

Ants Which Carried Parasols.

Amateur students of nature returning from South America reported that they had observed long lines of ants, each carrying a portion of a leaf over the head to shelter it from the pitiless sun.

Dorothy Dix's Letter Box

The Wife Who Exaggerated Her Husband's Faults to Her Mother—How to Choose a Wife—The Young Man Whose Fiancee Does Not Demonstrate Her Affection.

Dear Miss Dix—My family consists of my wife, a little daughter nine years old and myself. We have had a happy home all these years, until recently we made a visit to her mother. Contrary to facts and to my great surprise, I found that my wife had magnified every little unpleasant incident during our marriage, and told each one to her mother in such a way that I am placed in a very embarrassing position, and am branded as the meanest man in the world.

I cannot understand the reason for my wife's doing this, and the injustice of it all makes me feel like giving up everything and slipping out into the world alone. What shall I do in this case? X. Y. Z.

Your wife's conduct is certainly most reprehensible. It shows both bad faith and bad taste, but many women are guilty of doing the same thing. When they are angry with their husbands, or peeved about any little thing, or when they are sore over some family spat, they run to their mothers with it because they know that their mothers will always side with them. Furthermore, the women who do this do not realize what a disloyal thing they are doing because they have only told mother. They forget that mother is generally a broad-casting station that sends out lurid stories about what a brute of a husband her poor darling daughter has got, and how badly he treats her.

And mother exaggerates everything her daughter tells her. If daughter walls out that she doesn't believe that her husband loves her any more because he stayed out until 12 o'clock last night, mother leaps to the conclusion that he is leading the double life. If daughter weeps because her husband said he couldn't afford some extravagance she had set her heart on, mother put husband down as a tightwad. If daughter tells that her husband criticized the cooking, mother says that she knew all along that he was an unfeeling beast who cared for nothing but his own stomach. And long after daughter has forgotten what she was miffed with her husband about, mother still remembers and holds it against him.

Why does a woman do such a dishonorable thing? Because women love to be considered mothers, and to be kept over and pitied and "poor-dearied." And mother can always be counted on to turn on the tear ducts whenever daughter makes a bid for her sympathy.

It is no wonder that you feel hurt and outraged at your wife misrepresenting you to her mother in order to indulge herself in an orgy of being cried over and sympathized with.

But her excuse is that she did not realize what she did. When she sees how she has wounded you and perceives how despicable her conduct has been, it will give her a lesson that she will never forget, and she will probably never offend that way again.

Forgive her and set her faults down to one of the inexcusable weaknesses of her sex which craves pity as a drug addict does dope. DOROTHY DIX.

Dear Dorothy Dix—I thought I would write to you and ask you how I can get a good wife. Will you please tell me how to choose one? D. A.

Well, D. A., if I were going to choose a wife, I would pick out a girl who was neither too young nor too old, say between twenty-three and thirty—and who was good-looking and neat and trim and in appearance, because I would want some one who would be easy on the eyes if I was planning to sit across the table from her for the next thirty or forty years.

But I would pass up the beauties and fashion plates, because they are nearly always selfish and spoiled and extravagant. I'd be looking for a helpmeet, and not a baby doll that I would have to spend my time playing with and dressing up.

I would pick out a healthy girl.

Because I wouldn't want a wife who was nervous and neurotic and irritable and unmanageable all invalids are, nor would I want to see all of my money go to hospitals and sanatoriums and doctors.

I would pick out a cheerful, good-natured girl, a girl who always saw the funny side of things and who had a laugh hung on a hair trigger.

I would want a girl who took life as it came, without worrying, and who was ready to make the best of every situation.

I would pick out an energetic girl, a girl with a lot of pep to her, a girl who was willing to do her part of the work in the world, and who would make a good helpmeet.

Preferably, she would know how to cook and sew, but that wouldn't matter particularly, for any woman who isn't lazy can learn how to be a good cook and housekeeper.

Above all, I would pick out for a wife a girl who was congenial and companionable.

For I would want a wife who thought as I did, who was interested in the things that I was interested in, who liked to do the things that I liked to do, and would trot along beside me on the same hobby horses.

I would pick out a girl whom I could talk to or listen to for hours at a stretch without getting bored. Then I would know that my marriage would be like the old fairy tales and I'd live happily ever afterward. DOROTHY DIX.

Dear Miss Dix—I am a young man and engaged to a girl with whom I am very deeply in love. But somehow she does not show me the affection I crave, although I know that deep in her heart she loves me dearly.

But lately I have met another girl whose ways are just what I enjoy. She makes a lot of fuss over me and pays me compliments and flatters me. Do you think that I should think less of these little affectionate ways of the second girl and continue loving the one to whom I am engaged? L. B.

Still waters run deep, L. B., and the girl that you think is cold probably cares a million times more for you than does the one who palavers over you. Furthermore, you will get mighty fed up on sentiment if you are married to a wife who is very demonstrative in her affection and who is always kissing you in season and out of season. I have seen men look at these kissing-bug wives with murder in their eyes.

The only men who ever get all they want in a wife are the gentlemen who keep harems, who can get a selected assortment of wives each with a special charm. So unless you are thinking of emigrating to the Orient you will have to decide between the true and tried reserved girl and the gushing girl.

My choice would be the girl who had proved her affection for me rather than the one who told me about it. DOROTHY DIX.

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121 GRADUATE NURSES

ON CALL AT REGISTRY

As many as 121 graduate nurses

are now registered at the new Nurses

Registry office on Dufferin avenue.

In addition to the practical nurses

have offered their names to the

registry, and it is the aim of the

registry board to get still more practical

nurses interested.

A very successful meeting of the

board was held this week at the

office of the registrar, Miss J. Mortimore, Dufferin avenue.

Shoes of Violet.

New York, Jan. 16.—Never have

the shoe designers done such beautiful

work as this season. Shoes of

suede in colonial designs are shown

today in rose, violet, and soft blues

which make the red and green leather

shoes of last season look crude

indeed.

WOMEN and THE HOME

DENNY BROOKS

A STORY OF COURAGE.
By ELENORE MEHERIN.



MRS. C. J. W. KARN, who was made president of the Day Nursery Board at a recent meeting of that body.

RUTH CHAPTER PLANS FOR ANNUAL AT HOME

Date Is Set For February 15 at Regular Meeting Held Last Night.

Ruth Chapter, O.E.S., has set the date for the annual chapter at home and dance to be held in the Masonic Temple on the night of February 15. At last night's meeting of the chapter, Mrs. Charles Robertson and Samuel McCoy were appointed conveners of the event and are backed by a strong committee.

WOMEN'S LABOR PARTY GAINS NEW MEMBERS

Offers Prizes For Membership Contest Conducted at Last Night's Meeting.

A membership contest featured last night's meeting of the Women's Labor Party, held in the Labor Temple, Mrs. Fred White and Mrs. Mary Sumners being with the largest number of new members, and thus winning the prizes offered.

CHILDREN'S HOSPITAL TO HAVE AID SOON

Hospital Trust Has Given Permission—Appeal for Funds to I.O.D.E.

Although no occupational therapy nurse has yet been appointed to the War Memorial Hospital for Sick Children, it is expected that such an appointment will be made shortly.

The hospital trust has given permission for the sending of an aide to the hospital for one morning and one afternoon of each week, but the aide must be financed by the Occupational Therapy Society. A generous donation from Col. Wm. Garthshore will form a nucleus for supplies for the work which the aide will carry on.

An appeal has been made to the Municipal Chapter, I.C.D.E., for financial assistance in connection with the appointment of an aide to the hospital, and that body has appointed a strong committee to look into the matter, before action is taken.

Fashions by Wire

Special to The Advertiser.

Copyright.

Paris, Jan. 16.—The combination of a sombre evening frock with the giddiest of cloaks is one dear to the Parisienne heart at present. Among the favorite combinations is a gown of black tulle or gauze beneath a cloak of flame, butterscotch yellow, or jade.

Paris, Jan. 16.—There is a whirlwind look about the newest fashions of uncurled vulture feathers, gathered into a handful so loose that the feathers are darting forth in every direction. They are fastened to a short, stubby handle of amber.

Black Velvet Helmet.

London, Jan. 16.—A bobby's helmet is the inspiration for a recently exhibited hat. It is really a helmet of black velvet, but the strap which goes under the bobby's chin, has been translated into a satin ribbon tied in a knot on top of the crown.

CHAPTER LXXII.
The Great Hope.

"Next Saturday at 3:30, then." Denny came down in the elevator repeating this to himself. "Next Saturday. Three thirty. Gee! His breath drew hard. He'd know. They'd know then. Another long, difficult breath.

He had been to see the doctor, a young Irish man, but as John Merchant told him, "as good a bone specialist as you'll find in the country." Denny had made an appointment for Kate.

No sooner was this done than he found himself on fire, the blood crowding about his neck. He walked swiftly, saying, "Well, it can't hurt to know. No harm in knowing. Won't make her any worse."

Yet there was something in this step he had just taken that crept over him with dread; that knocked in a panic at his heart. Suppose the doctor should say she could never be cured—she could never walk! Suppose nothing, nothing could ever be done for her?

All the thought and hope of his life was massed against such a verdict. Katy, with that happy voice of hers, her face prettier than any he had ever seen next to Queenie's—Katy, who all her rich, happy capacity to enjoy, doomed to sit always a spectator and not a participant in life. He didn't want to hear that. He wouldn't accept it.

Rather might it be that the dream would come true—the dream that had been before her like a beautiful star, that had swept with glory through the brightness of her years.

He remembered the day he had hired the horse and buggy and driven to the hospital to bring Katy home. He remembered the life going out of him when the doctor said: "Walk, lady? Well, I don't know. Well, probably not for a long while—probably a great while."

And when they brought Katy out in a wheel chair, he couldn't bear to look at her. But she had pressed her face against his arm, whispering, "Ain't you glad?" any more, Denny? Don't you see, I'm just as happy as—Katy? And last night, now what I dreamed? The loveliest angel came right up to my pillow and laughed and said: "Hello there, Katy-kid! Here, just touch my wings. Now, you're all better. In the dream Katy touched the luminous plumes.

Eleven years she had waited for the angel to redeem the promise. Her faith was magnetic thing, for it reached out to Denny and won him. Saturday he would bring her over. And Saturday they were vacating the barn.

Denny had found an apartment with one big living-room that he intended to fix up as near like the one they loved as could be. For Stephen was coming with them.

Kate had written to tell him of the moving and to ask what they should do with the piano, the clock, the steel engravings and all the bits of color that had given a richness and a charm to their dwelling. Back came an instant answer: "Sell it. Say, where do you people get this stuff? What do you mean asking what I (underlined with many angry dashes) had done with MY things. I thought they were OUR things. Has the day passed when I'm one of Us? If this is a polite way of kicking the founding out, kindly remember the founding is now large enough to kick back."

"Kate, you wouldn't write such a letter to the Lord God, would you? Wouldn't write and ask him what he wanted done with the crazy quilt? Well, I'm hurt about it. Darn it, I thought where you and Denny were would always be home. Don't you love your adopted brother any more, Kate?"

And she wrote back, delighted: "Lovely. Mad Stephen. Convince you're one of us. You ain't thrown out or disowned, Stevie, dear. And I only wrote to appraise your royal highness of the momentous exodus forced upon us in your most deplorable absence. And to inquire in most becoming and courteous language your noble wishes. Forsooth to learn if it pleased you to join the march, bag and baggage. And don't be angry with me, dear Stephen, if the words I chose are not the ones I should have chosen. For we love you and as long as there's any glory hal-lalujah left anywhere we'll keep on loving our beautiful Stevie."

So the new place would be as the old. There would be no moving done until after Saturday. They would stay with the dear old friend who was a mother to her, and Denny was to have the furniture brought over and the apartment in order before Katy should see it.

She'd scarcely notice the change. Just wait and get all the effects he had planned. Besides, there was a view from the window. That would take the breath clean out of her mouth. She'd really see the water, the boats and the islands now—see them close.

For two or three days Denny was stirred with an uneasy restlessness. By Friday night he was wishing for Saturday to come and be gone. Anything rather than this carping suspense. Gee, fate the thing and get done with it!

At 1 o'clock he strode into the barn, banging the door with a great shout of devil-may-care. "Lo! Ready, Katy-kid!"

"Yes—but come here, Denny." He went into her room. She stood leaning against the bureau, putting on her hat, but her hands shook so that the fingers caught in her hair and mussed it.

"Oh, there! Now I have to fix it all over!" That's the third time," Her lashes were wet.

"Say, Katy-kid, crying?" "Laughing, Denny, laughing!" The way she said that—the look on her face—the very way Queenie had said the same thing the night before she died. Why did he remember it?

Gee—superstitions! gee, fellow's pretty soft when a thing like that takes a twist in him!

"You're all worked up, Katy-kid. Here, I'll fix it for you. And as the weeks run down her hands whirled out a handkerchief, wiped them off, grabbed the powder puff from the bureau and flopped it on her cheeks.

"You're all right, come on, say, Katy, not afraid your angel's going back on you, are you? What's the matter?"

"Nothing. Everything. You?" "Why me?"

Her lips twitched, but she tried to laugh. "You're the angel, Denny—

nobody else. You're just good enough angel for me."

"Aw, you little stupid! Come on, now. Just get time to kiss every corner and crack in the place good-bye."

"Isn't it singular, Denny, that you should be taking me to get all well on the very same day we leave behind us this dear old barn?"

"Is it so hard for you to be leaving, Katy?"

She laughed. "I'm dying to see the new place, so that takes away the pang of leaving. And then I've thought this—every change we've made has been a gayer one since that night He put us out."

The old childish antagonism stuck. Neither ever spoke of Matt Borley except as "Him" or "He."

"Your beloved Uncle Matt, Katy-kid? So, it was he started us on the road to happiness?"

"But it's true, isn't it? Let me say this, Denny, please. Let me say it to the end, and it's this. I think it was the luckiest thing that ever happened to me that I fell off that tree. Now, honest and true, I mean it. Because otherwise you would have left me with them. Look how different my life has been all these years. And you know, Denny, you've always made me feel in my insides that that you were glad to have me. Now that's beautiful. So it's been me that's helped to make you so."

He ran his handkerchief over his face. "Darn nice in you doing that, Katy-kid, finishing up God's own job."

They stood at the windows, where Katy had fixed the curtains that expectant day nearly seven years ago when they had first come to the barn. She opened her hands with a whimsical little move. "I'll write you a letter and tell me the rest, Denny. These dear, glorious old walls know it all. Oh, do you feel that this is a majestic day in our lives? I feel as if I were standing on a semicircle and I don't want to move."

"You're scared, Katy-kid? You half wish you weren't going?" He pulled out his watch. "Got to go. Gee—cast your eyes back, look at her."

He lifted her in his arms. She patted his cheek lightly. "Heigh-ho, Denny darlin'—and won't you be glad when I can sally forth to do the Highball at Third and Market?"

"Aw, gee! Well—did you say good-bye? Good Lord!" At the willow tree, he looked back. "Was a good old place, wasn't it? Gee whizz!"

When they were on the train Katy kept her hand folded under his arm. "I feel all trembly, Denny. I feel like laughing."

"Sally right with me if you laugh. 'Stupid!' I'll look after her. When they got off the boat, he called a taxi. Katy twitched his sleeve indignantly. "Extravagant, Mr. Denny."

He grinned. "Twelve fifty, Katy-kid. Thousand-dollar man!"

Never had his arms seemed gentler nor stronger than when he lifted her from the taxi to her chair—wheeled into the building where the doctor's office was. She reached her hand to him in the elevator. He held it.

Denny—oh, Denny! He carried her to the small, white room. She looked up and laughed, and kept holding his hand.

Then he went outside and waited. (Copyright, 1923, The Call Publishing Company.)

SANATORIUM AID ISSUES 75 CHRISTMAS BOXES

Receives Many Cash Donations and Parcels of Clothing for Needy Families.

Radio Programs

FRIDAY, JAN. 18.

KDKA—East Pittsburgh—326 Metres.

(Eastern Standard Time.)

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

11:55 a.m.—Arlington time signals.

12:10 p.m.—Neon forecast and market reports.

12:10 p.m.—Neon concert.

6:15 p.m.—Organ recital.

7:15 p.m.—Radio Boy Scout meeting.

8:45 p.m.—The children's period.

8:00 p.m.—Market reports.

8:15 p.m.—Sunday school lesson for January 20.

8:30 p.m.—"Pay Your Bills Promptly" Day.

8:40 p.m.—Concert arranged by Edwin P. Riehl, director of Knights of Columbia Opera Company.

9:35 p.m.—Dinner time signals.

Weather forecast.

WBZ—Springfield, Mass.—337 Metres.

(Eastern Standard Time.)

11:55 a.m.—Arlington time signals.

Weather reports: Boston and Springfield market reports.

6:00 p.m.—Dinner concert.

7:00 p.m.—"Afire Under Hatches," a dramatized story.

7:30 p.m.—Bedtime story for the

Annual Inventory Sale

Women's Winter Coats

\$25 AND \$28 VALUES,

\$18.50

Women's Winter Coats in wool velour, large fur collars of beaverine, full-lined, finished with side ties; colors of sand, deer and brown. These are Coats of exceptional value and at a price that is away below their regular value.

Winter Coats

VALUES TO \$45

\$25.00

37 only Women's Coats of imported duvetyne, marvella and Bolivia cloths, full silk-lined, some with fur collars and cuffs, others self-trimmed. The shades are sand, deer, brown and navy.

Girls' Winter Coats

\$6.95

REGULAR \$10.

In wool blanket cloth, full lined, belted and loose styles; shades are brown and navy blue.

\$400.00 Persian Lamb Coat \$250.00

One only Persian Lamb Coat, large sable (skunk) collar and cuffs, beautifully silk-lined and heavy pleated silk girdle.

\$250.00 Electric Seal Coat \$150.00

One only Electric Seal Coat, four-stripe sable (skunk) collar and cuffs, full silk-lined; a beautiful Coat and at the price offered represents a remarkable saving.

Vests and Drawers 69c

Clearance of Women's Vests and Drawers of heavy cotton, in white and natural shades; fashioned vests with high neck and long sleeves, drawers open style. Some sub-standards in this lot.

Extraordinary Hosiery Values

Silk and Wool Hose

Fancy Hose

Harvey Combinations

Pure Silk and Wool Hose in plain and clocked styles, made with elastic ribbed top and double foot, toe and heel. Don't confuse these with the ordinary run of silk and wool because they are as different as day is from night, really high-class stockings in four shades and black. Per pair

Clearance of Women's and Misses' Hose in fancy ribbed styles, in all wool, also some silk and wool, in light shades; good range of sizes. These are broken lines and worth \$1.19 to \$1.50 pair. Per pair

Women's Combinations of fine combed cotton, winter weight, elastic ribbed, splendidly made and trimmed, in four styles; perfect fitting garments. Sizes 33 and 38

\$1.98

Sizes 40 and 42

\$2.48

Wool Scarfs \$1.95

A sale of samples in Wool Scarfs, large sizes, made of pure wool of fine quality, in many lovely shades. Most of them are suitable and intended for wear outside of coat and represent values up to \$4.00.

Wool Mitts 39c pr.

Children's Brushed Wool Mitts, in sky, royal, scarlet and emerald; a few blacks. Regular 50c mitts.

Cotton Bloomers 69c

Of winter weight, elastic rib, in a cream shade. They are sub-standard, but will give good wear.

Turk's Women's Combinations

Women's Winter Combinations that are 60 per cent wool, in natural shades; good weight; one style, high neck, long sleeves and ankle length. Size 33 only.

\$2.69

R. J. Young & Co., Limited

The Best Place to Shop, After All.

142 Dundas Street

144 Dundas Street

SEE MEN'S ANNOUNCEMENT ON PAGE 14.

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