Woman's Realm -:- Social and Personal -:- Fashions -:- Literature

At Last "the Worm" Turns With Vengeance

Dorothy Dix

Says the Rebellion Will Not Succeed

Mothers-in-Law Adopt New Code Which, if Lived up to, Will Revolutionize Family Life in America—Complete Independence of Married Children is Their Slogan

The worm has turned at last, and when the female of the species does turn she simply gyrates. Nothing else. The poor, downtrodden mother-in-law, indignant at having her character aspersed and her fair name made a byword and a hissing; weary of walking on eggs to try to placate her sons' wives; rebellious at being made the family nanny goat, has put her back up and is proceeding to lay down the law to her supercilious daughters-in-law.

Smarting under the wrongs to which they have been subjected and determined to make a fight for justice, even as their forefathers of old did, a group of these feminine rebels recently organized a society now known as the Mother-in-Law of Massachusetts, but which will eventually be called the Mothers-in-Law of America as the movement spreads—and it undoubtedly will. Already thousands are flocking to the standard, and women who have not dared express an opinion since their sons' weddings are shouting: Liberty and equality for mothers-in-law!

The constitution of the Mothers-in-Law of Massachusetts is a drastic document that does not mince matters. It says: "In every human relationship, every contract, partnership, or whatever, that which we call JUSTICE devolves upon equable division, a return of value for like value. No arrangement is legal, nor fair, nor just, in which one party takes all and gives nothing—nor gives all and gets ill return. Therefore be it resolved: That we, the Mothers-in-Law of Massachusetts shall and do bind ourselves to the following equalizing rules of conduct with regard to our sons, their wives, their homes, their children and ourselves and our own homes.

"No mother-in-law of this organization shall give or offer advice of any sort, kind or form from her life experience, or knowledge, or whatever. Nor shall she give assistance based upon her skill in homecraft to the wife of her son, nor to her son. Neither shall she give or offer any assistance, presents, loans, or whatever, either material, spiritual, tangible in intangible. Her gifts to her daughter-in-law at marriage shall not exceed in value the sum of $5. She shall add to this nothing of any sort or kind or type, either material in value or whatever, whether old or new.

"She shall not give nor loan from her reserves either food, nor clothing, nor furnishing, nor bedding, nor kitchen-ware, nor linens, nor whatever.

"She shall not allow her son and his wife to dine at her home without specific invitation at any time whatsoever, and these invitations shall not exceed twice in any one year, whether upon Sundays, holidays or any other days.

"She shall not in times of financial strain give any financial assistance. Neither shall she in extreme emergency take into her home her son, his wife, or his family to live until their own home can be again maintained.

"She shall not, in the event of her son lacking employment, seek out any family friend or relative and obtain employment for her son. She shall consider their affairs impersonally, whether said affairs are prosperous or stringent, whether said affairs are well managed or ill.

"She shall at no time nurse her son, nor his wife, nor his children in illness. She shall interfere in no way with the doings of his household, either to help, advise, lend, give assistance, fulfill any need, nor give ear to any complaint.

"She shall view the doings of her son's family, their prosperity or lack, their wisdom or folly, good fortune or ill, illness or health, progress or retrogression with the same impersonality of attitude as toward a family across the street.

"She shall assume no responsibility with regard to her son's children nor allow or permit them to be left in her care at any time whatsoever, for any interval whether short or long."

Whew! Isn't that a bill of right for you? It is enough to make any daughter-in-law's hair curl so that she won't need to have a permanent for years and years. For it is one thing to tell mother-in-law where she gets off and that you won't have her sticking her finger in your pie and interfering with the way you raise the children, or handing out unsought advice, but it is something else yet again, and quite different, to have Mother-in-law snap her purse shut and refuse to let you park the children at her house when you want to play bridge, and leave you to get along the best you can when there is sickness in the family.

It is a fine and heartening thing to think of the Amalgamated Mothers-in-Law of America demanding a square deal from their daughters-in-law, but it will come to nothing. Every individual mother will be so afraid that her son's wife will separate him from her that she will lie down and let Daughter-in-law walk over her again.

DOROTHY DIX.

THE COOK'S CORNER

GRAHAM REFRIGERATOR ROLLS

1 cup scalded milk
¼ cup sugar
2 tablespoons shortening
2 teaspoons salt
1½ cakes compressed yeast
¼ cup lukewarm water
1 egg
2½ cups sifted bread flour
1 cup graham or whole wheat flour

Pour scalded milk over sugar, shortening and salt in a large mixing bowl. Cool until lukewarm. Dissolve crumbled yeast in the lukewarm water (¼ cup). Then add to cooled milk mixture. Add well beaten egg. Add 1½ cups flour and beat until mixture is smooth. Add remaining flour and beat well. Put in greased bowl. Cover tightly and put in refrigerator over night. When needed roll out and shape into rolls and place in greased individual muffin tins or one large pan and allow to rise double in bulk. Then bake in 350 degree oven for 25 to 35 minutes.

BANANA MEAT LOAF

1 lb. chopped chuck steak
1 teaspoon minced onion
1½ teaspoons salt
⅛ teaspoon pepper
1 cup soft bread crumbs
4 medium bananas
½ teaspoon dry mustard
1-3 cup milk
1 egg, beaten
2 strips bacon

Combine chuck, onion, salt, pepper, bread crumbs, two of the bananas, well mashed, and the mustard. Blend well; then add the milk and egg mixed together. Form into a loaf in a greased baking pan. Place the bacon over the top and bake in a moderate oven of 350 degrees F. for 40 minutes. Then peel this two remaining bananas, slice crosswise or lengthwise and place over the meat loaf. Baste with some of the juices in the pan and bake 20 minutes longer. Baste again and place under broiler heat 2 or 3 minutes to brown bananas. Garnish with parsley and lemon slices if you wish. Serves six. To serve two or three, make half this recipe.

Coffee, with its friendly fragrance, never tastes better than in coffee sponge jelly. This dish, by the way, is one of those old faithfuls that never overstrain a slim pocketbook.

Medicated with ingredients of Vicks VapoRub
VICKS COUGH DROP

Does Your Stomach Rebel After Every Meal You Eat?

BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS

The bloated, heavy feeling after meals; the empty, sinking, gnawing before meals; the belching and flatulency between meals; the rising and souring of food, all these and more fall to the lot of those suffering from stomach trouble.

Burdock Blood Bitters tones up the membrane lining of the stomach, and restores the natural process of digestion.

Take B.B.B. and get rid of your stomach trouble.

The HOUSEWIFE and HER ACTIVITIES

CHOICE

"Life lived beautifully
Is an art,"
Somewhere I had read,
And so I dropped the muffins
I had made
And shared the sunset,
With my love,
Instead.

It is getting around again to housecleaning time, and some old paper must be removed from the walls. Here is a method which will do the work quickly. Use one heaping tablespoon of saltpetre to a gallon of hot water, and, using a whitewash brush, apply the solution freely to the paper. Keep the water hot and after a few applications the paper can readily be removed.

Instead of Flowers

At this time of the year when cut flowers are so expensive, a centrepic for the dining room table may consist of an attractive bowl filled with the winter fruits, such as rosy apples ,oranges, winter pears and hot-house grapes arranged attractively over all. This centrepiece may be a bit costly, but you have many meals of fruit after the party is over.

Mix one tablespoon of powdered pumice with enough linsed oil to make a thin paste. Rub the mixture on the white spots until they disappear. Wipe off carefully with a soft cloth dampened with a good furniture polish.

TABLOID

To keep fruit from falling to the bottom of a cake, try adding the fruit before you have stirred in any flour. Do not dredge it with flour at all.

A friend informed me the other day that he was planting a lawn, and would I let him have all my old razor blades, a correspondent writes. To my very natural inquiry as to what part they played, he replied: "Paint 'em green—stick 'em all over the lawn—edge up—about a quarter of an inch. Down comes the sparrer—tries to swipe my seed—cuts its blinking throat. Easy."

DOGS POPULAR PETS IN HOLLYWOOD

Times change. Dogs change. Hollywood changes. A change has come over actors and actresses. They may follow the leader in clothes and picture plots, but in dogs they are becoming independent.

There are more different breeds of dogs in filmland than can be imagined. Paul Muni, for instance, has airedals—just plain airedales. William Dieterle, the director, has the rarest dog in Hollywood, a Prince Charles Spaniel, which he brought from Germany. It is a tiny animal, much like a Pekingese. Anita Louise and Jeanette MacDonald have sheep dogs of the English variety.

Genevieve Tobin and Charles Ruggles breed West Highland white terriers and Harold Lloyd prefers Great Danes. Dick Powell—shades of 1925—has a police dog. Ginger Rogers is old-fashioned —she has a collie. Ann Dvorak has two cocker spaniels.

The list might go on almost indefinitely. Everybody in Hollywood would like to have an exclusive breed of dogs, but nature didn't make it possible to satisfy actors' vanity to that extent."

Descending in a lift at the Savory a woman with an American accent remarked to the attendant: "Yoo know, in the States, we call these things elevators, not lifts."

"Yes, madam," said the attendant, very politely, "we use the word lift because we can lift you up and lift you down—but can't be 'elevated' down."

ANGEL FACES

Women here—or some of them—are wearing their hair like angels, says a writer from Paris. In other words the coiffure d'ange, one of the newest creations of an ingenious hairdresses, has become the rage.

The hair is brushed or curled back not only from the brow but all round the head, leaving the crown entirely smooth, and making the wearer look something like one of Raphael's angels.

This looks best, naturally, on the young girl or the woman who has an unlined oval face, but there are sufficient variations of the idea to suit, or to please, nearly everyone.

In all of them the forehead is kept clear and the hair on the crown brushed down so smoothly that it might be glued to the head. The idea is that the head must look as small as possible against the surrounding masses of hair.

For some women those puffs which used to be called "Merry Widow" curls are used.

With every vestige of wave smoothed out above the forehead the puffs are arranged above the ears and round the back of the head, or they may be pinned into a kind of cap which entirely covers the head above the nape, but still the top and the front smooth.

All these styles not only please the milliners—for whose new hats and caps they are a perfect background—but the client. For unlike the old flat curls and waves which needed constant visits to the hairdresser's to keep them in order, only a touch of the comb is necessary to put these coiffures in place.

Equally delighted are the beauty specialists, who say that women are now coming to them in increasing number for forehead treatment.

THE PESSIMIST'S SONG.

I do not know, I do not care,
How far it is to anywhere.
I only know that where I'm not
Is always an alluring spot.
—Anon.

DON'T GO BACK ON YOUR WORD

"What do I do," writes a mother, "when I simply have to disappoint my little boy?"

If she has to disappoint him there is nothing to be done about it. We conclude that whatever promise she made, it was something not too vulnerable, but pretty sure of being kept.

This one slogan of child-trainers has caught no more than any other "never break a promise to a child." It is a good solgan, too, and one that should have few exemptions except in emergencies.

When such emergencies do arise at times as they will, what is to be done? Why, nothing. The heartbreak or tantrum will just have to occur, if explanation won't work.

CHILD MAY UNDERSTAND

Suppose Jack's mother has promised to take him out and a blizzard begins to whistle. He looks out at the snow and listens to the wind and bears his disappointment like a major. In his case there is tangrible reason for breaking a promise, so he resigns himself to fate very well. But suppose, instead of a blizzard, a elephone call tells his mother that the spring dress display is on will be gone tomorrow and this is her last chance to try on a suit she had seen in an advance catalogue.

What is she to do? She has set her heart on that particular suit. She could not get it anywhere else. She can not take Jackie because he is fussy in shops and she needs peace.

Shall she give up going, just to take Jackie to the park? There are other days, of course, but her word is at stake. Will a compromise sooth him if she promises to bring some candy and a fire engine,

Before we tell you what we would do, matters. Ask yourselves. Remember—small things are important to children, and shaken faith definitely reflects itself in future conduct. It is also cruel to work up a child to the point of happy expectancy, then suddenly let him down

TAKING KNOCKS

We should go and get what we needed and could not buy anywhere else. If there were further opportunity or any other way, we should not break our word.

Jackie has to learn to take a few knocks, not only to his faith in people, but to his own desires. It won't kill him to wait until tomorrow, although he has little idea of time, and tomorrow to him seems like next year.

Qualify your promises with these words: "You know, dear that I will do it if I possibly can." And keep your word as invariably as the sun, unless an eclipse of sudden emergency gets in the way. Then Jackie has "to take it and like it."

FINE FELT BEING USED TO FASHION GARMENTS

The formality of social affairs during the recent holiday season brought forth many attractive new clothes. Brilliant dinner parties, threatre openings, balls and fetes called for the most formal type of evening gowns.

A gown from Chancel which has had considerable success is in blank tulle which is spattered with small flecks of red and green paint The low-cut decollete is slighfly squared and the bodice is fitted cosely to the figure by means of a lone of shirring in front. A full front panel is shirred to the skirt, which hugs the hips closely the flares out in fulness to form a semi-train in back. In contrast to the slender silhouette of the gown are enormously full sleeves of transparent flecked tulle. The sleeves, which are shirrd on at the shoulder, continue to midway between the elbow and the wrist.

Raquin makes of purley Parisian evening gown which is aptly named "Vice la France," Royal blue tulle makes a background for a grown which is stripped horizontally in bands of royal blue felt. The bands of fine felt become wider as the skirt takes on fulness toward the floor.

The use of a fine quality of felt is becoming common in some of the large houses here. In this instance the felt is also used to make a fitted hip-length cape with a small ermine collar. A small ermine muff is trimmed with a nosegay of red, white and blue flowers and another nosegay trims the front decollete of the dress.

Would you punish a child for this?

SHOULD a child be spanked when he refuses to take a laxative he hates?

Millions of mothers say: "NO!" They believe in the modern theory of working with the child—not *against* him. So when their children need a laxative they use one all youngsters love to take—*CASTORIA!*

Do you know that even the taste of Castoria is made especially for children? It's one laxative they take without struggling. *And that's mighty important.* For the gagging a child undergoes when forced to take a bad-tasting laxative can often seriously upset his digestion. And, in the end, may do more harm than good.

Bu good taste is only one reason why you should use Castoria when children need aid in elimination. Another reason is . . . Castoria is SAFE, gentle—yet thorough.

Unlike some "grown-up" laxatives, Castoria has no strong, purging drugs. It won't form a habit—and it will never, never cause griping, cramping pains. It is the ideal children's laxative—from babyhood to 11 years.

It's wise to keep Castoria handy, always. You can buy it at your druggist's. Get the thrifty Family Size Bottle tonight.

CASTORIA
The Children's Laxative from babyhood to 11 years.

A Morning Smile

THE EASIEST WAY

Johnny was enjoying his first ride in a first class coach. To show his joy he sang and whistled unceasingly. Finally a man who was trying to read turned to Johnny.

"Close your mouth or I'll throw you out of the window," he threatened.

"What's the matter with the door?" asked Johnny, with hardly a pause for breath.

THOSE GAY NINETIES

Uncle and niece stood watching the young people dance about them.

"I'll bet you never saw any dancing like that back in the 'nineties, eh, uncle?"

"Once—but the place was raided!"

GREENVALE WOMEN'S INSTITUTE

The regular monthly meeting of the Greenvale Women's Institute was held on Feb. 12th at the home of Mrs. Carle MacRae with the President presiding. The meeting opened by singing "O Canada," followed by all repeating the Creed. The roll call was answered by some current event. There were six members and two visitors present. The minutes of the previous meeting were read and approved. A paper on the "Anti-tuberculosis League" was read. It was moved and seconded that about $3 be voted for a globe for the school. It was decided that prizes be given to the two pupils in each grade having the highest average, the average to be obtained from weekly tests. It was decided that a kettle be purchased for the school. The school committee reported having visited the school. The sick committee reported having visited the sick and presented them with fruit. A letter concerning the Carnegie Library was read. Papers were read on the "Red Cross," and "Some Noted Men of P.E.I." A poem, "My Own Canadian Home" was read. A song entitled, "Baby Rest a Little Longer," was sung by Dorothy McRae. The meeting closed by singing the National Anthem.

Today's Short Wave Radio Program

(All time is Eastern Standard)

MONDAY, MARCH 2

Washington
11 a. m.—U. S. Navy Band W8XK, Pittsburgh, 19.7 m., and W3XAL, New York, 16.8 m.

Tokyo
4 p. m.—Services from a Buddhist Temple near Tokyo. JVM, Nazaki, 27.9 m.

Washington
6.15 p. m.—Army Band. W8XK, Pittsburgh, 19.7 m.

London
7 p. m.—A recital by Nina Joel (Violin). GSD, 25.5 m., GSC, 31.3 m., GSB, 31.5 m., or GSA, 49.5 m.

Berlin
8.30 p. m.—"It is springtime in my homeland now." DJC, 49.8 m.

$77.75 A YEAR

NEW YORK, March 1 The working girl cannot clothe herself "respectably" for less than $77.75 a year, the New York Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor estimated today.

The Association's yearly budget included these items: Dresses, $16.50; winter underwear, 50 cents; summer underwear, $ 1.20; shoes, $9.00 and stockings, $8.00.

The minimum clothing budget for a housewife was fixed at $32.50 a year; for a workman, $58.65; for a young boy $41.00; for a young girl, $34.50 and for a representative family of five, $214.

The figures were made public in the Association's statement that relief agencies generally "have failed to provide adequate clothing for the unemployed under their care."

LIP-READING CLASSES IN SCHOOLS

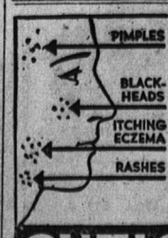
VANCOUVER—Classes in lip-reading for deaf children, to demonstrate their handicap is not insurmountable, have been reopened in three Vancouver schools, under auspices of the Vancouver League for the Hard of Hearing.

Terrible Headaches Stopped!

Has never had another headache since taking Fruit-a-tives.

"I was bothered with *terrible headaches*" says Mrs. G. Johnston, Brockville, Ont. "They were so severe I could not sleep. Then I tried Fruit-a-tives and soon my headaches stopped and I have never had one since." Fruit-a-tives are more than a corrective. They contain extracts of APPLES, ORANGES, FIGS, PRUNES and HERBS. As natural as they are effective, Fruit-a-tives bring *lasting* relief.

FRUIT-A-TIVES
A FAMOUS DOCTOR'S PRESCRIPTION



WONDERFUL FOR THESE SKIN BLEMISHES

Wonderful, thousands say, how the, soothing penetration of CUTICURA Soap and Ointment helps banish ugly skin irritations due to external causes. Wonderful, how this mildly medicated Soap cleanses and soothes—how the Ointment relieves and helps heal! Wonderful, you'll agree, as even the first application aids and comforts.

Ointment 25c. Soap 25c. Write for FREE sample to "Cuticura," Dept. 11, 286 St. Paul Street, W., Montreal.

CUTICURA SOAP AND OINTMENT

THE BLUE DOOR

by RACHEL MACK

CHAPTER X

It was old Penny's "Goodnight" to her that made Ruth decide to stay longer, after all. The night was cool and Ruth had just blown out her candle and pulled a blanket up to her chin when the door of the room opened and the old woman came in.

She said, "I just came to say goodnight, Miss Elaine, and to tell you something. Tomorrow's my birthday—"

"Really, Penny?"

"Yes, Miss Elaine. I'll be 75. That's a kind of milestone in a body's life. It'll be good to have you here with me. I wouldn't want to spend a day like that alone."

Ruth stared through the darkness, and the sound of Penny's words became a wish fulfillment in her mind. She thought, "I ought to stay with her, poor thing! Of course I ought!" Then her natural honesty asserted itself and she faced her motives. "But I want to stay anyway. I'm happy here. There's comfortable shelter and good food—and there's John McNeill next door."

Suddenly her decision was made. She would stay on—in the varnacular—just as long as "the staying was good." She said, "Well, Penny, it's an occasion, isn't it? I'll save the 'happy birthday' till tomorrow and we'll make a day of it!"

"Yes, Miss Elaine," replied Penny, greatly pleased. "You're sweeter than you used to be. I like to have you with me. Couldn't you somehow make it a longer visit"

"How long?" asked Ruth experimentally.

"Your letter said a week, Miss Elaine. Couldn't you double it?"

"Maybe," replied Ruth recklessly. Her eyes looked through the darkness toward the house next door. "Yes, Penny, we'll call it two weeks—" Her mind was saying, "It's a risk!" Her heart was replying, "But it's worth it!" She was in love with John McNeill.

* * * *

Elaine Chalmers was entertaining her best friend, Hortense Stokesbury. They were cutting English, since neither cared for Chaucer, and were making tea in Elaine's sitting room at Graycastle.

The room was not orderly. Hortense, wishing to occupy the chaise lounge, had to remove a pink satin corset, Hemingway's latest novel, and a bunch of letters held together with a rubber band.

Fingering the letters with interest before laying them down, Hortense remarked, "From the Prince of Wales, I suppose. Or Robert Montgomery."

Elaine remained sweet. "No," she answered. "Just from Teddy Van Harrington." Both she and Hortense knew that for their particular requirements the Van Harrington scion was the most desirable of men. The deb's delight. The deb's mother's ultimate goal. Teddy was just 23 and, thanks to a dozen high-powered tutors, now possessed a sheepskin from Harvard and a reputation for brains in addition to his immense wealth. Within the last five years his father's trusty checkbook had rescued Teddy from three scheming actresses and a night club hostess. When Teddy announced himself engaged to Elaine Chalmers, Higate Deal's domineering, level-headed stepdaughter who had money of her own, the elder Van Harrington swore with relief. He figured the marriage might last five or six years, with any luck at all, and in that time Teddy would grow up.

Elaine was considerably older at 20 than was Teddy at 23. She had already decided to marry him, but because she did not love him in the least she subconsciously decided to make as many men miserable as possible. This complex, accentuated by the activities of her insidious college sorority and abetted by her piquant beauty, made her a formidable female. The year before she had been acclaimed the season's most successful debutante, and she was not one to let her reputation wither on the vine. She now had in tow the famous orchestra leader whose dance music was considered "divine" by her set; she still went about escorted by five or six attentive young males. Whenever she appeared in town from college the stock of the younger debs fell several points.

* * * *

Perhaps the only thing Elaine Chalmers did which her heart really dictated was when she went down to Annapolis now and then and told a certain serious first-classman between dances that she loved him feverishly in spite of the fact that she was going to marry someone else. It thrilled her to hear this young naval officer threaten to end his life if she should do this. And yet it hurt her, too, for she was fond of him. Dennis Davis, older and less brilliant than most of his classmates, was not an especially good "catch." His family had lost their modest fortune. He had no "pull" in the navy. Elaine often wondered why she bothered with him at all. She only knew she would rather be kissed by him than by any other man on earth.

And that was the way things stood with Elaine Chalmers at the moment she was handling her best friend and dearest enemy, Hortense Stokesbury, a cup of tea that October afternoon at Graycastle.

"What about your plans for the Ohio campaign?" asked Hortense casually.

"I've put things in motion," Elaine told her. "I wrote to the old caretaker—Penny, we call her—and told her I wanted to come on for a week's rest. I haven't written to the victim himself."

"Can't you ask him on here for a house party instead of going out there?" suggested Hortense.

"I've considered that," Elaine answered, "but I don't think I could swing it. This chap must be all of 24 years old now and is probably tied to a job. In a letter Penny wrote my mother last year, she mentioned that he still lives next door with his mother, so I guess he isn't married. His mother and mine weer childhood friends."

"What's he like?" inquired Hortense, struggling with anchovy paste and a cracker.

"Try to remember that I haven't seen him since I was a child," Elaine answered crossly, "and that I was too young to be very thick with him. He's apt to be attractive. The virtile type. He always liked boys better than girls, I recall. I must cure him of that."

"Oh," said Hortense, lighting a cigaret. She saw that Elaine wished to close the subject. "Isn't that a pimple on your nose, darling?"

"I hardly think so," Elaine replied, stealing a worried look in the mirror. "I've just been wondering, Hortense, why you don't diet. Your figure was gorgeous last year—"

(To Be Continued.)

Head COLDS

Put Mentholatum in the nostrils to relieve irritation and promote clear breathing.

MENTHOLATUM
Gives COMFORT Daily

Spring Fashions For Home Dress-Making

The French get all kinds of chic into the very simplest of things when it comes to clothes for tiny girls.

And mummy is one of the "pleasedest" as one little girl put it. When she tackles such a frock as this she has no sleeves to set in. They are cut in one with the shoulders. They join the cunning band at the neck that provides touch of pretty contrast.

The dress opens down the front, so daughter can dress herself unaided. And opening out flat, makes it easy to press after it is tubbed.

Sturdy or sheer cottons, linen, besides crepe de chine for parties, are adorable materials for this cute style.

Style No. 1688 is designed for sizes 4, 6, 8 and 10 years. Size 8 requires 2¼ yards of 35-inch material with ⅜ yard of 35-inch contrasting.

Price of PATTERN 15 cents in stamps or coin (coin is preferred.) Wrap coin carefully.

No. 1688. Size

Name

Street Address

City State

Pat had gone back home to Ireland and was telling about New York.

"Have they such tall building in America as they say, Pat?" asked the parish priest.

"Tall buildings ye ask, sur?" replied Pat. "Faith, sur, the last one I worked on, I had lay on me stomach to let the moon pass."
—Selected.