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

Lenten Meditations

O God, forgive the poverty, the pettiness, Lord the childish folly of our prayers. Listen, not to our words, but to the groanings that cannot be uttered; hearken, not to our petitions, but to the crying of our need. So often we pray for that which is already ours, neglected and unappropriated; so often for that which never can be ours; so often for that which we must win ourselves; and then labour endlessly for that which can only come to us in prayer.

How often have we prayed for the coming of Thy kingdom, yet when it has sought to come through us we have sometimes barred the way; we have wanted it without in others, but not in our own hearts. We feel it is we who stand between man's need and Thee; between ourselves and what we might be; and we have no trust in our own strength, or loyalty, or courage.

O give us to love Thy will, and seek Thy kingdom first of all. Sweep away our fears, our compromise, our weakness, lest at last we be found fighting against Thee. Amen.—W. E. Orchard.

O Thou, who art the true Sun of the world, ever rising, and never going down; who by Thy most wholesome appearing and sight dost nourish, and gladden all things, in heaven and earth; we beseech Thee mercifully to shine into our heart, that the night and darkness of sin, and the mists of error on every side, being driven away, by the brightness of Thy shining within our hearts, we may all our life walk without stumbling, as in the day-time and, being pure and clean from the works of darkness, may abound in all good works which Thou hast prepared for us to walk in. Amen. —Erasmus (1467-1536)

Trees which have been weakened by drouth fall easy prey to borers.

BOY, I FEEL GOOD!

You have a wise mother, sonny! We know she gives you SCOTT'S EMULSION to make you big and strong. For over sixty years, mothers the world over have helped their loved ones build sturdy bodies, strong bones and teeth by giving them SCOTT'S EMULSION . . . the *all-year-round tonic* and body builder every person needs to help resist colds and infection.

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Barbour's ACADIA BAKING POWDER

Makes Golden Brown Biscuits— Tender and Delicious

Your Individual HOROSCOPE

By Frances Drake

For Thursday, March 20th

MARCH 21 to APRIL 20 (Aries) —Personal aggrandizement or recognition may not be forthcoming just now but this should not deter you from planning and working for greater achievement. Day especially favors sound, practical business, shipping, commerce, transportation.

APRIL 21 to MAY 20 (Taurus)—Benefic vibrations in your favor. Sponsored for gains are: Deals with professional people, opening new shops, wisely expanding present business, enhancing antiquated products or methods by modern equipment, outlining new plans.

MAY 21 to JUNE 21 (Gemini) — Should be an excellent opportunity for you to display just how much you can accomplish on an opportune day. New and unique ideas, inventions and improvements are equally favored with well established industries and urgent matters.

JUNE 22 to JULY 23 (Cancer)—If your line of endeavor is worthy and furnishes a means for security and the safeguard of life and cherished ideals, then you have no quarrel with today. Willingness to forget selfish aims is important. Give your natural talents a show.

JULY 24 to AUGUST 22 (Leo)—A.M. particularly favorable for mental work, conferences, consultations, interviews; P.M. favors for artistic and practical business lines, domestic problems, you who serve the public.

AUGUST 23 to SEPTEMBER 23 (Virgo) — Pass along good ideas and other knowledge that will increase your own value and also aid your profession or trade. This is a day for helping to make headway. Be a doer.

SEPTEMBER 24 to OCTOBER 23 (Libra) — Today requires management, forethought and when the occasion demands, quick action. Never mind previous mistakes, profit by them and push on to new successes.

OCTOBER 24 to NOVEMBER 22 (Scorpio) — Should be very receptive to bright, quick-witted persons. Not a lazy man's day but one for an ambitious, right-living individual who knows it is healthy and good to keep usefully occupied. Keep your ideas high, noble.

NOVEMBER 23 to DECEMBER 22 (Sagittarius) — Alert is the watchword this generally advantageous day. Industrial and mechanical interests, manufacturing, building, real estate transactions, buying values favored along with professional and artistic activities.

DECEMBER 23 to JANUARY 21 (Capricorn) — Slightly more favorable for private affairs than general matters for you born before January 6th. You other Capricornians: Exert yourselves more than usual; if you do you'll find this day fruitful and encouraging.

JANUARY 22 to FEBRUARY 20 (Aquarius) — Plunge into the important matters with your best enthusiasm. You're in line for benefits through your own efforts, also through assistance of others. You can't fail if you try hard enough.

FEBRUARY 21 to MARCH 20 (Pisces) — Midday has less favorable aspects than the other periods and stresses caution against unnecessary risks and pointless extremes. After 1.50 P.M. more favorable aspects for all matters.

A CHILD BORN ON THIS DAY will be a deep thinker; ardent, with pleasant demeanor; rather subtle and secretive, especially in personal matters. Should be trained spiritually as well as materially to keep it always on the right road. Capable of unusual achievement. Self-mastery an essential.

THE COOK'S CORNER

MEAT SPREADS

Add 2 chopped hard-cooked eggs to 1 cup of devilled ham and 1 tablespoon horseradish. Spread on toast round and garnish with dressing.

Combine 1-2 cup chopped chicken livers with 2 chopped hard-cooked eggs, 1 teaspoon minced onion and seasonings. Mix with cream to a spreading consistency, spread on crisp crackers and garnish with parsley sprig.

PINEAPPLE WAFFLES

One and three-quarters cups flour 1 tablespoon sugar, 1-2 teaspoon salt, 2 eggs, 3-4 cup milk, 3 teaspoons baking powder, 1-2 to 3-4 cup crushed and drained pineapple.

Mix and sift dry ingredients. Add milk to beaten eggs. Combine all ingredients. Preheat iron for 8 minutes and bake batter for 3 minutes.

FUDGE CAKE

1 cup butter
1 cup sugar
Yolks 3 eggs
1-2 cup milk
1-2 tsp. vanilla
2 cups flour
2 1-2 tsps. baking powder
Whites 3 eggs
2 oz. or squares unsweetened chocolate

Cream butter, and sugar gradually, creaming well together; then add yolks of eggs, well beaten. Mix and sift baking powder and flour and add alternately with milk to first mixture. Add stiffly beaten white of eggs, chocolate melted over hot water, and vanilla. Turn into 2 buttered and floured 7 inch square pans and bake in a 350 degree oven. Use fudge frosting between and on top of layers.

FUDGE FROSTING

2 tbsps. butter
1 cup sugar
1-4 cup milk
1 sq. unsweetened chocolate
1-2 tsp. vanilla

Put butter in saucepan and when melted add sugar and milk. Bring to boiling point and let boil 10 minutes. Add chocolate and boil 5 minutes, taking care that chocolate does not stick to bottom or sides of pan. Remove from fire, add vanilla and beat until of right consistency to spread.

TOMAHAWK DUTCH

NEW YORK —(CP) —Another tradition goes—ethnologists say the tomahawk as a combination axe and pipe was brought to America by early Dutch and copied by Indians.

Cream Soups WITH EXTRA FLAVOUR SMOOTHNESS RICHNESS are made with Carnation IRRADIATED MILK

IRRADIATED CARNATION MILK "from Contented Cows"

A CANADIAN PRODUCT

Dorothy Dix Says

MEN'S INFLUENCE MAKES GIRLS WHAT THEY ARE

When Femininity Is Demanded, It Will Be Forthcoming, For Women Follow The Call Of Popularity

Dear Dorothy Dix —I was greatly interested in your article about men having more influence over women than women have over men. Your argument sounds plausible, but still leaves two questions unsettled to which I can find no satisfactory answer. First is, why are women, young and old, devil-possessed to get into pants? Most men detest seeing them in pants, for it makes them lose feminine charm. In plain English, they look like hell. Is it because they wish to be like men in everything? Second, why do girls drink? The poor little fools! Don't they know they are cutting their own throats? Women have always been the peculiar victims of booze. Always they have suffered from drunken men folks. Ninety per cent of men hate to see women drink. Do not misunderstand me. I like women and respect them more than most men do. I have a wife and three daughters, all splendid types of American womanhood. Not one of them drinks, but the girls do, on occasion, go in for pants. Help, please. Tell me the answer.

W. M. S.

ANSWER—Why women do many things that they do is a mystery past all finding out. Why women will put on their heads hats that make them look like figures of fun; why they will wear knee-length dresses that expose how fat or thin or bowlegged their legs are; why they will starve themselves into anemia or T. B. in order to look like a rack of bones; why they will wear slacks and shorts looking the way you say they do, nobody can even guess.

Why girls brought up in decent homes will sell themselves out cheaper than the lowest woman of the streets and pet and kiss for the sake of being taken to the movies, or on a joyride; why girls will drink when they know that the most loathsome sight on earth is a drunken woman, is another riddle.

Influenced by Men

My guess at it is that they do these fool things because they think that it makes them attractive to men, and they are not canny enough to perceive that woman's best bet is femininity and that when she threw away her seven veils of mystery and put on britches she made the mistake of her life.

But all of this merely emphasizes the truth of my contention that men's influence over women is all-powerful and that they have only to use it to make them what they want to be. The modern girl drinks and smokes and jitterbugs with men because the boys won't take her out on dates unless she does.

But if modesty and purity and properity were the price of popularity, she would turn into a little Puritan before you could say Jack Robinson.

PLEASURE SHOULD NOT ENDANGER JOB

Dear Miss Dix —My wife and I have had some very heated arguments on the subject of dancing. She comes from a small town where they hold their dances on a week night other than Saturday nights, and she insists that I take her to them. This would necessitate our riding about 60 miles each way on a bus, dancing until about 2 or 3 o'clock in the morning and, as I have to be at work at 7 o'clock, I insist that it is asking too much of me.

I am perfectly willing to take her to dances at home, provided they are held on Saturday night, but this isn't what she wants. I have a good position and I feel that I owe it my best efforts, and this I cannot give if I am worn out and half asleep from attending a dance the night before. What shall I do about it? HUSBAND.

ANSWER—Undoubtedly a husband owes it to his wife to provide her with some amusement and, if she likes to dance, to take her to dances when he can do so without jeopardizing his job or ruining his health, but he is very foolish if he lets her desire for pleasure wreck his career.

Yet many women do this. After staying at home all day; they want to step out at night and they drag their poor, tired husbands around to dinners and parties and night clubs until they break down with nervous exhaustion or fall behind in their work. Then they complain about John being sick and not getting along as some other man does.

And the fault is theirs, because few men have the strength to toil all day and play all night, and no man who goes to his job dull and stupid from lack of sleep, with a stomach upset from too much liquor and indigestible food, and who is tired and worn in body and mind, can compete with the one who has had a quiet, peaceful evening at home, a long night's sleep and who is rested and refreshed.

Perhaps if you can make your wife understand that your ability to make money and give her the luxuries and comforts she craves depends on her not wearing you out in making you take her to dances she will see that you are neither selfish nor tyrannical in refusing to take her to her country dances.

DON'T BOTHER TO CHASE THE MEN

Dear Dorothy Dix—A man who has been making love to me for several months has suddenly ceased coming to see me. What can I do to find out what is wrong? Should I call him up and have a showdown with him face to face, or is indifference the best policy? He tells me that he is not financially able to get married right now. I am willing to wait, but don't like not knowing where I stand. What should I do?

WORRIED

ANSWER— When a man drops a girl after he has been making love to her, it is because he is through with her and she saves her face by not asking for any explanation or making any protest. For there is nothing she can do about it. It is just that the game is over. The little romance is washed up. Finished.

Evidently that is your case. There is no rational explanation of the young man's conduct. There has been no lovers quarrel. He just faded out of the picture, because he had got tired of you, or because he realized that you were taking his love-making seriously and that if he didnt break away he would become involved in an engagement, while the last thing he wanted to do was to get married.

Love-making is just a line with many men, and it is a thousand pities that girls havent some way of telling the real article from the spurious. It would save them many a heartache.

* * *

ADOPTED CHILDREN SHOULD BE TOLD

Dear Miss Dix—I have just had to tell my foster son that he was adopted and it is breaking my heart. We both cried. What will it mean to him when he is 14 or 15? Will he not love me then as he does now?

A FOSTER MOTHER.

..ANSWER—If he is the right sort, he will be all the more devoted to you because he will feel that he is under a greater obligation to you than he would have been if you were his own mother.

DOROTHY DIX.

South From Mayfair

By Pearl Bellairs

"SO IT IS YOU!"

He started violently. He stared at her as if he could not believe his eyes. She turned from that incredulity quickly, and went back into the kitchen, conscious that he was still staring after her.

What a long time the egg took to cook! She feared he might come to the kitchen door. Fanned, madly, that he might go away.

When at last she took the tray in a shaking hand and carried it in, his gaze, eager and searching, met her the instant she came through the doorway.

He rose, and his chair went back with a violent scrape. He didn't speak as she put the plate on the table.

"Please sit down," said Lorna. "Do you want jam with your bread?"

"So it is you!"

"Who else should it be?" She found she could manage to be cool when it came to it. She could even look at him, to see the look of thunderstruck amazement in his face.

"I thought my eyes were playing me tricks at first. Then I thought it was someone extraordinarily like you —!" He stopped, and asked: "What are you doing here?"

"Just an honest job of work. Don't you think you should sit down? Do you want jam with your bread?"

He sat down, helplessly, and since he made no reply she went and fetched the jam.

"Are you doing it for fun?" he asked. The secret animus of her soul showed for an instant:

"You think I do everything for fun, don't you?" She added more calmly: "The woman who runs this place is ill, and she has five children, so I came up from Wellington to help her."

"Oh, I see!" he said, in the tone of one who doesn't in the least.

"Will you want anything else?"

"'Will you want anything else?'" he mimicked her. "Where did you learn to talk like that?"

The suggestion of ridicule loosed her passionately repressed feelings. She paused an instant by the table, looking down at him.

"I've never had anything from you," she said, "but ridicule and contempt, and criticism. I know what to expect!!"

Hawksford went very white too, and asked:

"And what else have I ever had from you?"

She stared, her lips parted, soundless. "My love," she thought. "He had only my love!"

"Nothing," she said aloud, and walked back into the kitchen.

"I'm off now," said Eva, who only stayed until eight o'clock.

"Oh,, are you? Good-night!"

Eva put on her coat and ran out, leaving Lorna to struggle with her feelings in private. She told herself she would not go into the dining-room again. Let him go when he had finished. Another ten days and she would be out of the country and he out of her life. She didn't even want to see him again.

But she remembered that she had not given him his bill. To get the task over, she went in with it almost immediately.

He was sitting with his head lowered, the food untouched on his plate.

"Here's your bill," said Lorna, shakily, putting it down on the table.

"Thanks!"

He barely glanced at her. She went back to the kitchen wondering confusedly. Why did he look so miserable?

A few minutes later there was a tap on the kitchen door. She opened it a little. He stood there, but now there was a twinkle of humour in his eye.

"Miss," he said humbly, "have you the evening off?"

"I have a lot of washing up to do."

"Well, then, could I help you, Miss?"

She couldn't help smiling at his mode of address.

"Don't you have to take your car back to Hamilton?"

"I haven't any passengers to go back to-night, and I don't have to leave from there until eight in the morning. So I can take the car in any time to-night."

She let him come into the kitchen.

"What does he want. She thought. She remembered other times when she had allowed him his way, and her pride uttered furious warnings that if she gave him an inch he would take an ell.

But he was unexpectedly silent. He merely took off his coat, rolled up his sleeves, and dried the dishes as she washed them in the steaming sink.

"So it might have been," thought Lorna. She washing up and he drying, in a nice little all-electric house in a green suburb of Auckland. She wished that her sophisticated wits would make her shrink from such a prospect. But they said not; no, and they still did not, to her shame and misery.

The dishes were stacked, the diningroom cleared. A conventional, somewhat awkward conversation began.

"I shan't be down here again," he told her. "The chap on the car I'm driving is ill, and I took his place."

"Oh?—Joe Clark? I'm sorry. What is the matter?"

"Nothing much —a touch of flu, I believe."

Lorna informed him.

"I am going to England at the end of next week."

"Oh, are you? Coming back again?"

"Never!" said Lorna.

"You don't like us enough?"

"No, I like New Zealand. But my father worries about my being alone here."

TO THE LONG QUIET HILLS

The sink was clean, the dishes were put away. He was putting on his coat to go. He had taken his cap from the wall, he was not looking at her; his words came without any preliminary:

"Because I did, do, and always shall love you, Lorna —tell me what you've been doing since I last saw you, and why?"

"Because you —what?"

Her voice came faintly.

"Because I love you —haven't I told you often enough before?"

"Not so terribly often. Only once, I think."

She was leaning against the table, she half sat on it for support, her face white, a wild light in her eyes. It was a moment before she could find strength to speak.

(Continued no page 7, Col 2)

You should know THIS—

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The village orchestra had just rehearsed the overture for the sixth time.

"Thank you, gentlemen," said the composer, who was also the conductor; "at last you have given me a true interpretation of my work."

"Gee!" whispered the man with the trombone. "That's queer. I've got two pages to play yet."

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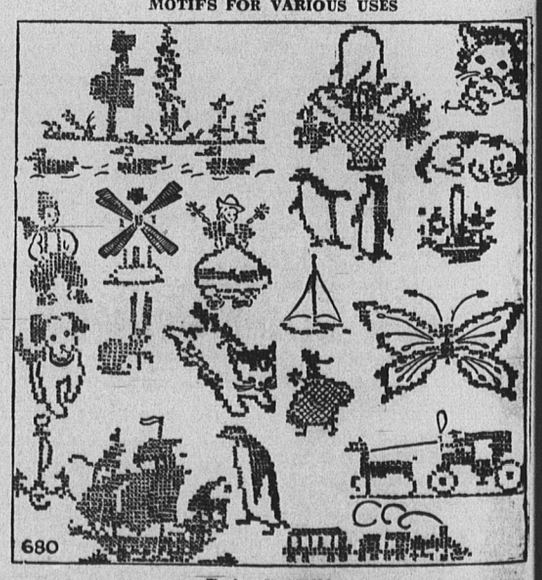

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