FOR THE WOMAN READER

BY FLORENCE RIDDICK BOYS

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THE HOME AND THE CHILD.

The home is the normal environment for children. Home is the basic rock upon which society rests. Civilization is founded on the home and rooted in the family. From the days of ancient Sparta until now, there have been many cults and theorists who have attacked the home and landed a scheme which they proclaimed as better. They have claimed that the family was rooted in selfishness and have proposed many a system which would neutralize or destroy it.

Even modern architecture has seemed to enter into the conspiracy against home. It tends to end family life and substitute for it a gregarious mode of living, herding people together like so many sheep and caring for them "in the bulk."

Cooperative housekeeping and many other fine sounding devices have tended todefamilyize our lives and lessen family responsibility. They require us to live a "flat" life, both literally and figuratively. In the long run, they encourage race suicide; because, though these flats are open to poodles, children are not desired there.

Every influence which can check this tendancy towards minimizing family influence and power, every influence which can operate to resweeten and re-dignify home life should enlist in the effort to check these harmful tendences. Our civilization is the result of the evolution of the family, and to destroy the family would be to destroy our vivilization.

There is one thing which all our learning and research has made sure, that is, that the family is the direct ouecome of Nature's own planning, to secure the safety and growth and well-being of the child.

The human babe needs maternal care much longer than any other animal. This dependency of the child on the mother, forced man, in the course of ages, to adopt the family mode of living and to adjust himself to its needs. Students of the history of marriage are agreed upon this.

The helplessness of the child, demanding of its mother a long-continued period of care for her offspring, reacted also upon the father. Sociologists tell us that family life began when the first gorilla-like man first recognized that the helpless little newborn was in some way related to him. This knowledge gave permanence to the relations between him and the mother. Monogamy, or the marriage of one man and one woman, is the outgrowth of the knowledge that the child has claims upon its parents.

Thus the family, the father and mother caring for the offspring, is a part of Nature's plan in the economy of humanity. It is a beautiful scheme, idealizing and elevating homekeeping and all the efforts of both father and mother. To preserve the family sacred and the home as its shrine is the day by day work of woman—the homekeeper.

Fashion Hints.

Checks and plaids are combined with plain colors for sports wear; and foulards and crepes are figured in gay designs. Delicate, filmy laces are combined with georgettes and satins in flounces, yokes and sleeves. Lace—in collar, cuffs and jabot—softens the mannish costume.

Black is present, as ever' but it is usually brightened by a dash of color in the accessories. Navy blue is going strong.

The straight line silhouette has conquered the flare, which seems to have flared out in a hurry. Bias and circular skirts remain but fall in the straight line, gracefully modified in motion. Skirts are made fuller by pleats. They are as short as ever, 12, 15, 18 inches from the floor, according to your age, height, and disposition. Trimmings are elaborate, much of them often on the long sleeves. Waist lines are a trifle higher. If skirts are exceedingly short, at least we have grown more modest as to arms and neck. Sleeves are long and necks high. But with hot weather will come short sleeves again, so you need not remodel your last year's gown with short sleeves.

You will make no mistake to invest in a vest. Of black and white checks, they go well with the navy suit.

Gathers are to the fore, literally Dresses carry their fulness in front. Our mothers would think them "hind side to."

Let not your right hand know what your left hand doeth, seems to be the sloan of today's styles Dresses are not the same no both sides, but many a surprise is sprung on one side while the other side is not looking.

Good Lighting.

Correct lighting is cheaper than poor eyesight, or even than glasses later on. The ideal reading light shines over the left shoulder. Blue "daylight bulbs" make the best electric lights and do not harm the eyes as much as white or yellow light. Too bright a light on one's book or sewing is as injurious as too dim a light.

Tomato-Corn Escallop.

To one cup bread crumbs, add two cups corn, one cup tomato pulp, three egg yolks, salt, pepper and one teaspoon sugar. Mix and then add the well beaten whites of the three eggs and dot with butter. Bake in moderate oven from twenty to thirty minutes, or until firm in center.

The Older Woman's Clothes

Youth may wear severe lines and sharp fads and freaks and get away with it; but the older woman will do well to choose clothes of moderate styles and neutral colors. The high, peaked hats worn today are trying for older women. Soft lines, irregular edged brims are less exacting. The same principal applies to the sternly tailored gowns.

Mrs. Solomon Says:

There is always a charm about making new beginnings. It is always a gay enterprise—the opening of new mysteries. The world is so broad and its opportunities, so full and so varied, there is no reason why anyone should "stay put" in the groove in which he happens to find himself. If you are in a rut, growing dull and narrow and "stoved up"; start something! Tackle a new undertaking, break into a new field, keep life an adventure!

Smiles.

"We furnished our house in period furniture."

"We bought ours on the install ment plan, too."

Grins' Fairy Tales

A 20th Century Version of Stories You Have Heard Before

RIP VAN WINKLE.

By GREGORY GRIN.

Some of the readers of these bedtime stories may have heard of a little village in the East,entitled New York. It was discovered by the Dutch, is supported by Butter and Egg Men from the West, and enjoyed by Gold Diggers.

The Dutch purchased it from the Indians for seven cases of Corn Sweat. Up to a few years ago, the descendants of the founders always figured that a fast one had been slipped over on Pocahontas' crowd of boy friends, but it is now rumored that some of the heirs are willing to trade it back. As Cicero remarked, when he kicked Marc Antony in the shins—O Tempora, O Mores!

But what we started out to say is, that a short distace west of this city of blah and bolony is the Catskill Mountains. Nestling at the foot of the Catskills, like a flea on an elephant, is, as me and Elinor Glyn and several other famous writers always put it, the little flag station in which our hero lived.

Rip Van Winkle was his name, and this baby was some hot tamale! He was as popular with the villagers as a pardon in Sing-Sing, but he was poison ivy to his wife.

In fact, when Rip was around the home grounds he wore running shoes for house slippers, so that he could make a quick getaway when his Greatest Mistake started to do the "Oh Why Did-I-Marry-You solo, from "Matrimony."

But Rip was not around the house any more frequently than a salesman who lives in Nome, and travels for a Straw Hat House. In fact, legend has it that he was the bird who invented the "sick-friend" yarn. Work and the toothache were equally popular with Rip, and the hardest work he ever did, was to reach for another baked potato.

Thus it may be seen that our hero was just an average husband. Rip's Warden was a total loss as a home companion. She was a woman of few words but she got an amazing turnover from her vocabulary. She could say more in five minutes than a talking machine can in an hour, and the pleasantest thing she ever said to Rip would have won him a libel suit in any court in the land.

Here, again, the close analogy between the family life of this couple, who lived 200 years ago, and that of the scrappily married couples of our own day will be observed by the reader.

When the going got too rough at home, Rip would grab his gun, whistle for his wife's other dog and the two of them would ankle off into the woods to enjoy the comparative peace and quiet of a wildcat's den.

On one of these trips into the woods, becoming tired from much walking, Rip decided to indulge in his favorite indoor and outdoor sport of resting.

Now Rip held all records, both national and international, for resting. It came as natural to him as hopscotch to a healthy and active young spring frog.

Furthermore Rip could take a handicap of insomnia plus a guilty conscience, and still leave old Morpheus himself at the quarter stretch in the art of going to sleep.

Soon he was as sound asleep as a nightwatchman, and as unconscious of what was going on around him as an American diplomat at a meeting of the League of Nations.

Along about dusk Rip was awakened by someone calling his name. Springing to his feet, Rip started off in the direction of the voice, determined to shut it off like an alarm clock; for to be awakened after only ten hours of sleep made him sore as a hangnail.

But when Rip saw the owner of the voice he was so surprised that he forgot his murderous intent as quickly as a neighbor forgets to return a borrowed book.

Before him stood a queer old man who didn't look any bigger than a dime tip to a waiter at the Ritz. This little Egg looked like a tough omlet, and on his shoulder he carried a keg of Volstead antidote big enough to make an unqualified success out of any New Year's orgy.

Rip was an opportunist and there were two things he liked in liquid form,both of them were in this keg. So when the little old man motioned for him to help

"Come out from behind that bush," old man," she cried. "I know you; you're my father"

carry the keg, he took up the burden with the same reluctance evinced by a chorus girl accepting an invitation to a freed feed from a big Butter and Egg Man.

After climbing up the mountain till they reached a point that was higher than the price of ice in the place where the bad little boys go, they came upon a strange sight.

Rip rubbed his eyes and shook the barrel to assure that the homebrew was still in the barrel and not in him.

Satisfied, he looked again and saw a company of queer old men playing at nine-pins. Each had a beard that would make Charles Evans Hughes look like a boy ready for his first shave, and J. Ham Lewis hang his head in shame. They had long pointed noses that would have qualified them for admittance to any Tuesday Afternoon Sewing Circle, and the clothes they wore were as old-fashioned as a spring bonnet two weeks after Easter Sunday.

Whenever they rolled a ball it rumbled like a second-hand flivver on a rough detour.

About this time Rip's companion started to tip the keg. With an attraction like this in sight, Rip wouldn't have cared if the band of little old men had suddenly turned into pink monkeys juggling magneta coconuts.

Rip settled down to steady drinking, and just about the time when he had reached the stage where he felt the customary overwhelming desire to form a quartet and sing "Sweet Adeline", he blew the foam off an extra high one drank it and passed entirely out of the picture.

When Rip awoke, it was broad daylight. His head felt as big as the State of Texas, and he had a taste in his mouth which made him yearn for some nice cooling chloride of lime to use as a mouthwash.

Nothing that all his little playmates had disappeared he decided to go back home. Rip knew that his homecoming would be as peaceful as a riot in Ireland, and he sat for a moment trying to work up a new yarn that would explain things to his Loudspeaker. With all the enthusiasm of a guy on the way to the scaffold to do a buck and wing dance on the air, he finally arose and reached for his gun. But he found only a few rusty bits of metal.

"No wonder that stuff knocked me for a menagerie of pink elephants," thought Rip as he looked at all that remained of his gun, and remembered that he had spilled a few drops on it the night before.

Coming closer to the village he began to meet strangers, which surprised him, for he thought he knew every one for miles around

Pausing to think the matter over he put his hand to his chin, and found that his beard had grown a foot long. This was enough for Rip. He decided that he would learn to drink water, even if he had to take a correspondence course,and he started off to find a place where he could sign the pledge.

Now if Mary Pitchfork had come walkeng down Main street on her hands, the natives could not have been more surprised than they were to see this bearded old goat in tattered clothes.

One of their number stepped up to him and said, "Are you Santa Claus, or are you just paying an election bet?"

"I'm Rip Van Winkle," replied our hero.

"And so is your immediate paternal ancestor," replied the village wise-cracker. Pointing to a young man he cotinued, "There is Rip Van Winkle."

Looking at the youth Rip saw an exact image of himself as he had been yesterday.

"Pick up the marbles, stranger, you win," answered Rip, "all I know is that I went hunting yesterday and last night I sat in on an outdoor meeting of The Stags of some other secret society They split a keg of stuff that tasted like a cross between carbolic and TNT. The rest of those babies had a capacity which would make a camel turn green with envy, and I was the first to fall down three times and get up twice.

"And I must have the world's champion Hangover on today, for if I'm not Rip Van Winkle I don't know who I am, where I am or what it's all about."

Just as the crowd agreed that he was nuttier than an almond grove and were about to lead him away to the Bobby Hatch, a young woman pushed her way through the crowd like a fat dowager at a bargain table.

"Come out from behind that bush old man," she cried, "I know you; you're my father."

Overjoyed, Rip was led to her home, where he finally realized that he had been corned up for two decades.

Health Literature

Supplied by the P. E. I. Red Cross Society

HEALTH EDUCATION NEEDED.

Every day we are shocked by the report of some man or woman dying suddenly in the prime of life. We wonder why people should thus be cut off in the very heyday of their existence, and for want of a better reason ascribe the happening to act of God.

Undoubtly true is the saying:—"There is a Divinity that shapes our ends, rough-hew them how we will," but still we can go out and meet trouble at times when perhaps we could with a little care have avoided it or at least warded it off.

When sickness comes there is always a reason for it. The reason may be remote and obscure, but it is there just the same. It may be due to neglect of our health in early childhood, thereby leaving an indelible mark on our future. It may be due to indiscretions in the days of our youth and early adult life, it may be due to excess in eating and drinking, thereby paving the way for a broken-down system when all the physical cogs should be running smoothly and without a creak.

On consideration of this most important problem-the increase of the span of life and the avoidance of physical infirmities that might be prevented, the first thing needed is Education.

Without it we cannot get anywhere. Hopeful signs are appearing that the world is beginning to recognize the value of education in solving the world's problems.

"Goodwill without knowledge is warmth without light," and how forcibly this applies to many mothers who with the best intentions will moisten a comforter in their own mouths and then put it into the baby's mouth to pacify it, thus perhaps spreading the germs of disease. It can apply in other ways too. A child may develop a communicable disease and its treatment be neglected so that complications set in. These complications may leave their mark on the victim even when he or she has reached adult life. How many times do we neglect to have simple ailments put right in the early stages. How often do we allow minor complaints to develop into serious trouble, all because we are not educated up to the point where we are able to see the possible outcome of delay and neglect. There are many people living to-day with heart murmers and ill-health, whose condition can be directly traced to the fact that they had decaying teeth in early youth which were not attended to. From these decaying teeth went out poisons which were absorbed into the system and ultimately found their way into the blood stream, thus affecting the heart. It is not only the teeth that are often neglected. Take the case of adenoids. This condition causes mouth breathing because the nasal passages are either wholly or partically blocked. Mouth-Breathing has a tendency to bring on affections of the throat and lungs. Asthma, bronchitis, pneumonia and consumption are all waiting sometime or other to catch the mouth-breather and lay him on a bed of sickness.

There are many causes of preventable ill-health and of conditions that will in time lead to ill-health and premature death. There is no reason why the span of life cannot be lengthened, and it is being lengthened as health information is more and more diffused among the masses of the people. Ontario Health Almanac.

Still Well And Able To Do His Work

Saskatchewan Man Used Dodd's Kidney Pills Twelve Years Ago.

Mr. Sydney Bent Suffered With His Back and Kidneys.

Shamrock, Sask., May 31.—(Special)—In our Almanac published in 1919 the following testimonial from Mr. Sydney Bent appeared: "Six years ago I suffered a lot from my back and kidneys. I tried a lot of medicines and drugs, but kept getting worse, till some of my friends said I would not live long. Four years ago I decided to give Dodd's Kidney Pills a trial. After taking the first box I felt so much better, I decided to continue the treatment. The result is I have been able to do homestead duty for the last three winters. Would advise anyone suffering from kidney trouble to take Dodd's Kidney Pills."

We have just received word from Mr. Bent that he is still well and living on his 160 acres, doing his own work. He has not needed to take any Dodd's Kidney Pills for a long time, but always keeps a box of them in his house.

This is further proof that Dodd's Kidney Pills make you well and keep you well.

For removing spots from wall paper and window shades, fill a small cheese cloth bag with cornmeal and rub the soiled surface as you would with a plain cloth. Sometimes a large grease stain on the wall, for instance, above a couch where members of the family have rested their heads, can best be removd by the use of blotting paper and a hot iron. The heat draws the grease through the blotting paper.

enjoyed the distinction of being the village's "Horrible Example," and as it so often the case with the thoroughly wicked, he was eventually elected to the State Legislature.

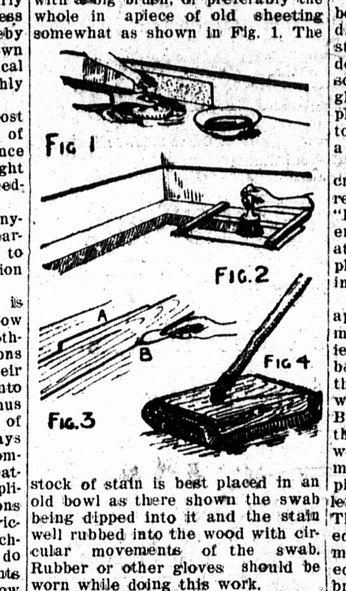
The Handy Man's Corner

STAINING AND POLISHING FLOORS.

There is a fascination about a well stained floor; and it blends admirably with the present fashion for period furnishing in the Jacobean of Tudor styles.

The cost of staining a floor is trivial compared to that of a new carpet or linoleum. Stain is only practicable nowever when the floor surface is composed of floorboards reasonably clean and in good repair. The first step in staining therefore is to cleanse the surface well by vigorous scouring with hot weak sodawater. This is to remove dust and dirt generally, and to clear away all traces of grease,and thus enable the stain to "take" uniformly.

When the boards are old and the grain is somewhat open, it is desirable to brush over the whole surface with weak size, composed of a pound of patent concentrated size dissolved in about 5 gallons of boiling water. The size should be prepared according to the maker's instructions, and applied hot with a big brush, or preferably the whole in apiece of old sheeting somewhat as shown in Fig. 1. The



stock of stain is best placed in an old bowl as there shown the swab being dipped into it and the stain well rubbed into the wood with circular movements of the swab. Rubber or other gloves should be worn while doing this work.

When working near to the wainscote, hold a long piece of thick card or a piece of zinc, against the wainscote to prevent the swab smearing the stain upon it. Otherwise it will be difficult and tedious to remove. The choice of color and also the kind of stain is amatter for individual preference, and to some extent is determined by the purpose to which the room is to be put. There are several excellent wood preservative stains available, but when using these make sure they are the "indoor" quality. The outdoor stains of this class take two or three days to dry hard on inside work.

Another good class of stain is made by dissolving ordinary "Brunswick Black" in Turps substitute. The depth of the resulting brown is goverened by the amount of black dissolved with a given quantity of turps, but a nice ... our results from the use of ½ ... of black to about 2 quarts Turps.

Decorative effects are easily arranged by the use of a kind of simple stencil plate something like that shown in Fig. 2. This is simply a piece of stout smooth card, or preferably metal, with a long slot pierced through it. It has two pieces of wood screwed to the upper side to keep it a certain distance from the wainscote as shown in Fig 2.

By using this "gadget" it is possible to stain a band of dark color round the room to so provide a border. It is very desirable however to use a stencil brush or a large old brush with very short bristles, otherwise the stain will run under the stencil and spoil the work.

Should the joints between the boards be very open or in bad condition, the cracks will have to be stopped or filled. The best way to do this is to prepare thin slips of soft wood as shown at A in Fig ... glue them, and drive them into place. As soon as they are dry the tops can be cleaned off flush with a small plane.

Smaller cracks, or odd shaped crevices can be stopped with the regulation hard stopping known as "Beaumontage," or with the modern plastic wood. Either preparation should be well pressed into place with a putty knife as shown in Fig 3 at B.

Polishing is simply a matter of applying any good preparation made for the purpose. Many varieties are on the market. These give best results when well rubbed into the surface with a large swab or with an old stiff bristled brush. But it is back aching work and the "gadget" shown in Fig 4 is well worth the time and trouble of making. All that you need is a piece of thick heavy wood 9 ins. in length 6 in width and 2 in thickness. The lower side has the ends rounded and a piece of old cocoa-nut matting or fibre matting is screwed to it as shown in Fig 4 by bringing the ends well around towards the top of the block. An old broomhandle is then flexibly connected to the top centre of the block with two screw eyes as shown. To strengthen the work the lower end of the handle should be bound with string. The wax or floor polish should be warmed, the "mop" rubbed well over it, and then vigorously applied to the floor. The result will be a well polished surface, which can be kept in splendid condition by repolishing with the same device using however only a very little of the wax or polish.

FAVORITE HYMNS AND THEIR WRITERS

By Rev. Archer Wallace

"ALL PEOPLE THAT ON EARTH DO WELL.

The Sixteenth Century was a troubled period in the regligious life of England and many devout men and women fled the country to escape persecution and settled in Frankfort, where they felt free to worship as they choose. Some years previous Luther had taught the German people to sing hymns and psalms in their own language and John Calvin, then living in Geneva, was quick to see how spontaneous was the response and how deeply moved the people were at this innovation in public worshpip Calvin was suspicious of hymns. He said that it would be very easy to slip false doctrines beneath the phraseology of popular hymns, and to lodge them in the singers' hearts, so he would have none of them. But he was captured by some of the German tunes. He took a number of these and set them to a few simple Bible psalms which he had translated into the French language. These he printed in a thinpsalm-book for his Geneva congregation and prided himself on the fact that his congregatoin sang the word of God, and not any "man-made" hymns.

The English exiles soon moved from Frankfort to Geneva. There they formed an English congregation, with the Scotchman, John Knox, as one of its pastors. These exiles were profoundly impressed at the sight of Calvin's congregation in the old cathedral, with the little Psalm books in their hands, praising God in their own French tongue. The splendid volume of sound, together with the deep fervor of the singers, was all so new to the English exiles that it seemed to them as if the perfect worship, which to them had been an ideal, were suddenly realized. They pictured to themselves hundreds of parish churches and cathedrals in England, with congregations worshipping under similar circumstances.

They had with them a few psalms which had been versified in England, but there they felt were altogether inadequate, and they began at once to prepare an English Psalm book with melodious tunes, using Calvine as a model. There were scholars among them who could translate Psalms from the original Hebrew and several who could turn the translation into respectable English verse. Many of the tunes which the Genevans sang were decidedly awkward to the English, but they were much attracted to the tune, composed by Louis Bourgeois and set to the One Hundred and Thirty-fourth Psalm. This is the tune commonly known as the "long meter". One of the exiles, William Kethe, chose the Hundredth Psalm to translate into that meter, the Psalm and tune have been sung together by Christians with increasing spirutal power.

Of William Kethe, the author, not a great deal is known. He is said to have been a Scotchman, but whether or not he was a clergyman in Englan previous to his exile is uncertain. He evidently had considerable poetic ability for he contributed twenty -four versions to the exiles, Psalm book. He returned to England and was made rector of the Parish of Childe Okeford, Dorset, in 1561. Two years later he was acting as Chaplain of Queen Elizabeth's forces at Newhaven, and again he is mentioned as having acted in the same capacity in the North in 1569.

There is a record of a sermon he preached at Childe Okeford in 1571 and his connection with that parish ceased, by death or retirement, about 1593. Ten of his Psalm versions were included in the English Psalter published in 1562, and all his versions—twenty four in number —were adopted by the Scottish Psalter of 1564.

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Try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for anemia, rheumatism, neuralgia, nervousness. Take them as a tonic if you are in the best physical condition and cultivate a resistance that will keep you well and strong. Get a box from the nearest drug store or by mail at 50 cents a box from The Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

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