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

Living & Leisure

—THE WOMAN'S REALM—

Like the star
Which shines afar,
Without haste,
Without rest,
Let each one wheel
With steady stay
Round the task
Which rules the day
And do his best.

COMMON AILMENT

The Readers' Digest says: The cook, fresh from the Ozarks, was discussing her daughter's behaviour: "I found out she ain't sick at all. It's just a case of the pokin' grits. The no-count man she wanted to marry left town with another woman, and my daughter's madder than mad, pokin her chin out and grittin' her teeth. Ain't nothing the matter with her but he pokin' grits."

MEAT TRICKS

Most of us are trying to save meat coupons so that more meat can be sent to England. Here are a couple of meat tricks that are easy on coupons and time.

Slice bologona in ½ inch slices and brown in dripping.

Make a lengthwise slit in frankfurters. Cut cream cheese in narrow strips the length of the frankfurters and insert a strip in each slit. Bake for ten minutes in a moderate oven of 350 degrees.

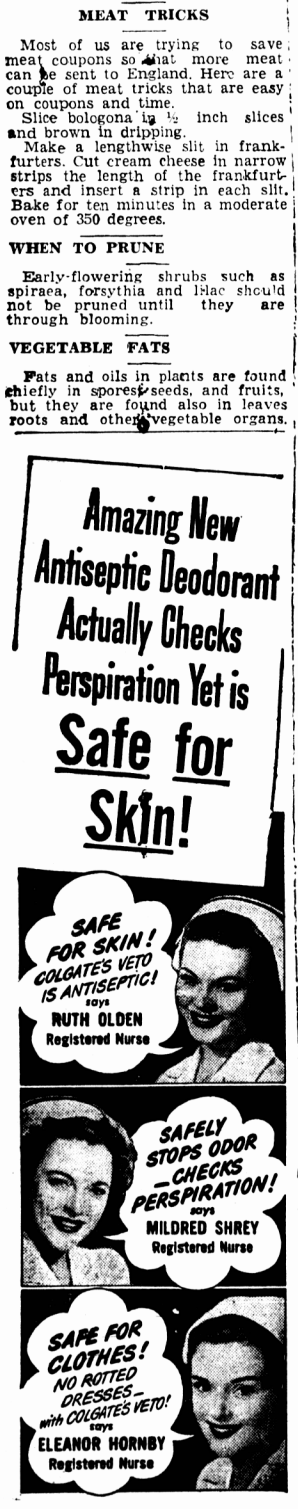
WHEN TO PRUNE

Early-flowering shrubs such as spiraea, forsythia and lilac should not be pruned until they are through blooming.

VEGETABLE FATS

Fats and oils in plants are found chiefly in spores, seeds, and fruits, but they are found also in leaves roots and other vegetable organs.

Amazing New Antiseptic Deodorant Actually Checks Perspiration Yet is Safe for Skin!



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VETO INTRODUCTORY OFFER

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Supply Limited—Get yours TODAY!

STRAIGHT, SLIM SKIRTS ON AUTUMN SUITS

NEW YORK —Suits, generally have straight, slim skirts. And that's one reason, no doubt, for making skirts a bit longer.

The cinched-in waists, peplum flares, and balloonlike sleeves that accent some of the new fashions may present something of a problem if you were size 20, or upwards. You may find you need to modify such fashions, and adopt them to your own particultar need.

As for topcoats you'll be donning when the frost is on the pumpkin and the fodder in the shock, likely the coats will be seven-eights length.

BLACK DATE DRESS HAS WHITE BUSTLE

CHICAGO—A black velvet date dress has a bustle made from heavy white lace, and the lace is repeated in short cap sleeves. Velvet is back in limited quantities only, so this dress is not to appear in great numbers.

Sandy Kay (Katzenberg & Rivkin) a sportswear house mainly, shows three-piece slack suits a bellboy jacket, replete with for juniors. One of green wool has shiny silver buttons. The slacks are for sports and lounging, but the jacket and skirt when combined make a good classroom dress.

OVEN FRY BIRD JUST FOR CHANGE

Requests for second helpings are the finest compliments a homemaker can receive on the table she sets.

Now that the warm weather is here pudding recipes are set aside until the fall and Canadian tables feature fresh fruits. An avantage of the shortness of each fruit's season is that appetites do not become jaded.

One way to preserve the family sugar supply is to arrange strawberries or ripe currants around a small mound of sugar. Hulling, stemming and sugaring before serving cuts drastically into the sugar ration.

Cherry Crush, a light dessert made of fruit and gelatine, provides dessert novelty on hot summer days and is recommended by home economists of the Agriculture Department.

The recipe calls for 3 cups of pitted cherries; 1-4 cup of sugar; 1-8 teaspoon of salt; 1 1-2 tablespoons of gelatine; 1-3 cup of cold water.

Chop cherries and add sugar and salt. Bring slowly to a boil. Add gelatine that has been dissolved in cold water. Stir until firm. Serve with custard sauce. This makes six servings.

Cooking Chickens

Varied meals keep the family interested in eating at home. The Prices Board Consumer Section suggests that Canadian housewives by-pass the traditional roast chicken every Sunday and try broiling or oven-frying the chicken.

For broiling, a bird weighing between 1 and 1 1-2 pounds is best; while for frying, the bird should be between 2 1-2 and 3 1-2 pounds.

To broil chicken, rub the surface with fat, sprinkle with salt and pepper and place, skin side down, on a greased rack in the broiling pan.

Turn heat to medium and leave oven door slightly open.

When both sides have been seared, reduce heat and continue cooking. Allow 30 to 45 minutes for total broiling time.

Brush the chicken several times with pan drippings during cooking.

For oven-fried chicken, cut the bird in half or in portions suitable for serving.

Brush with melted fat and cook in a moderate oven—350 degrees F.—for 20 minutes.

Turn and cook until the chicken is tender—from 20 to 30 minutes.

Hints on Etiquette

A man usually waits to be greeted by the lady he meets on the street. If she is a little slow to recognize him, however, it is quite all right for him to be the first with the greeting.

OFFICE BOY WAS QUITE INFORMED

It doesn't pay to tell a lie—take it from one who knows.

Several days ago a girl reporter was looking out of the office window. Suddenly her editor roared "whatdaya think you're doing—studying astronomy?"

Then she did it—lied, that is.

"No, I'm trying to cure myself of a phobia—a fear of heights—you know, what's it called?"

"I can't remember."

"Well, find out—what kind of a reporter are you?"

First she asked her co-workers. They all knew it but. . . .Then she queried news writers and editors of the city's two dailies. She left them spluttering over dictionaries, books and synonyms and Roget's Thesaurus. Finally she started dialing. A psychology professor had it at the tip of her tongue, but that was as far as it went. A social service executive couldn't think of it but said he'd look through his library.

Then came the inspiration—radio announcers. They claim they know everything. She visited three radio staticns and queried everyone from the news editor to the control operator. They didn't know but they also started phoning . . . . .friends, relatives and mere acquaintances.

The reporter, slightly haggard by this time, returned to her office. Toronto was queried, but didn't know. New York at least came back with an answer—the wrong one—Altophobia.

She sat and gazed at the typewriter keys. The office boy strolled by. "What's bothering you, kid?" he asked.

She told him.

"You mean Acrophobia," he said casually.

Ellen's Diary

By an Island Farmer's Wife

Yesterday, so Jamie told me in the course of our conversation this morning, he spent a very pleasant afternoon. "Me just had a lovely time!" he said and then troubled by an idea that he could not get to make sense in his mind, he inquired "did you ever sail boats on the big water when you were a little girl?" Ay I did, but not on the day in question. Rich with July's sunshine, yesterday was and bearing a zephyr of breeze to help bless the hallowed day of rest. If one of Jamie's grand-mothers might be tempted to contrast present ways of spending the Sabbath, with those that obtained, say a decade and a half ago, to find herself a bit bewildered and a great-grandmother remark omnisously with regard to the carelessness of parents "well, you were'nt brought up that way" we are apt to lay any laxity in respect to Sabbath observance to the restless or as we quote "the more enlightened" trend of the times and some of us find it exceedingly pleasant to follow the crowd and endeavour to seek out rest and relaxation in various attractive ways. At any rate (and who am I to say that the day could be better kept?) Jamie spent the afternoon with his parents and young Aunt pleasantly at the seashore. He waded "up to mine stomach-right here!" and he also "sailed a boat". The water of the Strait was "blue!" and the sands, I know were warm and golden.

• • •

While some folk would afternoon at the sea or "by a river's side" other chose to spend their hours differently. Because it would, so James said "never hurt her" he hitched the Nell-mare to a buggy and we went for a drive. "In the road" we went, in the tranquility and loveliness of the Summer day. Along a checkered path at times, for our road is frequently tree-bordered, if not so much now as formerly. I suspected later that the main object in James' mind was to visit the other farm to make sure that none of the young animals pasturing there would be ill or had perhaps broken to neighboring pastures or to wander carelessly along a roadside. We had only entered the roadway going in that direction when we met a young recently-wed couple strolling. "Love's young dreams" I remarked at the same time moving a shade nearer to James on the seat and he catching sight of the happiness so obvious, supplied—in Pat's words—"dare very swate". Beyond Rob's which held a deserted appearance then, we called to visit Mrs. A. This is the Mrs. A. who has been hospitalized for several weeks and has returned not so long since in improved health to her own home "Be it ever so humble" she quoted happily "there's no place like home". The A's home is not at all humble but a comfortable farmhome pleasantly situated on a slope which affords a splendid view of the valley below as well as an extent of the surrounding countryside. The house is shaded—and sheltered by old willows and at present "tager" lilies are in bloom among the roses that have been allowed to ramble beside the lawn fence Red geranium thrive in the sunporch and indoors there is nice and well-cherished old furniture—quaint chairs and a corner-cupboard of old dishes and a funny teakettle on the Home Comfort range. And always a neat pan of kindling in the oven to assure one of a friendly cup of tea. And everywhere in this pleasant place, order and peace prevail. "I don't suopose" James who has his moments of intense thought remarked as we drove down their lane, "that there has ever been on harsh word spoken in that home—if there has been I have never heard it". Built on the solid foundation of love and mutual respect and trust and understanding, this marriage has easily weathered the happenings of many years.

• • •

Not so placid seas held another matrimonial barque this evening, even if it too has survived the vicissitutes of time. The usually calm surface was suddenly windtossed and the craft, staunch as it is, listed dangerously. James slipped down the side of a load of hay with all the agility of one half of his years, consternation depicted even in the action. At the time, the milk cows were leaving the yard, for the night pasture "There now" I was figuratively patting the women-kind at Alderlea on the shoulder "the men will be glad to have all the choring done when their day's work in the field is ended. "And Ellen" James spluttered "why in. . . ?" "Sh-ush, James" I warned him "Jamie's here!" But grand-son or so grandson James said the mis-placed word and heatedly added "did you let those cows out of the stable? Didn't I particularly tell you that they must be kept in at nights until that fence by the potatoes has been tightened? How many times hav you got to be told a thing, Ellen? I declare I can depend on Jamie better than on you" He turned a terrible stare on me as together we herded the cattle back to their sleeping quarters. James was in a "dither" all today, which of course was only natural for any farmer at this season. There was an amount of hay to be saved as well as some to be cut and he is sure to find somewhere in the heavens the threatening edge of a dark cloud or the vague tip of a thunder-head. Accordingly "nor rest nor pause" he nor any of his helpers knew. And if any tears of pure vexation gathered in my feminine eyes, there was no time to wipe them away but disregarded they must be left for the mill-pond "breeze to dry".

• • •

However it's a weary, quiet mon who sits in the old armchair tonight. Up and about the smoke wreaths linger. Doubtless James sees there a warm sun and a breeze that blows briskly down from the surrounding hills—and wagons heaped high with the wealth of the haylands. Or maybe instead, and envisaging others of the long ago, he sees again the happy lad and his young wife we saw yesterday stroll contentedly along this red road of ours—the red road of dreams.

Until tomorrow. . . Diary. . . Good-night

EXERCISE CURES BUSTLE OF FLESH

To determine whether that common hip fault—a "bustle of flesh"—is due to a sway back, or lordosis, as it is technically called, stand sideways to your mirror, and place a ruler at the base of your spine.

If that narrow link at the waistline sinks in from the ruler more than two inches, you have a sway which can be corrected by back-straightening exercises. They differ from the usual hip exercises, as you'll see when you tackle the following which an expert gives you:

For the first, sit on the floor with your back to the wall until you can flatten your back against it. Hold this position for a few seconds, relax, and again dig in your back. Repeat several times.

P.S.: You can also do this one while sitting in a chair at home or in your office.

For the second exercise, again sit on the floor with back flattened to the wall. This time, extend arms over head, and touch wall with the backs of your hands. Keeping your back straight, lower arms to elbow bends, and return hands to the wall to the rhythmic count of five. Repeat after resting, and daily increase the number of counts.

NOTHING BEATS A TRIAL

A penniless tramp had been unable to get a drink for well over a week. After much self-persuasion he entered a tavern named "George and the Dragon," and explained his need but lack of money. The furious landlady ordered him from the premises. After thinking for several moments, he returned with the request: "Could I see George?"

Better English

D. C. Williams

1. What is wrong with this sentence? "I have two other suits beside this one.'
2. What is the correct pronunciation of "en route"?
3. Which one of these words is misspelled? Disapoint, dissatisfy, disseminate.
4. What does the word "confer" mean?
5. What is a word beginning with fo that means "a personal weakness"?

ANSWERS

1. Say, "I have two other suits besides (in addition to) this one." 2. Pronounce an-root, a as in ah, oo as in root, accent second syllable. 3. Disappoint. 4. To grant; bestow. "To be able to bestow happiness on those one loves, is surely the greatest blessing conferred on man." —Thackeray. 5. Foible.

DOROTHY DIX SAYS—

Scarcity of Dates

Men Should Take Courage In Hands, Explain Predicament To Girls

DEAR DOROTHY DIX: In regard to the complaints that girls are making about the scarcity of dates, I would like to say this: During the war we servicemen became more or less used to being away from home, but the one ideal that we clung to was the girl we left behind us and whom we dreamed of returning to.

But now that we are back it seems that during our absence the girls changed. They became used to being chased, especially in the vicinity of Army and Navy installations, and they look upon us as trained wolves that are dangerous to any member of the opposite sex. So it is hard for us to meet the kind of nice girls we would like to know. Or maybe it is because we have been out of contact with the proper way of doing things so long we actually don't know how to meet nice girl, or where.

We had dreams of meeting a nice girl in a decent place, not in juke joints and not the type of girls who go to such places. It just adds up to the fact that in some way we should be told how to meet these girls who want to be dated and who are so desperately lonely. So are we. Can't we get together?

EX-SOLDIER.

SENTIMENTAL CRISIS

ANSWER: It is a curious aftermath of the war that it seems to have produced a sentimental crisis that no one knows how to handle. For here are the nice, sweet girls, the girls of every decent boy's dreams, who are dateless, and here are the hordes of fine young boys, whom the girls are dying to step out with, and who have no means of getting acquainted with them. It is a case of water, water everywhere and not a drop to drink.

Certainly it is a terrible situation when girls and boys are afraid to be friendly with each other but you can't blame them, for no self-respecting girl wants to be regarded as whistle bait that any good-looking lad could pick up. And certainly no worth-while boy, who has been taught to revere and respect womanhood, wants a girl to feel that it wouldn't be safe for her even to speak to him. And neither sex can go around with a certificate of character pinned on their chests certifying that their intentions are honorable.

I would suggest as a possible solution that the boys who want to know nice girls take their courage in both hands and go boldly up to the maidens of their choice and explain their predicament. If they are rebuffed, try, try again until they find some girl who has enough common sense and intuition to meet their advances at least halfway.

This plan always succeeds in fiction. Maybe it will do so in fact. Try it, brother.

DEAR MISS DIX: I am a man of 20, very much in love with a girl of 17. She loved me until recently when she told me that she felt that she was too young to be going steady with anyone. I have tried every way to change her mind, but have failed. I love her very much and want to see her happy. What should I do? H.W.

ANSWER: If you really love the girl and want to have a happy life, you will not try to overpersuade her into a marriage for which she is not ready and which will be almost sure to end in disaster. On the contrary, you will constitute yourself as a sort of a guardian angel by being her best friend who is watching over her and protecting her from the wolves who always are looking out for such a little lamb as she is.

At 17 no girl is fit to marry and for one to do so is like putting too heavy burdens on a colt. It crushes her with responsibilities she is not strong enough to bear and the result is that by the time she should marry, she is a disillusioned, bored woman—old before her time.

DEAR MISS DIX: I am a man of 30 and never have married because I am pretty quiet. I have been corresponding with a woman two years older than I. She is a widow with two boys, 13 and 14 years old. She wants to marry me as soon as possible. I have been writing to her for a month, but never have seen her. What would you advise me to do? What should I tell her when I write to her again? P.N.

ANSWER: Tell her no, nothing doing, that you have decided definitely not to marry.

DISCARD USED MEDICINE

Old remedies—left-overs from former prescriptions—are a source of danger if retained in medicine cabinets, warns the Department of National Health and Welfare. In a statement issued from Ottawa, health authorities point out that one man's medicine may indeed be another's poison. They recommend that only such items as the family doctor advises, be kept in the cabinet. Contents of used remedies should be washed down the sink, to ensure that they cannot harm another person, or be taken in error.

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Always Another Spring

By Adelaide Humphries

XVII

The ache around Anne's heart was melting gradually. She was glad now they had come to David's table. He could not be taken in by such flamoyant tinsel. Camilla's glitter was only surface. If she had a soul it was a mean, little one. Anyone could see that, even a blind man.

David spoke somewhat abruptly. "Shall we dance, Anne?" The music had begun once more.

"Why not?" Anne returned. Why not, indeed? The orchestra was playing Stardust, her favorite piece. How many, many times, she wondered, as she followed David's feet without effort, had she and David danced to this same lovely melody? How many more times would they dance to it?

"The poker game was called off at the last minute." David mumbled above her head. Then, as Anne looked up, "Why didn't you tell me you and Tracy were planning on coming to the Silver Grill? We could have made it a foursome." He had adopted the somewhat lofty air that he always used to cover embarrassment. His look of accusation was meant to put her, instead of himself, in the wrong.

Anne said she had not known, when she talked with him over the phone, just where she and Gil would go. The ache had disappeared now. Anne loved to dance with David. Besides, hadn't he just said he would have liked to make it a foursome? That could only mean that he had not especially wanted to be with Camilla—at least not alone. Perhaps he had felt he owed Camilla a dinner if he had been brought in on a party with her before, and since he was employed by her father. Naturally, under those circumstances, David would be obliged to go out of his way to be nice to Wadsworth Payne's daughter.

The encore left Anne and David so near the table that they returned to it. Camilla and Giles had not danced. It was evident that Gil was not going out of his way to be nice to the other girl. David may have noticed that and felt he and Anne should not dance any longer. Or maybe he felt that since he had made the necessary explanation nothing more was expected of him.

"Have you always lived in Oakdale, Miss Ashton?" Camilla asked in her bored tone when they were all seated once more. She tapped David's arm with a little proprietary gesture as if to show that although he had danced with Anne, he was her escort.

Anne said she had been born and raised in Oakdale, in the same brick house on Maple Avenue. She added, though it was not necessary, that she had never been out of Oakdale except for the two years she had spent in art school.

"Not really?" Camilla's eyebrows expressed pain as well as incredulity. "I'd be bored to distraction," she murmured, "in this stupid town, if it hadn't been for discovering David. He's the only person who has made living here in Oakdale this long bearable."

"I expect Anne will agree with you on that," Gil commented, with his mocking grin. "You see—though of course David has told you—he and Anne have been engaged—oh, for years and years! Which is why Anne has been able to endure living in Oakdale."

"But you didn't tell me, David." Camilla turned her wide stare on him.

Two spots of crimson flared for a moment in David's face. But only for a moment. "I took it for granted that everyone knew it," he said stiffly. The look he gave Gil might have been trimmed with icicles.

"I've been engaged eleven times," Camilla said now.

"Not really?" Gil imitated her patronizing inflection. "Maybe you'd care to dance again, Anne, with me?" Giles asked, pushing his chair back and getting up to come around behind Anne's. Her grateful smile as she got to her feet, repaid him. Her eyes told him that she wanted leave.

"Aren't you going to make it a foursome?" David got to his feet, too. "We could go on somewhere together if you liked." But his tone did not hold much urgency, his eyes avoided meeting Anne's.

"Some other time," Anne murmured, and inclined her head toward Camilla. She managed a smile but she felt terribly close to tears.

"Nice to have seen you," Gil added. "Funny, how one does run into people, even in Oakdale!" He teased Camilla a grin, nodded curtly to David. His arm circled Anne's waist as he waltzed her away with an air befitting a Tracy of Cleveland—one of the steel Tracys.

That ache within Anne was replaced by a white-hot resentment and burning indignation. Was David, then, ashamed of being engaged to her? Was that why he had kept it a secret? Did he think she would play back street for even one evening while he bowed and scraped and made an idiot of himself at Camilla Payne's command?

This was the showdown. She would have it out and settled once and for all with David. This was the final straw. If she did not see that it was, insist upon it, she—not David—would be the unmitigated idiot.

• • • • •

Anne told David she thought the thing for them to do was to break their engagement, since it had reached the place where it did not seem to be much of an engagement any more. Perhaps it would be better, for a while, anyway, for each of them to feel free. To make sure that they really wanted to be engaged to each other.

David said he did not know what had come over her to talk that way after they had been engaged all these years. He said he knew it was all that fellow Tracy's doings.

"Oh, no," Anne denied that. It was his own "doings," if David would only face it. It was the culmination of a lot of things. "I think we have been engaged too long," Anne said.

"If it's Camilla—" David thought the blame should be fixed upon someone—"that's perfectly ridiculous, Anne. Camilla doesn't mean a thing to me. I took her out a time or two while you were away, and that one night when I tried to reach you and couldn't. As a matter of fact, though you may not believe me, Camilla rather did the rushing. We met in her father's office and she rang me up several times and practically asked me to take her out. Poor kid she was lonesome and bored in this stupid town, as she calls it She seemed to think it was up to me to keep her from passing out."

Yes, Anne could believe that Camilla had done the rushing, and just because that was what she wanted to believe. She recalled Camilla's saying that she had "discovered" David, recalled too, her proprietary air. It was almost as if Camilla had annexed him as her own property. Anne could imagine David falling for such a line. "Poor-kid," indeed! He had never referred to Anne as "poor kid." She had been too self-sufficient, maybe too good a sport, to demand attention, to play on his sympathy.

"After all," David said, "it wasn't any worse for me to take Camilla to dinner than for you to dine with Tracy." He seemed to ignore the fact, which was what really made the difference, that he had meant to keep it from Anne, instead of telling her and being quite open and honest as she had tried to be.

(To be continued)

Modern Etiquette

By Roberta Lee

Q. When a woman enters a public dining room with her escort, which one should precede in following the waiter to the table?

A. The woman should always precede her escort.

Q. May any kind of invitation be extended over the telephone?

A. Invitations to all but very large and formal affairs may be given over the telephone or by personal note.

Q. What is the correct way to eat cheese?

A. Cheese is usually eaten with the fork, sometimes with the fingers, but never with a knife or a spoon.

Household Scrapbook

By Roberta Lee

Knife Handles

Clean ivory knife handles, that are discolored, with lemon juice and salt. Discolored bone handles should be sand-papered and then polished. Pearl handles can be cleaned with fine salt. Wipe them off thoroughly with a chamois to restore their luster.

Preventing Rust

The stove that is to be stored for the summer months will not rust if it is given a thin coating of three parts melted lard and one part rosin before putting it away.

Sweet Pickles

A small amount of vanilla and a small amount of lemon extract added to the syrup just before it is poured over the fruit will add a delicious flavor when making sweet pickles.

USEFUL LARK

The western meadow lark is one of the most useful of insect-eating birds in America.

Hints on Etiquette

If bacon is crisp, it may be taken in the fingers, otherwise use your fork.

MEAT STILL SCARCE

Cattle on farms of the United States totalled 79,791,000 head on January 1, 1946.

Morning Smile

MISSED NONE

"See here," explained the stranger, as he stumbled into his twentieth puddle, "I thought you said you knew where all the bad places were on this road?"

"Well," replied the native, who had volunteered to guide him in the dark, "we're a-finding of them, ain't we?"

MEANT WELL

A young Polish pilot attached to the R. A. F. wished to send a message of goodwill to a friend in a squadron detailed for a special job "The message he wanted to give was "God preserve you" but not knowing how to express it in English, he consulted a Polish-English dictionary. That dictionary gave him a choice of two words, "preserve" and "pickle."

He chose the wrong one!

How Can I !!

By Anne Ashley

Q. How can I mend a hole in the umbrella?

A. First cut a piece of mending tissue a little larger than the hole. Then cut a piece of silk or cambric a little larger than the piece of tissue. Place the tissue over the hole on under side of cover. Then place silk or cambric over the tissue. Place a wet cloth over all and press with a hot iron.

Q. How can I remove discolorations from the interior of a bottle?

A. Fill nearly full with buttermilk and potato parings. Let it stand for several hours, empty, and rinse thoroughly with clean hot water.

Q. How can I keep berries fresh for a longer time?

A. Always dump fresh berries from the box into a plate or dish where the air can circulate through them.

Cook's Corner

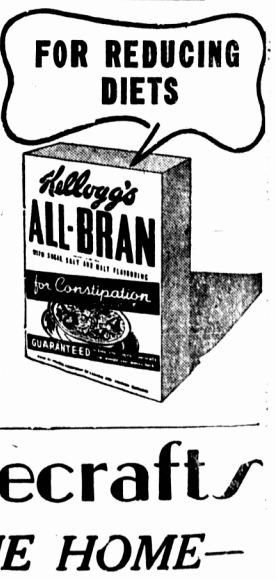
PARTY PUNCH

3¼ cups boiling water
4 tablespoons black tea
4 cups sugar
4 cups orange juice
3 cups lemon juice
3 quarts grape juice
2 quarts ginger ale
Orange slices
Lemon slices

METHOD: Pour boiling water over the tea and allow to infuse for about 6 minutes. Strain well, and then add the sugar to the hot tea and stir until all the sugar is dissolved. Cool.

Squeeze juice from oranges and lemons and measure the necessary amount. Add to the tea, along with the grape juice, and place in the refrigerator to become thoroughly cold.

Just before serving add the ginger ale to the fruit mixture and pour the whole thing over a block of ice in a punch bowl. Place thin slices of lemons and oranges on top. This will make enough for about 35 servings.



Needlecraft

—FOR THE HOME—

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No. 2627 is cut in sizes 2, 4, 6 and 8. Size 4 requires 1⅞ yards 35-inch, 4¾ yards ric rac, for dress and bolero.

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FLY SERVES AS LAMP

It is possible to read a newspaper by the light produced by a Costa Rican lanternfly.

FIRST TO USE NICKEL

Warriors of ancient China and Peru were the first people to use nickel