

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

Good Old Times Bunk

## Dorothy Dix

Declares Youth Needs New Ideas

### Prating of the Past Has Caused Serious Breakdown in Morale of Present Generation — Future Possibilities Should be an Inspiration to Every Boy and Girl

The worst crime that the older generation has committed against the younger generation is to teach it to believe in the myth of the "good old times" when the sun always shone, and the weather was always fine, and money grew on trees, and everybody was kind and true, and all the good things in life were handed one on a silver salver.



It is one of the consolations of age that we look back upon the past through the rosy mists of memory that obscures all that was ugly in it and that lets us see again only the beautiful, that turns the humble cottage we lived in into a palace, the plain food we eat into nectar and ambrosia, and that makes all the hardships we endured nothing but a gay adventure.

Such being the case, it is natural that during these bleak years of depression we have dwelt with peculiar fervor upon the glory of a vanished day, and as we gathered our children around our knees we have enlarged upon its delights and compared it invidiously with the hard present until it has become the theme song to which the youngsters have been reared.

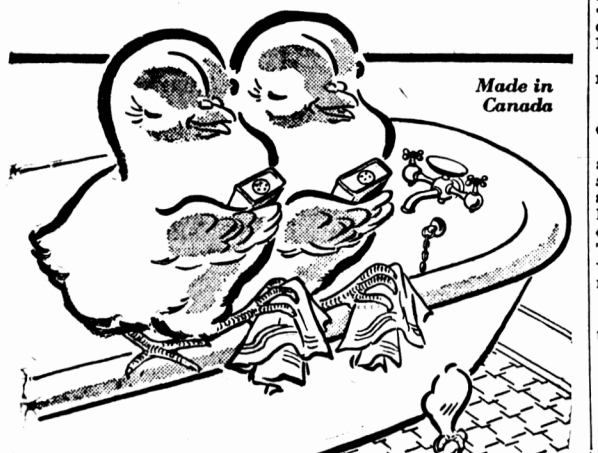
In reality, even those of us who discoursed most eloquently upon the "good old times" knew that we were telling a fairy tale, but the trouble is that the youngsters believed us. They have taken all that we have said about the past for gospel truth. They actually think there was a golden era in which the world and all the conditions of life were different; when people did not have to work and worry and struggle and economize just to make a living; when gilt-edged jobs were handed to every boy with his college diploma; when you reached the top of the ladder at a single bound instead of having to crawl up it on your knees, round by round, as you do now.

It is this belief in these "good old times" that they missed that has done more than anything else to break down the morale of the present generation, and make it bitter and disgruntled and cowardly and to feel that there is no use in putting up a fight in a world where somebody else got all the prizes before they were born.

What the youth of today needs more than anything else is to have this superstition about the "good old times" exploded. That to be convinced that there never were any "good old times"; that the road to success has always been hard sledding, and that the men who have made the grade have marked it with their sweat and blood. And, most of all, they need to be made to realize that men have always had to work and struggle for what they got. The plums have always been gathered by those who had the grit to climb for them. They have never dropped into the hands of the lazy and shiftless and those who were too weak to grab for them when they fell in their reach.

I hear so much about the "good old times" from young people who are victims of this fable that I am sick and tired of it. Boys and girls write me that they are desperately in love but that you can't marry on a shoestring now as you could in the past. Of course they can't because now they have to have a spurge wedding and a nice apartment and good furniture and a car and a radio and fine clothes and be able to go to the movies and places to dance two or three times a week. But in the "good old times" young people could get married because they were satisfied with a couple of rooms and a few sticks of furniture and they never even dreamed of such luxuries as gas ranges and electric lights and bathrooms. Discouraged boys tell me that there are no opportunities for young men now as there were in the "good old days." No? When a thousand new inventions open a thousand new doors for the lads who are willing to crash them. But they won't open of themselves. You've got to break your way in. That is what the men of the past did when you think things were so EASY for them. No good fairy was wandering around waving a wand at a lad striking the top path of a canal that turned him into a President, or that changed a boy on a slag pile into the head of a great steel industry, or that lifted a youth out of the furrows of a corn field into a bank president's chair. In the good old times they had to make their own opportunities just as they have to do today.

"It used to be easy to make a fortune in the 'good old times,'" cry the youths who sit on the do-nothing stool. Was it? Ask Mr. Rockefeller. Read the biographies of any of the men who have gone up from poverty to riches. You'll see that every one of them started to work at a pitance; that they labored uncounted hours; that many of them slept under the counter in stores; that they denied themselves every pleasure and luxury. That's the recipe for making a fortune. And it turns out the same kind of cake now as it did in the past. There never were any "good old times," boys and girls. It is the same old world it has always been, and it is up to you what you get out of it. DOROTHY DIX.



"You'd think there were 2 of me . . . because I polish as I clean"

With Bon Ami, there's no extra rubbing to make surfaces gleam. As you clean, you get a nice, smooth, glistening shine! Smooth, because Bon Ami doesn't leave scratches or dull spots. Works quickly, too! Try Bon Ami on your bathtubs—your kitchen sink—for all your cleaning. It's the finest cleanser you can buy!

# BON AMI

—doesn't redden your hands



"Hesn't Scratched Yet"

## MY LADY MELODY

By ARTHUR HARDY

Author of "The Merry Masquerade", "Love Song", etc., etc.

### LISTENERS

Mario Casini was amused when Sheila told him about Eddie Hae's offer.

"That's a clever little man," he said generously, "and if you possessed a lesser talent I should advise you to accept. But as things are it would only clog your path. We have much greater things in view."

In her playing that morning Sheila again showed how rapidly she was advancing. Mario was delighted. He told her that soon he would have little more to teach.

"You have a ready improved beyond belief," he said enthusiastically. "Soon you can start on your new career. I will think about it and arrange a concert for your approval."

He turned on the piano-stool dramatically, crooking a knotted forefinger and shaking his head so that his long hair spread out like a golly-wog's.

"In violin playing, as in everything else in music, Signorina," he stated, "anything below the second-rate is not worth cultivating. But there is no second-rate quality about you. That I noticed when I heard you play at Garner Owen's. And what a man that is. He is not the world's best musician, his lyrics are bad and his songs and compositions deplorable, but he has discovered more genuine artists and placed them before the public than nearly all the agents in London put together."

He folded his arms and pulled down his lips, swinging a foot thoughtfully. "You must consider how much longer you are going to play as leader with Max Maurice's orchestra," he went on. "I think it would be wise to warn him that you intend to leave the moment we have arranged our plans and fixed the date for your 'coming out' concert, for we will ignore all you have done before."

He smiled whimsically as he stood erect, bracing up his shrunken figure.

"All the world over," he went on, "one has to put up with cultivated music of second class quality, even among professionals. It is a curse, not bad enough to condemn, not good enough to praise, and not interesting enough to listen to. With your jazz band it is different. That's why I'd a million times sooner listen to Eddie Hae's conducting his band of tap-dancing musical clowns than I would an uninspired second-rate orchestra that pretends to do what it cannot. You are going to stand right out of the picture, Sheila. You'll see."

His eyes sought hers and he came closer.

"And let me tell you something; you have renewed my youth. I no longer feel like an old man. I have taken my eighth name again. I am beginning to meet my old friends. You have taught me that I am not as a dead man living in a world that has forgotten him. Look at my hands. Every day they are getting better. Every day, after you have gone, I take out one of my violins and begin to play. I shall never perform in public again, but some of the old touch and fluency is coming back, and that makes me happy."

Sheila's eyes shone with happiness. "I am so glad," she said. He continued to look into her eyes.

"It is cruel, growing old," he asked permission and I am to be said, with a sigh. Then: "I have allowed to sit in the studio and listen to the playing of the orchestra when next Max broadcasts. That practice is good for you. I want to hear and see at close range."

Sheila was glad to hear that Mario Casini was going to attend the studio at Broadcasting House.

### Today's Short Wave Radio Program

(All time is Eastern Standard)

#### FRIDAY, APRIL 17

3.30 p. m.—Opera from the National Theatre of the Opera, F.Y.A., 25.6 m., 11.72 meg.

4 p. m.—Today's anniversary, "The Shooting of the Workers of the Lena Goldfields, 1912." A broadcast for building workers. News, weather, music. RNE, 50 m., 6 meg.

6 p. m.—News bulletins in English. From the Royal Opera House in Rome, opera, "Pelleas & Melisande." "Rome's Midnight Voice," Miss Amy Bernard. Light music—Carmen Bocabella and Guido Agnoletti. 2RO, 31.1 m., 9.63 meg.

7 p. m.—Two short Plays: "Un Desespere," and "Le Billet de Fauteur." GSD, 25.5 m., 11.75 meg., GSC, 31.3 m., 9.58 meg., or GSA, 49.5 m., 6.06 meg.

Caracas 7.30 p. m.—Medley of popular selections. YV2RC, 51.7 m., 5.8 meg.

Berlin 8.30 p. m.—"Dornroschen." A melodrama after the fairy tale by Grimm, done in music. DJC, 49.8 m., 6.02 meg.

London 10 p. m.—"Mixed Pickles." Sketches, stunts, songs, dances and sophistication, bottled by Cecil Madden. GSD, 25.5 m., 11.75 meg., or GSC, 31.3 m., 9.58 meg.

It was yet another sign of the magical change in him. The grim and almost sour expression of the face had gone, he frequently smiled, colour often tinged his cheeks, his eyes shone and furthermore or was she mistaken—his whole frame was straightening out. "It was a happy day when you came into my life through Garner Owen," he said.

Sheila's heart throbbed strangely as she smiled back at him. She had never before experienced the strange hungering sympathy she felt for him, as if she wanted to mother him. He had the power to move her.

"Max Maurice's next broadcast is on Thursday night," she answered. "I shall see you then, Mario."

He frowned anxiously. "Perhaps, afterwards, you will have supper with me somewhere quiet. I have not supped out with a lady for a long while. It would be a delight for me."

"Of course I will, if you want me to, Mario."

"Then shall we say at the Cafe Regent? I know a table for two in a nice quiet corner, and there is no band. We can talk and make plans. And I shall try and believe myself back where I was before illness struck me down."

His frankness delighted her. In many ways Casini was very like a child.

On Thursday, just before Max Maurice's orchestra began his broadcast, the studio doors opened noiselessly and admitted Mario Casini. Max Maurice was in his place, baton in hand. He waved a greeting to Casini and smiled. Sheila glanced at her music master, her eyes lit up with pleasure to see him there. The musicians started at him as at a being from a dead age.

Mario Casini certainly presented an unusual appearance. His long hair had been trimmed and dressed and shone with brillianine. He wore evening dress and an old-fashioned cape-coat lined with silk. An Inverness Sheila believed it was called, one side of the cape being thrown back to create an effect. In his left hand, on one finger of which a large diamond flashed, he carried a black soft felt hat with a wide brim. He walked firmly, and his shoulders were braced—a miracle. He carried a gold-mounted malacca cane with tassels in his right hand.

Bowing to Maurice and flashing a smile at Sheila, he took a chair at a distance away from the orchestra, which was gathered round the microphone in a crescent, and sank back as if he wanted to hide.

A red light glowed. Max Maurice raised his baton and the orchestra began to play the overture to "Mignon," with which its program opened.

With head set pensively on his hand and eyes half-closed, Mario Casini looked and listened, watching Sheila with an absorbed intensity that made him forget everything but her and her playing. Garner Owen was right. Sheila Huntley had something that differed greatly from the commonplace.

Mario Casini had listened to the greatest orchestras and the finest instrumentalists in the world and had himself been one of them. As a conductor, though good, Maurice was only second class; and yet the listener was not bored. The performance, as a whole, was admirable.

Half-way through the program the studio doors opened and a man slid through. He sat down apart without making a sound. And he, like Mario, listened in rapt attention.

The broadcast finished with Mendelssohn's "Songs Without Words," Number 1, beautifully played, and Mario Casini picked up hat, stick, gloves and coat, and moved to congratulate Maurice.

Whilst they were talking together Howard Ashley almost took possession of Sheila.

"It had to come, dear," he said. "It seems ages since I last saw you. You are so taken up with your lessons, your practice and your playing, your practice and your playing, but I have been very busy. I've been made a partner with Ashley and Massingham. Sheila, let us go somewhere nice for supper and celebrate."

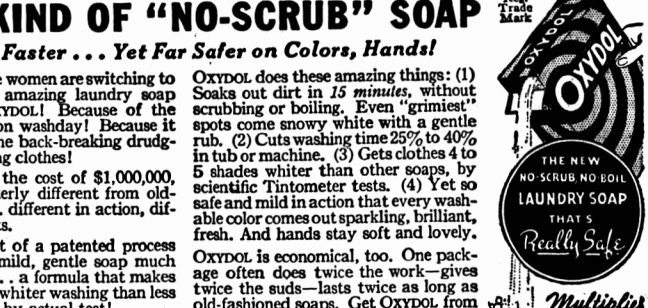
## Keep GOING with PEP BETTER BRAN FLAKES

BE SURE you get genuine bran flakes that contain enough bran to be mildly laxative. Kellogg's PEP Bran Flakes are truly better bran flakes. Popular with the whole family. Delicious. Nourishing. Ready to eat with milk or cream.

Enjoy these better bran flakes often. Always oven-crisp at your grocer's. Made by Kellogg in London, Ontario.



## HOW MARY MADE THE MONDAY MATINEE



## NEW KIND OF "NO-SCRUB" SOAP

Works Faster . . . Yet Far Safer on Colors, Hands! ● Everywhere women are switching to this new and amazing laundry soap discovery—OXYDOL. Because of the time it saves on washday! Because it ends forever the back-breaking drudgery in scrubbing clothes! Developed at the cost of \$1,000,000, OXYDOL is utterly different from old type soaps . . . different in action, different in results. It is the result of a patented process which makes mild, gentle soap much faster acting . . . a formula that makes it 2 to 3 times whiter washing than less modern soaps, by actual test! Combining speed and safety in a way no single soap has ever done before.



## The HOUSEWIFE and HER ACTIVITIES

**POVERTY**  
Sorrow humanize our race; Tears are the showers that fertilize this world, And memory of things precious keepeth warm The heart that once did hold them. They are poor That have lost nothing; they are poorer far Who, losing, have forgotten; they most poor Of all, who lose and wish they might forget. —Jean Ingelow.

**POTATOES FOR BURNS**  
A raw potato, scraped fine, takes out the sting and pain of burns, the potato scrapings placed over the burn, very obligingly absorbs the heat. As the scrapings become hot use a new application.

**TO KEEP ROSES.**  
Roses keep better when that part of stem which is under water is bare of thorns and leaves. Trim them off neatly.

**DARK NIGHTIE**  
For milday who takes a frequent jaunt, a long-sleeved, smocked nightgown, in darker tones such as

**THE COOK'S CORNER**  
**SHORTBREAD**  
For a small quantity of shortbread use 4 oz. butter, 2 oz. caster sugar, 5 oz. flour, 1 oz. rice flour, a pinch of salt. These ingredients can be doubled if you like to make a bigger supply. Mix together the sieved flour, rice flour and salt, with 1/2 teaspoon of baking powder if plain flour is used. Add gradually the sugar and butter and knead well, using the hands. Turn out on a lightly floured board, press into a round and prick all over with a fork. Pinch the edges, brush over the top with a little white of egg, sprinkle with caster sugar, then bake in a moderate oven for 40 minutes.

**CHOCOLATE NUT COOKIES**  
1 beaten egg, 2 heaping tablespoons butter, 1 cup sugar. Beat well. Add 2 level cups flour with 1 teaspoon soda, 2 tablespoons grated chocolate (or cocoa), 1 teaspoon salt alternately with 1/2 cup milk. Flavor with 3 teaspoons vanilla. Add 1 cup chopped nuts and 1 cup raisins. Drop by spoonfuls on greased pan.

## A Morning Smile

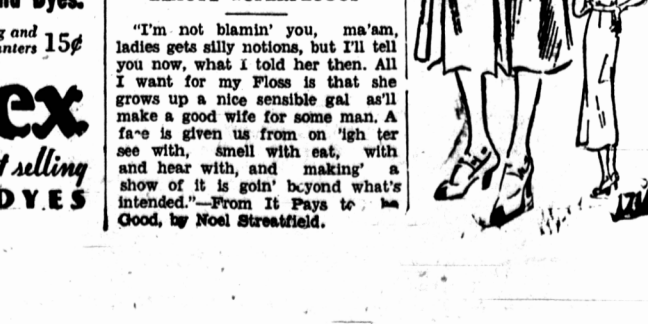
**SICK ROOM TIP**  
Unless special orders from the doctor demand it, in almost all instances it is better to let the patient sleep when he can rather than wake him to administer medicine.

**CRITICISM IS VERY USEFUL.**  
It should be encouraged. It is of great value, if only to show us of what little value criticism is.

**JERSEY FRITTERS**  
Wash and peel two pounds of potatoes and cut them into thin

## Spring Fashions For Home Dress-Making

Here's an attractive sports dress that boasts of its plaited bosom front. It has an exceptionally smart and cool neckline and brief cape-like sleeves. The slender skirt, like all smart sports frocks this season, has youthful plaits.



BEAUTY SUPERFLUOUS "I'm not blamin' you, ma'am, ladies gets silly notions, but I'll tell you now, what I told her then. All I want for my Floss is that she grows up a nice sensible gal as'll make a good wife for some man. A fav'e is given from on 'igh ter see with, small with eat, with and hear with, and making' a show of it is goin' beyond what's intended."—From It Pays to be Good, by Noel Streetfield.