

The Wisdom
of the Heart

Dorothy Dix

Says Women
Love Char-
acter—Men
Love Looks

When Custom Permits Women to Pop the Question There Will Be Fewer Unhappy Marriages—For Woman Loves the Heart of Man, While Man Chooses Only a Pretty Face.

Why is it that women are so much better judges of men than men are of women? Why is it that women are attracted to a man by what is in his soul and brain, while men look only at a woman's hair and complexion?

Men will answer these questions by denying they exist, but every woman knows better. Every woman knows that the average man judges a woman solely by her external appearance, and that it is better for a woman who wants to marry to have a willowy figure and a gift for clothes than for her to be a model of all the virtues and a college president in the bargain.

Women never cease marveling at the qualities in women that attract men, and that cause men to pick out the women who possess these attributes for wives, because these same qualities in a man would bore a woman to tears, and she would not willingly bring down on her head the calamity of having a husband who was afflicted with them.

You can see this difference in the point of view of the sexes at any social function. Only the pretty girls receive any attention from the men. The homely ones line the walls. You cannot imagine any good-looking young man devoting himself to a girl who is fat and red-faced and triple-chinned and bald-headed, no matter how wise and witty she may be.

If women were like men, and they put the taboo on every man who wasn't young and slim and who didn't have varnished hair and look like the advertisement of Kollege Kut clothes, no hostess could scrape together enough couples to give a dinner party, and there would be nothing stirring in society.

But women use more intelligence in measuring men than men do in measuring women, and they put good looks at their rightful place in the scale—desirable, but not necessary, and far outclassed by a dozen other attractions.

A woman doesn't care what color a man's hair is, or whether he's got any hair at all so long as he's got brains in his head. A woman doesn't even look at a man's waistline if he can hold out an entertaining line of conversation. A woman isn't half so interested in the size of a man's collar as she is in the size of his heart, and the thing that attracts her to a man is not his being easy on the eyes, but easy to trust.

Homelessness is no bar to any man winning any woman he wants for a wife provided he has the intelligence and charm of manner, and the strength and manliness that women set far above personal appearance in their judgment of a man, but an ugly woman has practically no chance at all of ever being noticed by any man, no matter what beauties of heart and soul and intellect she may possess.

Among my acquaintances are several women who have every desirable quality that a woman can possess, except beauty. They are clever and cultured; they bubble over with humor and good nature; they see life gayly and are the most interesting and fascinating of companions; they are domestic; they are affectionate and sympathetic and understanding.

They would make the most wonderful wives in the world. Their husbands would be petted and made much of; they would have wives who would make them perfect homes and who would help them in every way. Their husbands would never know a dull moment at home, never be bored, for they would be in the class of the most interesting of women.

But Nature gave these women plain faces and, in consequence, the men have passed them by. They have never had a beau, never a proposal of marriage. Men have ridden by their doors and married doll-faced little fools of whom they tired before the honeymoon was over.

Women would not have been that idiotic. If these friends of mine had been men, they would have been as smart as they are, but they would have loved them and been proud and glad to have married them.

The less sense a woman has, the more she seems to appeal to men. The less she knows, the better they like her. The girls who talk baby talk and look at men with big, round, catlike eyes, and ask silly questions, have men flocking around them like flies about a honey pot, and can marry whom they choose.

But male idiots make no appeal to women. Women loathe ignorant men. Masculine morons do not fascinate them; they disgust them.

Of course, after a man gets married to a woman he would like to have all the good qualities of her sex thrown in, as a chromo goes with a package of tea. He wants a wife who has intelligence enough to run her end of the domestic partnership. He wants a wife who is an interesting companion, and who is a thrifty manager, but the trouble is that he doesn't seek these attributes in the first place. They are not what attracted him to the woman, not what induced him to marry her.

That is why the women who are calculated to make the best wives seldom get the opportunity of being wives at all. That is why marriage is so often a failure and there are so many divorces. And that is why, if convention ever permits women to select their mates, we shall have more suitable and happier marriages, for women have more sense about men than men have about women.

DOROTHY DIX.

WOMEN and THE HOME



MADEMOISELLE EDMONDE GUY

of Paris, whose dazzling beauty has raised her from a little midinette of the faubourgs into one of the most adored idols of the French stage, and who, during her recent sojourn at the ultra-fashionable watering-place of Deauville, experienced phenomenal luck in her ventures at the baccarat tables in the casino, having cleared over 100,000 francs in one session alone.

bridal party. Miss Ester Worrell Metcalfe sang very sweetly. "At Dawning." Following the ceremony a reception was held at the home of the bride's uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Aust, Franklin boulevard. After a buffet supper, Mr. and Mrs. Lester left for a motor trip to Algonquin park and on their return will reside at 5008 Franklin boulevard, Cleveland.

McMORDE—LEWIS.

A wedding of interest to Londoners is that of Miss Emily Comstock Lewis, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Southard Lewis, of Circleville, Ohio, and Major Henry Campbell McMordie, M.C., of Windsor, son of Mrs. Robert McMordie, Hellmuth avenue, this city. The marriage took place at Circleville, Ohio.

The McMordie-Lewis nuptials were solemnized at half past six in the evening, in St. Philip's Episcopal church, before a large assemblage of guests. The marriage service was read by the rector, Rev. Robert Lee Baird, and the vows were spoken before an embankment of cydonium ferns and white chrysanthemums. Tall lighted tapers were arranged at the altar, and snowy chrysanthemums were used throughout the church.

Mr. Lewis gave his daughter in marriage. Her bridal gown was of ivory satin and silver brocade, made with long sleeves and court train.

Old Man Coyote Is Kept Away From the Melons by Farmer Brown's Boy

By THORNTON W. BURGESS.

Farmer Brown's boy had quite recovered from his disappointment over losing his prize watermelon. The discovery that it was Old Man Coyote who had eaten that melon had in a way made up for the disappointment. "I've had enough fun out of trying to find who the thief was to make up for the loss of the prize. I am sure that melon would have won at the fair," said Farmer Brown's boy to Farmer Brown. "I've learned something. It is always worth while to learn something. Until this happened I didn't know that Old Man Coyote had a liking for melons. I knew the old rascal was clever, but I didn't know how smart he really is until he managed to get more melons in spite of Bowser the Hound. Because he was smart enough to get them, I'm glad he did get them. But we can't let him have any more."

The eyes of Farmer Brown twinkled. "How are you going to prevent it?" he asked. "You can't sit up every night to watch that melon patch, and Old Man Coyote is too smart to be smart enough to get a melon in spite of you."

"I've thought it all out," replied Farmer Brown's boy. "First of all, I'll



He didn't visit that melon patch again after the discovery of those traps.

pick all the melons that are ripe. Then I'll leave Bowser tied out there at night. Old Man Coyote won't get any melons within the space that Bowser can cover. I'll set traps, steel traps, around the other melons. "But I thought you believed that steel traps were terrible things," said Farmer Brown. "So I do," replied Farmer Brown's boy. "They are dreadful things. I wouldn't have my worst enemy caught in one. "Then how about Old Man Coyote?" Farmer Brown asked. "He won't be caught," chuckled Farmer Brown's boy. "He won't be caught. If I thought he would, I wouldn't set them. But he won't get any melons either. Old Man Coyote is too smart to be caught in any of those traps. He'll find them and then he'll keep away. You wait and see." So that afternoon Farmer Brown's boy set steel traps all around the

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THE SEA HAWK

By RAFAEL SABATINI.

CHAPTER XIX (Continued).

He stood a moment at gaze, his attitude haughty, his face expressionless; then slowly he advanced. He was dressed in a short white caftan that descended to his knees, and was caught about his waist in a shimmering girdle of gold that quivered like fire in the glow of the torches as he moved. His arms from the elbow and his legs from the knee were bare, and his feet were shod with gold-embroidered red Turkish slippers. He wore a white turban decked by a plume of osprey attached by a jeweled clasp.

He signed to the Nubians and they vanished silently, leaving him alone with his captives.

"This, mistress," he said, "is to be your domain henceforth—which is to treat you more as wife than slave. It is to be a woman's house, the house-tops in Barbary are allotted. I hope you like it."

Lionel, staring at him out of a white face, his conscience bidding him fear the very worst, his imagination painting a thousand horrid fates for him and turning him sick with dread, shrank back before his half-brother, who scarce appeared to notice him just then.

But Rosamund confronted him, drawn to the full of her splendid height, and if her face was pale yet it was as composed and calm as his own; if her bosom rose and fell to betray her agitation, yet her glance was contemptuous and defiant, her voice calm and steady, when she answered him with the question—

"What is your intent with me?" "My intent?" said he with a little twisted smile.

Yet for all that he believed he hated her and sought to hurt to humble and crush her, he could not stifle his admiration of her spirit's gallantry in such an hour as this.

"My intent is not for you to question," he replied. "There was a time, Rosamund, when in all the world you had no slave more utterly than I. Above the insults of such a crawling thing as you. None the less, take care not to speak of the only woman whose name I reverence."

And then, turning at bay, as even the red wine did, Lionel sprang upon him, clashing hands outstretched to reach his throat. But Sakr-el-Bahr caught him in a grip that bent him howling to his knees.

"You find me strong, eh?" he gibed. "Is it matter for wonder? Consider that for six endless months I toiled at the oar of a galley, and you'll understand what it was that turned my body into iron and robbed me of a soul."

He flung him off, and sent him crashing into the reboosh and the

or a camel—and belonging to me body and soul. You are my property, my thing, my chattel, to use or abuse to cherish or break as suits my whim, without a will that is not my will, holding your life life at my good pleasure."

She recoiled a step before the dull hatred that throbbed in his words, before the evil mockery of his swarthy, bearded face.

"You beast!" she gasped. "So now you understand the bondage into which you are come in exchange for the bondage which in your own wantonness you dissolved."

"May God forgive you," she panted.

"I thank you for that prayer," said he. "May He forgive you no less."

And then from the background came an inarticulate sound, a strangled, snarling sob from Lionel.

Sakr-el-Bahr turned slowly. He eyed the fellow a moment in silence, then he laughed.

"Ha! My sometime brother. A pretty fellow, as God lives, is it not? Consider him, Rosamund. Behold how gallantly misfortune is borne by this pillar of manhood upon which you would have leaned by this stalwart husband of your choice. Look at him! Look at this dear brother of mine."

Under the lash of that mocking tongue Lionel's mood was stung to anger, where before it had held naught but fear.

"You are no brother of mine," he retorted fiercely. "Your mother was a wanton who betrayed my father."

Sakr-el-Bahr quivered a moment as if he had been struck. Yet he controlled himself.

"Let me hear my mother's name but once again on thy foul tongue, and I'll have it ripped out by the roots. Her memory, I thank God, is far above the insults of such a crawling thing as you. None the less, take care not to speak of the only woman whose name I reverence."

And then, turning at bay, as even the red wine did, Lionel sprang upon him, clashing hands outstretched to reach his throat. But Sakr-el-Bahr caught him in a grip that bent him howling to his knees.

"You find me strong, eh?" he gibed. "Is it matter for wonder? Consider that for six endless months I toiled at the oar of a galley, and you'll understand what it was that turned my body into iron and robbed me of a soul."

He flung him off, and sent him crashing into the reboosh and the

lattice over which it rambled.

"Do you realize the horror of the rower's bench?—to sit day in day out, night in night out, chained naked to the oar, amid the reek and stench of your fellows in misfortune, unkempt, unwashed save by the rain, broiled and roasted by the sun, festering with sores, lashed and cut and scoured by the boatswain's whip as you faint under the ceaseless endless cruel toil?"

"Before you go there is something else," Sakr-el-Bahr resumed, "something for which I have had you brought hither tonight."

"Not content with having delivered me to all this, not content with having branded me a murderer, destroyed my good name, fleeced my possessions and driven me into the very path of hell, you must further set about usurping my place in the false heart of this woman I once loved."

"I hope," he went on reflectively, "that in your own poor way you love her, too, Lionel. Thus to the torment that awaits your body shall be added torment for your treacherous soul—such torture of mind as only the damned may know. To that end I have brought you hither. That you may realize something of what is in store for this woman at my hands; that you may take the thought of it with you to be to you mind worse than the boatswain's lash to your pampered body."

"You devil!" snarled Lionel. "Oh, little toad of a brother, do not upbraid them for being devils when just you make devils of them!"

"Give them no heed, Lionel!" said Rosamund. "I shall prove him as much a boaster as he has proved himself a villain. Never think that he will be able to work his evil will."

"Tis you are the boaster there," said Sakr-el-Bahr. "And for the rest, I am what you are, he between you, have made me."

"Did we make you a liar and coward?—for that is what you are indeed," she answered.

"Coward?" he echoed, in genuine surprise. "Twill be some time before I have told you with the others, in what, pray, was I ever a coward?"

"In what? In this that you do now; in this taunting and torturing of two helpless beings in your power?"

"I speak not of what I am," he replied, "for I have told you that I am what you have made me. I speak of what I was. I speak of the past."

(To Be Continued.)

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TALBOTVILLE METHODISTS WILL REDECORATE CHURCH

Talbotville, Oct. 12.—Talbotville ladies' aid met in the Sunday school room with Mrs. James Lindsay, president, in the chair. Plans were discussed for the decoration of the church. A committee composed of Mesdames James Lindsay, B. Taylor, E. Hicks, A. Auckland was appointed with power to act. They will receive tenders at once and hope to have the work done by Thanksgiving.

LEAGUES RALLY AT FIRST CHURCH

Young People of the District Gather in First Methodist Church This Afternoon.

The First Methodist church is the scene today of an enthusiastic rally of the young people of the district. Opening with an afternoon session at 2:30 o'clock, the meeting will continue throughout afternoon and evening. The chief speaker of the occasion will be the Rev. W. E. Millson, who will speak in the evening on "The Challenge of the Hour."

Rev. Mr. Hoffer of Linden, president of the district organization, will have charge of the sessions, and evening the district shields are to be awarded. For the past two years the Ridout street league has held the shield for city leagues, and the Byron young people's league for the rural leagues.

Among the speakers for the afternoon session will be Miss Helen Hardy of the Dundas center church, missionary vice-president of the district, and the Rev. Dr. Hazen of Blenheim. Vocal numbers by Miss Gwendolyn Hardy will also be rendered during the afternoon. Separate departmental conferences will be held during the afternoon, presided over by the departmental vice-presidents, Mrs. A. J. McLean, Miss Margaret Uren, Miss Winnifred Boyce, Miss Helen Hardy and Arthur Guymer. Rev. J. S. Chapman of the Emory street church will have charge of the devotional exercises.

The league of the First Methodist church is entertaining the delegates at the tea hour.

PRESENT BOTHWELL PASTOR WITH WELL-FILLED PURSE

Special To The Advertiser.

Bothwell, Oct. 12.—Bothwell and Zone Baptist churches held a reception Thursday evening in honor of their pastor, Rev. L. M. Smith and his bride, Warden W. S. Beamish occupied the chair.

A delightful program consisting of a duet by Mrs. M. Grainger and Miss Carrie Tunks; a reading by Mrs. Evison; solo, Mildred Sharpe; duet, Rev. and Mrs. Smith; guitar solo, Carrie Tunks, and a solo by Mrs. Evison.

Rev. and Mrs. Smith were called to the front, Miss Hazel Livingstone read the address, and Miss Grace Timmy presented them with a well-filled purse on behalf of the churches.

Rev. Mr. Smith expressed appreciation for the kindness shown them. The ladies' aid showered Mrs. Smith with preserves.

London, Oct. 13.—One attractive hat, typical of a phase of the tailor-made mode shown here today, is a modified tricorne in black chiffon velvet. Its tailored effect comes in a binding of corded black ribbon.

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Women Take No Chances

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Sale of Genuine Antique Furniture FOR THE WEEK OF OCT. 13

Prior to removing to new quarters, Mr. D. MacCallum will offer at very special reductions his entire collection of genuine English and French antique furniture comprising mahogany sideboards, chairs, dining and serving tables, Chippendale chests of drawers, Louis the Fifteenth tables and cabinets in marquetry, Queen Anne and early Georgian sofa and library tables, sofas, work tables, tea-trays, duchess dressing tables, wonderfully carved occasional, gossip arm and hall chairs, Ottoman stools and fire screens in rare gros and petit needle point, wall and mantel mirrors in heavily carved mahogany and gold leaf frames, old Sheffield plate, old crystal and old copper.

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WEDDINGS

OLIVER—McDOWELL.

An interesting autumn wedding took place on Oct. 4, 1924, at St. Andrew's Presbyterian parsonage, when Margaret Ellen, daughter of Mrs. Sarah McDowell and the late Sam. McDowell, was married to George William Oliver, son of the late Thomas Oliver and Mrs. Flora Oliver, York street, this city. Mr. and Mrs. Oliver will reside at 913 William street.

LESTER—MATHEWSON.

A very pretty wedding was solemnized in St. Mark's Episcopal church, Cleveland, Ohio, recently when Elsie Elizabeth Mathewson, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. G. A. Mathewson of this city, became the bride of Thomas Henry Lester, son of Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Lester of Cleveland. Rev. L. W. Shey, rector, performed the ceremony. The bride, who was given in marriage by her father, was charming in her wedding gown of white silk georgette crepe with veil of Chantilly lace arranged beneath a coronet of pearls and orange blossoms. She carried a shower bouquet of roses, orchids and lilies-of-the-valley.

Miss Maude Vrooman of Detroit, as maid of honor, wore a pretty gown of orchid silk voile, with hat to match, and carried an arm bouquet of Ophelia roses. Little Mary Mador of Chillicothe, acting as flower girl, was charmingly frocked in ruffled silk net and carried a basket of white roses. The best man was Charles Risley of Lakewood, Cleveland. Miss Jessie Hamill, organist of the First M. E. church played the wedding music.

Preceding the entrance of the

ENGAGEMENTS

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