

WOMEN and THE HOME

Dorothy Dix
Discusses a Man's Business at Home? Gives Three Viewpoints of the Subject

If a Husband Enjoys Talking Over the Day's Business, and If His Wife Is a True Helpmeet, He Should Discuss His Affairs With Her—Otherwise He Should Lock His Job Up Along With His Desk.

How much is a woman entitled to know about her husband's business affairs? Should a man take his business home with him, and talk over his problems, his anxieties, and worries, with his wife, or should he draw a sharp line between his office and his home, and leave to his wife only the pleasant duty of spending the money he makes?

Three persons were discussing this subject the other day, and each approached it from a different angle.

"My wife is as well acquainted with my affairs as I am myself," said a man who is unusually successful and prosperous. "She knows to a cent what I have, and how every dollar is invested, and I never make a move without consulting her. Indeed, I consider her my most valued adviser because her intuitions about things are positively uncanny."

"Just because she does not understand technicalities, she doesn't get tangled up in them like I do, so she cleaves right to the heart of the subject under consideration, and long experience has taught me that she is far more apt to be right than I am when it comes to sizing up a man's trustworthiness, or his latent ability."

"Besides that, just talking over a thing with a thoroughly interested and sympathetic listener cleans it up in your mind, and some of the most valuable mistakes I have ever gotten have come to me when I was thrashing over a puzzling situation with my wife. Often some simple question she has asked has been the key that opened the door and let in a flood of light on a dark proposition."

"And more than that," added the man with a twinkle in his eye, "it's a great economy to make your wife feel that she is an active partner in your business. It gives a woman and makes her think she has a right to know what you can't afford the new fur she has set her heart on, but if you will consult with her, and make her see that the reason you can't afford any extravagance is because you are trying to extend the business, she will not only gladly forego the fur, but do without a new hat as well. So I say that the wise man talks over his business with his wife."

"Of course, he does!" exclaimed the woman of the party. "It is the wife's right to know all about her husband's affairs. She has just as much at stake in them as he has, for if he fails she must suffer even more than he does."

"One of the reasons that so many women ruin their husbands with their extravagance is because they have no idea of what their husbands make, or what they can afford. Running a home is a business proposition just as much as running a store, yet how can a woman do it successfully if she does not know what her resources are, or what financial backing she has got? Yet that is the position of innumerable wives."

"And the cruelest part of it all is that when the man who has never talked about his business to his wife dies, he leaves her absolutely helpless. She doesn't know anything more about the details of his business than she knows about the internal economy of Mrs. She doesn't know what investment he's got, nor what debts he owes, and she becomes the predestined prey of his partner and the lawyers, and she has to take any kind of a settlement that they offer her."

"I consider it is a man's duty not only to talk over his business with his wife, and keep her posted to the minute, but to teach her how to handle money, and what to do in case he should die."

"I also believe that for a man to talk over his business with his wife makes a great bond of union between them. There is nothing like people having the same interests, and when a man can spend a happy evening at home in a heart-to-heart talk with his wife about the operations of the stock market, he isn't going to be running around hunting a soul mate. He has already found her."

"I never talk shop at home," said the third man, who was also rich and successful. "I never tell my wife anything about my business, and for all I know she thinks, I make money like a conjurer takes a pink rabbit out of a silk hat, and this isn't because my wife isn't a good wife and a helpful one, either."

"It's because if I keep my health, and my sanity, and my poise, I have got to have a change of environment and thought. I am at the head of a very big company, as you know, I have great responsibilities on my shoulders, and every day I must make decisions involving vast sums of money, and in order to do this I have got to approach my subject every day fresh. I have got to be rested to take up the problems from a clearer perspective on them, and I cannot do this if they are always with me."

"Every day I give the best that is in me to my work, but when I shut down my desk I lock up my job inside of it, and when I go home I want to be entertained and amused, and have nothing to remind me of the shop. I'll spend the evening telling my wife about it all, recalling the various problems, relieving all the vexations and worries, I wouldn't sleep, and I would go to work unrefreshed and unfit."

So there you are, and the question of whether a man should tell his wife about his business depends upon whether he enjoys doing it or not.

DOROTHY DIX.

Reddy Fox Remembers the Warning Once Given Him By Mrs. Reddy Fox

By THORNTON W. BURGESS.

Reddy Fox had slowly made his way back to the ruined home in the Old Pasture. He had listened to the voices of the dogs as they had followed Mrs. Reddy, and his sharp ears had told him when at last they had lost her trail and couldn't find it again. He knew that sooner or later she would return to the ruined home in the Old Pasture.



The stars came out and twinkled down on him.

He was eager to see her, yet he dreaded her return. It had been a terrible day, the worst day in all his life. He would have been glad to go anywhere, but the knowledge that it had all been his own fault had made it worse. He couldn't forget that Mrs. Reddy had warned him to keep away from that chicken yard. If he had heeded her, his home would not now be ruined.

So Reddy was very unhappy as he lay down near the entrance to that ruined home and waited. The stars came out and twinkled down on him. His feet were sore from long running, and he was still very tired. He was hungry, too. He was hungry, but he didn't feel like hunting for a dinner. Altogether he was a most unhappy fox.

"The faintest of footstep caused Reddy to look up. A shadowy form appeared coming down one of the old cow paths. It was Mrs. Reddy. She stopped close to Reddy. He didn't lift his head. 'Well,' said Mrs. Reddy, 'what have you got to say for yourself?'

"Nothing, my dear," mumbled Reddy meekly, "excepting that I'm so thankful nothing happened to you. You were so worried about me that I'm sure you wouldn't have let anything happen to you."

"Something did happen to me," retorted Mrs. Reddy. "Some of those shot hit me. It's a wonder I'm alive. I suppose you know Mrs. Reddy in a very low voice."

"Didn't I warn you to keep away from that chicken yard?" demanded Mrs. Reddy.

"Yes," replied Reddy in a still lower voice.

"If you had kept away from that chicken yard," continued Mrs. Reddy, "those hunters wouldn't have tried to get you today. They wouldn't have ruined your home. Now we haven't any home. We have got to make a new home. And it is all because you didn't have sense enough to keep away from

DARKENED WINDOWS

By CORNELIA KANE RATHBONE.

THE STORY THIS FAR.

JOHN GRAHAM, young, wealthy, a junior member of an old New York law firm, set an effort to recover an emerald bracelet belonging to PHILIPPA, his invalid cousin, because involved in the murder of NATHANIEL HURST, a millionaire client, whom Graham found shot in the library of the Hurst mansion. Suspicion turns on

EVADNE HURST, his young and beautiful wife—a woman with an unknown past. On the night of the murder she had betrayed a damning clue in a warning in spite of the evidence against her. Graham falls in love with her and tries in every way to protect her. She is deliberately accused of the murder by

DENIS, the old family butler, who is passionately attached to his master's daughter.

ESTELLE HURST, a cold, classic beauty, who detests her step-mother. She has not returned since the night of the murder, when she was overtaken by a fatal illness. Her father, a "damn German," as he expressed it. The case is in the competent hands of

DETECTIVE FLINT, who has been a close friend of Graham's. In an effort to shed light on the mystery Flint interviews

MISS SMITH, secretary of the murdered man, a vulgarly pretty girl who knows more than she tells. Asked to check up on Mr. Hurst's collection of rings, she reports that four of the most precious rings have been stolen. On one of the ring trays Flint finds a green spangle belonging to the dress worn by Estelle Hurst on the night of the murder. Graham is called away to visit his uncle, senior member of the firm, at Albany. On his way to the station Flint intercepts him in his act of putting a letter for Mrs. Hurst, who is under guard. Gambling on her innocence, Graham gives Flint the letter. It is addressed to Mr. Hurst, and it is a letter from an incoherent love letter. The house address is number 332—the very house already sought after by the police, and which is the scene of a murder when you came. First and foremost there is a man, including jealousy. We can count that out in this case, I guess."

"What it suggests is too horrible to believe," cried Graham. "A man's own daughter—"

"Yes," asserted Flint. "Yes, it's strong. This is unquestionably the weapon which was used—right here, and a single shot fired from it. Besides, it has Mr. Hurst's name on it. Yes, we've got the gun, and we've got motives enough and to spare. I was going over the chief motives for murder when you came. First and foremost there is a man, including jealousy. We can count that out in this case, I guess."

DRESS

By MARY MARSHALL

Gold Heels and Jeweled Buckles Send the Price of Fashionable Shoes Soaring.

A fashionable shoemaker in Paris is said recently to have declared that in order to supply the present-day demand for contracted 42 "degres de Beve"—which being interpreted in the metric line of our own country means a temperature of one hundred and ten degrees!

Apparently our own shoemakers, even the most fashionable of them, manage to maintain a normal temperature in spite of the present tendency on the part of women to decorate their feet as elaborately as they always have decorated their heads.

One of the most recent developments in the art of shoe-making is the use of highly ornamental heels. Formerly even on an elaborate slipper the buckle was the only means of displaying brilliant metal or dazzling stones. But now the heel carries as many honors as the buckle—or may do so. Perugia, the famed woman shoe designer of these brilliant Rhinestone buckles and buttons are still much admired, and it is said that not infrequently a pair of heels costs as much as one hundred dollars.

Small ostrich ornaments are also seen and for an afternoon shoe is a small buckle device of cut steel edged with fur.

At top, rhinestone buckle with crystal center. At left, cut steel edged with fur. Below, crescent of rhinestones and rubies, and below that, cut-steel buckle with tassels at side. Then a diamond strap for evening slippers fastened with sapphire buckle, with matching sapphire and diamond heel. Left, black buckle worn with black slipper, and feather—the heads of green and blue with green scarab in center. Under that, rosette of ribbon striped in brown and green, worn on tan kid slippers. And diamond buckshot worn at side of slipper.

An authority on such matters gives the following list of articles useful for the well-stocked ambulance box:

- Pair of blunt pointed scissors—surgical if convenient.
- Two rolls of bandage cotton—of different width.
- One package of antiseptic cotton.
- Safety pins, large and small.
- Tincture of iodine.
- Smelling salts and spirits of ammonia.
- Soda bicarbonate for scalds or burns.
- A tourniquet.
- Pair of splints, or wire mesh for fractures.
- Castor oil for the eyes.
- A good disinfectant.
- Vaseline and zinc ointment.

A LAST-MINUTE GIFT. Dolls—The last-minute gift for a little girl may very well be a doll. There are so many lovely ones that you will never be troubled to find at the right place.

"I don't know about that," interrupted Graham. "There's a man in the place, you know—the 'damn German'—I've got something to tell you about him later."

"All right, we'll tell love stand for the present. Well, next there is anger; sudden, unprovoked, crime that leads to. And according to the kitchen maid, Miss Hurst was in one of her furies. Rather an exciting young lady, she had been what the high-brows call temperamental. Then there is the money motive—greed. If Mr. Hurst had been accustomed to drink her out without penny, why, there comes in that motive. As to fear, well, they say she isn't afraid of the devil himself, but she might be afraid on somebody else's account. If the man with her that night—her lover, well, she was mixed up in something criminal, and Mr. Hurst threatened to denounce him—"

"What an imagination you have, Flint; mine is nothing to it," laughed Graham.

"But Flint paid no attention to his frivolous interruption. His hands thrust deep in his pockets, he strode to and fro, frowning in perplexity, his eyes cast about him as if he were himself to be hunted."

"The trouble is there are too many possible motives. Take a single good strong motive, for example, and you can think of five, why, it makes you suspicious. Like a lot of manufactured things, the more you think of it, the more you think of it."

"Then look at that find of mine. Who in his senses when he has murdered a man, is going to leave a thing like that in the presence of the police? This is a party? Might as well have the visiting card at once. The whole thing looks too confoundedly suspicious to me. That's the chief of his bloodstains is a point."

"But who?" exclaimed Graham.

"That's just it—who? The only persons leaving your hypothetical burglar, known to have been in the house, are Mr. Hurst and you. You know, I mean, the man heard by the kitchen maid."

"And Arthur Fitzpatrick," added Graham to himself, Philip's brace, let flashing before his eyes. Estelle had left her in the library—why not her handkerchief? Might not Fitzpatrick have stolen upon it as means of diverting suspicion from himself? Then another thought edged its way into his mind. If Fitzpatrick were convicted of the crime, he would be eliminated as a rival—Evadne might be won. It lay with him, and with him alone, to turn suspicion upon the man he hated. He looked at him with the sort of repulsion one feels when one touches a snake.

Fitzpatrick had created upon it as means of diverting suspicion from himself? Then another thought edged its way into his mind. If Fitzpatrick were convicted of the crime, he would be eliminated as a rival—Evadne might be won. It lay with him, and with him alone, to turn suspicion upon the man he hated. He looked at him with the sort of repulsion one feels when one touches a snake.

"I'm not joking," Graham persisted. "I'm almost certain his name is Brown. He wears a gray—"

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The two men took a taxi to Fort-second street, and there boarded a second-row car, changing to another at the point of destination. He remembered that Brown had changed. From these on they sat with eyes straining ahead for scuffed corners. It seemed to Graham as he stared out, his nerves tense and edgy, that every corner building in the street was undergoing repairs. As each one passively grew less sure of himself, less capable of cool scrutiny. He felt that if Flint asked once more "What about you, Mr. Graham?" he would rise and eject him from the car.

"Why does he call me Mr. Graham so deferentially, why doesn't he call me Mr. Fool?" he groaned.

"Haven't you the faintest idea how long it took you to get there?" asked Flint, in hardly concealed exasperation.

"Not the slightest," he returned dejectedly. He was crushed by a sense of his inadequacy. He felt a very worn in the presence of this insignificant-looking little man on whom he gazed down from an altitude of full six feet. Nothing, he was sure, would have caused such quick twinkling eyes, while he, blind had seen nothing.

"It may be salutary to learn that you are a fool, but it is hardly so pleasant," he sighed. "You'll do well to stick to the law after this, my son, and keep out of strange, alluring schemes."

More scaffolding was approaching rather than listen again to Flint's galling question, Graham jumped up and stopped in the presence of the little man who called him Flint.

Graham grounded his teeth. "Looks familiar," he mumbled.

Once on the spot, however, he was forced to own himself mistaken. There was obviously no place where he could have hidden while keeping a watchful eye on Brown.

"We'll have to walk on, and you know just try hiding behind that door," said Flint resignedly.

At that point the tide of improvement appeared to have turned. Building clamoring for repairs displayed their dilapidations as nakedly as an Italian beggar his sores. Nowhere was there sign of the sought-for scaffolding.

"You're sure you've got the right street?" demanded Flint wearily.

"That is the only thing I am sure of," murmured Graham.

Suddenly he gave a shout of triumph. "There it is!" he cried, breaking into a trot. He counted out five feet after all!" He pointed out the direction in which Brown had gone, and led the way down the side street.

"That is where Brown sent his telegram, and this is where I bought my nightmare of an ulster," he announced jubilantly, as they came to his second landmark—the mercury of his self-esteem rising.

Soon, however, he found himself again at fault. Brown had evidently followed a zigzag course. Then, with the joy of a lost woodsman who strikes a trail-mark slashed on a forest tree, he came to a well-membered shop window, one of those whose contents he had made a pretense of studying in order to elude Brown's backstopping glance. To his surprise he found that the collection of uninteresting objects had been stamped upon his unconscious mind.

"Oh, that party's been out most a week," he said in answer to a question from Flint. "You didn't know he was going, eh? Little old New York is some lightning-change artist, ain't she? I've been in three days—three days and four funerals booked already. Good work, eh?"

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MRS. M' HARDY-SMITH PLANS EARLY RECITAL

Artist Pupils Will Give Program in Aid of Christmas Cheer.

In aid of the funds for the Christmas cheer, Mrs. M'Hardy-Smith has arranged a delightful recital, which will be given by two of her pupils, Miss Gladys Lowe and Miss Elsie Currie, at the Mason, de Busch studio on Thursday evening, Dec. 18, at 8:15 o'clock.

Miss Lowe has succeeded in obtaining her A. T. O. M. and is a brilliant pianist, while Miss Currie is an intermediate pupil, this year winning the gold medal for the domain of Canada. Both of these young ladies took first-class honors in the Toronto conservatory of music examinations for 1924. They will be accompanied by Lloyd Bullen, an English baritone of note.

ST. JOSEPH'S UNIT.

Father Stanley and Rev. Dr. Flannery of St. Peter's cathedral were special guests at this week's meeting of St. Joseph's mothers' unit. Arrangements were made for a Christmas treat for the school children to be held in the near future. Plans were also made for a card party to be held at the home of Mrs. Wilson on Jan. 8. Refreshments were served under the direction of the convenor, Mrs. Matthews. Mrs. E. A. Pocock, the president, was in the chair.

LUCKY SEVEN CLUB.

The Lucky Seven club spent a very enjoyable evening recently at the home of their supervisor, Mrs. W. D. Quigley, on Riverway avenue. After hearing the secretary and treasurer reports the girls busied themselves at sewing and discussing various Christmas treats. It was decided to pack a box of goodies for the children of the unfortunate families in the city. Each girl took the responsibility of filling two baskets. It was agreed by the members to take their sewing to the home of Mrs. Matthews, which consists of baby garments for Bethesda.

At the next meeting, which is to be held on Dec. 21 at the home of Miss Helen Maine, Byron avenue, the packing and delivering of the baskets will take place. Miss Grace Hanchard delighted the club with a sketch of Edgar Guest's life and poems. The hostess served dainty refreshments.

Too Weak to Walk

The Sad Condition of a Brandon Lady—How Relief Came.

"I owe my present good health to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills," says Mrs. Annie Treherne, Brandon, Man., who tells of her new found health as follows: "Some years ago I had an attack of pneumonia and it left me in a terribly weakened state. I was unable to walk for a long time, as I had practically lost the use of my legs, and had to be carried upstairs, for I had not the strength to climb myself. I became dependent over my condition, for I had tried many remedies, which failed to help me. While in this wretched condition a lady friend urged me to give Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a trial, and I procured a supply. After taking the pills for a while I could see that I was growing stronger, and I gladly continued their use until I had fully regained my old-time health and strength. Now if I feel at all run-down at any time I at once take Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and they never fail me. I can therefore warmly recommend them to others who may be 'run-down'."

There is no better tonic than Dr. Williams' Pink Pills to improve the blood and bring back strength after acute diseases, such as fever, pneumonia, influenza, etc. Given a fair trial, they will not disappoint you. You can get the pills from your druggist or they will be sent by mail at 50 cents a box by The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.—Advt.

Facts About Optometry

NO. EIGHTEEN.

How is far-sight corrected? By having the Optometrist determine the extent of the error and supply glasses that make seeing as nearly normal as possible.

The far-sight is not always fully corrected? No, the Optometrist can often secure comfortable vision by giving a partial correction.

How can the Optometrist determine how much of the error to correct? His studies and experience guide him in this matter, and his advice should be carefully followed.

Continued Monday.

London Optical Co.
Richmond Street
Dominion Savings Building
A. M. DAMBRA, Optometrist

CHRISTMAS GIFTS FOR THE HOME

DESK SETS Just received from New York, in brass, with various finishes; priced at \$10.00 to \$22.50

BOOK ENDS Fine variety to choose from in Finely Carved Sheesham wood from India, priced at the pair \$10.00

Carved Walnut in various designs, priced \$5.00 to \$10.00

Beautiful Bronze in sculptured designs, the pair \$4.50 to \$20

Leather covered with inserts of gaily colored silk; priced \$2.50

COAL HODS for the fireplace; solid English brass, priced at \$12.50, \$15.00 and \$17.50

Also Trivets and Toasting Forks.

CANDLESTICKS always so attractive; bronze, brass, copper, pottery, china, glass, walnut—a fine variety to suit most every place.

WILLOW HALL 418 RICHMOND. THE GIFT SHOP. OPEN EVENINGS.