

For the Woman Reader
Florence Kidwick Boyd
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THE UNDERSTANDING MOTHER

Do you take time to sit down with your children and understand their viewpoint? Do you talk with them and listen to them until you "get" them, know what they are thinking about and how they are thinking about it? Do you realize what is in the background of your child's associations and daily experiences, and what is shaping his perspective and will give him his slant upon life?

This will make you fair with your children. You will not be shocked at their beliefs nor think they are going to the bow-wows. You will realize that they are merely the product of the ideas which are coming to them from their environment, and that these are not bad, but merely frank and honest, without the gloss of deceit.

If you keep close to your child's heart, in his confidence, you will realize what a choice and fine and honorable thing the heart of a child is. You will appreciate his ambitions and motives, will sympathize with his struggles, and will win his lasting love and respect by really trying to help him make his dreams come true.

Do not tyrannize over your children by trying to make them do and be and see things the way you want them to, but try to see through their glasses the things they face and help them decide for themselves what their fate will be. There is no danger that a child will be obstinate and perverse if an understanding mother keeps close to him.

FERN CARE

A fern is a living thing which, when existing in a jar in your home, is not in its native environment. Poor little foster child, it needs loving care to keep it thrifty and happy. It was green and luxuriant and had many new fronds shooting up when you brought it home from the green house, but there it had daily and intelligent care.

The foliage of the fern should be sprinkled daily, especially if you live in a steam heated apartment. This may be done by using a spray such as you use in fumigating, or a simple way is to dip a whisk broom into a pan of water and shake it over the plant. Twice a week the plant should be set in a pan of water to the depth of six inches that the roots in the bottom of the jar may be reached.

Open the windows occasionally and give the plant fresh air. It needs it just as you do. Each day, you should turn the plant at a trifle to give it an even exposure to the sunlight from week to week, and thus make the foliage develop symmetrically. Scale, the enemy of the fern, rarely attacks a healthy plant; but it is tenacious if your plant becomes sickly.

NEW FURNITURE

Angles "without rhyme or reason" and bizarre colors mark the new furniture, in designs which are futuristic, cubist or modernistic. Green, blue, black, red, yellow, brown—with no attempt to blend—run a riot of color, and lines are "every which way."

Lamp shades and bases, chairs, dishes and rug and linoleum patterns reflect the craze of the hour. There is a note of crudeness, which is startling, yet interesting, in the new furnishings. They are especially appropriate for the porch or sun room or the informal room, as the breakfast nook, but they look inappropriate when jumbled together with more conservative patterns, as in the colonial home.

The new furniture is smaller, suitable for the tiny apartment. The dinette set, with its long narrow table and slender chairs, fits into the dining nook, and there are smaller lavatories and day beds.

Furniture styles most popular are the Early English, the colonial, carved Italian and Venetian and Chinese and pieces, very colorful. A trip to the furniture store, where furniture is arranged in groups, is an education in modern decoration.

BETTER SPEECH

Many women's clubs are celebrating "Better Speech" week. Some of the slogans used in this connection are:

A dictionary in the hand is worth two in the library.
 Bless be the tongue that binds.
 By their speech ye shall know them.

As the home, so the speech.
 Are you a member of the "have went" family?

Slang is language in the making. Until it is made, it is not proper to use.

The proper accompaniment to pure, clearly-articulated language is a musty voice.

I speech is an art; be an artist.

BAD HABITS

Some housewives have the habit of setting away the fry pan in which they have fried something, with the expectation of using again the grease left in it to fry something else. This is an old-fashioned way of doing things and not as cleanly as making a new beginning. The good housewife

pan gathers dust and germs; smells strong upon second and third usings; and gives to food, rooms, clothing and hair a repulsive odor of fried stuff. Better wash the frying pan after each using and take fresh fat for the next job of frying.

Another similar bad habit is to save the flour which has been used to coat meat or croquets or egg plant or other foods for frying. This is sometimes set away with its food leavings to grow hard and lumpy. The thrifty housewife will estimate only what is needed for one flouring, will sift that into a plate and, with little or no leavings, will wash the plate and have no mussy flour sitting around for future use.

NOTIONS

Washable fabric or suede gloves made for economy. They come in many colors.

Tiny spoils of silk, in a dozen or twenty shades, may be purchased in a box set. They are convenient for mending the ready-mades and much more economical than having to buy the big spools of thread to match each garment. They are particularly convenient in darning notions.

Soft little knitted jackets, like grandmother's "bug-me-tight," are worn by college girls, for reading in bed. They will make good Christmas presents for lonesome mothers with daughters away at school.

Leather flowers, in two-tone combinations are blooming on the season's coats and suits.

LIVER STEW

Liver, which formerly was considered the least desirable of meats, now poses as a rare find since we have discovered that it is exceedingly rich in vitamins. A pleasing way to serve it is to make it into a stew. Cut the liver into cubes and parboil it. In a separate pan, put on to cook four diced potatoes. When the liver has boiled, pour off the water, and add the liver to the potatoes. Also add a stalk of chopped celery, one chopped mango, salt and pepper. Cook the mixture for fifteen minutes, then add milk and thicken it.

TOMATO COCKTAIL

Strain cooked tomatoes—either canned or fresh—through a sieve, pressing them lightly. To three cupsful of the juice add the juice of half a lemon, one tablespoon of sugar, salt, pepper and paprika to taste—and a dash of celery salt if you wish. Put crushed ice in small glasses, pour the strained juice over it and serve.

Some Velvet Hints

The pile of velvet that has become flattened by constant wear may be restored in the following manner:—

Fill a basin with boiling water, then hold the material over it, pile downwards, so that the steam gets well into the pile. While steaming, rub gently with the palm of the hand against the pile. Place in the open air to dry, then straighten the pile with a piece of chamois held tightly over the back of a brush.

The greatest care is necessary when washing velvet. First prepare a warm soapy lather with soapflakes of some neutral brand and boiling water softened with a little borax. Plunge the article or garment into this solution, taking care that it is thoroughly immersed, then allow to soak for about an hour.

Prepare a fresh soapy lather, and wash the material in this by rubbing gently between the hands, particular attention being given to stained parts. Rinse in several lots of tepid water, then hang up without wringing to dry. When quite dry, shake thoroughly, then press the pile down gently with a piece of chamois over the back of a brush.

When sewing velvet, cover the four fingers of the left hand with a piece of the same material. If this method is adopted there will be less danger of finger marks showing on the material.

Saving Time With Scissors

Every housewife should hang a fair-sized pair of scissors in a convenient place in her kitchen. These will be found useful for many purposes.

Use scissors instead of knife for cutting small sandwiches, and also for removing the crusts.

Scissors can be used much more effectively than a knife for cutting parsley. Snip off the stems, then wash the parsley and, holding it directly over the dish, cut as required.

Meat or fish that is to be used for making soup may be cut with the scissors. Fins and pieces of neck on haddock may be treated in the same manner.

The scissors can be made to take the place of a cutting machine when making marmalade. Cut each orange into four pieces with a sharp knife, remove the peel, and cut into fine strips with the scissors.

Scissors may be used for cutting off surplus pastry when making pies, or for decorating the edge of open tarts.

"Civilization is nothing, but a conquering of human instincts."
 —William Lyon Phelps.



Pet of Capt. Cole, piermaster at Weston-Super-Mare, England, warning passengers that steamer is about to go. At its master's command, Jack also hoists flags.

Are Timber Wolves Ferocious Killers? Many Opinions Offered and Tall Tales Told About Canadian Wolves

Are wolves ferocious? It depends upon the variety. There is no doubt but that Russian wolves are man killers. Maddened by hunger, they sweep down upon villages even yet, and devour any living thing they can catch. They are not afraid of man. But the Canadian Timber Wolf is different. He seems to have an inborn dread of man, and will flee his presence. Besides, game being plentiful, he prefers to chase things that do not carry sticks that speak. We would not like to be too sure that a hungry pack would not devour a lone human, if they were very hungry, but the trappers and others who have met these creatures at home, refuse to believe in their ferocity.

The following article by P. B. Prior seems to confirm their opinion:

A report that three trappers were killed and devoured by a pack of wolves at Ignace in the far north trapping district of Canada, and that the remains of sixteen wolves were found in the snow at the scene of the tragedy, is challenged by naturalists and by trappers who know the habits of wolves and have hunted for years in the North Country.

Mr. Arthur Heming, a distinguished Canadian naturalist, discredits the whole story and insists that timber wolves are not man-killers. Mr. W. T. Thomson, a dealer in furs at Ignace, states that wolves are numerous in the neighborhood, but he declares that, although he has lived in

the country for nearly thirty years, he has never known a human being to be killed by wolves. Nor has he ever known a report of man-killing by wolves to be confirmed by Indians or trappers.

Mr. Tom Saville, a trapper who lives at Gogama, in the Sudbury district, states that wolves flee from sight of man. He says that he has never been molested by wolves, although he went into Northern Ontario long before there was any railway connection with that country, and for years has been guiding and prospecting in the summer hunting and trapping in the winter, sleeping more often alongside a camp fire than hemmed in by four walls and a roof above. Mr. Saville continues:

"I will tell you just one little personal experience with those ferocious man-eaters. I was coming back from the Hudson Bay Post just after New Year, where I had been to take my autumn catch of furs.

"Sometimes I could not tell whether we were travelling north, south, east or west, on account of the snow blowing and drifting, but I knew the dogs would not fail me. Once in a while there would be a lull, and I recognized an island ahead of us where I had camped overnight with my family on our way into our hunting ground early in the autumn. I could see what I took to be a deer feeding along the shore at the cedars, but I just got a glimpse of him; then it drifted off again, and I could see nothing but snow. We were just making the point of the island, and what should we meet, coming from the other side, but a pack of wolves. We just met there.

The leader, a big, grizzled, long-legged, old chap, looked me over from a distance of about twenty feet; the rest of the pack ranged behind and alongside of him, their tails straight for just about as long as it takes to stiffen them out with fear. Then they broke. They just flattened out on the ice and flew—twenty-one of them."

Similar testimony is offered by a Toronto man, who, in the Klondike gold rush, was one of a party of men who attempted to traverse from the Mackenzie River at Fort Norman to the Stewart or McMillan River, over the divide.

He was obliged to come back when about sixty miles on the trail. After dividing the supplies with his partner, he went back alone, and, as it was necessary that the onward-going party should have two tents, he did not even have a tent to cover him on the return trip, but built little shelters of spruce bushes and had a fire at his feet. Wolves there seemed to be plentiful, judging from the terrifying howls at night, but they were seldom seen.

He had been given to understand that the wolves never attacked a man, so he travelled all alone, and seldom carried a weapon of any kind other than a light camp axe. The fact that he was out night after night alone, and that every time he went back over his trail he saw fresh wolf tracks, and that through the long Arctic nights one could almost always hear the howl or bark of the wolf, probably chasing hares (for the game was driven away by the forty odd men who had gone

over the country, leaving hungry wolves and little else but hares and ptarmigan) would seem to prove that, if ever wolves would attack a human being, the conditions were right for them to do so as he plodded his slow course back alone over the trail.

He does not believe that the wolves of Canada ever attack a human being. He has talked of wolves to many bushmen, and never yet has he come across anyone who had bush experience but had an absolute contempt for the wolf, so far as being attacked by him went. He once disturbed a wolf feeding at a carcass, came within a few yards of him, and saw his lip turn up, exposing his teeth. Then he turned, and after another backward glance, he just vanished from the landscape.

Wolf Dogs

The foregoing report seems to indicate a diversity of opinion on the subject. It is quite possible that a pack of hunger-maddened wolves, finding a lone man on the trail, might overcome their fear of the dreaded man-smell, and make a meal of him. In fact, there is no doubt but that it has been done. Mute evidences of such tragedies have been found, old clothing, bottles and other indigestible things, clearly indicating that the owner had been devoured. Even dogs have been known to kill and eat their drivers when supplies ran out on the trail. In most cases these animals were crosses between dog and wolf, as many of the sleigh-dogs are. The mating of dogs and wolves in the northern settlements has resulted in an excellent sleigh-dog, which shows the characteristics of both animals. They are large and fierce, and very strong and wiry. Fiction writers every once in a while break out into a story of how these half-tamed creatures turn on a man brute that has starved and ill-treated them, and send him to Coventry. The stories are probably based on fact, and there are surely more enviable situations than to be alone in the midst of a hungry pack of animals that have been carnivorous from their weaning.—From "The Humane Pleader."

Snow Scene

Now light the chandelier, Turn on the music box, The snow is here! Feathers from fairy-tale flocks Of plump geese fall and float Across the window pane. Time strikes a note That chimed in Victoria's reign.

Forget the world of every day, While crystals wink and candles glow, Let tinkling silver music play, And watch the timeless snow Drift as it drifted years and years ago.

—Freda C. Bond, in Country Life (London).

Echoes of Iceland

In that strange island Iceland—burst up, the geologists say, by fire from the bottom of the sea; a wild land of barrenness and lava; scalded many months of every year in black empests, yet with a wild gleaming beauty in summertime; towering up there, stern and grim, in the North Ocean... where of all places we least looked for literature of written materials, the record of those things was written down. On the seaboard of this wild land is a rim of grassy country, where cattle can subsist, and men by means of them and of what the sea yields; and it seems they were poetic men those, men who had deep thoughts in them, and uttered musically their thoughts. Much would be lost, had Iceland not been burst up from the sea, not been discovered by the Northmen! The old Norse poets were many of them natives of Iceland.—From "Heroes and Hero-Worship," by Thomas Carlyle.

WASHING LINGERIE

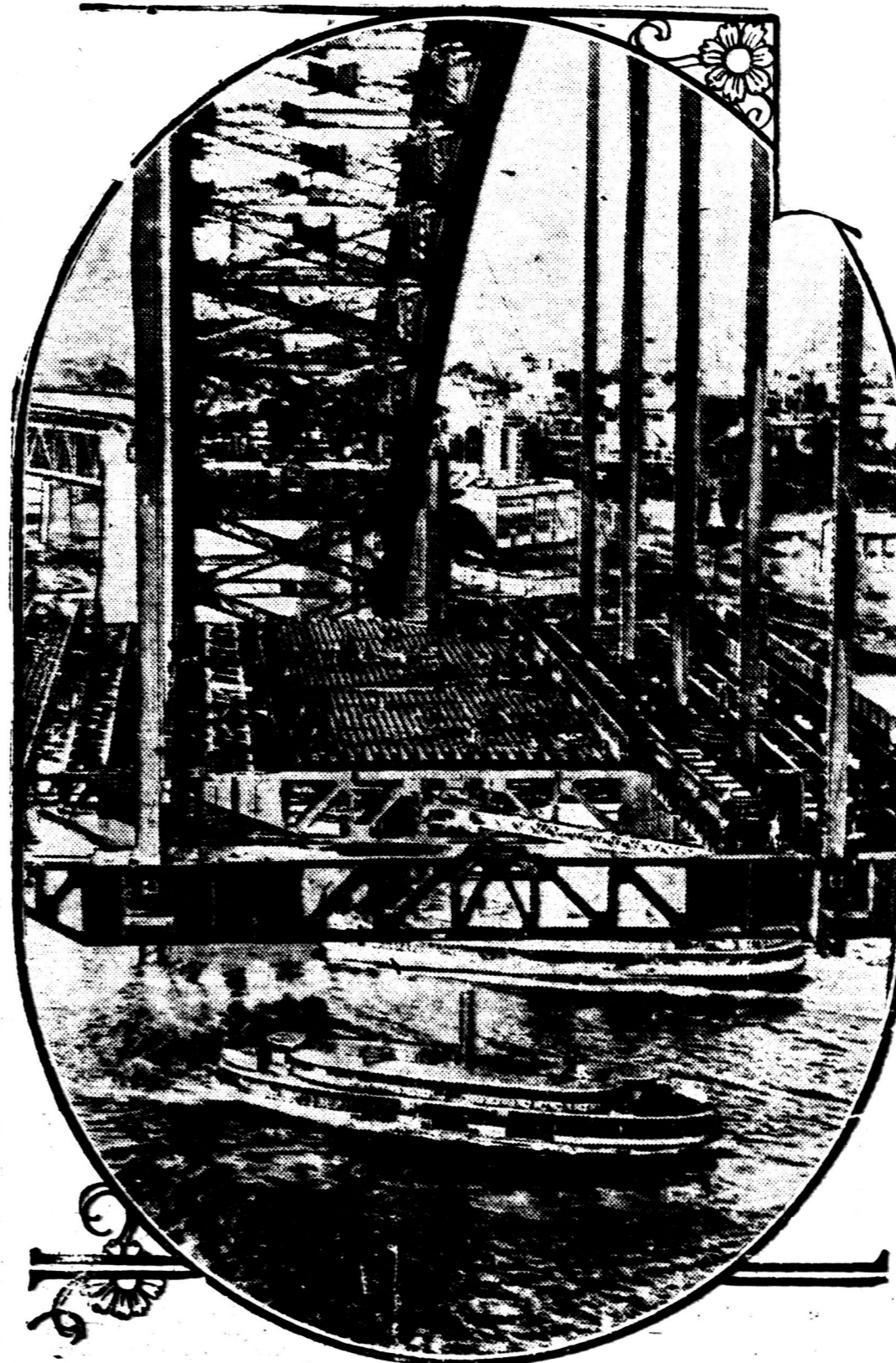
When washing delicate lingerie, add a little borax to the water. This not only makes the water delightfully soft, but also helps to remove dirt.

A small piece of orris root added to the solution in which lingerie is to be washed will impart a lasting fragrance to the material.

It is a mistake to add soda to the water in which any kind of lingerie is to be washed, as this is harmful to the material.

If delicate lingerie is required in a hurry, and no starch is available, dip the article or garment into fresh milk and press in the usual way. This gives the material the desired stiffness.

Gigantic Project



What is to be one of the world's greatest feats of engineering is being accomplished in construction of this gigantic Sydney Harbor bridge. Note laying of scaffolding work against main cables.



"If an egg's size were in proportion to its age it would often feed a whole population."

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