develops gradually, like a flower, until later it bursts into full bloom of womanhood or manhood, ready for the fray, realizing his duty to himself, to his country and to his God," stated the speaker. At the close of his address, Mr. Willis urged the mothers to poll their votes on election day.

Several enjoyable selections were given by the North Choir quartet, and comic readings by Miss Melissa Bence were greatly enjoyed.

Mrs. Robert Wray and Mrs. C. Quick will be hostesses of a grocery

show for the club bazaar, the

show to be given at the home of

Mrs. Wray, 169 Briscoe street, Nov.

22nd.

WORKERS' EDUCATION.

Steps will be taken in the near future

to form two classes of the

Workers' Educational Association in

St. Thomas, according to Secretary

Crouch, who stated yesterday that

this was the next thing in view. Re-

quests had been received for the

establishment of the classes, but the

difficulty lay in securing teachers.

OVER-ORGANIZATION
STUNTING HOME LIFE

A. R. Kennedy Addresses the Lord Roberts Club On "Home Standards."

"The standards of a home must be more or less governed by the age and generation in which people live," declared A. R. Kennedy, addressing a crowded meeting of the Lord Roberts Mothers' Club held at the school last night. "Not many years back, home conditions were primitive, and the children lived in an atmosphere where they could grow naturally and develop quite apart from the rush and stress of the age. Homes need to be stronger and better today than they have ever been. But through over-organization the time and attention of both parents and children are being taken away from the home and centered elsewhere."

"We are suffering today from an over-organization that hurts and stunts home life, and there are dozens of these organizations that are simply going through certain motions with no definite accomplishment or idea of accomplishment."

An interesting feature of the meeting was a grocery shower for the Day Nursery which resulted in a splendid array of goods brought by the members. Dr. Frank Bryant occupied the chair. The program included excellent vocal numbers by Mrs. Arthur Brown and very fine readings by Miss Louise Steele of Boise, Idaho.

ISABEL HAMPTON CHAPTER.

The Isabel Hampton Chapter mem-

bers met at the home of Mrs. George

McNeill, Queen's avenue, yesterday,

when plans were made for the chap-

ter's booth in the Streets of Won-

derland bazaar. The sum of \$10 was

voted to the Child Welfare milk fund.

WOMEN and THE HOME

Jealousy
Is Woman's
Betting
Sin

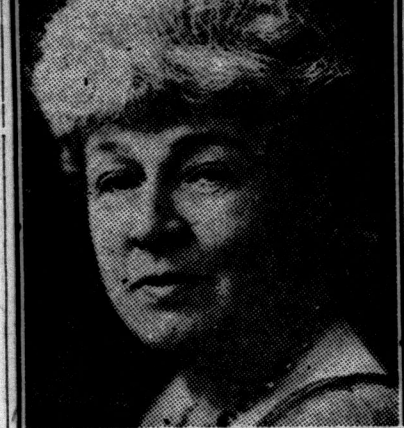
Dorothy Dix

Shows
Races of
"Green-Eyed
Monster"

The Jealousy of One Woman for Another Is at the Bottom of the In-Law Trouble—It Dissolves Old Friendships and Is First Aid to Divorce.

A woman said the other day:

"My husband is one of the best men in the world. He is the soul of truth, and honor, and loyalty. It is simply not in him to betray a trust, and it is unthinkable that he would be unfaithful to me in thought or deed. Besides him he gives me daily and hourly proof of his devotion."



"So much I know in my same moments. But in spite of this knowledge, I am tortured with jealousy. I get green-eyed when I think of his spending his days in an office with his stenographer, although she is the homeliest middle-aged woman you ever saw, with no more idea of being a vamp than she has of being a canary bird. I could cheerfully put poison in the food of every good-looking dinner partner he has, and when I see him laughing at the antics of flappers, young enough to be his daughters, and buying them soda water or candy, it takes all of the centuries of civilization behind me to keep me from clanking out their eyes, and pulling out their bobbed hair."

"I suffer a thousand deaths, and all for nothing. Worse still, I make my husband's life miserable by my ungrounded suspicions that are really insults to him, and yet I do not know how to cure myself."

"I know," said another woman, "jealousy is woman's besetting sin. We are all jealous of the man we love. It's the crux of the whole in-law situation. The mother is obsessed with jealousy of the woman who takes her son from her. The wife is mad with jealousy of the woman who bore her husband and knew him before she did, and so they fight over him, like dogs over a bone."

"Every woman wants to be the only woman in the life of the man she loves," said a third woman, "and she is jealous of every other woman who has ever known, and she is perfectly certain in her own mind that they all tried to marry him, and that they were no better than they should have been."

"I've seen some tragedies along that line. I have known women who were fairly godmothers to young chaps, middle-aged women who mothered them; who steered them safely past temptations; who made them free to come to their homes; who introduced them into desirable social circles, and who helped them get good jobs, and pushed their fortunes in a thousand ways. These women had perfectly good husbands of their own. They hadn't a flirtatious instinct in their system, and they had no more designs on these boys than they had on the pennies in a blind man's cup."

"Of course, the lads, being a decent sort, were grateful to the women who had done so much for them, and admired them, and loved them. And when they got married, they looked forward to their wives also loving their benefactresses, but it never happened. I have never known of a single case in which the wife was not insanely jealous of the older woman, and who did not regard her as a sort of female ogre who was about to eat up her little lamb."

"Before a man is married there are many houses in which he is so familiar a footing that he is almost like a member of the family, but his wife never lets him carry over intimacies into his new life. The first thing she does is to freeze out all of his old women friends on the suspicion that there was some deep and dark intrigue between them. That is why a groom's friends at a wedding look as if they were attending a funeral. They know they are seeing the last of their late beloved."

"And it is the same way with a man's old schoolmates, and the girls from his home town. They may have been like brothers and sisters with no more of sentiment between them than if he asks one out to lunch or dinner by himself his wife simply throws fits of jealousy, and can't bring herself to believe that they just wanted to talk over old times together, and were not keeping a disgraceful rendezvous."

"Jealousy," said a fourth woman, "is first aid to divorce. There is a lot in the power of suggestion, and many a woman's suspicions of her husband put the idea of being a Don Juan into his head for the first time."

"Men are far more literal-minded than women are, and the fact that he is married, and got a wife and children, closes the romantic episode of his life to the average man. He no longer thinks of himself as a lover, or considers whether he is attractive to women or not. His concern is to make money and get along in business."

"Then comes along friend wife with her jealousy of every woman who crosses his path, and the man begins to perk up and take notice, and think that he must be a sheik, indeed, if even his wife believes that every woman who sees him falls for him."

"So Darby begins to act like Romeo and makes eyes at the girls, and the first thing his wife knows she has got real cause for the suspicions that at first were groundless. But she started it. Left to himself, Darby never would have found out he was a fascinator."

"Also the man has the very natural, human feeling that one had as well be hung for a sheep as a lamb, and if his wife is going to nag him, anyway, about every woman he is decent to, he had as well get some fun out of it."

"Jealousy," said a woman reflectively, "is the ultimate expression of humility. It confesses that you consider yourself lacking in every attribute that can inspire love and admiration in a man, and that you are inferior to the meagreness of your sex. I always wonder how a woman gets that way."

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Little Danny Meadow Mouse Learns
To Enjoy Flying

By THORNTON W. BURGESS.

Danny Meadow Mouse was leading a strange life. It certainly was a strange life. Day after day he was carried up high in the blue, blue sky in a great man-bird, as he and all the other little people called an aeroplane. Danny had learned to enjoy flying. True he was a prisoner, but he didn't mind this very much. He sometimes did wish that his cage was big enough for him to run in. But he never suffered for lack of food, and he was always safe. He had grown to be quite fond of the man who flew that man-bird.

Of course, Danny often thought of Nanny Meadow Mouse, and he wondered what she was doing and if she was still living in her home in the old scarecrow. "She thinks I'm dead," thought Danny. "She thinks I have been caught by Reddy Fox, or Blacky Pussy, or Old Man Coyote, or someone else who is always looking for Meadow Mice. I don't suppose I'll ever see her again." Danny grew very sad.

Then there came a day when they flew longer than usual. Danny could see jolly, round, red Mr. Sun getting very close to the Purple Hills, and he began to wonder if they were going to fly by night as well as by day.



Straight over to the corn field he ran.

But at last they began to go down, down, down. It didn't seem as if they were going down, down, down. It seemed as if the earth was coming up to meet them. Nearer and nearer drew the earth. Danny saw a corn field. His heart gave a great bound, for near the edge of that corn field was an old scarecrow. The noise of the engine stopped. Very gently

SUPERINTENDENTS ARE
NAMED BY W. C. T. U.

Discuss Right Name Law at Yesterday's Meeting of London Union.

The chief business of yesterday afternoon's meeting of the local W. C. T. U. was the endorsement of the new superintendents, suggested by the executive. They are: Little White Ribboners, Mrs. A. L. Hueston and Mrs. E. W. Gairns; systematic giving, Mrs. Barrett; scientific temperance instruction, Mrs. T. E. Clark; superintendent of law enforcement, Mrs. John Jones; superintendent of Indian department, Mrs. M. C. Lawson and Mrs. A. S. Lashbrook; finance department, Mrs. J. Goodman and the union treasurers; appropriation committee, to be named by the sub-executive; Mothers' meetings conveners, Mrs. J. Hutcheon and Mrs. P. Hoffman; parent of Indian department, Mrs. M. C. Lawson and Mrs. A. S. Lashbrook; Sunday schools, Mrs. V. K. Greer; and railroad literature, Miss Barber.

Two new members were received yesterday, Mrs. A. Morley and Mrs. D. N. McCamus, those assisting in the reception being, Mrs. S. Salton, Mrs. J. Chapman and Mrs. L. Fretz.

Among matters discussed was the

Right Name Law. The members

the great ban-bird landed, ran a little

way, and then was still.

Danny's friend climbed out of the

man-bird. Then he reached in and

took Danny's cage out. He set it down

on the grass. "Well, little chap," said

he, "we're back again. We are back

right where I suspect you started

from. I told you when I caught you

that if I had a chance I would bring

you back, and here you are. I hate to

let you go because I've grown very

fond of you, but I guess you will be

happier at home."

With this he opened a little door

in the cage and left it open. Then he

stepped back and watched. Danny

didn't know what to make of it. He

little path. He was back on the

Green Meadows where he had been

born.

How Danny did race along that

little path! He ran over to the corn

field he ran, and then straight on to

the old scarecrow. He was home!

Yes, sir, he was home! It was too

good to be true, it was true. It

seemed as if his little heart would

burst with joy. How he did hope

that Nanny Meadow Mouse was in

their home in the heart of that old

scarecrow. Then as he climbed up,

for the first time he began to wonder

if anything might have happened to

Nanny while he had been gone. He

hadn't once thought that such a

thing could be. Now it came over

him all of a sudden, and he

scrambled up faster than ever.

(Copyright, 1923, by T. W. Burgess.)

The next story, "Danny Becomes

a Sort of Hero," The Call Publishing

Company.)

Mothers Should Not

Neglect Bronchitis

In the Babies.

Mrs. E. Langdon, Kingston, Ont.,

writes: "My baby boy had bron-

chitis when he was two weeks old.

He recovered from the attack, but

took it again, several months later,

and on account of the severity I was

almost panic-stricken to know what

to do for him. My mother advised

me to try Dr. Wood's Norway Pine

Syrup, as she had used it for sev-

eral years with splendid results.

"I got a bottle, and after I had

used it I could see a decided im-

provement in him. After several

bottles he was completely relieved.

"My boy is now two and a half

years old, and he has had no attack of

bronchitis since.

"As a mother raising a family, I

am very grateful to know that I have

found a real remedy for bad colds

and bronchitis, as it lifts care and

anxiety from an anxious mother's

shoulders."

Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup

is \$1.25 a bottle, the large family size

50c. Put up only by The T. Milburn

Company, Toronto, Ont., Adv.

DOROTHY DIX.

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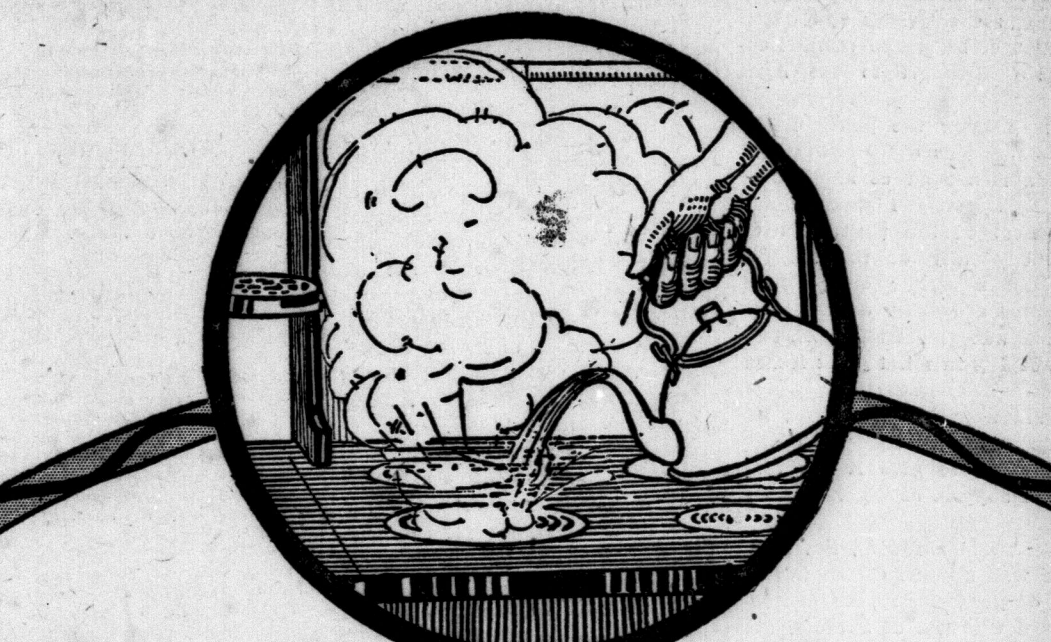
Toasts 1,200 Slices of Bread.

Many large hotels are equipped with huge toasting ovens that are capable of turning out twelve hundred crisply browned slices of bread an hour.

Children Cry for
Fletcher's
CASTORIA

MOTHER:—Fletcher's Castoria is a pleasant, harmless Substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Teething Drops and Soothing Syrups, prepared for Infants in arms and Children all ages.

To avoid imitations, always look for the signature of Dr. H. H. Fletcher. Proven directions on each package. Physicians everywhere recommend it.

No harm done
It's a Moffat Open Type Element

Boiled-over food or spilt water can do no harm to the open-type elements on a Moffat Electric Range. Any Moffat dealer will demonstrate this to you. He will, first, heat the element to a red heat and then pour water directly on the glowing element. A cloud of steam! Then, in a moment or two, the coils will be glowing red hot again, none the worse!

You will be impressed by the great speed with which Moffats patented open-type element comes to full heat. You will readily understand why our open-type element is recognized as the fastest-heating element known.

Read These Letters

Oshawa, April 2nd, 1922.
Oshawa, Ont.

Dear Sir:

The Electric Range installed by you in our kitchen

last June is perfectly satisfactory in every respect,

and we consider it absolutely indispensable. It is with-

out doubt the best piece of equipment in our kitchen.

Yours truly,

(Name on request)

Hamilton, Ont., April 15th, 1922.

Dear Sir:

Regarding your Moffat Heavy Duty Range in-

stalled by us over a year ago . . . we are now wonder-

ing how we ever succeeded doing without this range.

Not only is this range cleaner, but there is a

vast difference in the taste of everything cooked in

this manner.

At first, it looked as though the cost of installa-

tion was high, but now we realize that it is well

worth forgetting the first cost which has been made

up in many other ways since installed.

At any rate, we cannot speak too well for the

service we have had with your equipment.

Yours truly,

(Name on request)

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Regarding your Moffat Heavy Duty Range in-

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