Woman's Realm / Social and Personal / Fashions / Literature

Living & Leisure
THE WOMAN'S REALM

A NOBLER TEMPLE

Build thee more stately mansions,
O my soul,
As the swift seasons roll!
Leave thy low-vaulted past!
Let each new temple, nobler than
the last,
Shut thee from heaven with a
dome more vast,
Till thou at length are free,
Leaving thine outgrown shell by
life's unresting sea.

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

RHODES' SCHOLARS

Announcing recently that for the first time he had received two nominations from India for Rhodes Scholarships, Lord Elton, Secretary of the Rhodes Trust, spoke of how Rhodes scholars of the past have lived up to the ideal of Rhodes—that they should make public service their special aim.

Of the 2,196 Rhodes scholars before 1940, between 600 and 650 have taken some part in educational activities, nineteen former Rhodes scholars have become judges, and twenty King's Councils, and some have become the most distinguished lawyers in the United States. The two best brain specialists today and also Sir Edward Florey, the co-discoverer of penicillin, are among the 150 in the medical profession. Four Rhodes scholars became Fellows of the Royal Society.

Of nineteen German Rhodes scholars who came to Oxford after 1929, eight managed to get out of Germany and served against that country in the war. Some even won decorations for bravery.

FRENCH WOMEN BUY WITH CARE

PARIS—Despite the war, shortages and high prices, French women have stuck to their domestic fads.

Though food remains tightly rationed and hard to get (off the black market), the French housewife still is guided by prejudices rather than comfort in deciding where to market.

At the moment, potatoes are scarce, and those you get are inferior in quality, often frostbitten.

An old French lady who for years has lived in the same district has always boycotted a local vegetable store.

This store unlike others in the district, has fairly good potatoes and the old lady has only a frost-bitten supply in her pantry.

Other women complain bitterly of the shortages of butter.

The legal ration until a couple of months go was a quarter of a pound a month. Recently, it was raised to half a pound a month, which still isn't sufficient for table needs.

Yet if you visit a French home, you will eat a cake that makes your mouth water. "Made with butter, of course," the lady of the house explains, and she spreads a thin coating of margarine on her bread with evident pride.

Cooking an Art

The explanation is that cooking is an art here. Unless a cake is perfect—which the French don't think possible without butter—it is a reflection on the housewife.

This loyalty to customs and "haunts" has its advantages too Because she has always traded at a certain store, the housewife knows she can expect friendliness and consideration there. She is greeted smilingly, and asked about her own health, and that of her husband, children, cousins and aunts.

If she is short of bread, the baker will "lend her" a loaf until the next month's ration tickets are issued.

If she has an unexpected guest for supper, she can knock on the butcher's door after hours, and get served.

From this close relationship between house-keepers and shopkeeper have also developed many useful commercial customs, including the "cooking" custom.

In France, many housewives have stoves too small to cook a the chicken, stuffed and pre- But all they have to do is take the the chicken, stuffed and prepared: or the pie, ready mixed, to their nearest baker, for 20 cents, he will do all the roasting or baking needed.

INK TRAINS

If you dip your pen into the juice of a lemon and write with it, the writing will become visible when the paper is heated.

If you put starch in the bottom of a cup, add cold water, stir until you have a milky-looking liquid, then add a few drops of iodine to the mixture, you will find that, after using this liquid as an ink, the writing when dry may be rubbed from the paper with a cloth.

POSTMASTER 50 YEARS

OTTAWA, — (CP) — The post office department has announced retirement of W.N.H. Bowers as postmaster of Massey, Ont., after more than a half-century of service. He was appointed in 1895.

THE STARS SAY—

By GENEVIEVE KEMBLE

For Wednesday, May 14

ALTHOUGH affairs generally are under a benign and expansive rule astrologically, with much promise of growth, lucrative and productive force and opportunity, yet a degree of acumen, proper evaluation of fundamentals, and keen appraisal of assets, influence and human relations, would not be amiss. The latter may prove of greater consequence than more material factors, with friendship, sentiment and romance having constructive force.

Birthday Forecast

Those whose birthday it is may find their greatest expansion and production in collaboration with others, in which joint assets may be merged. Friendly interests may bring most lucrative operations, even though the affiliation be based upon social, affectional, professional or human relations rather than crass materialistic or monetary ones. Such associations may be based upon optimistic or idealistic foundations if built upon sound and reasonable premises. Partnership and family intertsts flourish.

A child born on this day has much ambition and expansive or optimistic aims and ideals based on finer values, rather than the sordid and materialistic. Care should be used in choosing associates.

How Can I!!

By Anne Ashley

Q. How can I treat clothing to make it fireproof?

A. Pour one ounce of sal ammoniac or alum in the last rinsing water for muslin or cotton goods, and the goods will not burn, or will burn without flame.

Q. What kind of potatoes should be served with baked fish?

A. With baked fish, serve mashed, or sweet potatoes, cooked in southern style. Plain boiled potatoes should be served only when they are new.

Q. How can I mend scratches on kid pumps?

A. Apply liquid court plaster to the scratch and it will be hardly visible.

That Body of Yours

By James W. Barton M. D.

LIVING AFTER AN ATTACK OF CORONARY THROMBOSIS

Some months ago, in a leading medical journal, a physician advised those who had reached the age of 50 that they should not lift a little finger unnecessarily. His thought was that so many middle-aged men and women, as they acquired excess weight, endeavored to reduce their weight by vigorous exercise and could thereby damage heart and blood vessels. The suggestion was that at and after middle age, the only safe way to reduce weight was to reduce the amount of food eaten daily.

As a matter of fact, the average well individual, at and past middle age, who has always been used to exercise, can continue to exercise daily, gradually decreasing the amount of exercise as he grows older. If he stops taking exercise, he will weaken his muscles, and lose some of the elasticity in the muscle tissue of heart and blood vessels.

Another idea that is generally accepted by the laity, but not by physicians, is that once you have had an attack of coronary sclerosis or thrombosis, your life hangs by a thread and that you should rest practically all the time. That patients after their first attack may live many years is known to all physicians, but just how much exercise they can take safely requires close supervision on the part of the physician.

In one series of 1,000 cases of coronary thrombosis reported in the "British Lancet," 225 occurred—unknown to the patients themselves ,because the typical pain under the breast bone did not occur before the attack In this same series, the disease persisted more than 20 years in patients, more than 30 in 2 patients, and one patient had had her first attack of coronary thrombosis at the age of 30 and was leading a busy life at the age of 80.

Although the above facts prove that men and women who have had coronary attacks may live practically a normal life for many years, that is because they are under the supervision of a physician. He tests the strength of the heart by a measured amount of exercise within a certain period of time, notes the length of time the heart requires to return to its normal rate after exercise, and uses a fluorscope and electrocardiograms.

Morning Smile

FALSE ALARM

Customer: "I don't think I'll buy any more of your crackers. They tell me the mice are always running over them."

Grocer: "That can't be. Why, the cat sleeps in the barrel every night."

GENEROUS

Judge (handing down decree in divorce case): "I've decided to give your wife $50 a month."

Defendant: "That's fine judge. I'll try and slip her a couple of bucks myself once in a while."

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DOROTHY DIX SAYS—

Pride -- Blessing Or Curse

Characteristic May Be An Asset Or Liability To People

Pride can be either the greatest asset or the worst handicap that any human being can have. It depends upon the particular variety of it that one possesses that makes it a blessing, or a curse. It is like a potent drug that stimulates one to put forth every effort to make the best of oneself and one's opportunities, or else it deadens every energy and turns even those who had the ability to succeed into failures.

No other one thing is such an indication of character as pride is. If you will judge a man by what he is proud of, you will not go wrong in your estmate one tme out of a hundred. You can use even so small a thing as his collar as a yardstick to measure him by. If he has on a dirty collar and there is a stubble of beard on his unshaved face and his coat looks as if he had slept in it, you don't need any other evidence to tell you that he is a slacker who has no pride in himself or his work, and that he will never amount to a row of pins.

On the other hand, a man's clothes may be threadbare, but they will be clean; his shoes may have holes in them, but they will be blacked, if he has pride in himself. And you can bet your money on him, for he is going places. He is too proud to sit at the foot of the ladder. He is bound to climb it, however steep and hard it is. Humble pie is not his dish, so he works and struggles until he turns it into cakes and ale.

PRIDE STIMULATES

The right sort of pride is also one of the greatest moral builders in the world. A man may be too proud to lie, or steal, or do any underhanded and dirty trick to make money. Pride may keep a sorely tempted girl from dragging her skirts through the mud of a sordid love affair. Once I covered, as we newspaper people say, a case in which two old women nearly starved to death, and their niece did starve to death, because they were too proud to ask the help of friends who would gladly have given it to them. Wrong and foolish of them, of course, but there wasn't a reporter among us who didn't take off our hats, as we wrote the story, to those old women who would rather have died than beg.

But if the right kind of pride is a sword with which to fight the battle of life, the wrong sort of pride is a tinsel toy that breaks in the hands of those who use it. And, oh, they are so pitifully numerous! The men who are too proud to work, but not too proud to sponge on their friends and borrow money that they know they can never repay, or to let their wives or their mothers support them. The men who would be good mechanics, but who are too proud to follow an honest trade, but not too proud to become bums and loafers.

And still more pathetic are the hordes of women whose false pride makes them starve keeping up a pretense of prosperity that they do not possess. They are the women who take "paying guests," instead of running the kind of boarding houses that would make them rich. They are the women whose false pride will not let them become dressmakers, caterers or housekeepers, or do any other work that isn't "elegant," but which pays good money, because Great-Grandfather was in the Legislature.

Great is the power of pride. Pity that we don't devote more time and effort to cultivating the more profitable varieties.

Better English

D. C. Williams

1. What is wrong with this sentence? "Between each row of trees there was a gravel walk."
2. What is the correct pronunciation of "maniac"?
3. Which one of these words is misspelled? Inlayed, innovation, inoffensive.
4. What does the word "indiscreet" mean?
5. What is a word beginning with cr that means "belief"?

ANSWERS

1. Say, "Between every two rows of trees there was a gravel walk." 2. Pronounce ma-ni-ak, first a as in may, i as in it, second a as in at, accent first syllable, and not man-ya. 3. Inlaid. 4. Lacking in correct judgment; imprudent. "Your behavior was very indiscreet." 5. Credence.

Cook's Corner

LIVER LOAF

1 pound beef liver
½ pound pork sausages
2½ cups soft bread crumbs
¼ cup finely chopped onion
1½ teaspoon salt
⅛ teaspoon pepper
½ teaspoon powdered sage
1 egg
¼ cup ketchup or chili sauce
1 tablespoon shortening or fine-flavored dripping

Cover liver with boiling water and let stand for 5 minutes; drain. Put through the food chopper, using a coarse blade.

Press sausage from their casings; combine the sausage meat with the liver.

Add the bread crumbs; sprinkle with onion, salt, pepper and sage; combine lightly.

Beat the egg slightly and stir in the ketchup or chili sauce; add to meat mixture and combine thoroughly.

Turn into a greased loaf pan; dot top with the shortening or dripping.

Bake in a moderate oven, 350 degrees — about 1¼ hours.

Turn out and slice for serving.

Servings, 6 or 7.

Household Scrapbook

By Roberta Lee

Removing Varnish

If you wish to clean off layers of varnish from furniture before renovating or repainting, use ordinary wood alcohol, which is a mild agent suitable for mahogany, walnut, and other tropical woods.

Keeping Parsley

Put the parsley into an air-tight glass jar and place in the refrigerator and it will stay green and fresh for a long time. It is much more successful than trying to keep it in water.

Hair Care

It is a good idea, after brushing your hair, to wash off its surface with a damp turkish towel—this doing wonders in removing surface soil and dust.

Masters Of The Parachute Mail

By Peter Benedict

They Plan The Death

"Now our direct part of it is to make arrangements with Barker about planting the searchlights. We'll get army lorries wedged into every copse on the moor that's big enough to hide them. We'll have men surrounding the arena wherever the bushes will conceal them. After that, well, it's Superintendent Barker's worry; he can either pick up Graham and his assistant with the stuff on them, or else escort them back to Mere Colibri with a fast car, and pick up the whole bolling. The difficulty is they may deliver the goods direct to the Green Scorpion, and not touch the Cowles on the way. I expect he'll elect to take in the collectors on the spot and fight the Cowle issue on outside evidence —largely yours and mine. Why not? you can say he has them in the bag, once that cargo and its collectors are in his hands."

"I suppose you'll want to be in at the death?" asked Peggy.

"Naturally! Don't you get a feeling that without us the whole affair would crumple up?" He met her eyes, and laughed.

"I shall come with you. I suppose we don't go until next Tuesday? We have to stay here, and play innocent to the Cowles, you know, and keep them happy about us. But I'm certainly coming with you on Tuesday."

"You're not going to be in the scuffle on the moor, at any rate," he told her firmly.

"I should be as safe as you, at any rate. But I didn't want to take a hand, particularly. Have you forgotten that my home is there?"

Peter said, softly and exultantly: "Didn't I tell you that we'd burst this case wide open between us?" There was no one to care but the sentimental taxi-driver and her flushed smiling face, even if it was still Eleanor's face, and not Peggy's, was irresistibly attractive. He kissed her again It was then that the taxi-driver began to whistle.

CHAPTER XI
"Get Her!"

If the new play at the Kemble had not, after one crowded week, slumped into surprising failure, nothing need ever have gone wrong with the plans of Peter Sherwood Milne. But from a cascade of favourable opening criticisms to an empty house ten nights later is no far cry in the modern theatre world, and that was the fate of this particular play, as of many another.

It so happened that the decision to take it off and cut all losses had been arrived at on Tuesday, September the fifth. Lady Cowle had one of her inimitable informal evening receptions that night, and one of her guests was the celebrated actor who had been fighting the best of the losing battle against lukewarm interest in the London audiences. Not unnaturally he was depressed; again not unnaturally, he talked to this most shrewd and queenly of great ladies, one who herself knew the trials and successes of artistry, about the failure. She was sympathetic. She said some clever but unkind things about modern audience-reaction which went straight to his wounded heart.

"All very well," he said good-humouredly, "and I won't deny that I've said worse things in far worse words about 'em. But does that help to pay the small-part actors' wages? No, Lady Cowle; what you should do, if you want to show your sympathy in a really practical way, is to write us a play yourself. With your gift for writing invective, and mine for delivering it, we might get somewhere. The trouble is, dirt has long since become commonplace, and I'm hanged if the authors know where to turn for something even more stimulating and not yet overexploited."

He added, looking moodily into the smoke of his cigar: "Mind you, this was good stuff. You didn't see it? I'm sorry! You won't have the chance for very much longer. But could it arouse any interest among West End audiences. Not on your life! We had about three fashionable nights; not that they're any use to us, as you know for yourself, unless intelligence comes with the wealth, and it didn't."

"You sold the boxes out pretty well, I understood," said Lady Cowle, watching him with her glittering old eyes, but not giving away the source of her understanding.

"You're misinformed. There has been a certain amount of business in that peculiarly snobbish and uncomfortable line of audience-accommodation, but by no means a full sale. Many nights there hasn't been one box filled."

"Some friends of mine," she explained, carefully casual, "expressed an intention of getting a box for last Thursday's show. There was some suggestion of our going with them, but we couldn't manage it. I don't know if they went."

"They didn't," sighed the actor, "I can tell you that. One of the worst audiences of the run, I assure you, and not a box filled."

The painted old face smiled upon him indulgently but very alertly. "You're imagining things. I don't believe you'd see a good audience if you had one; your bad luck has affected your brain, Simon."

"For a fortnight," he said solemnly, "I've been trying to convince myself that this play would eventually be a success. Do you seriously think I should miss any opportunity of making one little point in its favour?"

She did not. He was a man with a cold and judicial mind which would be sure of what it said Therefore no box had been taken for last Thursday's performance. Therefore the American girl -and her cavalier into the bargain—had fled. Therefore there was a reason for their lying; they had probed for some information—she did not know what nor how the lies had helped them; but she knew that it was approaching midnight, and that the run on Abbott's Ferry Moor was timed for one o'clock.

(To be continued)

For better-tasting bran flakes, look for Kellogg's golden-yellow package. Try the big economy size. As you know, some of the people need Kellogg's Bran Flakes *all* the time... all the people need Kellogg's Bran Flakes *some* of the time . . . so isn't it lucky they *taste* so good!

Ellen's Diary

By an Island Farmer's Wife

I saw a leggy heron-bird fly above the house across the lane this evening, and leaving the rich beauty of the sunset colors behind him, home down towards the river into which the mill stream empties. It was the same bird, James and I had seen this morning when scarcely past sunrise he stood, as still as though painted, in the shallows of the pond below the front meadow. I suspect he was watching for unwary trout or other pond creatures for breakfast— a plump frog maybe. I fancy at this moment there are odd voices missing from last evening's chorus, a deep and substantial bass or a throaty contralto. For our Spring musicians have returned to their old haunts at last. Indeed they had taken possession stealthily and were there before we knew it. And now from ponds and stream sides; from dimpling singing brooks in well remembered Island places, the frogs' music is to be heard again. We were aware of it for the first time this season, in the calm and peace of last Sunday night, Jock and I were returning then, driving behind the Nell-mare, from service in the old Kirk.

* * *

As we approached Kristy's Pond, there it was, rising soft and clear. Even, I thought, as the worshippers in the old church had done in the singing of the Psalms of David so these lowly creatures of the "wild" praised a Maker, who when He had regarded the world and all he had fashioned for the sons of men had found it good. The beauty of the earth, part of which was the same chorus of voices which comes as surely as the seed time in Spring. At the time of our passing the moonlight set silvery paths aglow and when presently we came to hear the thorus in the vicinity of home, the mill pond and stream were also mystic and lovely in its light. Jamie had heard it too. After his walk along the fields in company with his grandfather when together they made beguiling plans for their future farming, he stopped stock still at their own doorstep. "Do you hear what I hear?" he asked James. "Yes" he continued with surprise, as though he could scarcely credit the nice sound "the frogs are back to the water again!"

* * *

It was to a new earth we came today—with sunshine beginning to steal quietly across the countryside and the pond meadow greening. Because of the lack of snow and the several icy spells during Winter James had despaired of the latter. But there it was. Lately drab and lifeless, today alive and softly green. Pleasant I find it now in these warmer days to come with James to the morning milking, when animals rise and stretch lazily as if not quite done with their rest. Our approach, no matter how noiselessly is a signal for the three cats to converge on the same place. They come mysteriously from the reaches of the premises—Tabby from her kit-cats away up on the straw loft, yet not a moment late. She, of the quiet manners, age lending her dignity and added charm. She is untroubled by formulae and such in her child rearing.

(Continued on Page 12)

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by Frances Thompson
noted homemaking authority

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