

## The Fiddlar Crab's Love Signal.

The "Fiddlar Crab" is a regular Lothario. He attracts the ladies by waving to them with one or the other of his forelegs. And he does this so vigorously that his limb develops eight times its size.

## DR. HILL ADDRESSES CLUB ON "WHY EAT?"

Victoria Mothers' Club Makes Farewell Presentation to Mrs. Robert Lyons.

Dr. Hill of the Institute of Public Health was the speaker at last night's meeting of the Victoria Mothers' Club, his subject being, "Why Eat?" Dr. Hill's talk was a very practical talk for mothers, the speaker explaining the interesting subject of proper nourishment from infant to adult. His talk was followed by a lively discussion, in which the members of the club kept the speaker busily engaged answering questions. An interesting moment of the evening's proceedings came when Mrs. Robert Lyons, who is leaving for Jackson, Mich., about the first of March, was presented with a handsome pair of brass candlesticks, the farewell gift of the club. Mrs. H. B. White, the president of the club, made the presentation, referring to the excellent service given to the club by Mrs. Lyons, and expressing regret at her departure. The program also included interesting songs by Master Harold Jackson.

## WEDDINGS

## ROSE—NOBLE.

On Monday, Feb. 18, at 2 p.m., a quiet wedding took place at the home of the bride, 123 St. Julien street, city, when Mrs. Mary E. Noble became the bride of Mr. Philip Rose. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Alfred Burgess of the Egerton Street Baptist Church. The bride, who wore a cocoa-brown tulle gown and corsage bouquet of orchids, Ophelia roses and lilies of the valley, was attended by Miss Alice Gaylor, who wore a navy flat crepe with corsage bouquet of Columbia roses and lilies. The groom was attended by Mr. D. Campbell.



Dear Marie,  
Horror! I'm  
most too scared  
to tell — but I  
guess I'll have  
to 'fess up sooner  
or later. And I  
was getting on so  
beautifully. So  
that last jump  
was really pro-  
fessional, but—  
crackle, crackle—  
and your perfectly  
good shoes were  
broken! I nearly  
broke my ankle  
too. Oh Marie, it  
was agony. Now  
ever, Jack had  
my little bottle of  
Camparo's

Italian Balm  
in his pocket, so  
I rubbed some  
of it on, and it  
relieved matters  
considerably. I  
always carry it  
in cold weather  
to rub on my  
face and hands  
at intervals, and  
so keep them look-  
ing smooth and  
soft all the time  
Peggy.



## WOMEN and THE HOME

## Dorothy Dix

Conversation Is a Lost Art in the Family Circle Because Home Talk Is Often Merely Complaints; and Nobody Will Listen, Because Nobody Is Really Interested.

The thing that oftenest makes marriage a failure is its dullness. The real spectre on the hearth is that awful silence. It is because husbands and wives have nothing interesting to say to each other that they quarrel.

It is no joke, it is a sad truth, that in any theatre or restaurant you can spot the married couples at a first glance. They are the couples who are sitting up reading the program through from cover to cover between the acts, or are apparently memorizing the menu while the waiter brings their order. The alert, interesting smiling people who are gayly chatting together are the un- wed, or those who are talk- ing to other people's hus- bands and wives.

Let even a bore drop into a droopy, dejected family circle that has been yawning itself to death and everybody brightens up and the stream of conversation which had apparently dried up at its source begins to flow again. Two may be company and three a crowd before marriage, but generally after marriage two is gods of silence and three a godsend.

Yet the majority of people marry for companionship. Before marriage they could never get enough of each other's society, and they esteem each other perfect spellbinders. How is it, then, that they get so fed up on each other's company that they sit up like mutes in the solitude of their homes?

Why is it that, apart from fault-finding and spats and complaints about the servants and the tradesmen and bullfinches about the children, there is so little family conversation; practically none that is interesting and cheerful and inspiring? You would think that a husband and wife who have all interests in common could never talk themselves out. But they do, and they come to the place where they take refuge behind the evening paper or in solitude to save themselves from the pretence of even having to maintain the appearance of keeping up social intercourse.

Wives play the blame for this state of affairs on their husbands. They say heaven knows, that they would be glad enough to talk, but that you can't maintain a conversation with a person who always grunts by way of reply, and who could give a clam on ice points on silence and then beat it at the game. Men retort that they have worn their conversational powers to a frazzle during business hours and they desire to rest their vocal chords at home. Nevertheless, it is observable that if somebody interesting happens to call, or they go out to dinner, the very man who was silent at home finds plenty to say.

Now there are several reasons why there is so little conversation in the home. The first reason is because home talk is so often unpleasant. Women, especially, are prone to flavor it with gloom. They like to recite the litany of the day's mischances. They spoil the flavor of a dinner by telling how much it cost. They bring on a scene with a child by telling of its naughtiness. They thrash over their old grievances because they can't have what richer women have.

All of this gets on the husband's nerves, and he retorts by saying a few pithy things about what a fool a man is to marry and burden himself with a family and what a poor manager his wife is, and he gives a few knocks to the dinner for good measure. After which conversation naturally languishes.

Another reason that there is little conversation at home is because it is dangerous. Experience teaches us that we have to watch our tongues and delete our home talk if we want to save ourselves from endless trouble.

A man hates to lie to his wife about what he does. He would enjoy telling her all about the poker game he stayed downtown for last night, and the funny things the boys said and did, but he does not do it because well he knows that the price of such an indiscreet revelation would be to have her nagging him about it forever and a day.

A wife would just love to tell her husband about her adventures in buying a new hat, and how she fell for the seventy-five-dollar one instead of the fifteen-dollar one she meant to buy. But she is well aware that she would never hear the last of her extravagance if she did. So they both keep silent.

There is little home conversation because nobody is interested, and nobody pretends to be, in what you say. In the family circle nobody listens. Nobody laughs at your jokes. Nobody sees the points of your merry cracks. Try to tell a good story, and somebody is sure to remark that they have heard it before, and that it is an ancient wheeze. If you had discovered the North Pole and were relating your hairbreadth adventures in reaching it by aeroplane, somebody would interrupt at the most breathless moment to say that the ice man forgot to deliver the ice yesterday.

Wives won't listen even when their husbands try to tell them about their hopes and plans and ambitions in their careers. And when a woman tries to talk to her husband about the things that are of vital interest to her he falls asleep and snores in her face.

And that is why conversation is a lost art in the family circle.

DOROTHY DIX.

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## Fashions by Wire

Special to The Advertiser.

Copyright.

London, Feb. 19.—The gold and lapis lazuli blue combination as well as the gold and turquoise blue, both noted in Tutankhamen's jewelry now are becoming modish color combinations for all sorts of things. One sees

these combinations in cigarette cases, necklaces, and hat ornaments.

## Florentine Work.

New York, Feb. 19.—A girl who is to be a spring bride has adopted a very springlike idea for various articles in her trousseau. The buckles on her gray suede pumps, the buttons on a powder blue silk frock, the set of six bracelets designed to go with a pastel-tinted costume, are all in Florentine work, and represent tiny bouquets of field flowers.



## 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. J. C. Fletcher. Proven directions on each package. Physicians everywhere recommend it.

## REV. H. UREN ADDRESSES ST. GEORGE'S MOTHERS

Would Teach Child Value of Character Rather Than Wealth.

"Responsibility of Motherhood" was the subject of an inspiring address given last evening by Rev. H. Uren, of Colborne Street Methodist Church, at the regular meeting of St. George's Mothers' Club. He explained that the child was a great imitator, and worshiper, and pointed out the great necessity of parents, living up to the child's ideal. "In these days when a false value is placed on wealth, it is most important that the children be trained to appreciate the great value of a strong character, and that money and wealth are not the most important things in life," he stated. In concluding his address, he emphasized the fact that children should be taught to respect the authority of the home.

The Rev. Uren, who is a member of the Social Service Council, also made a contribution to the fund for the purchase of a new piano for the church. He also made a contribution to the fund for the purchase of a new piano for the church.

A letter was read from the Social Service Council asking the club to co-operate with the church in the purchase of a new piano for the church. The club has agreed to do so.

## Radio Programs

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 21.

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

(Eastern Standard Time.)

9:45 a.m.—Union live stock market reports.

11:55 a.m.—Arlington time signals.

12:00 noon—Weather forecast, Market reports.

6:15 p.m.—Dinner concert.

7:15 p.m.—Farm program.

7:45 p.m.—The children's period.

8:00 p.m.—Market reports.

8:15 p.m.—Farm program continued.

8:30 p.m.—Concert.

9:55 p.m.—Arlington time signals.

Weather forecast.

11:30 p.m.—Special concert.

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

(Eastern Standard Time.)

11:55 a.m.—Arlington time signals.

Weather reports, Boston and Springfield market reports.

7:00 p.m.—Preparation of Federal Income Tax Returns.

7:30 p.m.—Bedtime story for the kiddies. Farmers' period — Letter from the New England Homestead.

8:00 p.m.—Bedtime story for the grown-ups.

9:55 p.m.—Arlington time signals.

KYW—Chicago, Ill.—560 Kilocycles Frequency—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.)

10:30 a.m.—Farm and home service.

11:35 a.m.—Table talk.

2:35 to 3:30 p.m.—Studio program.

6:30 p.m.—News, financial and final market.

8:50 p.m.—Children's bedtime story.

7:00 to 7:30 p.m.—Dinner concert.

8:00 to 8:20 p.m.—Twenty Minutes of Good Reading.

8:20 to 9:00 p.m.—Musical program.

National ceramic tile convention at the Congress Hotel.

9:00 to 9:30 p.m.—Mendelssohn Club concert.

WGJ—Schenectady, N. Y.—790 Kilocycles Frequency—380 Metres Wave Length.

(Eastern Standard Time.)

11:55 a.m.—Time signals.

12:30 p.m.—Stock market report.

12:40 p.m.—Produce market report.

12:45 p.m.—Weather report.

2:00 p.m.—Music and address. "Will Women Make Good Jurors?"

8:00 p.m.—Produce and stock market quotations; news bulletins.

8:30 p.m.—Dinner music.

8:45 p.m.—Third annual reception and welcome to new citizens, by Schenectady Post, American Legion, assisted by a citizens' committee and representatives from other patriotic organizations.

WWJ—Detroit, Mich.—580 Kilocycles—400 Metres.

(Eastern Standard Time.)

9:30 a.m.—"Tonight's Dinner" and a special talk by the woman's editor.

9:45 a.m.—Public health service bulletin and talks on subjects of general interest.

10:25 a.m.—Official weather forecast.

11:55 a.m.—Arlington time.

1:00 p.m.—The Detroit News Orchestra.

4:30 p.m.—Official weather forecast.

8:35 p.m.—Market reports.

9:00 p.m.—The Detroit News Orchestra; Hawaiian Serenades.

10:00 p.m.—Dance music.

## DENNY BROOKS

A STORY OF COURAGE

By ELENORE MEHER, N.

## CHAPTER XI.

**Katy's Chance.**  
The threat struck Denny like a hot spark. It was his habit to avoid the eyes of Petra's father, answering a little quickly: "I think I know what I'm doing, Mr. Channing. I've considered this matter deeply."

"Very well!" A bronze paper button snapped on the desk blotter. "Suit yourself, Mr. Brooks."

"Well—I appreciate your offer, I'm sorry I'm not in a position to accept it."

Denny went out through the main office, forcing himself to walk briskly. Once outside, he stuck his hands in his pockets. Petra's father's words, "Do you realize what you're doing, young man?" I'd like to know that!" coming at him like a peeling of fine hailstones.

Intimidating him—yes—demanding that he take the job. Heat flashed through him. He walked swiftly. They'd get him in there, hand him a fine salary, he'd marry Petra and then—

Yes, even then if he got the proofs—even if he knew positively that the Consolidated had put dynamite to the test, he'd stand there and take a thing like that. He'd have to be in with them on the murderous deal.

They kill a man—his friend—Katy's father. And the old father comes up and takes his son in a white pine box back to the farm. The next day Denny is held to answer; he's brought before all the friends of his boy and he stands there, a blundering, whose negligence brought death and torture on his workers.

Ten days later the people who have done this thing come gallantly and offer him a job. He'll have a thousand a month—big chances!

He went hurrying along, in a boiling rage, furious answers leaping in his mind. Stand there and take a thing like that from any one? Why hadn't he turned on him? Anger mounted in such quick waves, the heat of them made him breathless and faint.

He began to reason. I'm plunging into this. It's running away with me. I've learned nothing. I'm doing the same thing the farmers did—pinning it on them! Don't let me present the prospect to my Dunlap. Contemptible fellow—I'd like to pin it on him, so I'm doing it!"

But all the odds were against an impartial hearing for his lawyer. His blanching face, his vicious, insinuating attacks; Joan's sudden disappearance. There rose up in Denny the tragic, impotent fury that had nothing to lash, so must lash itself.

Suddenly Petra came before him, hand on his arm, tears in her eyes, in that sweet, impetuous reproach. "Oh, Diddle, how can you treat me so?"

This picture arrested him sharply as though a black wall dropped suddenly in his path. Her father threatened him; asked him if he knew all he was doing. It meant Petra—it meant that he would lose her.

What would she say when her father told her he had refused the job? The golden face would grow pale, the radiance drop from her eyes. And she had drawn his lips to hers, the soft wonder of her arms about his neck, whispering, "Think what it means to me, Diddle. Tell me you love me. Tell it in ten different ways."

He had kept her arms about him, kept his lips in the sweet, warm, the glistening, half-closed eyes, answering, "Yes, yes, you darling, in a hundred!"

What would she think now? She would be sure he didn't care. His nerves flared.

He went into a store to phone. She answered dully, "All right, come if you want to."

But her eyes met his with a quiet accusation. "Yes, Diddle, I know what you've done." She bent her head and he saw the soft ringlets behind her ear.

"Listen, Petra—I had to. You see, I've got some work to do right now. In a few months I'll be ready for a job."

As she kept her head lowered, he took her chin in his hand, raised it and laughed at her. "Are you afraid I'm going to be a beggar? I've always had a job, Petra. What do you care whether I take this one or another?"

"But you want a job that will take you away."

"Can't you come with me? Anyway, I'm here now. Isn't that enough?"

"Why can't you take this job? Peter says it's wonderful. You'd earn enough. It's not very fair to me, Diddle. Haven't you got out with any one for nearly six months?"

That sent a chill stab through him. Especially that she drew near to him and with her hands on his arms, whispered, "Sometimes I wonder, Diddle."

He had never heard a sadness in her tones before. It went melting through him. "Don't, Petra—gee—when she went to move from him he drew her back. "Now listen—You don't wonder at all. Can't you trust me for a while, Petra? I don't like that job. Why do you want me to take it? I have the money. I can wait a month or so. Is that so long?"

"It's not that at all. It's all this uncertainty. And she went back again to her original stand. What was the matter with Peter's job? Why couldn't he take it? Then they wouldn't have to wait even a month. "Petra knew she argued in vain. "Give me just a month or two, won't you, Petra?"

She let him kiss her. "You always have your own way, Diddle. It's because I love you too much, more than I should."

Like warm, rich music in his ears. She stood at the door, the breeze blowing her hair. She waved her hand to him—dear, golden thing.

HARMLESS MEANS OF REDUCING FAT

Denny thought with a twitch of pain, "Suppose she turned me down? Suppose she had insisted?"

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## Where Daily Bread Comes Big.

Rural Hungarians buy bread in such great loaves that one loaf is all one man could carry with comfort. These loaves are about the size of a bushel basket three feet in diameter across and nearly one foot in thickness.

ribbon like those in Fay Carleton's trousseau.

Katy began dividing all these lovely things into three piles, until three mounds of pink, white, lavender lay delicately on the bed. She was in the midst of this when Denny entered.

"What now, Stupid?" A touch of the old jubilation lightened his voice. Katy, always abashed to be caught in her absurdities, lied joyously. "Oh, I'm just sorting out rubbish."

He poked his nose right into the bundle, rummaged with a heathen hand. "Rather fair looking rubbish for people without a job."

"You'd have to know, wouldn't you? Well, I'm sorting delicacies. Now this first is the pile I'll wear when I sleep like a nun on a board. They don't have to be so fine. The second will be worn by the Lady in Blue. But these!" She laughed. "Do you imagine I'll be very graceful, Denny?"

"Oh! Pavlova!"

"I shouldn't be surprised if I am! Would you do me a favor, please? Get me some little buckles to wear on my shoes. I want pumps and little buckles. Get me the buckles tomorrow, Denny?"

He felt a clutch at his throat, but he laughed. "Say, Katy—now you know it's going to be a long time."

"It won't be eleven or twelve years, will it, Denny, darling? What do I care for time? You'll come to