

THE TIMES-STAR FEATURE PAGE

Dorothy Dix

Why Should Wives Feel That They Have Exclusive Right to the Use and Hospitality of the Home?—The Mere Husband Who Pays Rent, Food, Heat and Light Costs Rarely Entertains His Family and Friends and Seldom Has Even One Room to Himself.

IT is a matter of continual wonder to me that women do not realize how unjustly they treat their husbands about their homes. Of course, a woman's home is her castle and all that, and it is right and proper that she should be the ruler of it. Moreover, inasmuch as the average man is in his home only a very few of his waking hours, while his wife spends practically all of her time in it, it is more important that it should come up to her ideal and fire her fancy than his.

She should have the right of choice in selecting the neighborhood she desires to live in because she has to know the people next door and look across the street all day, and she doesn't. Nor should any mere husband presume to dictate about the number, size and arrangements of the closets in a house that is going to be his wife's workshop. Neither should a man interfere with his wife's taste in decoration, no matter how much it runs to putting ruffled petticoats on the furniture and installing forests of lamps, for having a home dolled up as she wants it fills a woman with a great and exceeding peace and joy, and no good husband should withhold this pleasure from his wife.

BUT all of that does not give the wife the right to monopolize the home and use it for her sole behoof and benefit, as so many women think it does. The man who pays the freight; the man who buys the house and who supports it should have a few poor, simple privileges in it which even a wife should recognize and respect. He should at least, in all common fairness, have the status of a star boarder in the home his money keeps a going concern.

He seldom does, however. There is not one home in a thousand where the man of the house has even a room of his own which he can furnish in accordance with his own taste and where he can pass around as much as he likes and indulge in his personal fads. The average wife would consider it a sheer waste of space to set apart a room just for her husband's use.

I HAVE known many men who tried to establish dens for themselves in their houses, but before they got fairly settled, with their collections of stamps, or fishing rods, or stuffed animals, or what not disposed around them their wives decided that it would be just as well to have a sewing room or the nursery, and the collections went to the attic and the sewing machine and the cradle crowded the poor husbands out.

Three hooks in a closet and a couple of drawers in a chiffonier are about all that most men get for their own private use in their homes, and at that they generally find that their wives and daughters have superimposed feminine fripperies over their best suits and parked their silk stockings on top of their shirts. So universal is the feeling among women that they have a right to the entire house that when a wife does concede an easy chair and a reading lamp to her husband she boasts of it loudly and calls everybody's attention to her unusual and generous gesture, whereas all the while and even her husband himself puffs out his chest and feels that he is a pampered household pet.

WHY women should feel that they have an exclusive right to exercise the hospitality of the home nobody knows, but they do. If you will observe you will see that in most homes it is the wife's family who are perpetually billeted in the spare bedroom, while the husband's family makes few and occasional visits. You will also observe that there are ten men who have their mothers-in-law living with them to one man whose mother resides under his roof.

Any wife would think it very mean in him if her husband did not extend a cordial welcome to Aunt Sally and Cousin Sue when they were invited for a visit, and if he wasn't willing for her pretty young sister to come and stay indefinitely in town with them so as to have the benefits of the city. And she expects him to register great joy when mother telegraphs that she is coming for a month or two.

But it is another pair of sleeves when it comes to husband's relatives, and there are precious few men who would dare to dump a bunch of their kinspeople down on their wives.

Many a man is even afraid to ask his own mother to come to see him, and the average husband would fall dead with surprise if his wife were so intimate to him that she considered that the fact that he paid for the rent and food and light and heat and general upkeep of the home gave him just as much right to have his family stay with them as she had to have hers.

AS TO the friends who come to the house, the wife considers it her prerogative to settle that little matter by herself, and thinks that her husband has nothing to do with it. She spreads the mat with "Welcome" on it for those she likes, and slams and bolts the door in the faces of those she doesn't fancy. And she practically never fancies her husband's old friends.

So the man who had looked forward to having his old friends in his new home, who had dreamed of long talks with Tom by his fireside, and to having Bob, who was closer than a brother, drop in at any time for pot-luck finds, somehow, not only that they do not come, but that he is afraid to ask them to come.

HIS wife has frozen them out and substituted her own cronies for them. She expects him to be nice to his friends, which is queer feminine logic. Incumbent on her to be nice to his friends, which is queer feminine logic.

Wives are always complaining that their husbands are not willing to stay at home. Perhaps the remedy is making the home democracy instead of an autocracy. If men had more rights and privileges at home they might like staying in it better.

DOROTHY DIX.

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**SHREDDED WHEAT**  
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With the Women of Today

THERE is only one "lady weather-man" in the world, so far as known. She is Miss E. W. Pilkington, in charge of the meteorological station at Exton, England. Miss Pilkington succeeded her father, who had held the post for 26 years.

Miss Pilkington tries to inject a little humor into the serious business of forecasting the weather, couching the prognostications in original language. "Every day in every way it grows warmer and warmer," was one of her sayings. "All the weather factors are dressed in their Sunday best," she added. East winds she refers to as of "Oriental character."

A prominent actress appearing in a play on the New York stage was required to change her costume 12 times at each performance. With the change into street costume this made 14 changes a day, and double that number on each of the two matinee days—a total of 126 changes in the course of a week.

Mrs. Fannellebe Sutherland, police judge of Paris, Bourbon county, Ky., is one of the only two women who preside over city tribunals in the United States. Judge Sutherland asserts that women make better jurors than men, that they are not afraid to stand for their convictions in making a decision, and that they have more respect for law. Mrs. Sutherland taught school for 25 years before being elected to the bench.

The estate of Miss Evelyn W. Smith of Amawalk, N. Y., at the foot of the Berkshire hills, holds one million trees worth about \$5,000,000. Miss Smith has worked at her nursery for 15 years and her trees are visited by tree lovers, landscape architects and college forest specialists.

Fashion Fancies



By Marie Belmont  
METAL cloth is seen everywhere. It makes entire garments, and it serves most effectively as a trimming for other fabrics. The exploiting of the bolero mode in the afternoon frock occasion for the use of gunmetal cloth. This is simply metal cloth in the dull gunmetal shade. An entire underslip is made of this. Bands of braid in red and blue trim the plain metal slip, and reappear at the sleeves and girdle. The fabric of the outer frock is black satin and the fur blue fox.

Your Birthday

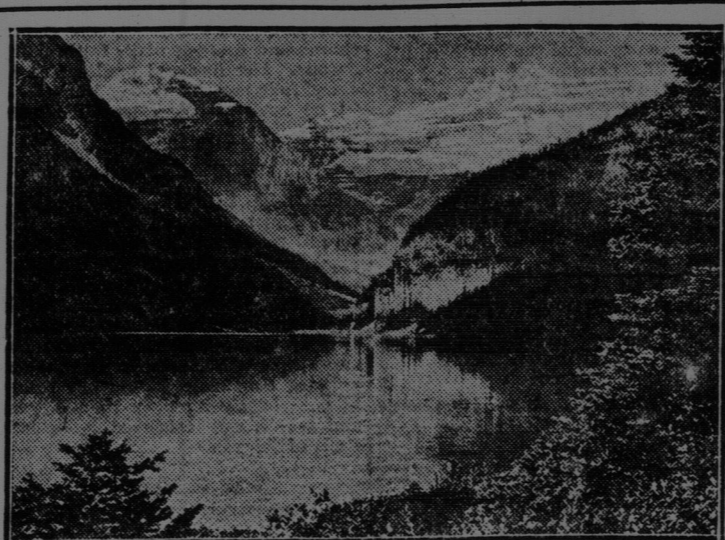
November 18—You are just and generous, fond of entertaining, and beloved of your friends. You are steady and reliable, and accomplish what you promise. Your home life will be happy if you abstain from jealousy. Live out of doors a great deal. Your birthstone is the topaz, which means fidelity. Your flower is the chrysanthemum. Your lucky color is grey.

Family Menus

**Breakfast.**  
Halved Grapefruit. Syrup.  
Cornmeal Pancakes. Coffee.  
Rolls.  
**Luncheon.**  
Fisherman's Chowder with Bacon.  
Baked Apples. Cookies.  
Milk.  
**Dinner.**  
Baker's Liver.  
Baked Potatoes.  
Eggplant Straws. Apple Pie.  
Coffee.

**TODAY'S RECIPES.**  
**Cornmeal Pancakes**—One cup cornmeal scalded with one cup boiling water, one egg, one-half teaspoon salt, one teaspoon baking powder, one cup white flour, milk to make a batter.  
**Fisherman's Chowder With Bacon**—Fry about seven or eight slices of bacon brown and crisp, lay them in the bottom of a kettle, covering them with a layer of sliced potatoes, then a layer of raw sliced onions, a layer of crackers and then the remainder of the bacon. Add two cups of water, season with salt and pepper and cook slowly until the fish is well done.  
**Baked Cat's Liver**—Wash and wipe dry one cat's liver, then slash and score inside. Have ready a well-seasoned bread dressing, using quite a bit of onion. Pack into the liver, then tie with cord or skewer with wooden toothpicks, putting several pieces of bacon over the openings. Put in the baking pan, pour over it a little hot water and bake at least an hour in a hot oven, basting frequently. Serve hot garnished with parsley.

A POET IN THE MOUNTAINS



FROM the pen of Michael Hargadon, of Montreal, a true and authentic Register, comes this pretty volume "Among the Mountains," containing seven beautiful poems on the Canadian Rockies. Titles of the poems are: "Rhine," "Lake Louise," "Moraine Lake," "Emerald Lake," "Glacier," "Waterfall," and "Camp Song." Above illustration is of Lake Louise in the Canadian Rockies.

What better description, for instance, could be given of Lake Louise than the following stanza, taken at random from the poem of that name:

"In oval framing of the fairest hue  
And best designing that the maker knew,  
This Lake is God's best picture; that is why  
He hung it on the mountains at the sky.  
He wished it near, that sometimes He might show  
The saints above His masterpiece below."

Here is the concluding stanza from a poem on Banff:

There is no grander place to live,  
And when through death we go,  
It would be sweet if we could come  
To dwell along the Bow,  
With all the luxuries of earth  
And much that heaven supplies.

Never old your music ringing  
Since the earth was planned,  
Moving always to the swinging  
Of the mighty Master wand  
In the Great Conductor's hand.

Pleasantly, too, does the poet enumerate other topographical charms of the Canadian Rockies, and the names bear with them an alluring music peculiarly their own:

"Who could forget the Baloo Pass,  
Aulikan Valley view;  
The Overlook, the Cougar Vale  
The caves of Nakimu,  
The Cascade (Summer House, the creeks,  
That singing, leaping go;  
And fairylands we see about,  
On horse, or trolley-ho."

Sixteen beautifully colored prints of superb mountain scenery accompany the text of this lovely booklet.

It makes an appropriate gift for Christmas or indeed any time, and will be treasured by all lovers of the Canadian Rocky Mountains.

"Among the Mountains," by Michael Hargadon, is published by the Sun Press, 1070 Bligny street, Montreal. Price 50 cents.

DAILY MOVIE SERVICE

Pauline Frederick Is Back From Great Triumph

By RUSSELL J. BIRDWELL.

The greatest ambassador to Australia, that the United States has ever had is coming home.

Pauline Frederick, so acclaimed by the enthusiastic press and public of the Antipodes, has just completed, under the guidance of Reg. L. "Snowy" Baker, noted Australian sportsman, one of the most remarkable stage tours ever made by an American actress.

And now America's ambassador is coming home. She plans to eat a turkey dinner on Thanksgiving Day at her home in Beverly Hills, which adjoins the film town.

Nine months ago Polly sailed from San Francisco for Australia on a 14-weeks' tour in "Spring Cleaning" and "The Lady." After landing in Melbourne, Pauline took the Anzacs by storm.

Instead of playing the original schedule, she was forced to play 12 weeks in Melbourne alone to record-breaking houses. So tremendous was her hit that her "14 weeks" itinerary as previously planned lengthened into nine months. Many new hits were added to her repertoire of plays, including "Declassé."

According to reports from Australia, never has a person from the States so entirely won over the hearts of the Antipodean inhabitants. Everything from race horses to merchandise was named in her honor.

Pauline plans to re-enter motion pictures on her arrival in Hollywood.



PAULINE FREDERICK.

A Thought

Beloved, now we are the sons of God, and it doth not yet appear what we shall be; but we know that when He shall appear, we shall be like Him; for we shall see Him as He is.—1 John 3:2.

THE nearer I approach the end, the plainer I hear around me the im-

mortal symphonies of the worlds which invite me. It is marvelous, yet simple.—Vistor Hugo.

"LATE again, O'Malley," roared the boss. "How do you account for this persistent tardiness?" "This inherited, sir," answered O'Malley. "My father was the late Michael O'Malley."

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Use it morning and night and have beautiful soft, white hands, and a lovely complexion.

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ADVENTURES of the TWINS

by OLIVE ROBERTS BARTON

A GUESSING GAME.

"What shall we play next?" asked Nick.

"I don't know," cried all the High Jinks people. "We have played about everything."

"Oh, no, we haven't," said Mister Corn Dodger. "There are a lot of things we haven't done. We haven't bobbed for apples yet and we haven't had a bean-hunt and we haven't had a guessing game and we haven't had—"

"Let's have a guessing game," said Nancy.

"There you go," grumbled Jack O'Lantern. "Always wanting us to use our brains when you know very well that I haven't any."

Mister Dodger opened his mouth to say something when the Little-Dog-That-Laughed barked out. "Now, please don't say we are to vote on it, Mister Dodger. You remember the trouble I got into when we voted on cat-chasing. I got my eyes and nose all mixed up."

Mister Corn Dodger laughed. "Why no, I wasn't going to say anything about it," he said. "I was just going to tell you how to play the guessing game. You do it this way. Suppose I think of a certain thing I want you to guess. Well, I tell you everything about it but its name, and then you have to guess what it is. That's all."

"Oh, that's easy," said the Hi-Diddle-Dee-Dee-Cat, laying his fiddle down carefully so he could think better. "I'm ready."

"What is it," said Mister Dodger, "that is round and bright and shiny and has a face on it?"

"Mi-ew!" laughed the cat. "That's certainly easy. I think you made it out just for me. It's the moon."

"No, sir!" said Mister Corn Dodger. "It isn't."

"What?" cried the cat. "Not the moon! Well, I declare! This is a harder game than I thought."

"I know what it is," said the Ten-O'Clock-Scholar. "It's a silver dollar."

"No," said Mister Dodger. "That isn't it, either. And it isn't a nickel or a dime or a quarter or a new penny. It isn't money at all."

"Oh, ho, ho! I know!" sang out Jack O'Lantern merrily. "It's me, I'm round and bright and shiny and I have a face."

"And you aren't an 'it' are you?"

"My goodness, Mister Dodger. Lots of things are round and bright and shiny and have faces on them," said the Scare Crow. "I have a medal in one of my coat pockets that somebody left there, and it has a face on it. And it's bright and round and shiny, too!"

"Tell you a little more about it. It is round and bright and shiny and has a face and two hands—sometimes three hands."

"I know what it is," said Nick. "It's a watch."

"That's right," said Mister Dodger. "Exactly right. Now who wants to play some more?"

"Me! Me!" cried everybody. "It's more fun than we thought it would be. It's almost as good as riddles."

"Then it's your time to make up the next question, Nick," said Mister Dodger. "You guessed the last."

THE LAST FRONTIER

Now Science Gives A Lift To Raisers of Oysters

By DAVID DIETZ.

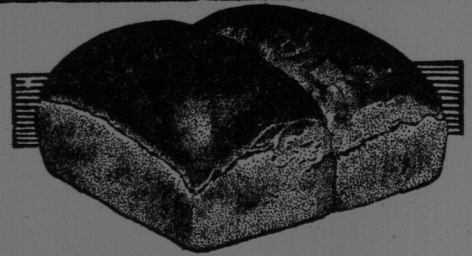
SCIENCE is coming to the aid of the oyster industry in the same way that it has been helping agriculture for many years. Just as by studying soil conditions and the nature and habits of plants, science taught the farmer how to grow bigger and better crops, so it is now teaching the oyster fisher the same valuable lesson.

The New York Conservation Commission has just announced that it has succeeded in raising under laboratory conditions oysters of edible sizes from oyster eggs. The commission has carried out this work on a large enough scale to make it commercially possible to use this method to obtain so-called "seed" or baby oysters for populating new oyster beds.

The U. S. Bureau of Fisheries has just announced the completion of an important study of the feeding habits of oysters. The bureau finds that the oyster gets 85 per cent. of its food from the water which it drinks, or to put the case more accurately, filters in and out through its gills. The average oyster, the bureau finds, filters in seven hours and a half gallons of water every 24 hours.

This filtration process functions best in water which has a temperature around 75 degrees. It practically stops when the temperature falls to 50 degrees, when the oyster goes into what might be called a state of hibernation.

THE greatest help which the scientist has given the oyster-grower to date, is in telling him when to dump the oyster-shells overboard for the oyster eggs to attach themselves to. For years, oyster-growers have been dumping overboard hundreds of thousands of shells themselves until they develop sufficiently to "go it alone." It was generally a matter of guess-work as to the proper time for planting these shells. But biologists have shown that the proper time for action is the height of the spawning season, as the shells pull the eggs down with them as they drop through the water, encouraging and hastening the "set." The biologists are able to tell just when the right moment has arrived, and the shell-loaded oyster schooners shoot out to the beds when the scientific observers give the word. This is generally in the latter part of July or early in August.



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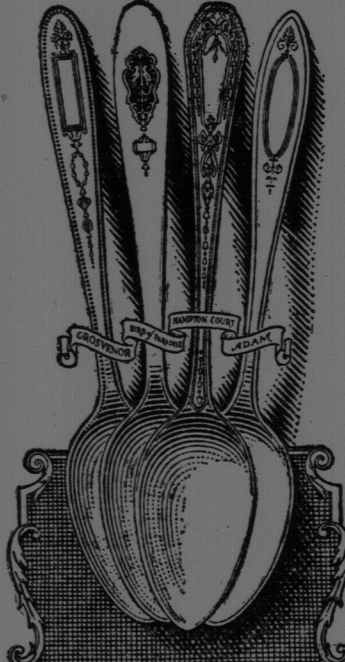
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