

Modern Etiquette

By Roberta Lee

Q. Is it all right for a man to smoke his cigar or cigarette while in a public elevator?

Household Scrapbook

By Roberta Lee

Quilts To launder quilts, make a generous lather with pure soap and a little washing soda and ammonia in enough moderately hot water to cover the quilt, and soak it for half an hour.

Black Straw To clean a black straw hat and restore the faded color, mix well together two-thirds olive oil and one-third jet black ink and go over the hat with a small brush.

Sticking Windows When one experiences trouble in the raising and lowering of the windows, try rubbing a bit of paraffin on the window ropes, and considerable improvement will be noted.

That Body Of Yours

By James W. Barton, M.D.

EMOTIONAL DISTURBANCES MAY CAUSE SKIN AILMENTS

"In dermatology (disease of the skin), as in other branches of medicine, we must never lose sight of the fact that the patient who seeks our aid is an individual fellow-human. He is not merely a case of eczema or psoriasis, but a person who is suffering from a symptom-complex, which we call such and such.

How Can I!!!

By Anne Ashley

Q. How can I remove old varnish from furniture that is to be refinished?

A. Put three tablespoons of cooking soda into a quart of water and apply generously with a rough cloth. Sandpaper will then remove the varnish very easily.

Q. How can I relieve tired nerves? A remedy for tired nerves, that is often effective, is to place a hot water bottle at the base of the spine. This is also a remedy for insomnia.

Q. How can I remove rust that has formed on the porcelain sink or bathtub? A. Rub the stains with kerosene. Rust stains that are caused by leaky faucets can be removed with lemon juice or vinegar.

The Stars Say --

By Genevieve Kemble

For Tuesday, May 2

EXCELLENT auspices for increased accomplishment, possibly in surprising or peculiar relations or objectives, are shown in this day's astrological forecast. While the highest results may arise from an inner drive, in which the unusual or fantastic may be stressed by impulses or emotions, at the same time there is a change from some repulse, misce or subtle rather than open antagonism. Confidence, a rare stroke, may prove spectacular in end results.

Those whose birthday it is are notified that a subtle, novel or peculiar urge or impression may turn the tide of opposition or enmity (in which pride and pocket-book are in danger) into spectacular levels of surprise and accomplishment. Keen insight, alertness and a firm faith in inner urges or unaccountable drives or compulsions, could promote a crisis of gratification and happiness. Feelings and emotions may prove dependable and workable. Fall back of strategy or "hunches" in such crises.

A child born on this day, while subject to crucial situations in its affairs, feelings, and substantial assets, may defeat such menace by its astute, subtle and intuitive forces.

Morning Smile

TAKE IT BACK

"Don't you like the new car, darling?" inquired the man. "Like it?" countered the little woman. "After all the trouble I went to learn how to shift gears, and you come home and tell me this car doesn't have any."

ELLEN'S DIARY

By An Island Farmer's Wife

After the manner of a petulant child, who pouts and smiles by turns, or a temperamental miss enlivening her varied moods, so April withdrew her favors of yesterday, which had made the Sabbath so lovely, and returning to a former indifference today offered a dreary day. Flurries of snow above the hills; troubled waters in the millpond below the front meadow; muddy paths about the yards and dampness against the panes. We particularly recall the latter since we were moved to clean windows in spells of leisure today, our incentives being a voice on the "time" as we waited at James' expressed wish to call Rob for him, which said: "Done! Why was done long ago — except for ends of fixing up!" and James busy at hers, and come to the place where freshly laundered curtains hang at the windows.

And it came to mind as we applied the cleaning agent and "surveyed the landscape o'er" that Jamie would be disappointed not to find the sun climbing over his hilltop this morning. But accepting the clouds and grayness, as he slipped suspenders over young shoulders, he would be off down stairs and out presently to look for such gifts as the night might have brought. These appear now in stable or piggeries, and lacking any new arrivals there, a straw nest in a corner of the poultry-house is bound to yield an egg these days — an intriguing affair compared with other gatherings from there. Akin to those of the recent Easteride and presented by the pair of ducks, she a modestly gowned matron, but knowing, and he, the handsome green-necked escort that with her waded and fished and loved the Spring streamlets and puddles about the yards. "It's blue!" he bellowed, and reported of a first when the family from Rob joined us at supper on Saturday afternoon "blue-and-big!"

Granddaughter, delighted with her privilege, brings in pointed speckled eggs these days, holding them carefully between pink palms — or whiles the time she must wait the event of the laying by taking expectant trips to the poultry-house at intervals. "I just believe," she twinkled this afternoon when the period of waiting was becoming tedious "that old turkey's been so long, it won't be an egg I'll find in the nest, but a baby turkey!" The sparrows working as busily as any housewife at her seasonal cleaning are tucking stray nests in convenient places in the "ivy" that clings to the house, and on a broad eaves-nook, a pair of them have set up house-keeping. They too will house speckled eggs for us to destroy in season — and destroying sigh for the broken dreams of these small industrious, but frowned-upon creatures.

"You could never guess what birds I saw this morning!" granddaughter said blithely coming in through the day with a sizable silky-haired black dog on a leash at her heels. "Wild geese?" "No! Spring!" she replied. "Ducks then?" "No — not ducks either!" "Then it must have been the crane — the heron — a bird that's come back to fish in the millpond?" we offered. "No — but I saw him, and isn't he funny?" she smiled. "Was it the woodpecker at the telephone pole?" She shook her head. "I knew you couldn't guess," she commented smugly. "My father (this to make it dramatic) and I saw a mother and daddy pheasant in the field over there," she nodded, "when we were hauling manure this morning. And you never saw a more beautiful bird than he is — she's smaller, and has no bright feathers like he has. Why he's very pretty!"

It is however an owl that calls lonely into tonight's dark, so James says. "Calling for fine weather!" James at the door laughs to Mr. C. homing. "Yes, I'd say we'll likely get a fine day tomorrow." "We could do with a few dry things up — not that we want the cropping too soon! There's a lot to be done yet before we're ready for that. But it will come in its own time — we can neither hurry it, nor delay it! Well, good-night... and Safe Home!" So the family at this house at Alderlea come to day's end. Until tomorrow — Diary—Good-night....

Cook's Corner

PINEAPPLE BARS

FILLING:

- 1/2 cup sugar
1 tablespoon cornstarch
1 cup crushed pineapple
1 teaspoon lemon juice

CRUST:

- 1 cup sifted all-purpose flour
1 teaspoon salt
1 cup brown sugar, firmly packed
2 1/2 cups quick cooking rolled oats
1 cup shortening
Combine sugar and cornstarch; add pineapple (undrained), and cook slowly until thick and clear. Add lemon juice, and cool.
Sift flour and salt, add sugar and rolled oats. Cut in shortening, as for pastry. Place half this crumb mixture in a well greased 9 x 13-inch pan. Pat down smoothly. Spread with cooled pineapple mixture. Sprinkle with remaining crumbs, patting smooth.
Bake in moderate oven (350°) for approximately 45 minutes. Cool mixture in pan, then cut into bars.

DOROTHY DIX SAYS -

Fair-Weather Wife

Woman Reproaches Husband For Business Reserves

DEAR MISS DIX: I am a married man with a wife and four children. I have been fairly successful, but recently I have had reverses which necessitated selling our home and which have forced me to deprive my wife of some of the things to which she has been accustomed. My wife is furious over the situation. She nags at me all the time, reproaches me for bad management and criticizes me even to the children. This has got me into such a nervous state that I have about lost all confidence in myself.

Do you think she is giving me a fair deal, particularly as I am devoted to her and the children and have no thought but for their welfare?

JOSEPH F. ANSWER: I think that your wife is giving you a rotten deal and that she is the poorest sort of sport. Any woman is a shirker and a quitter who doesn't stand by her husband in his misfortune and share his ill luck with as good a grace as she did his prosperity.

LACKS SENSE Also, she knows that she not only has lack of heart but lack of sense, because by her conduct she is doing everything possible to kill the goose that lays the golden egg and keep you from ever getting on your feet again. For she is breaking down your morale, and when that is gone everything is lost.

To have a business venture go awry, to lose money, even to have to give up your home is bad, of course, but it is only a passing misfortune to those who take it in the right spirit. Often it is a blessing in disguise, because we learn wisdom from our failures, and when we find ourselves blocked in one direction we turn in another.

But it is only the man who does not get discouraged who can profit by his losses. He must keep his heart high. He must still have faith in himself, and it is very difficult to do this if he has a melancholy wife at home who whines over her misfortunes and wet-blankets every plan and saps his courage by her prophecies of disaster.

The woman who wants her husband to succeed must hold up his hands. She must breathe fresh courage and hope into him. She must make him feel that she has faith in him. For that kind of a wife a man can go out and fight the world and conquer.

DEAR MISS DIX: I am very much in love with a man who expects me to marry him, but he is a drunkard. If I quit him, he will be at my heels and I won't be able to forget him. If I marry him, I will be a wreck. I have lost out once in the game of love and I know the pain, but whether it would be better to be an old maid, for I am past 30, with a heart longing for some one to love, or to marry one who will be sure to cause me suffering, is a problem I cannot solve.

ANSWER: Well, Lottie, the difference between being an old maid and a drunkard's wife is the difference between a pin prick and a major operation. One will be a passing pain and the other an agony that will wear at your very vitals.

Suppose you don't marry. A lot worse things can happen to a woman than that in these days when women support themselves in comfort and be financially independent; when they can have their own little homes and their own friends.

Suppose sometimes you are lonely. The old maid doesn't have the heart-breaking, torturing loneliness of the wife who sits up waiting for a drunken husband to come home at night. Suppose you do crave love. Do you think that the woman who has a lot for a husband gets much joy out of his maudlin affection, or that she even grieves for the love of the weakling that she has to fish out of the gutter?

Suppose you do long for children. Would you be willing to commit the crime of giving innocent little children a drunken father? Can you think of any suffering that a woman can be called upon to endure greater than seeing her children half starved, ragged, dragged down into the depths of poverty and misery by a drunken father? Consider these things well before you marry a drunkard just because you don't want to be an old maid.

DEAR MISS DIX: What is a man to do whose principles prevent him from being a philanderer? Grin and bear it? I am one of those who pine for a little love, but never get it. Why cannot the cold and unsympathetic wives manifest a little affection even as the husbands compel themselves to walk the straight and narrow path?

ANSWER: I doubt that such wives can act otherwise than as they do. They are even as they are made.

It is certainly a devastating experience for a warm-hearted, affectionate man to get an iceberg for a mate, and, as you say, there is nothing they can do but to grin and bear it.

DOROTHY DIX cannot reply personally to readers, but will answer questions of general interest through her column.

Murder Could Not Kill

INSTALLMENT 16.

At the side of the roadway the two men paused, irresolute, staring dumbfounded.

In Gordon the impelling instinct of self-preservation quite naturally came uppermost. He had his own skin to think of, he reflected viciously.

"If she's alone its easy," he whispered, screwing up his eyes in an attempt to project his vision through the light of the headlights of their own car into the darkness beyond.

"Come on, we'll have to chance it." Raising his voice he stepped forward. "Now then," he began in a bullying tone, "what..."

Simultaneously, Laurette Dexter moved towards him and shot her right arm to the level of his chest.

"Put up your hands! Turn around and go back," she commanded in an imperative voice that betrayed neither fear nor hesitation.

"Rush her! rush her!" suggested his confederate in an urgent undertone. "She's got a gun, but won't fire." Together they dashed forward.

"Smack" went the automatic and Gordon with a savage oath clapped his hand to his shoulder, spun round and pitched over with a howl of agony.

Benson stopped, almost paralyzed. This was something totally unexpected.

"Turn round," she continued, and advancing close as he obeyed she rapidly made sure that he had no conceal weapon. "You thought because I'm a woman I wouldn't shoot! Don't make the mistake a second time. Not a move from either of you, or you'll get it through the head next shot. What have you been up to? Who's that lying there and what were you going to do?"

The craven Benson collapsed completely.

"Don't be hard on me, Miss," he whined. "Mossie Gordon it were and the others as made me do it. I didn't mean the gentleman no harm. I was only doing as I was told. I had to, Swelp me."

"Doing what?"

"Find out," came in a snarl from Gordon. He added a volley of oaths, stung with the increasing pain of his well-deserved disablement. "And I'll cut the heart of you, when I get you, Benson, if you say another word!"

"You go in front of me," said Laurette, accompanying her command with a movement of her automatic in Benson's direction.

"Now forward."

The man walked in the darkness to where Robin's body lay, Laurette behind him. She was satisfied that she had taught the pair of them a momentary lesson, but realized too well the type with which she was dealing to relax her vigilance for a second.

"Who is it?" she cried, standing erect by the prostrate figure.

"Who is it, I ask you?" "Foster's name."

"What!" exclaimed Laurette. "Oh, heavens! Quick! Strike a match."

Benson took a petrol lighter from his pocket, snapped it open, struck a flint, and held the thin light above the motionless form lying on the road.

"Kneel down and raise his head," ordered Laurette. "And remember! You try any tricks and I'll shoot you in the stomach."

"For heaven's sake, miss! I give you my word solemn, I was acting under orders. I wouldn't on account be mixed up in this sort of game if I could help it. Trust me, Miss."

"I won't," she bent forward, recognized Robin Foster, and could not restrain in an exclamation of pain and amazement at seeing him in this plight. His eyes were closed; there was no sign of life in him. Then, puzzled, she bent still lower. "Is he unconscious... or drunk? Quick, tell me."

"He's not badly hurt, Miss—straight, I'll tell you everything," came the reply in an anxious whisper. "We was to knock him out; lay him here; dose him with the whisky you've just sniffed at, and run the car over him to make it look like as though he'd been killed accidentally. I never laid a hand on him, honest, Gordon done it all." He began to whimper in terror and self-pity.

"You vermin!" ejaculated Laurette, drawing away from the creature in disgust. "I've a good mind to put a bullet through your head. It's what you deserve. Shake him gently! See if you can bring him round."

(To Be Continued)

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Odd and Curious

Facts

By F. H. MacArthur

A peculiar sect sprang up in England in 1645, the members of which professed themselves incapable of sinning and in the condition of Father Adam before he and Eve were driven from the Garden of Eden. They were given the name of "Ranters", because of their violent gesticulations and silly utterances.

Cooking, as a hobby, appeals to many men. The late Bob Davis, a well-known newspaper man, was a famous amateur chef, and his recipes are eagerly sought after by many housewives. Bob Davis was well-known to this scribbler as he paid many visits to our beautiful Garden of the Gulf. When not cooking, Davis liked to fish. His favorite stream was the old Dunk River.

Children's stories were told in India over 3000 years ago, or a thousand years before Jesus Christ came into the world. These stories were first told in Sanskrit, the sacred language of the people of India. Today we are able to read them in English and clever little stories they are, with a moral at the end. "Don't count your chickens before they are hatched" and "The great are often selfish in their patronage of those who help them" are examples of how these 3000 year old tales ended.

Three important arks are mentioned in the Bible, namely: Noah's Ark, the material of which is unknown (gofer being untranslated); the Ark of the Covenant, which was made of skittum wood overlaid with gold; and the Ark in which the infant Moses was laid and hidden in the Nile River. Egyptian mothers still use this kind of ark and swim across the Nile, pushing the Ark with its infant occupant in front of them.

The tallest trees in the world are found in California and Australia. The California giant is called the "Sequoi", while Australia's giant is the "Eucalyptus". Both species have been known to reach a height of 500 feet. If you ever pay a visit to California, go to Calaveras County and there you'll see a grove of the famous monarchs of the forest. The estimated age of these trees is between two and three thousand years.

The largest of all flowers grows in Sumatra. By name, Rafflesia Arnoldi, whose blossom measures three feet in diameter and weighs up to ten pounds. It is named for Sir Stamford Raffles who, with Dr. Arnold, discovered it in 1818. This amazing child of Nature takes a month to mature but begins to fade after the third day.

There are about a thousand different kinds of cactuses with almost as many variations in size, color, shape, etc. The cells of this curious plant have thick walls which help to conserve moisture. Indeed, some cactus do not lose their entire water content for one and a half years and large ones have been known to stay green for two years without a single drop of water.

The hedgehog cactus, also called the Indian fig, grows in North and South America, Australia and in the Mediterranean countries. It bears a small fruit which is juicy and good for food.

-Needlecraft-

FOR THE HOME

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Better English

By D. C. Williams

1. What is wrong with this sentence? "The two last people to depart must be sure to lock the door." 2. Pronounce the second syllable as sen, not as seen. 3. Encyclopaedia. 4. Occasioning doubt. (Pronounce the u as in cube). "It was a dubious answer." 5. Moderate.

NEW COUNT McCORMACK DUBLIN (CP) Cyril McCormack, 43, son of the late Irish actor John McCormack, has received a certificate from the Vatican granting him the title of count held by his father. The new count is head of a motor engineering business in Dublin.



2139 SIZES 10 - 40

lation of "obscenity"? 3. Which one of these words is misspelled? Encyclopaedia, sarsaparilla, paraphernalia. 4. What does the word "dubious" mean? 5. What is a word beginning with mo that means "kept within due bounds"?

ANSWERS 1. Say, "The last two persons to depart must be sure to lock the door." 2. Pronounce the second syllable as sen, not as seen. 3. Encyclopaedia. 4. Occasioning doubt. (Pronounce the u as in cube). "It was a dubious answer." 5. Moderate.



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