

Woman's Realm Social and Personal Fashions Literature

DAILY LENTEN MEDITATIONS

ON "SUCCESSFUL LIVING" Secondary Aims

(By a Journalist)

The Lenten season, which begins today, is likely to see the publication of many religious and devotional volumes. Facing Life With Christ," by the Rev. James Reid, D.D. (S.O.M.) is one. Dr. Reid is notable as a distinguished writer on spiritual matters and the following extract is typical of his work. In a chapter on "Successful Living" he writes:—

"How shall we define successful living? What tests can we apply to it? Material standards are not enough. The satisfactions of appetite or ambition are no criterion. As Victor Hugo said, 'Man is not a digestive tube.'"

"Countless folk have found life infinitely worth while who have had very little of what are thought to be the prizes of life. Successful living can be measured only by our interior satisfactions, by the sense of good work well done, however it is rewarded, and by what the experiences of life contribute to the real growth of our personality, whether they be pleasant or unpleasant."

"At home, another aim occupies his mind—that of securing the health and well-being of his family, training his children, and providing them with a career. His leisure time may be spent in what ever kind of recreation for mind and body suit his particular tastes. Here, perhaps, he merely wants to enjoy himself or to satisfy his mental and physical strength restored. These secondary aims are right and good in their own place. But no single one of them can use all his capacities, and if they are not related to some purpose which includes them all and takes them up into its movements, life lacks any sense of total meaning. There is but one purpose which can satisfy these requirements, and that is God's purpose for the world. It is the Christian faith that there is such an overruling purpose, and that each of us may find a place in it. For it seeks not only what God is seeking to make of each, but also what we can do individually and together in furthering that purpose."

"Mr. Aldous Huxley in Ends and Means makes a confession about this purpose which is worth noting. 'Does the world as a whole possess that value and meaning that we constantly attribute to certain parts of it (such as human beings and their works); and, if so, what is the nature of that value and meaning? This is a question which a few years ago, I should not even have posed. For, like so many of my contemporaries, I took it for granted that there was no meaning in life, but that we were wanting the world to have a meaning; consequently, assumed that it had none, and was able without any difficulty to find satisfying reasons for this assumption. Those who detect no meaning in the world generally do so because, for one reason or another, it suits their books that the world should be meaningless.'"

"The purpose of God alone can give our lives inner unity and the happiness and satisfaction that come from living to the full is a task which is not of passing value but is eternally worth while. No man can find rest for his spirit in anything less than what is final."

"In the daily life of all of us there is a whole series of what might be called secondary aims and objects which take possession of us from point to point. In his work a man has one aim, which is to do his job as well as he can, or produce something useful for the community."

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Dorothy Dix Says— LOVE IS NOT ENOUGH TO KEEP WHEELS OF MARRIAGE MOVING Emotions Are Fine And Necessary But Practical Side Must Be Followed

The other day I was trying to persuade a very young girl from rushing into marriage with a very young boy. "Wait," I begged her. "John is in a position to support a wife. Why, he isn't making enough now to feed a canary bird."

"Love has taken my appetite," she replied. "I do not eat much now. I just feed on love."

"Well, what about clothes?" I brutally insisted. "You've always been so good about having the latest thing in frocks and—"

"If I am clothed in John's love, I shall not care whether I am wearing rags or imported finery. His arms about me will keep me warmer than a mink coat."

"But," I urged, "you have always been so good. You've always gone everywhere and done everything and been the life of the party. It takes money to make a man so entertained. You can't do that on an income of practically nothing a year. You and John will have to drop out of your old crowd. You will have to spend your evenings in a little two-by-four flat looking at each other."

"So much the better," she cried. "Why, just to see John in a crowd gives me such a thrill it makes me feel like a queen. I think of having him all to myself and being able to look at him for hours at a time! I shall not want any other excitement when I have that."

"We shall not mind that. Just love will be enough for us," she answered confidently.

COMMON SENSE LOVES ARGUMENT

And I give up, as common sense always does when it argues with sentiment.

"Love is enough." It is the eternal cry of romance, but love alone is not enough capital to marry on. For love isn't self-sustaining. It has to have an adequate financial foundation, for one thing. It is all very well for a lovesick girl, who has had three square meals every day of her life, to say that she can live on bread and cheese and kisses, but she finds that after marriage she is just as hungry as she was before marriage, and that a steady diet of bread and cheese diminishes her appetite for kisses.

Also, she discovers that after marriage she takes just as much interest in pretty clothes as she did before marriage; that she likes to go places and do things just as much, and that she can get fed up on the society of her Romeo if she gets too much of it.

PRACTICAL SIDE IS NECESSARY

For the truth is that while love is the mercurial on the lemon pie of life, it isn't the whole thing. It adds sweetness and flavor and beauty to it, but what nourishes us is the good, substantial foundation under it. A marriage without love is cinders, ashes and dust, but a marriage that has nothing in it but love is a painted balloon that collapses in our hands.

Emotions do not last. Time withers them, as the sun does a fragile flower. No man and woman can keep thrilling over each other for thirty years at a stretch. And no man and woman can ever be all-in-all to each other. They must have other people, other interests, other amusements.

It isn't enough for a husband and wife to love each other personally. They must love a lot of the same things. They must love the same books, the same kind of people, the same amusements, if they are to be happy together.

This is something that the boys and girls who cry out "love is enough" do not know, and that is why more than one-third of all youthful marriages end in divorce within five years after the wedding. When the honeymoon wanes and the stern realities of life begin, when the billing and cooing ceases and the discussion of the rent commences, they discover that they still want all the things they have always wanted and had, they can't take it, and another marriage goes on the rocks.

What a pity that boys and girls can't be made to realize that if they want to be happy though married they must have something in the cupboard besides love before they face the parson.

PLIGHT OF UNHAPPY BOY

DEAR MISS DIX—I am a boy of 16 and all mixed up in life. When I was two years old my parents were divorced and I was made a friend of the Court for my grandparents, which for several years separated my mother and me completely, but I have at last seen mother and have learned to love her very deeply. Both my mother and father have remarried. My step-mother and father to me, but I am unhappy. I am situated in my father's home. I love my mother and want to be able to see her, but I love my father and do not wish to lose his love for me. He stubbornly refuses to let me visit my mother and says he will give me \$100 if I do. I am all mixed up and don't know what to do. Can you advise me?

ANSWER—Poor boy, you are another victim of divorced parents, one of the multitude who have four parents and no real father and mother, two homes and no stable home in which they belong and in which they can live in peace and security.

In choosing between whether you will throw in your lot with your mother or your father, I think you will be wise in trying to decide which one can give you the best chances in life. Will your own father, or which one will be able to give you a start in business or a profession?

Probably your own father will, as not many step-fathers are willing to support another man's children. Most men feel that they are doing all they can to take care of their own. Your father is being selfish and unreasonable in his not being willing for you to go to see your mother, but it will not be long before you will be a man and can do as you please. In the meantime, the thing for you to consider is getting an education and a hand up in life.

THE COOK'S CORNER

SAVORY POTATOES

Peel and slice sufficient potatoes to make one pint. Place in buttered baking dish, pour over them 1 egg beaten in 1-2 cup milk. Sprinkle with pepper and little salt. Cover and bake 20 minutes, uncover and let brown.

MAPLE GINGERBREAD

1 cup maple syrup
1 cup heavy sour cream
1 egg
2-3 cups sifted flour
1-3-4 teaspoons soda
1-2 teaspoons ginger
1-8 teaspoon salt
1-4 cup melted butter

Method: Combine the maple syrup, sour cream and egg. Mix and stir into the dry ingredients, mixing well. Add the melted butter at the last. Turn the batter into a greased loaf pan and bake in a moderate oven (350 deg. F.) for 1 hour. This is nice served thinly sliced and buttered, or spread with cream cheese.

Farmers are being advised to repair farm machinery during this winter, when there is time and parts can be had.

Mongols used to hunt hares by first aiming a whistling arrow over the head of the animal to frighten it, its stiffness and then sending a second arrow to kill.

"I don't believe it, Tony!" Bond laughed. "I knew better than that. It must be painful to be sweating down at Sunning as a mere nobody, when there's a fellow like Leinbridge who's been murdered."

"I did, Tony. But—I'd forget all about that if I were you. It wasn't of any importance." He glanced sideways at Bond, then went on: "That's his daughter, with Delma Vivian. Pretty keen on you, too, the way she's been talking about you. Going to be married to you?"

"If I ever marry, Tony," Bond said. "I'll marry her."

Again Fareham rang him one of those questioning sidelong glances, which he didn't notice. And again Fareham changed the subject rather quickly.

"I've been up in town since yesterday, going through the mill, with an eye to a staff appointment," he explained. "No idea what it is, or whether I stand a chance for it. Don't really care very much."

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A Morning Smile

Walking in the Highlands, a man found that his watch had stopped. Entering a farmhouse and noticing an old grandfather clock, he said: "Your clock is surely wrong!"

"Nothing wrong with it," answered the farmer. "It's you that doesn't understand it. When the wee haun's straight up and the big haun's straight down, it strikes 10, but the right time's 5 o'clock. After that, he's attituded 'ye've nothing to dae but calculate'."

While explaining the words "affirmative" and "negative," a teacher in an Ontario school questioned a girl pupil as follows: "What," he asked, "would happen if you shook your head in the 'negative'?"

Pupil: The picture would be blurred, sir.

Dress Designing Studied at Home



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For the blouse, pin the centre of the muslin to centre front of the dress form, allowing 4 inches above the neckline, and pin also along shoulder and under arm. Snip off excess muslin—cutting along the centre, too, for you work on only half the figure.

Now on this foundation pattern, work out your special design with colored thread and pins. As you learn the lines that flatter the figure, you create wearable, salable styles!

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Happy Landing

BY BASHL MAYE

CHAPTER IX
INSPECTOR HOUSE IS CURIOUS

In the bar, with aperitifs before them, the inspector opened up: "I may tell you in confidence—that, when searching certain suspected aliens and their property, we have

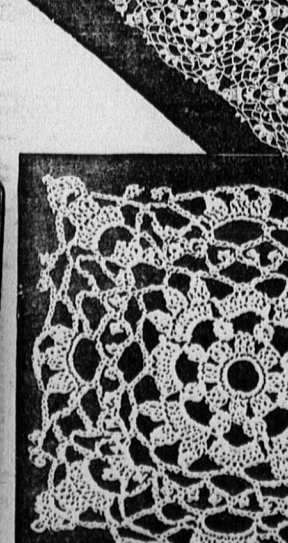
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come on five other instances where your name and address seemed to have been noted down by them for some purpose. We were wondering if you could give any clue to the reason."

"Perhaps they were people who collect names and addresses," Bond said. "Let's be serious. Mr. Bond, please. Take the instance of this man, who's given himself up as the killer of Mr. Gregorescu, and who must clearly have some interest in you—"

"Suppose you describe the fellow to the House," Bond suggested. "Scourish-built and big-made. Age fifty-four. Complexion pale. Hair and eyes very dark. Also heavy dark beard and moustache. Given out as printer by profession in his own country, but not been working over here of course. Lodged for last six months in Sevania Dink district."

"One moment—Bond's fingers probed among the contents of a leather wallet, laid a crumpled slip on the counter before the other. "That the address?" he asked.

"Ah!" The inspector's eye gleamed as he read what was pencilled on the slip. "So you do know something."

Bond carefully tore the slip into tiny fragments.

"Let's see," said your bearded gentleman has done me a great kindness by giving himself up. It means that I shan't be annoyed further by the sight of him, playing a discreet game of hide-and-seek around the vicinity of my flat."

"Hide-and-seek around your flat?" the inspector asked, puzzled. "And why should he have been doing that?"

"All I can tell you, Inspector, is that this gentleman has been treated by interested in me for some time."

Michael at last discovered Anna and Delma in the company of Maurice Leinbridge, looking smart in Air Force uniform of staff-tasks particularly noticeable. He had some Air Force friends with him.

They were all grouped in talk over cooking in the shaded and glass-roofed rotunda when Michael joined them unobtrusively. Owing to Anna's presence, their talk was subdued. Delma had introduced her all round, and everyone was sympathetically trying to put her at her ease.

Leinbridge, the first to notice Bond's arrival, behaved as if he hadn't seen him, which quite suited Michael. But another man in Air Force uniform moved round the fringe of the group to join him.

This was Tony Fareham, Bond's best friend at the time of his break-away three years since, and who still insisted on remaining that.

"Rang up your flat an hour ago, old fellow, said that man of yours reckoned I might possibly find you here; said you'd come along here to meet Miss Vivian, Fareham remembered casually drawing away from the group a little, adding under his breath:

"Things been humming around this hotel, from what I hear. This Rumanian who's been murdered—surely you said something to me about him the other day when we were talking?"

"I did, Tony. But—I'd forget all about that if I were you. It wasn't of any importance." He glanced sideways at Bond, then went on: "That's his daughter, with Delma Vivian. Pretty keen on you, too, the way she's been talking about you. Going to be married to you?"

"If I ever marry, Tony," Bond said. "I'll marry her."

Again Fareham rang him one of those questioning sidelong glances, which he didn't notice. And again Fareham changed the subject rather quickly.

"And you can't tell me why? Yet you've actually been carrying his address round with you, and you didn't know the man himself?"

"Through the kindness of my manservant—a thoroughly reliable fellow, House—who raised my supply of excellent cigars to be a publican, who in turn extracted that piece of information from his client, your bearded gentleman. As it turns out that was a bad waste of good cigars."

The inspector, annoyed by Bond's note of mild cynicism, did his best to conceal impatience.

"It seems a pity to me, Mr. Bond, that you never make any complaint at your local police station, if you were being pestered in that way," he suggested ironically.

"There are supposed to be points on duty. One or two of them ought to have had their suspicions aroused, with not only that fellow but another bearded friend of his, prowling around. Yet, it never happened. It needed Mr. Gregorescu to be killed before the police concerned themselves with this gentleman."

"And you can't or won't give me any explanation, Mr. Bond, why these half-dozen aliens should separately feel such special interest in you and your address as to have them noted down so carefully?" the inspector asked.

"If I could explain that strange coincidence, Inspector, I'm quite certain would. But it's quite outside my specialty to believe in such things."

The inspector finished his drink, turned away from the bar, began to move back into the vast sweep of the dining lounge, which now was very crowded.

"I'll have to find some other way of getting at what I want," he said, but speaking in low tones. "This isn't merely a police-case, as you know, it's political, with a lot behind it."

"And behind all that—M. I. 5!" Bond interrupted, and held out his hand. "I'd go and see them, House, who'd be able to tell me more—as I understand the best crooks put it. The black sheep is thoroughly bleached now, I assure you."

The inspector looked at Bond for a moment, looked as if he were about to say something more, then changed his mind, and went silently on.

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