

THE TIMES-STAR FEATURE PAGE

Dorothy Dix

All Mothers May Be Divided Into Six Groups: The Cannibal Mother, the Doormat Mother, the Goat Mother, the Press-Agent Mother, the Vampire Mother, the Real Mother, and the Greatest of These is the Last.

NOW, roughly speaking, mothers may be divided into these classes:

First, the cannibal mother. The cannibal mother devours her children alive. She never lets them have a single thought of their own, or gratify a single personal taste or inclination, or have any individuality whatever.

WHEN they are small children she holds them by the hand whenever they go out for a walk, and she makes them sit at her knee and listen to improving stories instead of playing with other children. She makes them eat the kind of food she considers best for their little tummies. She picks out their clothes for them, and makes their friends for them, and she thinks herself grievously ill used when her in-laws emit loud shrieks of agony when they see themselves and their homes and their happiness about to be gobbled up by her.

Second, the doormat mother. The doormat mother prostrates herself before her children and begs them to walk all over her and kick her around. Before they are three weeks old her babies have got her completely under control and can make her do their bidding.

Third, the goat mother. The goat mother is the one who considers that her chief duty in life is to make a living sacrifice of herself for her children.

Fourth, the press-agent mother. The press-agent mother is one of the world's greatest bores and about as great a handicap as any boy or girl could have. For mother tries to sell her children to the general public at her own valuation, and she boasts her goods so high and so out of proportion to their real worth that she makes them ridiculous.

Fifth, the vampire mother. The vampire mother is the mother who sacrifices her children to herself.

SHE begins by giving up everything for baby as soon as baby is born. Before that world shaking event she was pretty, and intelligent, and interesting, and well dressed, and liked to go about with her husband to places of amusement. But after baby's birth she goes dowdy because baby pulls at her chiffons. She never even takes time to comb her hair decently. Her conversation dwindles to a dribble about sterilized baby foods and she never goes anywhere because she has to stay at home and hold baby's hand while it sleeps.

SHE teaches them to obey her. She forces them to respect her. She develops their individuality and teaches them to stand on their own feet and walk alone, metaphorically as well as physically. She strengthens their backs by laying burdens on them and cultivates unselfishness in them by teaching them to consider others.

And because she has taught them obedience and self-control, they grow up into good citizens; and because she has been a shining example to them, they worship her. DOROTHY DIX.

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Timely Views On World Topics

TRAVELED through English farm country for two days and saw only two motor cars on the farms," said Senator Arthur Capper, in a recent interview. "English farmers lack buying power. The young people do not dress as well as those on our farms and they have little spending money."

of the entire world. A vast amount of its food comes from the United States. The proportion of its imports of food, in comparison with that produced at home, is amazingly large, it seems to me. England imports, for example, 75 per cent. of its wheat and wheat flour; no wonder Liverpool is an important market! Of barley it imports 48 per cent.; oats, 19 per cent.; beef and veal, 57; mutton and lamb, 68; pork, 68; poultry, 87; eggs, 60; milk and its products, 64; wool, 88, and corn, 100—England grows no corn.

ENGLISH FARMERS CONSERVATIVE.

"Apparently the British government gives little attention to agriculture, its people and its problems. Certainly the farmers of England are much behind those of America in their practical grasp of economic matters. Most English farmers belong to the Conservative group politically; few are identified with the Labor or Socialist groups. They are almost inactive politically and really have no voice in public affairs."

As a result, England is an open market for the agricultural surplus

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How Is This For Real Hard Luck

If you think your luck has struck absolute rock-bottom, just consult Mrs. Ruby Kelly and the 40 business girls who have been making their homes in her rooming house in Cleveland. They'll tell you just how bad luck can be.

Two years ago Mrs. Kelly put all her savings into leasing a 60-room apartment. She renovated and furnished it and let the rooms to business girls—stenographers, secretaries and the like.

It took all her money, plus several hundred dollars borrowed from friends, and for a long time it was a losing proposition. But about a month ago the house began to fill and a day of clear profits was in sight.

Then, one chilly October morning, a constable and his deputies appeared with a notice of eviction issued by the Municipal Court on the owner's plaint that the rent was overdue. Mrs. Kelly protested that she had paid the rent and that she hadn't been notified of court procedure. But in vain.

Out came every stick of furniture to the sidewalk. Up came the moving vans, and presently Mrs. Kelly was left with a bare, empty house on her hands.

In the evening Mrs. Kelly's roomers came home. In each room was a pile of clothes rumped on the middle of the floor from dresser drawers by the movers. Nothing else. The girls ate supper on the floor, sat on the floor and discussed their fate, slept on the floor.

Now they're all gone elsewhere for rooms. And to top it all, really companies with which Mrs. Kelly had invested some \$15,000 in lake front lots foreclosed their mortgages when they learned of the rooming house disaster. The mortgages had been overdue for some time, but the really companies had carried them until they learned of Mrs. Kelly's financial reverses.

"Tough luck? Say, the next fellow that writes a dictionary ought to let us get up a new definition of those words for him," says Mrs. Kelly and her erstwhile roomers.

Where are the two girls going? They don't know just exactly, because Irene Liedtke, left, and Margaret Turnberg, right, along with nearly two score other tenants of Mrs. Ruby Kelly, centre, were rendered homeless by Cleveland eviction writs so hastily that they hardly know what was happening.

Charge them that are rich in this world, that they be not high-minded, nor trust in uncertain riches, but in the living God who giveth us richly all things to enjoy.—1 Tim. 6:17.

WHEAT, show thy wisdom not to be wealth a servant, but to make wealth serve thee.—Sir J. Denham.

A Thought

Fashion Fancies

By Marie Belmont

The gray cloth coat is very smart, either trimmed with fur or left untrimmed.

This straight-line model above is cut on generous lines, so that it wraps well about the figure. It needs no trimming, because of the decorative quality of the fabric, which combines a soft gray with a gray of deeper tint.

A tiny felt hat of the lighter gray completes a very smart outfit.

Your Birthday

October 29—You have a painstaking nature, but rather inclined to worry too much. Cultivate hope, read more, and take an interest in other folk. You are fond of children, love to be out of doors, and take a keen interest in sports. When love comes, you will be very happy.

Your birth-stone is the opal, which means hope. Your flower is the hop. Your lucky colors are yellow and white.

LITTLE JOE

CONSIDERING SKIRTS AND HOSE, 'T WAS A VERY SHORT SUMMER.

"How can you prevent the leather from cracking, Madam? Use a good wax polish."

"What do I recommend?" "Nugget" Shoe Polish. It softens and preserves the leather, giving it the same nutriment as the animal's body does when the skin is on its back.

Made in Black, Tan, Toney Red and Dark Brown. Also White Dressing (cake) and White Cleaner (liquid).

"NUGGET" Shoe Polish

All Heinz Tomato Products Sold in 57 Canada Are Packed in Canada.



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DAILY MOVIE SERVICE

Mix One of Few Playing Unmitigated Hero Roles

By Jack JUNGMEYER.

The unmitigated hero, the melodramatic paragon, is slowly vanishing from our dramatic midst, both in stage plays and moving pictures. A sign of decadence, perhaps—a token certainly of increasing sophistication in this age of getting down to brass tacks and of measuring men by motives rather than by acts.

Tom Mix is one of the few survivors, in pictures, of the older order, managing to carry the banner of sheer romanticism into the camps of skepticism—a sort of hold-over knight errant, still settling honest cheers for his marvels of virtue.

In his latest film, "The Everlasting Witness," all the elements of his screen popularity are subserved. He saves a girl on a runaway horse, which permits a breath-taking display of his riding prowess.

He saves the same girl from the designs of an unprincipled gent and from social ostracism, by the simple expedient of marrying her. Then he wins the love of this haughty and pampered lady by compelling her to undergo hardship. In order that a pledge to a miserly old miner may be kept.

And finally, for her protection, he soundly trounces half a dozen desperadoes in a spectacular cliff-edge fight. It's quite a day of heroics!

The picture is beautifully trigged out in landscapes from the Yosemite and the high Sierras of California, than which there is no more glorious setting for romance. Snow trails, towering peaks, and the eternally whispering pines from which the pines take its title.

To scatter dark introspections before a breeze from the hills and a clatter of hoof-beats, this light refreshment by Tom Mix and Alice Calhoun is recommended.

TODAY'S RECEIPTS.

Apple Sauce Cake—One cup sugar, one-half cup shortening, one and one-fourth cup unsweetened, strained apple sauce, two teaspoons soda, one teaspoon cream, one teaspoon cinnamon, one-half teaspoon nutmeg, one-half teaspoon cloves, two cups pastry flour, one-half cup seedless raisins, one-half cup chopped nut meats. Cream shortening and sugar, add apple sauce, into which soda has been beaten. Add flour sifted with salt and spices, reserving little to dust over raisins and nut meats to be added last. Beat well and bake in well greased and floured shallow pan for 40 minutes.

Hard Sauce—One-fourth cup butter, one cup powdered sugar, one table-

spoon cream or top milk, one teaspoon vanilla extract. Cream butter and sugar slowly, adding cream, a little at a time. Add extract.

TIMELY HINT.

Now that summer is over and light clothes put away, many women have a few pairs of white hose that do not look so well with dark dresses. If you store them for next season wrap them in blue tissue paper, as that will preserve the color. If you wish to change their color, however, so that you can wear them, try the following methods. In a basin of warm water add a cup of strong tea essence. The amount of tea may be varied according to the shade desired. Rub the stockings well as if washing them in the solution.

THE LAST FRONTIER

Lightning Kills Only One Person In A Million

By DAVID DIETZ.

FEAR of lightning is one of man's oldest emotions. Prehistoric man feared lightning as the weapon of unseen spirits. All of the old mythologies made lightning the servant of the chief god. The Greeks, for example, gave the thunderbolt to Zeus.

Records tell us that both Julius Caesar and Napoleon were afraid of lightning. It is not difficult to understand their fear. They felt themselves the equal of all earthly foes, but the lightning out of the sky was something against which they could not defend themselves.

But Dr. Arthur W. Gilbert, Massachusetts state commissioner of agriculture, points out, on the basis of a survey which he has just completed, that fear of lightning is all out of proportion to the chances of death by lightning.

The chance of death by lightning is less than one in a million. Dr. Gilbert collected the statistics for Massachusetts for five years. In that time 13 people were killed by lightning, an average of 2.6 persons per year. Divid-

ing this into the population of the state, it means that one out of every 1,013,770 persons were struck during the year.

The danger from speeding autos, for example, is several thousand times a greater menace to life than is lightning.

DR. GILBERT'S survey shows that safe from lightning in a city as you are in the country. This is because in the city, steel frame buildings, trolley wires and the like draw much of the electrical energy out of the atmosphere while a storm is brewing and therefore the resulting storm usually does not possess the electrical intensity of a thunderstorm in the country.

Wires and steel frameworks also act as lightning protectors while a storm is in progress.

Dr. Gilbert thinks, however, that a farm-house which is properly protected by lightning rods correctly installed, is as safe as a city dwelling during a thunder storm.

Adventures of the Twins

By OLIVE ROBERTS BARTON

JACK O'LANTERN'S PARTY.

"We'll have to have a band," said the Scare Crow. "We'll have to have a band if the Jack O'Lantern is going to give a party."

"That's right," agreed Mister Corn Dodger. "We certainly should have a band. But there is no band in High Jinks Land."

"I've got three fiddlers," said Old King Cole. "My three fiddlers will go."

"And I have a fiddle, too," said the Hi Diddle Diddle Cat.

"And I have a horn!" said Little Boy Blue.

"And we have a drum!" said the Three-leaf-sh-a-Tub.

"And I have my pipe," said the Pied Piper.

"Fine! Fine!" cried all the people in High Jinks Land. So Nancy and Nick said "Fine! Fine!" too, as it seemed to be the proper thing to do.

Well! They soon got a band together, and the band went down the street to Jack O'Lantern's house, playing a merry tune.

It was quite a gay party. There was the Scare Crow and Mister Corn Dodger and the Twins, to begin with, and the Clown, and Old King Cole, and the Goose Girl, and the Old Apple Woman, and Mrs. Witches, and the Muffin Man, and Mrs. Witches and the Sweep and everybody!

And before very long they came to Jack O'Lantern's house.

"What a nice house!" said Nancy.

"I think it's a nice party," said the Pieman. "A very nice party. What shall we do with the refreshments I brought a pie."

"Just set them all in the kitchen," said Mrs. John, Jack and Jill's mother.

So they set everything in the kitchen and then out they went again where there was more room.

"What shall we play?" said Jack O'Lantern.

"Let's play Blind Man's Buff," said the Scare Crow.

"No! I will," said the Clown. "I'll be blind man."

"That's fine!" said Jack O'Lantern. "Kneel down then and get the handkerchief tied over your eyes. That'll be blind man?"

"Now run, everybody," said Jack O'Lantern. "If you are caught and the Clown guesses your name, you must give him a forfeit. No fair running after you are tagged."

"I think High Jinks Land is lots of fun," said Nancy to Mister Corn Dodger.

"So do I," said Nick.

"I'm glad you like it," said Mister Corn Dodger, shaking the ashes out of his corn-cob pipe, so he could run better.

To Be Continued.

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